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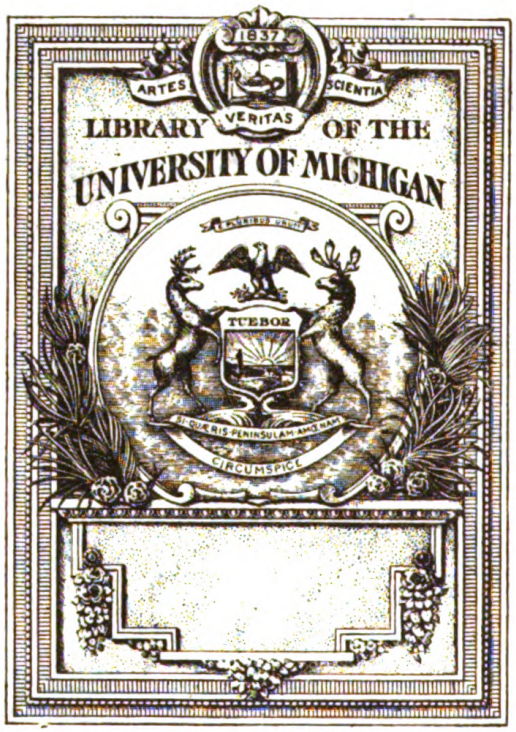
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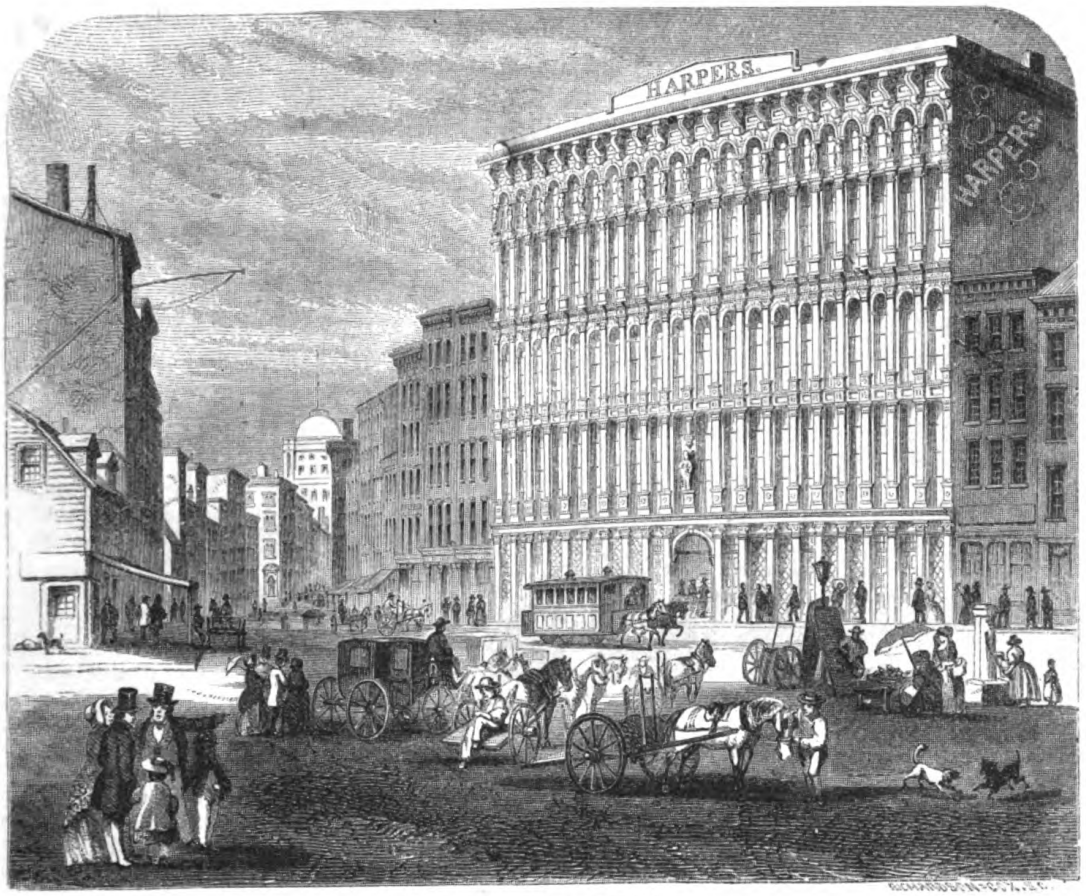
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXXVII.—DECEMBER, 1865.—Vol. XXXII.



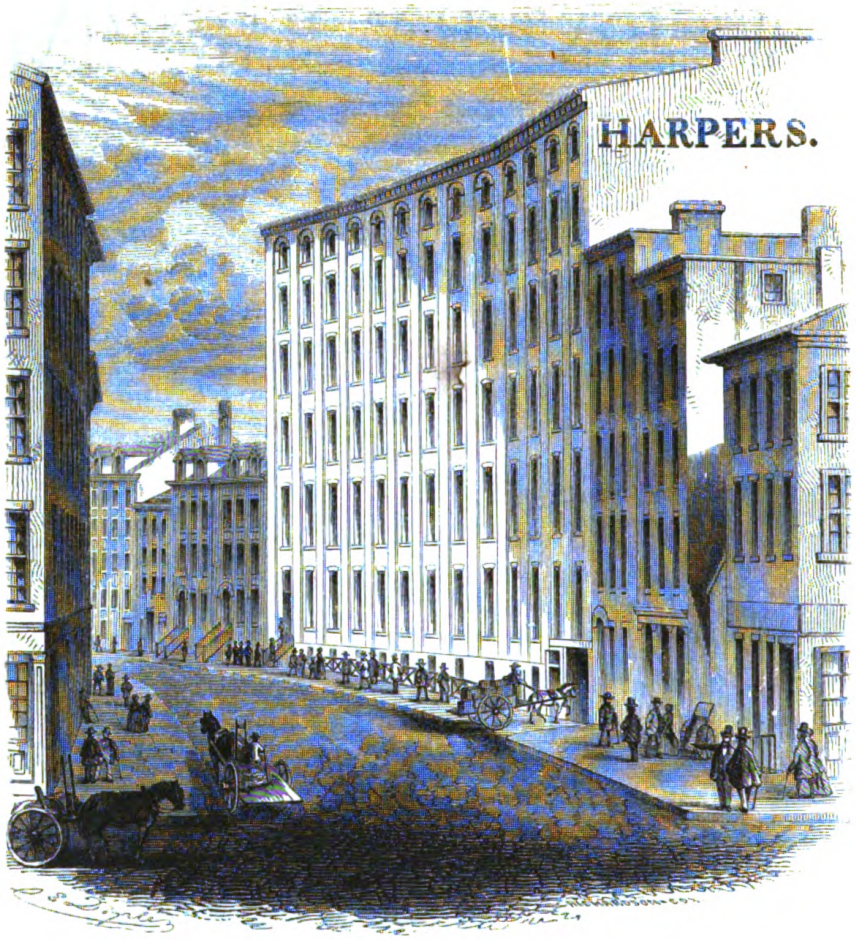
THE FRANKLIN SQUARE FRONT.

MAKING THE MAGAZINE.

FOR one hundred and eighty-six consecutive months—fifteen and a half years; almost half a human generation—we have issued the successive Numbers of Harper's Magazine. By "we" are designated the Proprietors and Publishers who planned the enterprise, and under whose constant supervision it has been conducted; the Editors who have carried these plans into execution; the Contributors who have furnished the materials for the work; and the various Artists and Artisans who have put these into shape. There have been singularly few changes in the persons composing these departments. The "Harper & Brothers" of Number I. are the same as those of this Number CLXXXVII. Some changes have taken place in the corps of Editors. Now and then a member has retired and another has been introduced; but no one has died. Of the Editors who now conduct the various departments no one has occupied his present position less than eight years. The Contributors, exclusive of the thousands who have furnished the anecdotes and reminiscences embodied in the "Editor's Drawer," number about three hundred. Here many changes have occurred. Some old names have disappeared, many new ones have been introduced. But one who looks at the Table of Contents prefixed to each half-yearly volume will find not a few of the same names recurring from year to year. The number who have died is re-

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THE CLIFF STREET FRONT.

markably few.* Of the printers and engravers, many have worked on every Number since the first.

The Magazine was successful from the outset. Of the first Number 7500 were at first printed. Within six months the number had reached 50,000. The average circulation, taking all the Numbers from the first, has been somewhat more than 110,000—in all, fully twenty and a quarter millions of copies. They would weigh more than 5000 tons, of 2000 pounds. They would measure nearly 2000 cords. They would build a solid wall ten feet high, two feet thick, and almost two and a half miles long. They would make a solid pyramid one hundred feet square at the base, and more than seventy-five feet high. The Numbers, laid side by side, would cover 208 acres, or make a pavement two and a half feet wide, and nearly sixty miles long. The separate sheets would cover a path two and a half feet broad, and 4400 miles long. They would carpet almost 16,000 acres, and as each sheet is printed on both sides, they contain more than 31,000 acres of printing.*

It is proposed in this article to describe the entire series of operations through which each of these Numbers has passed until it comes in its perfect shape before the reader. In showing "How the Magazine is Made," we also describe in fact the manner of making a book, the processes throughout being essentially the same. In the present case all these operations are performed in one establishment and under a single roof, so that they can be described in their natural order.

The Printing and Publishing Establishment of Harper & Brothers occupies a somewhat irregular plot of ground extending through from Franklin Square in Pearl Street to Cliff Street, with a front on each of about 120 feet, and a depth from street to street of about 170, covering in all ten city "lots," equal to about half

* Among the deceased contributors to the Magazine, notable for the number or the value of their contributions, are W. M. Thackeray, G. P. R. James, Calvin E. Phileo, John B. Hagany, Stephen A. Douglas, Fitz James O'Brien, William E. Sewall, and Alice B. Haven.

* These statements are given, approximately but very nearly, in round numbers. Any one who chooses to verify the calculations will find the necessary elements in the following data: Each *Number* weighs 8 ounces, and has a superficial area of 65 square inches. A *sheet* contains 520 square inches; each Number, including covers, has 9½ sheets. To fill the space of a cubic foot requires 80 Numbers.

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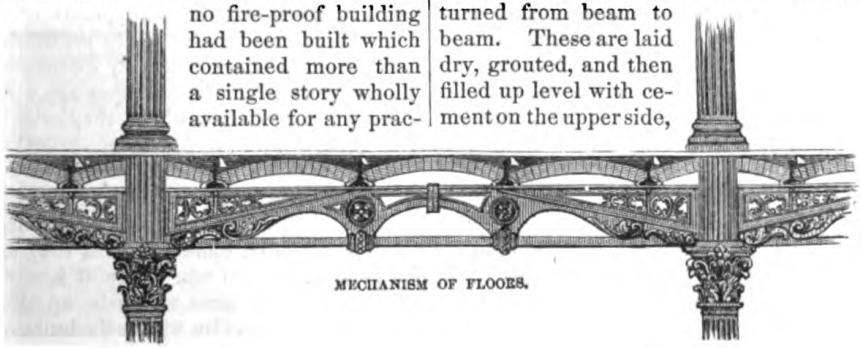
an acre. Upon this are erected two buildings, one fronting on each street, with a court-yard between, which, besides other purposes, serves to give light and air to the rear of each building. The Cliff Street building is the manufactory; the Franklin Square building contains the offices and warerooms. These buildings were erected in 1854, on the site occupied by the structures consumed by the fire which, on the 10th of December, 1853, destroyed the works which had gradually grown up during thirty years, sweeping away in three hours property worth a million of dollars. In reconstructing the establishment usefulness was the first consideration. It should be fire-proof, for it was to contain property to a large amount. It must be strong, for every part was to be filled with massive machinery and heavy stock. It must be well lighted and ventilated, for men and women were to perform work in every part. All the space must be available, for a great deal of work was to be done within it. It must, moreover, be handsome, for the Proprietors wished that the external form should indicate the intrinsic value. These conditions could be attained only by making iron enter more largely into every part of the construction than had ever before been attempted. The main front on Franklin Square is built wholly of iron. It consists of five stories, above-ground, each having 21 handsome columns, the interspaces wholly of iron. The side and rear walls are of stone and iron. To gain a firm foundation for this heavy structure it was necessary to go down nearly thirty feet below the surface of the street. This space was utilized by throwing it into two subterranean stories—a cellar and sub-cellar. This front is elaborately ornamented, and presents one of the finest façades in the city.

The Cliff Street building is of brick, rising six stories above-ground, with a basement below. The monotony of a blank wall of such large dimensions is broken by flat pilasters reaching from top to bottom, by arching the upper windows, and by a heavy cornice. Following the line of the streets, each front presents a slight curve; that on Franklin Square convex, the other concave.

The essential features of both buildings are to be found in the interior construction; especially in the adaptation of iron to the support of the floors of the different stories. Hitherto no fire-proof building had been built which contained more than a single story wholly available for any practical use. The floor of this main story was upheld by a series of arches and columns, filling almost all the space, and darkening what was not filled. There was no known means of making the flooring of the main story strong enough to support stories above, without sacrificing a great portion of the space. For examples of fire-proof buildings before the iron-age, one needs but to look at the building at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, once used for the Custom-house, and now used as the Sub-Treasury, and the Old Merchants' Exchange, now the Custom-house, on Wall Street. The architect of the former building gave up a third of the space to utterly useless porticoes, and in the latter case, besides giving up much space to the great portico, constructed the walls and windows in such a manner that nearly half of the rooms must be artificially lighted during a great part of the day. Each of these buildings covers about the same ground as does the Harper Establishment; each has a far more favorable site, having three sides instead of two opening upon the street; each of them cost from eight to twelve times as much in building; neither of them is more absolutely fire-proof; neither is practically stronger—since the absolute strength of any structure is only that of its weakest point; and both together do not contain half the usable room of the Harper Establishment; and, moreover, neither of these costly public buildings presents a finer architectural appearance than the Franklin Square front of this purely private structure.

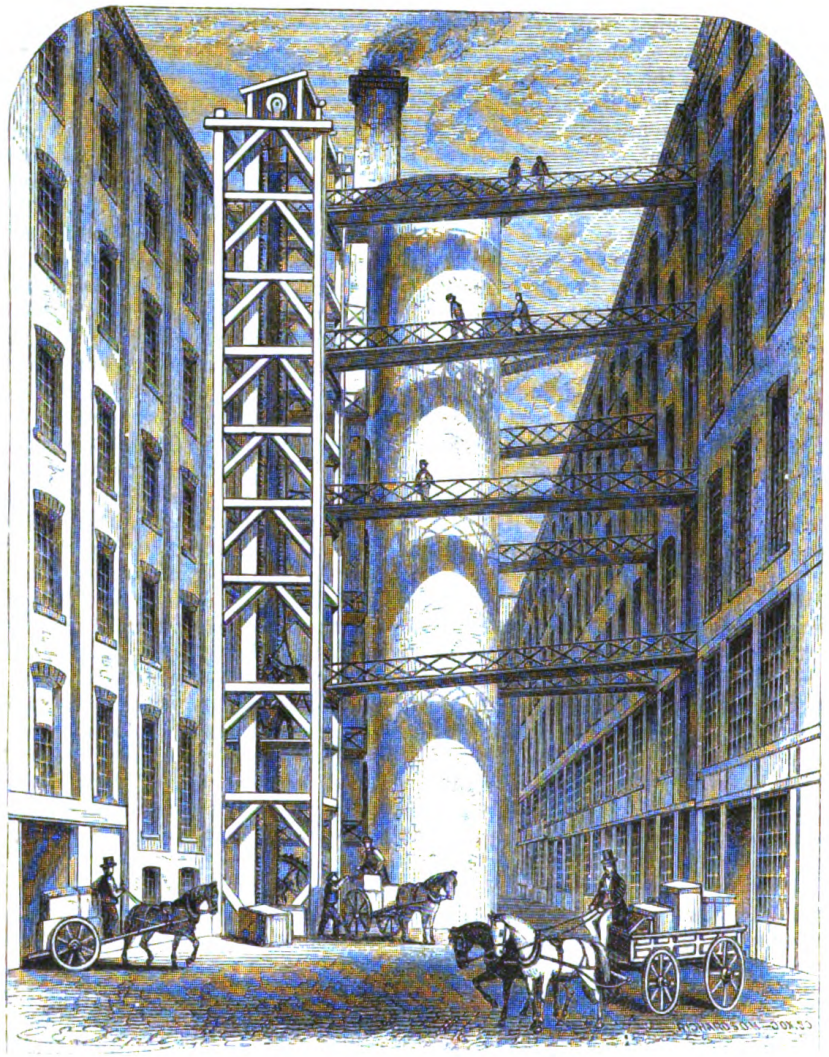
The whole interior structure of both buildings is supported upon a series of iron columns, rising from story to story. From column to column in each story extends a girder composed of a cast iron arch, and a *wrought* iron tension-rod. This rod, about the size of a man's arm, is dovetailed at each end into the head of a column; the arch, of which it forms a part, can only be broken down by a weight at the top sufficient to pull this rod asunder. The iron which composes this arch is cast into shapes which not only economize material by putting it just where wanted, but present an ornamental appearance.

Across the top of these arches are placed a series of beams of rolled iron to support the floors. These beams, shaped much like the ⊥ rail of a railroad, lie four feet apart. The floors consist of a series of low brick arches turned from beam to beam. These are laid dry, grouted, and then filled up level with cement on the upper side,



MECHANISM OF FLOORS.

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THE COURT-YARD.

making a solid floor of brick and cement. Over this, for comfort, is laid a covering of wood, which is really only a carpet.

This mode of structure is shown in each of the interior views which appear in this paper. The cut on page 3 shows in detail the parts of a single arch.

Every thing, it will be seen, rests not upon the walls, but upon the pillars. These are so framed together by girders and beams as to be self-supporting. It is believed that if all the exterior walls were taken away the interior structure, with all its contents, would be unharmed. The structure is able to sustain ten times the weight likely to be placed within it. Nothing short of an earthquake or a bombardment, it is believed, for the generations during which the solid iron, stone, and brick will retain their strength, can impair the security of these edifices. United States engineers surveyed the buildings when finished, and said but one mistake was made—their being twice the strength required.

Many additional precautions have been taken against the old arch-enemy—Fire. Between the two buildings is a spacious court-yard. In this, separate from either building, are the furnaces and boilers, covered over by a low roof of iron and glass. Excepting the coal consumed, there is nothing combustible which is not shut off by solid walls of brick and stone. With the exception of the gas employed, and a single furnace, not larger than an ordinary cooking-range, in the electrotyper's room, there is no other fire in the whole establishment. Every apartment is warmed by steam pipes fed from these boilers. These pipes are coiled up in spaces and corners where they will be out of the way. The process is economical as well as safe. It takes less coal to work the engines which move the complicated machinery of the establishment, and to warm the whole, than would be required merely to heat it by any ordinary system of stoves, where at best a large part of the heat goes uselessly up chimney. There is no connection within the buildings be-

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tween the different stories. The only way of access to the upper stories is by a circular iron staircase contained in a round tower in the centre of the court-yard. Iron bridges reach from this tower to the different floors. Each floor is in effect an isolated fire-proof apartment, containing nothing combustible except the furniture and stock. Little of the stock is "hazardous." Paper, indeed, when lying loose is easily burned; but when packed closely together in books or bundles, it will not burn unless surrounded by more combustible matter. When the rubbish was removed, weeks after the great fire, piles of books and paper were found among the still smouldering ruins unconsumed and injured only by water and smoke. Moreover, should a fire take place any where, an apparatus is provided by which the room can be at once flooded with steam from the boilers. It is believed that in no case could a fire spread from one room to another. The cost of insurance is therefore reduced to a minimum, by the rates being the very lowest, and because it is thought necessary to insure for only a small proportion of the entire value of the property.*

The court-yard is entered by an archway through the Cliff Street building. It serves as a place for the reception and delivery of all heavy goods, leaving the streets themselves wholly unobstructed by drays, boxes, and bundles. All packages are raised and lowered through a hoistway containing a movable platform carried up and down by the steam-engine. This "Steam Paddy" is a laborious workman. There is scarcely a moment in which he is not traveling up and down with a load varying from a few pounds to a ton and a half; but the heaviest of these loads is not equal to half his strength. He is a careful fellow too. He has made fully 30,000 trips without ever meeting with an accident injuring life or limb. It is hardly possible for him to do so, for should the pulley or wire cable give way, the platform would be instantly arrested by other parts of the machinery.

So much for the edifice in which the Magazine is made. The apparatus used and the mode of operations will appear as we proceed.

Strictly speaking, the work of "making the Magazine" begins with the authors who write and the artists who sketch. Papers have been written and drawings made for the Magazine in every State of the Union, in the British Provinces, in the West Indies, in almost every country of Central and Southern America; in nearly every part of Europe; in Siberia, China, Japan, and India; in Africa, Arabia, and the Holy Land. Our indefatigable and ubiquitous correspondent Ross Browne, alone, has written and sketched for us in Juan Fernandez and Jerusalem, in Damascus and Salt Lake City, in Idaho and Iceland, in Nevada and Norway, in Russia and Arizona, in Germany, Spain, Italy, Algiers, Poland, and California, and in various places intermediate. We should at no time be surprised to see him coming back, loaded with drawings and MS. from the North Pole, or from China, Persia, Tartary, or any other part of the globe.

But within the establishment the work commences in the Editors' Room. It is the business of the editors to provide or furnish matter, literary and artistic. They write certain articles, each in the main in his own department. If they want a paper on any special subject they know just where to apply for it. About half of the contents of the Magazine are made up in this way. The remainder is selected from the mass of matter sent in by various correspondents, who are or wish to be contributors. Fifteen papers a day, long and short, is perhaps a fair average of the number which come in this way. The editors read, consider, and compare these, selecting as many as they can use of those which they judge to be the best. A hundred circumstances come in to influence their decision. There must be variety in each Number, so that readers of every class may each find something to his taste. There may be in their files a number of papers of the same general character and subject. Probably only one of these can be used. A paper may be well written while the subject is not of interest; the subject may be good but the execution faulty. Length has much to do in the case. There are just so many pages to be filled and no more. Then there is an almost infinite number of questions to be answered, either personally or by letter. One wants to know the "general terms with contributors." Another wishes to reply to some article to which he takes exception. More than fifty replies were sent in or proposed to Mr. Douglas's paper on "Popular Sovereignty." Another has written or is writing a novel, which he wishes "run through the Magazine and afterward be issued in book form." Others who propose traveling wish to write descriptive papers upon every part of the globe. And so on, *ad infinitum*. All these matters must be attended to by the members of the editorial corps, who, one by one, sift out the useless manuscripts and the unavailable propositions. Those which may possibly be of use are handed to the Managing Editor, who makes the final choice.

A few hints may be of use to correspondents. Every manuscript should be clearly and legibly written. In proper names, technical words, and

* Since the foregoing was written Charles H. Haswell, Esq., the eminent Consulting Engineer, and Surveyor of Steamers for Underwriters, was desired to examine and report upon these buildings; his report is as follows:

"I have visited and examined the buildings comprising your establishment upon Franklin Square and Cliff Street, and having given the matter a full consideration, I submit as follows: 1. The risk of a fire occurring within any of the buildings, under existing arrangements, is so very remote as to be quite inconsiderable.—2. The effect of a fire occurring external to any of your buildings would not necessarily endanger the security of them or any part of them.—3. In the event of a fire occurring within any part of your establishment, or of being communicated to it from without, I can not recognize the probability of its extending beyond the immediate location of its origin or of its communication."

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ROSS BROWNE ON THE WAY HOME.

foreign phrases every letter should be carefully expressed; for the printer must not only be able to get at the general sense, but must read every separate word. It should be properly punctuated; for the sense often depends upon punctuation. If a person can not write legibly and punctuate correctly, he should learn before attempting to write for the press. If the Editor were ever so willing to read a half-illegible manuscript he could not judge fairly of it. If his whole faculties are tasked to read the words he has none left to appreciate brilliancy of thought or delicacy of expression. Every manuscript should have at the head the name and address of the writer, so that the Editor may be able to communicate with him if necessary. No one should expect a criticism upon his article; the Editor can only undertake to say that it is either accepted or declined, without giving the reasons. If the article is short the writer should retain a copy; it is easier for him to do this than for the Editor to keep a register. If the return of the MS. by mail is desired, it should always be accompanied by the requisite number of postage stamps. To return manuscripts at his own cost would involve an expenditure by the Editor of many hundreds of dollars a year. There is very little probability that a serial story, a translation, or a series of papers upon any topic will be available.

The articles having been selected, and the order in which they are to appear fixed, they are sent to the "Composing Room," where

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they are "set up" in type. This room is the upper one in the manufacturing building, and thus has the advantage of being lighted from the roof as well as from the sides. Here the "copy" is given to a "compositor," or rather to a number of compositors, who proceed to put it into type.



COMPOSITION.

The compositor's "case" consists of a shallow box two and a half feet long, and half as broad, divided into compartments for the different characters used. Two of these are required for the sorts in common use. These are placed in a sloping position on a stand, the upper case being more inclined than the lower. The lower case, as arranged for an ordinary work in English, has 54 boxes of different sizes; these contain the various small letters (hence styled "lower case letters"), the marks of punctuation, the figures, and spaces and "quadrats" of different sizes. The upper case has 98 boxes of uniform size. These contain the capitals, small capitals, and various characters which are in frequent use, such as parentheses, stars, and other signs of reference, dashes, dollar and pound marks, and so on, besides leaving a few boxes for characters which may be frequently wanted for special work. A pair of cases laid for usual work contains about 140 sorts.

In the upper case the letters are arranged in alphabetical order in the lower rows, the capitals on the left, the small-caps on the right. In the lower case the letters are not arranged in alphabetical order, but in such a way as to bring those most frequently used directly in front of the compositor. The relative proportions in which the letters occur vary in different languages. In English, out of every 532 letters there will be about

1 z.	20 d, l.
3 k, j, q, x.	30 h, r.
7 b, v.	40 a, i, n, o, s.
10 g, p, w, y.	45 t.
12 c, f, u, m.	60 e.

To get a *j* or *z* the hand of the compositor must pass over a space of nearly three feet, while to get a *t* or *e* it traverses only three or four inches. If the letters were arranged in alphabetical order the work of composition would be at least doubled.

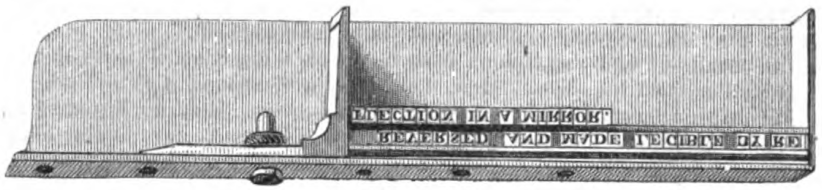
Besides these usual sorts there are many others not unfrequently employed; such as accented vowels, superior figures (^{1}, ^{2}, ^{3}, etc.), superior letters (^{a}, ^{b}, ^{c}, etc.), fractions, and many others, about a hundred in all. These are usually kept in a separate case. The compositor must have learned the place of each of these two or three hundred sorts so thoroughly that his hand will go to each without any conscious effort of the mind, just as the fingers of the experienced piano-player go to the proper keys without his stopping to think, consciously, that he must strike such a key with such a finger.

Moreover, almost every science has symbols of its own. Algebra has one set, Chemistry another. For a dictionary which attempts to represent the minute shades of pronunciation a great number are required. Thus in Webster or Worcester, what with letters with dots above, and dots below, lines above, below, and across, there are probably a hundred additional characters, for each of which there must be a box in a case laid for that purpose. Some foreign languages have a very complicated alphabet. The Greek, what with "accents" and "breathings," the number of regular sorts, which occur in every work, is about two hundred.* Formerly there were still others; the early printers endeavoring to imitate the abbreviations and combinations of the caligraphers. We have seen a folio printed three centuries ago in which there were 750 of these sorts. Most compositors are sufficiently acquainted with the Greek case to set up any occasional word which they encounter. Greek books, grammars, and dictionaries are usually set up by men who have made it a special business. Still more complex are the Oriental alphabets. The Hebrew, with the Masoretic points, requires about 300 sorts, many differing only by a point, stroke, or angle. The Arabic has quite as many. The present writer once worked at case for months upon Robinson's Hebrew Lexicon, in which eight or ten Oriental languages appear. The whole number of sorts for this amounted to fully 3000, distributed through at least forty cases.

The tools of the compositor consist simply of the composing-stick with its rule, and a sharp-pointed bodkin for making corrections. The illustration on page 8 represents a composing-stick—usually abbreviated into "stick"—about one half the real length and width. One of the ends is movable, being adjusted by a slide and screw, so that the same stick can be used for any work of usual size. The ends must be exactly true, otherwise the lines would be of unequal length. His copy lies before him, usually upon the small-cap side of the upper case. He reads a few words, as many as he can readily remember, and then proceeds

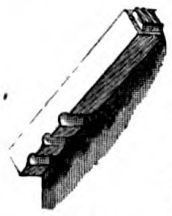
* For example, the lower-case *Alpha* will have these forms, a, ȧ, ạ, á, ȧ, ā, ā̇, ā̧, ă, ă̧, ă̇, ǎ, ả, ä, ä́, â, ấ, à; and so with other vowels.

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COMPOSING-STICK.

to pick up the letters composing them, one by one, and putting it into the stick, keeping it in its place by a slight pressure of the thumb, until the line is nearly full. It is not allowed to divide a syllable, however long, or to cut off a syllable consisting of a letter: thus the words "through" and "among" can not be divided. Now it rarely happens that the last letter of a syllable will exactly fill out the line. It must be made to do so. If a very little more room is wanted, the compositor makes it by taking out the spaces between the words, and putting in thinner ones; or he reverses the process and puts additional space between the words. This process is called "justifying." While doing this he usually runs his eye along the line, and corrects any error which he perceives that he has made. The face of the type, as will be seen by the line in the stick, occupies a position the reverse of the letters on the printed page; but the compositor soon learns to read them as readily as he would a printed page. Some compositors read over the whole stickful before they empty it, as it is often easier to correct an error then than afterward. He then takes out the rule from behind the line, puts it on the top, and recommences the operation. The rule is merely a thin piece of metal of the length of the line. Its object is twofold: it furnishes a smooth surface upon which the type may slide to their places, and keeps the lines already set up from falling out. A stick will hold about 17 lines of the type of the Magazine; and a line contains about 50 letters and spaces. A good compositor will complete about three lines in five minutes, so that, deducting the time spent in justifying, he picks up nearly one letter a second, hour in and hour out. In addition, he has learned his copy by heart, though indeed he forgets the words as soon as he has set them up. He does not look at the face of the letter; he assumes that each will be in its proper box. Near the lower end of each type, and on the side below the bottom of the letter, are several deep "nicks." If the type is placed in the stick with the nicks on the outer side of the line it must be in the right position. When the stick is full it is emptied. This is a very dextrous operation. The compositor places the rule before the top line; the forefinger of each hand presses against this; the second finger of each hand is pressed against the ends of the lines; the thumbs bear upon the last line; then by a quick motion of the other fingers the stick is pushed down, while by a simultaneous movement of the whole hand the type are lifted out in a body and placed in a "galley," which is merely a piece of wood, or more usually metal, with a raised rim on two or more sides, against which the type rest secure. A stickful often consists of 1000 or more separate pieces, yet the compositor handles it apparently almost as carelessly as though it were a solid mass. He indeed handles much larger quantities. He lifts and carries from place to place a page of the size of this, which, if in very small type, may contain 15,000 pieces, tied around with a string, as though it were one piece. This manual dexterity is only acquired by practice. Every compositor has sorrowful reminiscences of the heaps of "pi" which resulted from his first attempts to empty his stick, or to lift a page; the labor of a day destroyed in an instant, with the further addition of half as much time to be spent, without pay, in "distributing the pi"—for every person must clear up his own ruins.



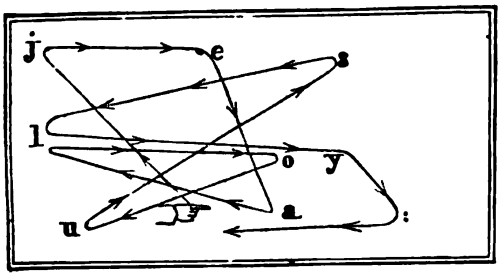
A TYPE.

A case will contain sufficient letter to set up two or three pages of this Magazine. When the case is empty it must be filled again. The compositor takes up, face toward him, a quantity of "matter" which has been printed—by preference as much as will reach from the ball of the hand to the tip of the thumb. This column rests upon the serviceable little rule, which is supported by the hollow of the left hand. This is held inclined in such a way that it is supported in one direction by the outspread fingers, in the other by the upright thumb. With the right hand he takes off as many letters as he can conveniently hold between the balls of the thumb and forefinger; holds them before his eye for an instant while he reads them. The right hand, with these type in it, hovers over the lower case with a motion almost like that of a bird—making a dart now and then at the upper case—dropping the letters in a continual shower, each into its own box. The thumb and finger are all the while, by an almost imperceptible motion, separating the type nearest their tips from the others. These type are of almost every conceivable thickness, from the "hair space," not thicker than a sheet of paper, to the letter *m*, eight times as thick. This whole series of operations, called "distributing," performed upon the wing, must be executed with great precision, for three-quarters of the boxes into which the type fall are only two inches square. A good compositor, work-

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ing at ordinary speed, will distribute about 12,000 sorts in an hour—that is, between three and four a second, without making 20 errors in all. It behooves a compositor to distribute "cleanly," for every error made in "distribution" inevitably shows itself in the subsequent "composition."

The accompanying diagram represents the track of the hand in distributing the word "jealously:" which would probably be taken



up at once. The movement commences at the point marked by a ☞, where the word is taken up, and follows, in the direction indicated by the arrows, the line pursued by the distributing hand, until it returns to the point of starting, ready to take up another portion. It will be seen that the hand traverses almost the whole case several times. The boxes themselves are not shown, but their several relative positions are indicated by the letters. The diagram is drawn upon a scale of 1 to 15; the line upon it measures 11 inches; multiplying this by 15 will give the distance (165 inches) traversed by the hand in distributing this word. This is rather an extreme case, the letters forming the word lying more widely apart than usual. But this relative distance to be traversed is often exceeded. Thus to distribute the three characters AN. the hand must go from the bottom of the lower case to the A-box in the upper case, 24 inches; then across to the N-box, 28 inches; then to the period-box, 21 inches; then back to the starting-point, 12 inches: in all, 85 inches. It may be doubted whether any other operation involves as much manual dexterity as that of distributing type. The palm would lie between this and the manual part of piano-playing.

Machines have been invented for setting and distributing type. By simply touching keys, as in playing upon an organ, the type, liberated one by one from receptacles, which may be considered the pipes of the organ, are made to glide in a continuous stream, forming themselves into words and sentences more rapidly than a man can write, much less "set them up;" but the lines must be "justified" by hand. Still more marvelous is the distributing machine, which takes the "dead matter" and distributes it, sort by sort, in its proper place, without any human intervention, more rapidly, and quite as correctly, than can be done by the swiftest compositor. These machines are marvels of mechanical ingenuity; but it is still doubtful, taking into account conditions which only a printer can appreciate, whether they can do their work more economically than can be done by the compositor.

When the compositor has filled a galley, which usually contains about a page of this Magazine, an impression, called a "proof," is taken from the type.* Then the work of the Proof-Reader (usually called the Reader) begins. The proof is first "read by copy." An assistant reads the manuscript aloud. The Reader, with his eye fixed on the proof, is alert to detect any discrepancy between the words which he hears and those which he sees. If any word is put in, left out, or altered, he writes the correction on the margin, and at the same time corrects any merely typographical errors which he notices. If the copy has been good, and the compositor careful, there will be few errors, sometimes not half a dozen in the page. Usually there are many more. Sometimes the whole margin of the proof-slip, broader than the column of type, is filled with corrections. To make the corrections in such a proof may take as much time as to set it up originally. The compositor must do this for nothing; for he is paid by the piece—so much for a certain amount of corrected matter. When this proof has been corrected another is taken, and the Reader examines it to see if the corrections already made have been executed, and then reads it over, very slowly and carefully, to detect any errors that may have escaped him. This second proof is corrected by the compositor, and his work is supposed to be done. If the first proof is very clean, it is often read the second time on the same slip. If a proof is sent to the author and he detects any further deviations from his copy, the compositor must still correct them without pay. If the author makes any alterations from copy, the compositor is paid for the time occupied in correcting them; or, more usually, they are made by a man paid by the proprietor for that purpose. The cardinal principle running through the whole is that the compositor must "follow copy;" only he is supposed to be able to spell correctly, and if the author has misspelled a word the compositor must correct it.

When we consider the number of possible errors that may occur in any word, and the manifold modes in which they may be produced, it is wonderful that books should be as correctly printed as they are. Thus, in this single word [sca*l*es], while there is not a single misspelling, there is something wrong about each letter.†

* Quite as often the proof is not taken until the matter has been "made up" into pages; but the subsequent processes are the same in both cases.

† The first s is turned; the larger curve should be at the bottom instead of the top. The c is a small capital instead of a lower case; the difference is that the upper point should be a dot instead of a triangle. The a is "wrong font;" it is one size too large. The l is Italic instead of Roman. The e is battered, and does not show perfectly. The last s is "wrong font," being one size too small.

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Any one of these errors would be likely to be undetected by any one except a Proof-Reader; yet any one of them would impair the typographical accuracy of the page. To denote each of these, and a score of other kinds of error, printers have separate symbols. The author, in correcting proofs, need not understand the whole system. It is sufficient for him to erase from the text any thing which is wrong, and write the correction legibly in the margin.

But the work of a Proof-Reader is by no means confined to the foregoing. He should be able to detect errors which the writer, as well as the compositor, may have made, and to suggest them and their correction. He must therefore have a general knowledge of literature and the sciences, and should be to some extent acquainted with the principal foreign languages. Of course he must have a thorough knowledge of the art and mystery of typography. It is very rare that one becomes a thorough Proof-Reader without having had a previous training as a compositor.

Before leaving the compositor's case it is proper to state that he usually works by the piece, or, technically, "by the thousand." The types for the various letters vary in size. The letter m, the thickest, is nearly square. This is taken as the standard. A "thousand" is not that number of letters, but the space occupied by a thousand of the letter m. To ascertain the quantity of work in a page the number of m's which a line will hold is multiplied by the number of lines. Three letters average an m. A page of this Magazine contains 3000 m's—say 9000 characters. A good compositor, with fairly written copy, will complete about 6000 m's a day. That is, he will distribute and compose about 18,000 letters, besides leaving time to correct his proofs. This is of ordinary "solid" works in prose. If it is "leaded," or in any other way "fat," he will do more. Poetry is always "fat," because a part of the line is filled out with "quads," which measure from one to three m's each.

The illustrations have been in the mean while in course of preparation; usually for weeks, often for months. There are three general modes of producing illustrations for books: *Lithography*, *Engraving on Copper*, and *Engraving on Wood*.

Lithography is based on the principle that oil and water will not adhere: you can not grease water or wet grease. A drawing is made with a kind of oily ink or pencil upon a certain species of stone. To print from this drawing the stone is rubbed over with a moistened sponge. The water will adhere to the stone, but not to the lines of the drawing. Then a roller covered with oily ink is passed over the whole. The ink adheres to the oily lines, and not to the wet stone. A sheet of paper is laid on the stone, which is passed under a heavy roller. The ink on the lines of the drawing is taken off by the paper, and a fac-simile of the drawing is produced. This process of wetting, inking, and rolling is repeated for every impression. The whole process is slow, 300 copies being a fair day's work.

In Copper-plate Engraving the lines and dots which make the picture are cut, one by one, into a plate of metal. To print from this the whole plate is covered with ink, which also fills the lines and dots. The ink is wiped off from the surface of the plate, leaving only that which fills the engraved lines. Paper is then laid on the plate, which is passed under a roller, which forces the surface of the sheet into the lines, taking up the ink. This series of processes is repeated for each copy. The whole takes about the same time as lithographic printing. Engraving upon steel differs from engraving on copper only in the material used. The only advantage is that a steel plate, being harder, will give a greater number of impressions.



COPPER-PLATE PRESS.

This slow rate of multiplying copies renders both of these methods unavailable where a large number are required within a short time, as in this Magazine. Of this present sheet 125,000 copies will probably be printed. To print a single page of the cuts, at the rate of 300 a day, would require a man and a press 417 days—that is, the working time of sixteen months. But there will be scattered through this Number cuts which would fill at least sixteen pages. To print these separately would take a single press 256 months—twenty-one years and four months. This time might be reduced to 64 months by engraving four pages on a single plate (a larger sheet than this can not well be used), and printing them at one impression. Four presses, each printing four impressions, could be used for a single Number, and would accomplish the work in sixteen months. But as in this time sixteen Numbers must be printed, it would require 64 presses working all the time to print merely the cuts for the Magazine. The printing of the cuts would need to be begun at least sixteen months before their issue in the Magazine: that is, it would have been necessary to have begun to print in August, 1864, all the cuts which appear in this Number; and the cuts which we should begin to

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print on the 1st of December, 1865, could not appear until the Number for April, 1867.* Moreover, the pictures could not appear on the same page with the text, the manner of printing from these plates and from type being entirely different.

These modes are out of the question for *Harper's Magazine*. For them is substituted Engraving upon Wood, which is, in all essential respects, just the reverse of Engraving upon Copper. A block of solid wood is cut off across the grain, just the height of a type (a little less than an inch). The upper surface of this is polished, and upon this the artist, with a fine lead pencil, makes a drawing precisely as though he were making it upon paper, giving every line just as he wishes it to appear. This block is given to the engraver, who cuts away every part of the wood not covered by the artist's lines, which are thus left standing in relief. The only wood with sufficient toughness and closeness of grain for fine engravings is boxwood. Of this it is difficult to procure pieces more than five inches square; for larger pictures the block is composed of several pieces accurately fitted together, and fastened by bolts and screws. A double-page picture in *Harper's Weekly* will be composed of forty separate pieces. In a copper-plate the lines which form the picture are cut into the plate; in a wood-cut every thing else is cut away, and these are left standing in relief. To gain an idea of the relative difficulties of the two processes, let any one take a piece of white paper and a fine black pencil, and try to make an exact copy, line for line, of one of our illustrations. If he succeeds perfectly he will have accomplished what the copper-plate engraver would have done. Then let him take a black slate, and with a fine white pencil attempt a perfect fac-simile of the same engraving. If he succeeds, he will have accomplished just what the wood-engraver has done. It must not be supposed, however, that the skill of the wood-engraver is limited to the mere mechanical task of following the exact lines traced by the artist. In many parts of a drawing the artist does not actually draw all the lines. Thus he paints in a sky in India-ink, giving the general form of the clouds, and the gradations of tone and color. The engraver translates this into lines of different forms and sizes, the difference in tone being given by making the lines finer or coarser, or nearer or farther apart. The artistic effect of a fine engraving depends greatly upon the thickness of the lines. As a rule, to which there are many exceptions, they are strongest in the fore-ground, and weaker in the distance. A good wood-engraver must be not merely a workman but an artist, and as such commands a corresponding salary. The tools used by the engraver are few. The principal is the "graver," a triangular blade of steel, about four inches long, and as large as a small file, set into a short wooden handle, the point being ground into a lozenge-shape; of these he will use two or three, slightly varying in size and form for different kinds of work. Two or three small chisels for removing larger portions of wood, an oil-stone for sharpening his tools, and a magnifying glass, complete the list. Sometimes a single engraver executes an entire block; quite as often, in large establishments, several are engaged, each doing the part for which he has a special taste or aptitude. One, for instance, will engrave the faces and figures, another the strong fore-ground, and another the delicate back-ground.

The Magazine has contained something more than 10,000 engravings, the cost of which will average about $30 each, making $300,000 paid out directly to artists and engravers.

A wood-cut is essentially a type, of a larger size, and is treated as such in all subsequent operations. The cut is given to the compositor, who proceeds to "make it up" in the page where it belongs, fitting the type above, below, or at the side, as the case requires. A cut, if of large size, is "fat," for the compositor gets as much for fitting it into the page as he would for setting up the same space in type. If there is but a single line of type it still counts as a page. The page being "made up," a final proof is taken and read, to make sure that all previous errors have been corrected and no new ones made. With this the compositor's work is finished.

The operation of type-making is a very delicate one; but it does not come within the province of this paper to describe it in detail. It is sufficient here to say that a type consists of a piece of metal seven-eighths of an inch long, with the face of the letter upon one end. These are cast separately in a mould. Each must be mathematically accurate in every way. If they varied a hair's-breadth in height the lower ones would not show in printing. If they varied in the slightest possible degree in any other way, when a great number of them were made up into a page they could not be held together. A single page of this Magazine contains 9000 of these separate pieces; a page of the smallest type in *Harper's Weekly* contains 60,000; a page of a large daily newspaper like the *Evening Post* may contain quite 150,000 of all sorts and sizes. All these pieces are kept in place simply by being wedged into a strong iron frame, without any bottom. The slightest variation from a "true" form in each of these, multiplied by so many, would make the whole into an irregular mass, which would fall in pieces at a touch. Then the "face" must oc-

* Time may be saved by having a large number of plates for each picture, or sheet of pictures. There are methods of duplicating and reduplicating to any extent a plate without re-engraving it. The copies are somewhat imperfect, but for many kinds of work, *e. g.*, fashion-plates, where poor engraving is partly concealed by coloring, they answer indifferently well. Thus if a periodical requires 50,000 of a copper-plate fashion-picture in a month, they can be printed in that time by having seven or eight plates, each worked upon a separate press at the rate of 300 a day for each.

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cupy its exact place on the "body," or the line will appear irregular when printed. Thus, if one will look at the first sheet of this Magazine for the last month, containing the article on the "Ascent of Popocatepetl," he will see that the lines look a little crooked. Upon closer examination he will see that this is caused by the letter "e," which occurs so frequently, standing a little below the other letters. A new font of type had been procured at that time. In arranging the moulds the founder had not been quite accurate. The error is hardly a hair's-breadth, and escaped observation until these pages were finally made up, when the keen eye of the proof-reader detected it. It was too late to remedy it in that sheet; but all of the e's in the font were taken out and returned to the founder, who replaced them by others correctly adjusted; so that this sheet, printed from the same font of type, shows no such fault.

If the work were to be printed directly from the type, the pages would be imposed into a sheet, locked up, and sent to press. Most newspapers and pamphlets are still printed from the type; but the Magazine and most books are printed from stereotype or electrotype casts. The process of stereotyping consists in taking a mould in plaster of Paris from a page of type, and then taking a cast in type-metal from that mould. The advantages of this method are numerous; the principal being that it obviates the necessity of laying out a large amount of dead capital for a long time. Thus, in "Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon" there was an interval of five years between the "composition" of the first sheet and the last, during all of which time the work was going on. If the work was to be printed from the type, the first sheet must have been printed as soon as it was ready, and so on to the end. But none of the work would be put into market until after the last sheet was printed, five years later. The paper and printing of each sheet would form so much dead capital during the interval. Moreover, the publishers would print as many copies as they would be likely to sell for ten years. Measuring from the time when the first sheet was printed until the last copy containing it was sold would be fifteen years, the average being just half that period. Interest, insurance, and storage during this time would fully equal the original cost of the sheets. But the pages being stereotyped, the printing of the first sheet need not be commenced until the last was ready. Then there would need to be printed at once only as many copies as would be likely to be wanted in a year; for whenever the edition was found to be running out it could be reprinted from the plates. Taking these and other considerations into account, the entire cost of a book of this kind, exclusive of binding, is reduced about one half by stereotyping it. An additional expense is indeed incurred in the outset; but it has become an axiom among publishers that "a book is not worth doing that is not worth stereotyping."

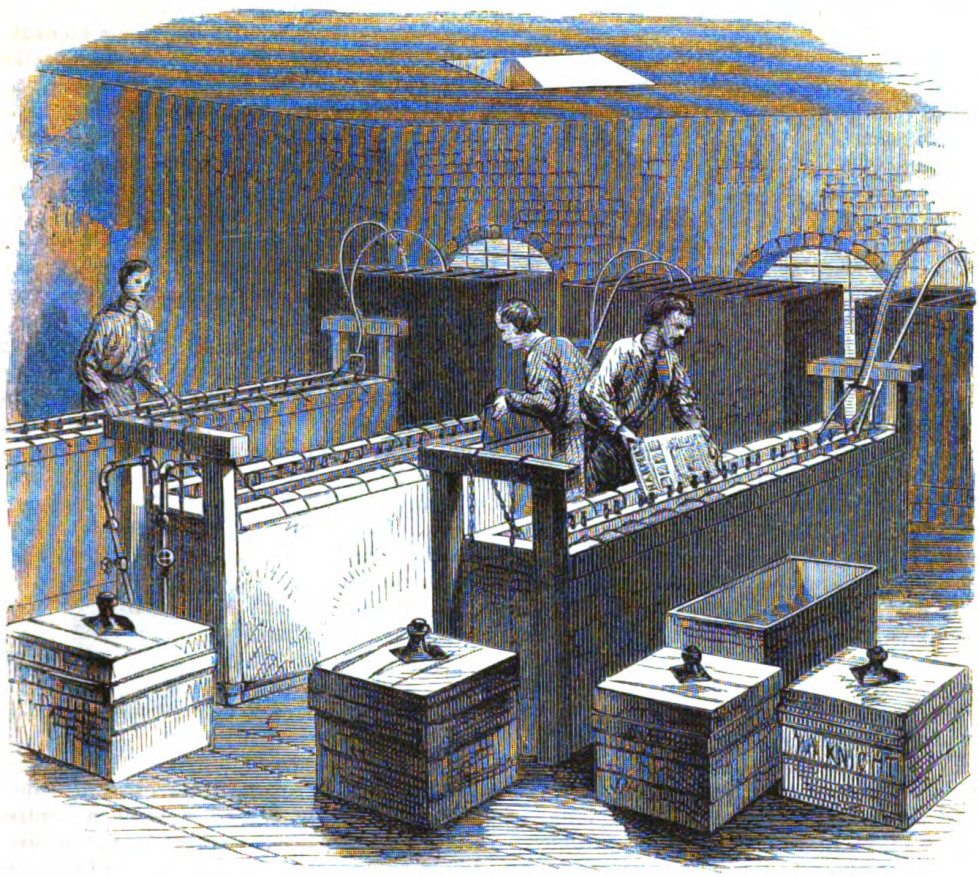
But the process of stereotyping has many defects, especially when applied to the reproduction of engravings. The plaster mould is not perfectly accurate; and the metal expands and contracts a little in heating and cooling. The difference in a page of type is hardly perceptible; but in an engraving, where each minute line should be faithfully reproduced, it becomes very evident. Stereotype casts of fine engravings are never satisfactory. Besides, the metal being soft, and the fine lines very faint, after a few thousand impressions have been taken the plate becomes "worn."

Stereotyping has within a few years quite generally, and in the Harper Establishment entirely, been laid aside for the somewhat more expensive but far more perfect process of electrotyping. This is a purely scientific process, based upon the fact that the electric current produced by the galvanic battery will decompose compound bodies, and make an entirely new disposition of their elements. Thus it will separate water into its two elements, hydrogen and oxygen. If a metal be combined with an acid it will dissolve the combination. A very common combination of this kind is the sulphate of copper, familiar under the name of "blue vitriol" as a material for dyeing. If a solution of this be made in water the result is a fourfold compound, the elements of which are copper, sulphur, oxygen, and hydrogen. The galvanic current decomposes this, disposing in its own way of each element; the essential point, for our present purpose, being that the copper, set free from the other elements, fastens itself to the positive pole of the battery.

A galvanic battery, in its simplest form, consists of a plate of zinc and one of copper suspended in an acid liquid. If two wires, each connected with one of these plates, be brought into contact, an immediate effect is produced. The liquid appears to boil; each plate is eaten away, the zinc plate the most rapidly; great heat is evolved at the point of junction: a galvanic current has been established. The intensity of the action is augmented by increasing the number of the plates. The wire from the zinc plates is the "positive pole," that from the copper plates the negative pole. Now if these two wires be immersed in a vessel containing sulphate of copper in solution, the copper, set free from the other elements at the negative pole, will settle in a pure metallic form upon the other pole.

Bearing these facts in mind, let us follow a page of the Magazine into the electrotyper's room. A sheet of wax is laid upon it, and it is placed under a powerful press, which forces the wax into the interstices of the page, producing a perfect mould. The face of this mould is covered with plumbago—commonly called black-lead—in order to give it a metallic surface. The mould is taken into the battery room. Here are a number of long narrow tanks, filled with a strong solution of sulphate of copper and a series of batteries. The pos-

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THE BATTERY ROOM.

itive pole of a battery is attached to a mould, the negative is attached to a copper plate, and both are placed in the tank. In an instant a thin film of copper appears on the surface of the mould. It is demonstrable that this is infinitely thinner than the thinnest gold-leaf. This coating increases momently, and in from two to twelve hours, according to the intensity of the operation, which is regulated by the electrotyper, it forms a "shell" of the required thickness: about that of a sheet of stout paper. The upper surface is a perfect facsimile of the original page, the minutest line and point of an engraving being reproduced with absolute precision. The under surface is exactly parallel with the upper. The shell looks as though one had with a series of punches stamped every line into a thin sheet of copper.

This thin shell would be crushed flat by the immense pressure of the printing-press. It must be "backed up" with type-metal. Now this metal, even in a melted state, will not readily adhere to copper. But it will adhere to tin, and tin will adhere to copper. The shell, its back having received a thin coating of tin, is put face downward in a shallow iron dish, and held firmly in its place by a series of small elastic rods. The dish is then swung by means of a crane, so that it rests in a flat caldron filled with type-metal, kept in a melted state by a furnace; this furnace, as before stated, containing the only fire in the establishment except that of the furnaces of the steam-engines. When the plate has acquired the same temperature as the metal, so that both will contract equally in cooling, a quantity of the melted metal is dipped up with a ladle and poured over the plate, filling up every hollow and forming a solid backing. The plates, thus backed up, are considerably thicker than is required. They are passed through a planing-machine, which reduces them to a perfectly uniform thickness of about one-seventh of an inch. They are then carefully examined to see that they contain no imperfections; the edges are smoothed and beveled, and they are ready for the pressman, who is technically called the "printer."

The principal press-room occupies the entire lower floor of the Cliff Street building. Thither the plates are conveyed, we following them. The plates for a sheet (for the Magazine sixteen in number) are fastened by clamps upon blocks, and so arranged that they shall come in the right places when the sheet is folded. In the mean while the paper has been prepared by wetting it. This is done in the basement by an ingenious arrangement of machinery which we have not space to describe. This

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basement contains many objects of interest. Here are the steam-engines, in their own room, which carry all the machinery of the establishment. Here are the entrances to the subterranean vaults, extending under the other building and beneath the adjacent street, for storing paper and plates. Here too are the great cylinder and rotary presses, used exclusively for printing *Harper's Weekly*, which we shall soon describe.

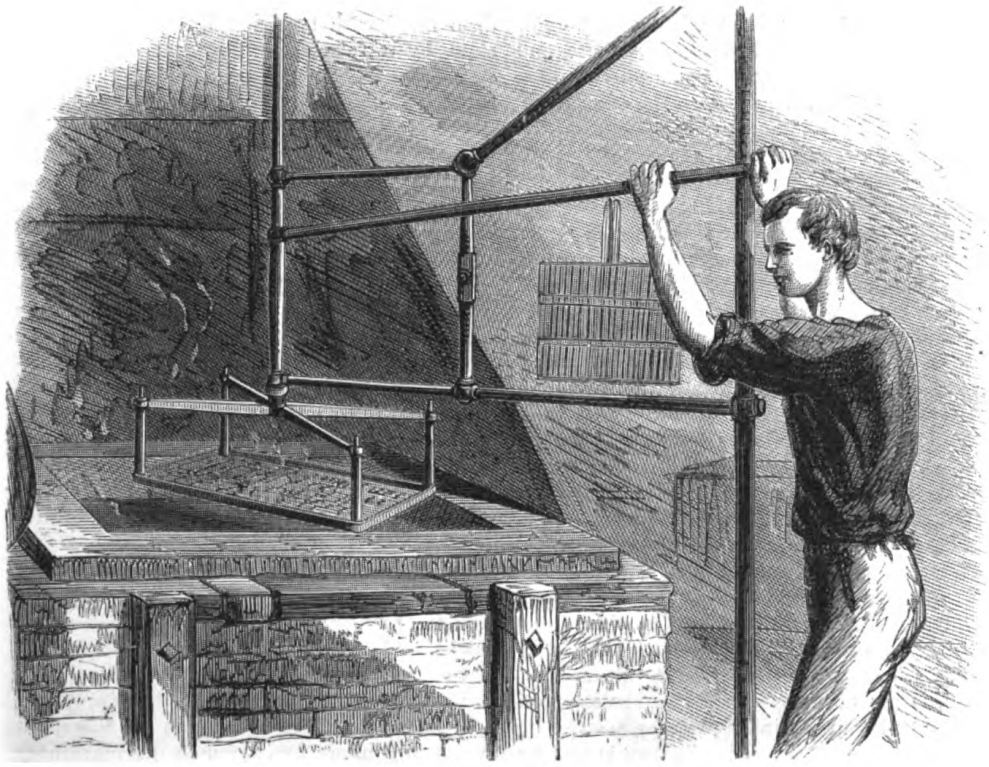
No other machine has received as great improvements as the printing-press within the last half century. It is probable that early impressions were taken by the planer and mallet, as proofs now often are, or by a brush, as is still practiced by the Chinese. Pictures are extant representing the printing-press as it existed about the year 1550; these differ only slightly from the press as it was two centuries later. The press upon which Franklin worked in London in 1725 is preserved. It is a clumsy structure of wood. Iron was afterward used for parts; but the first presses wholly of iron appear to have been made in the present century. The screw was the first power employed to give the impression; afterward various forms of the lever were used. These have been superseded by various modifications of the knee-joint combined with the lever.

The illustration on page 16 represents one of the best forms of the hand press, and indicates the mode of working. The "form" of type is imposed upon the bed (B), to which is hinged the tympan (T), and to this the frisket (F). The tympan is an iron frame covered with smooth cloth, behind which is a blanket; the whole forming a cushion to prevent the iron platen from coming in contact with the type, and also to equalize the pressure upon every part. The frisket is a similar frame covered with paper, having spaces cut out corresponding with the pages of the form, its object being to keep the sheet in its place. The printer takes a sheet of paper, lays it flat on the tympan, folds down the frisket over it, and then brings the tympan down upon the type. Then, by means of the crank, he runs the form under the platen (P), which he brings down upon the form by pulling the lever. He then rolls back the bed, opens the tympan and frisket to their former position, takes off the sheet, and proceeds as before.



BALLS.

The ink is composed of lamp-black and oil ground to about the consistence of molasses. It was formerly applied by means of two balls, which an assistant, while the pressman was pulling, kept rubbing together to keep the ink evenly distributed. Then rollers were introduced, made at first of several thicknesses of blanket wound evenly around a wooden centre, and covered with soft leather; and afterward, as now, of a composition of glue and molas-



BACKING UP.

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ENTRANCE TO VAULTS.

ses. For a long time it required two men to work a press—one to apply the ink, the other to pull. Subsequently a self-inking apparatus was affixed to the press. In giving the pull the pressman also raised a weight, which in its descent drew the roller over the type. One man, though with considerable increase of exertion, was thus able to do the work of two.



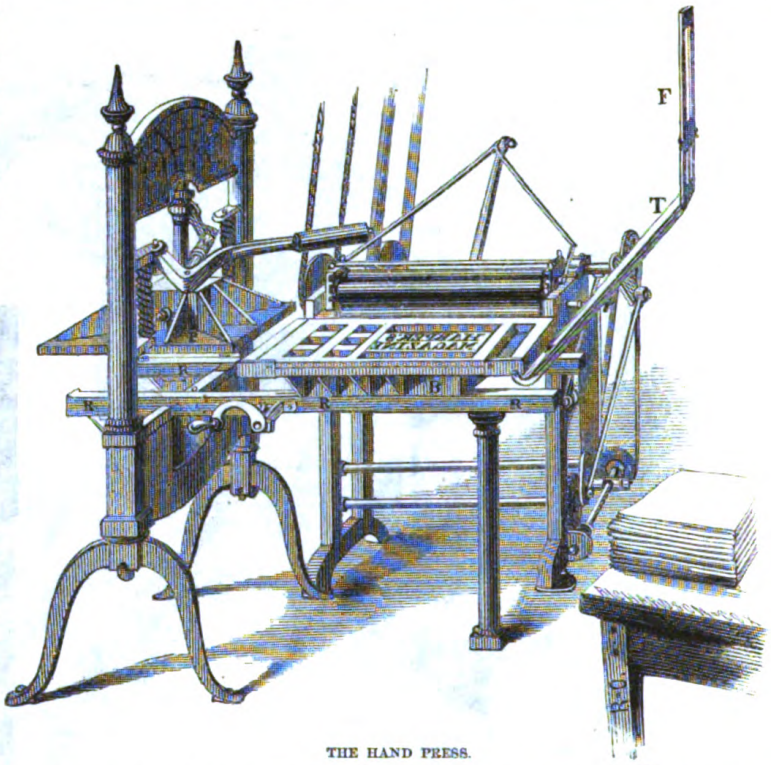
FRANKLIN'S PRESS.

A good pressman would accomplish about 2000 pulls a day; but he could not well run a press large enough to work a sheet of more than eight pages of this Magazine. To work 125,000 sheets on both sides would require 250,000 pulls, occupying the working-days of fully five months. But the work must be done in a month; and this could be accomplished only by having five presses occupied all the time upon a single sheet, which would require five casts from each page. As there are, including covers, ten sheets to each Number, it would require fifty hand presses to print the Magazine alone.

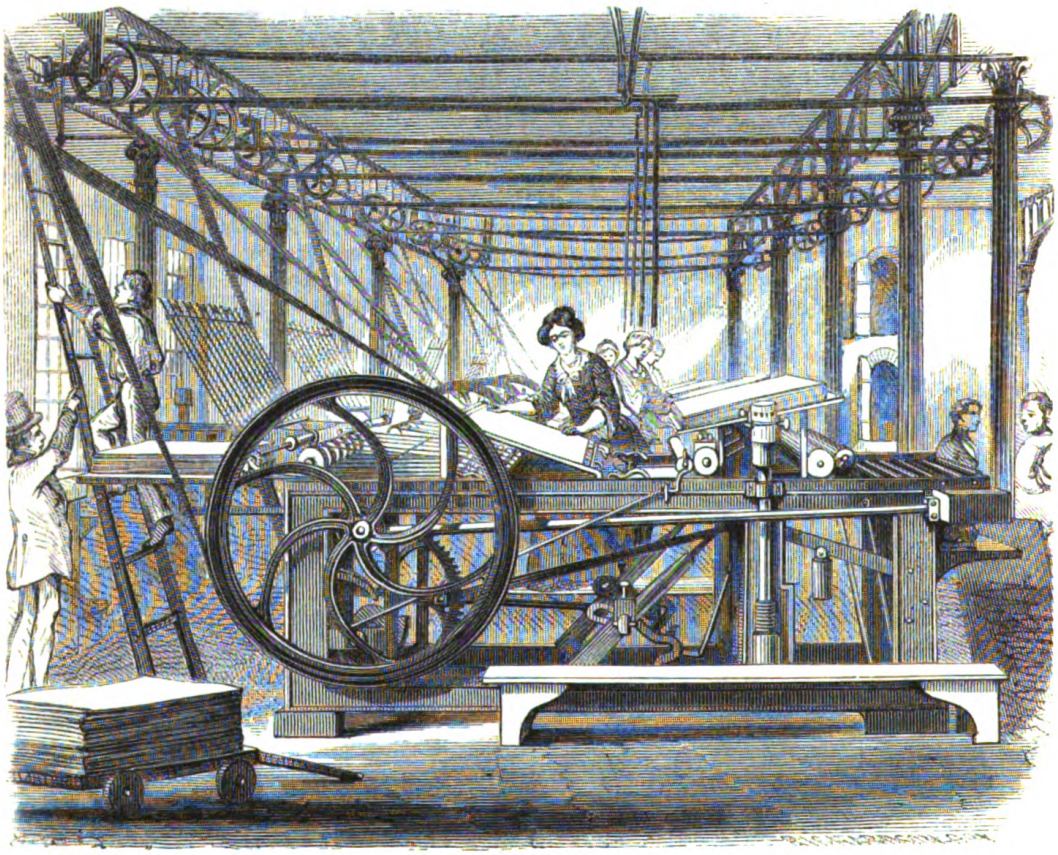
Many attempts were made to construct a "power press" capable of doing work as well and more rapidly than the hand press. These finally resulted in the "Adams Press," which

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is the only kind now used in this establishment for the Magazine and for book-work. *Harper's Weekly*, for which still greater rapidity is required, being printed upon cylinder and rotary presses. The appearance of the Adams Press is shown in the illustration. Its general operations may be made intelligible, but the machinery by which they are effected is very complex. It contains all the essential parts of the hand press, though differently arranged. The bed rises up against the platen instead of the platen coming down upon the bed; the tympan is stationary under the platen; the frisket lies horizontally, and is moved forward to receive the sheet, and backward to bring it over



THE HAND PRESS.



THE ADAMS PRESS.

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the form, resting upon the bed, which has only the upward and downward motion. The "feeder," who is usually a girl, lays the sheet of paper upon an inclined plane, the edge slightly projecting; it is caught by a set of iron fingers, which pull it down upon the frisket, by which it is carried to the "form" which has just received the ink; the impression is then given by the knee-joint from below; the sheet is then lifted, or rather blown, by a bellows upon a series of "endless tapes," from which it is taken by a light frame, which turns upon an axle, at the proper moment, and whirls the sheets over, laying them in a regular pile at the end of the press opposite the one where they were received.

Meanwhile the press has been busy in "distributing" the ink. This is an essential operation, for without perfect distribution there can be no good printing. The distributing apparatus is quite complicated. One roller slowly revolves, its lower surface immersed in a trough of ink, bringing up a regulated quantity of ink to the top, where it is touched at fixed intervals by another roller, transferring a portion of ink to still another. Then there is a roller which, besides revolving, has an oscillating motion back and forth, and another, called a "crab," which travels to and fro in a puzzling sort of way. The result of all this series of movements is that the ink is spread uniformly over the distributing-roller, from which it is taken by the inking-roller, or rather set of rollers; for several of them are arranged in a frame, by which it is transferred to the type-plates.

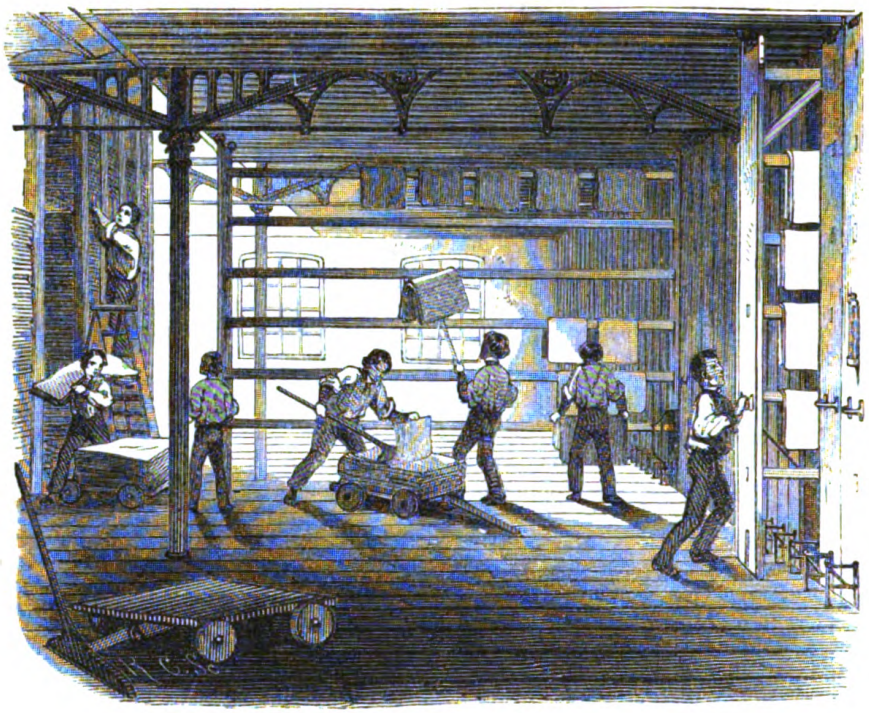
The whole of the complicated series of movements is performed by the press simultaneously and automatically, the only human action being that of the "feeder," who places the paper so that the press can get hold of it. An Adams Press will work 6000 sheets, each containing sixteen pages, in a day; thus, with one "feeder," doing the work of six presses and pressmen. The establishment contains 35 of these presses, of which at least eight are always at work on the Magazine, and twice as many in certain parts of the month. For executing fine work rapidly nothing has been produced which equals them. Not a few of them have within a few years been sent to Europe. They were first bought for great Britain, we believe, by Mr. William Chambers, who, while on a visit to America, saw them in operation in the Harper establishment, and at once perceived their superiority over any European press.

The "cut forms" of the Magazine go through, before printing, another process, known as "making ready." The beauty of a printed page of type depends upon its having a uniform color throughout. But to give the proper effect to an engraving the heavy parts must be blacker—that is, must receive more ink—than the light ones. As the ink is laid on uniformly these parts of the sheet must be made to take up more from the plate. This is effected by increasing the pressure upon some parts and diminishing it on others. An impression is taken upon a sheet of paper. The engravings in this will appear poor and indistinct; the heavy parts will appear too feeble, the light parts too strong. This sheet is pasted upon the tympan, and the operator, with a sharp knife, cuts out the paper where he wishes to lighten the color, and pastes on small pieces of paper where he wishes to deepen it; sometimes one thickness, frequently three or four. These pieces will often be not half as large as one's finger nail. The tympan, in printing, lies between the form and the platen of the press, so that the force of the impression is increased where any of these bits has been added, just in proportion to their thickness and number, and is diminished where any thing has been cut away. To "make ready" a form with many cuts requires the work of two men for from two to six days; and the press must stand idle during that time, for if the pages were moved the tenth part of an inch from their original position on the bed, these "overlays" and "cuttings-out" would not fall over the right place. As the time of a press is worth ten dollars a day, this expense—from thirty to a hundred dollars for a single sheet—can be afforded only where a very large number are to be printed, or when a high price is put upon the work. The general excellence of the printing of the illustrations in this Magazine is owing to the care bestowed upon making them ready. Facing each other (pages 18, 19) are impressions taken from the same plate, showing the difference produced by "making ready." Had we chosen a larger cut, with a greater variety of tone, the difference would have been still more marked.

The sheets having been printed are taken by the serviceable "Steam Paddy" to the next story, where they are dried and pressed. For drying the sheets are hung loosely upon the bars of a long rack, which when filled is pushed into a room heated by steam-pipes. These racks run upon rails fixed to the ceiling, in order to leave the floor unencumbered. The end of each rack consists of a board which just fits the opening into which the frame runs. When all are loaded and pushed in the entire front forms a close partition. There are 25 of these racks, each capable of holding 2000 sheets, so that 50,000 sheets may be dried at once; the process occupying about three hours. This is the only place where the sheets are loosely placed so as to be readily combustible. But there is no fire in the room, and the nearest gas-burner is so placed that no sheet can come within several yards of it; and this burner is lighted only upon those rare occasions when the work can not be finished by daylight, which is only a few hours in the course of the year. Thus the risk from fire in this most exposed quarter is reduced to an almost infinitesimal amount.

The dried sheets are then to be pressed, in order to remove the indentations made by the

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THE DRYING-ROOM.

type in the process of printing. They are taken to the other end of the same floor, made into a pile composed of one printed sheet and a sheet of very smooth hard pasteboard, placed alternately. Such a pile, about six feet high, is placed in a hydraulic press. The Hydraulic (more properly the Hydrostatic) Press is the most powerful machine constructed by man. It is based upon the principle which the old philosophers named the "hydrostatic paradox"—that any quantity of water, however small, may be made to lift any weight, however large. A simple illustration of this law is found in the fact that one can fill a hogshead of water from below as well as from above by pouring it through the smallest possible pipe. The small column of water balances (*i. e.* has the same upward and downward pressure as) the larger one of the same height. The absolute pressure of each of these two columns varies as the area of the surfaces; and the area of two circles varies as the squares of their diameter.

The sectional diagram presents the essential features of the Hydraulic Press in its simplest form: It consists of the small cylinder *a*, fitted with a piston *s*, worked by the lever *c*, *b*, *d*; this communicates by a pipe with the large cylinder A, having a piston S, which expands at the top into the platen P, on which is the substance W, to be compressed. Now if the smaller piston is one inch in diameter, and the larger is twelve, one pound at *s* will lift (12×12=144) one hundred and

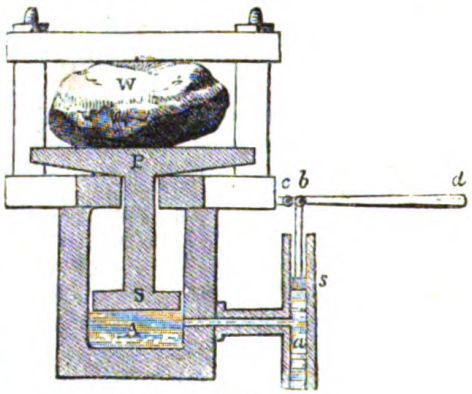
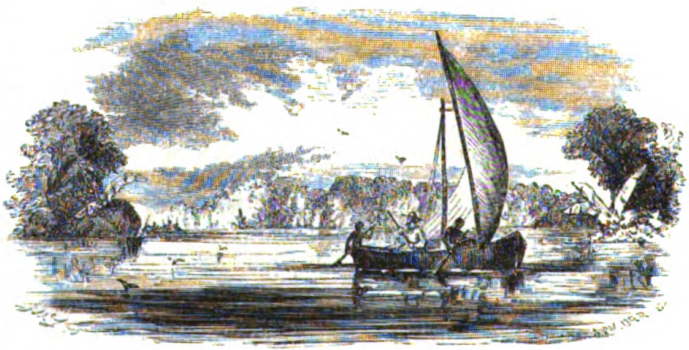


DIAGRAM OF HYDRAULIC PRESS.



MADE READY.

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forty-four at S; but if by means of the lever a force of one hundred pounds is applied at *s*, it will lift (144×100) 14,400 pounds at S.

In the hydraulic presses used in this establishment the smaller cylinder has a bore of only a quarter of an inch, the larger one of a foot: a pound on the small piston raises (12×12×4×4) 2304 pounds on the larger. But by means of a forcing-pump worked by the steam-engine water is driven with immense force into the small cylinder. This is regulated by the weight with which the escape-valve (answering to the safety-valve of a steam-boiler) is loaded. The ordinary weight, applied by a lever, is 600 pounds, so that the press as actually worked has a force of 1,382,400 pounds—more than six hundred tons. This is often greatly exceeded, and can be increased to any amount by adding to the pressure on the escape-valve. The possible power of the press is only limited by the strength of the materials of which it is constructed. We have worked them so as absolutely to pull asunder the wrought iron rods, as thick as a man's leg, which unite the top and bottom plates of the press. Water has been driven by the hydraulic press through the pores of a cast-iron cylinder fourteen inches thick.

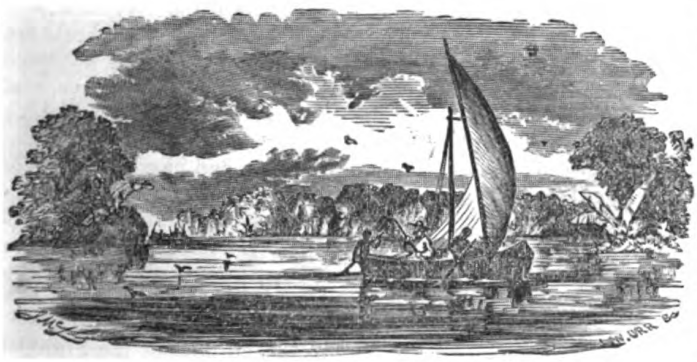
For the benefit of sundry half-taught "inventors," who trouble us at intervals with papers on "perpetual motion" and the like, we state that neither the hydraulic press nor any other machine *creates* power. The most that it does, or can do, is to condense, distribute, or arrange power communicated to it from without. If, for example, one pound on the smaller piston will raise a thousand pounds on the larger one for a foot, the smaller one must traverse a thousand feet to do this. If the power is a spring or a weight, as much force must be applied to coil the spring or wind up the weight as they exert in uncoiling or descending. In fact, every machine really involves an absolute loss of power from friction and other causes. Machinery simply applies the power given to it just when and where it is wanted.

Our hydraulic presses are made very massive in order to endure the strain to which they are subjected. A press occupies a space of four feet square, and is about eight feet high. One of these, when filled, weighs about five tons. There are eleven of them, placed side by side, all worked by a single pump, which can give its full force in six or eight minutes. The dead weight of fifty or sixty tons is thus placed at this end of the room within a space of four feet by forty-four. But the pillars, beams, and girders are not asked to sustain this weight. The row of presses rests upon a solid wall carried up to this height from the foundation.



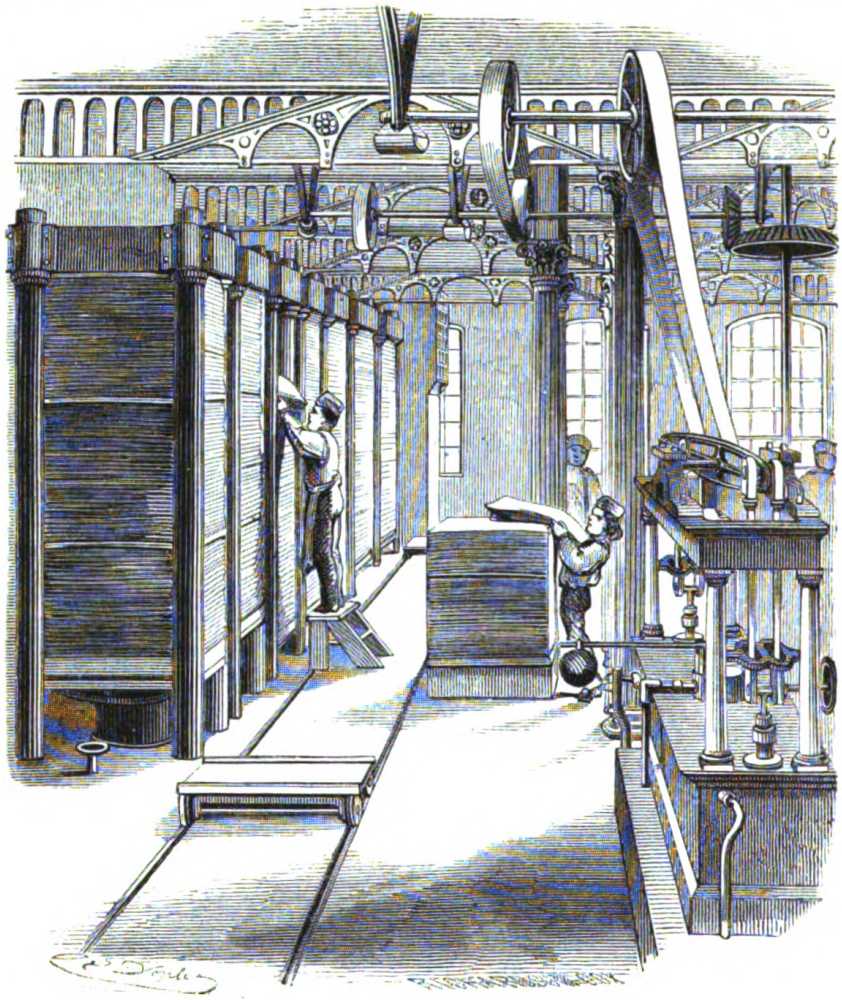
FOLDING-MACHINE.

After remaining in the press eight or ten hours, under a squeeze of 600 tons, the sheets are taken out—all their roughnesses effectually removed—and are sent to the next floor above, where they are to be "folded." The pages were so arranged that, when the entire sheet is properly folded, each page will follow another in its proper order. Until quite recently "folding" was performed solely by manual labor. For the Magazine it is now executed by Chambers's "Folding-Machine." To understand its operation it must be borne in mind that each sheet of this kind is doubled at the middle; that doubled sheet is next folded through its centre; and that doubly-folded sheet is again doubled together: there are thus three folds to each sheet; and each of these must be exactly in its right place, or the whole book will be irregular. Externally the Folding-Machine presents the appearance of a low table, the lid divided at the centre into two parts—the division not being shown in the accompanying small illustration. The operator lays the sheet upon the table in such a way that two small points pass through two holes in the sheet. These holes were made by two steel points in the press when the sheet was first printed. These "point-holes" serve as guides in several cases, which we have not thought necessary to specify. The "knife," which looks very like the blade of a hoe, and appears in the illustration partly ele-



NOT MADE READY.

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THE HYDRAULIC PRESSES.

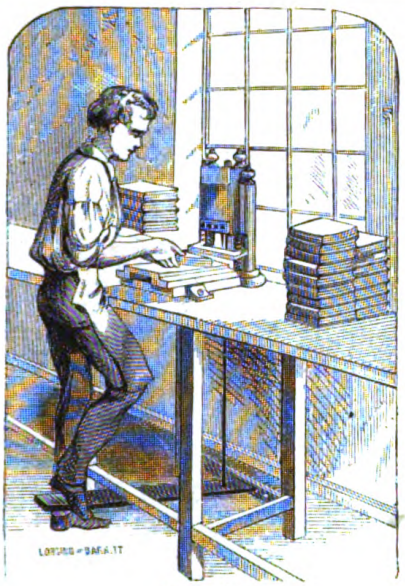
vated, now comes down on the sheet over the line of the first fold, and forces it down between two rollers which compress the doubling. This completes the first fold. A second and third knife and pairs of rollers, hidden under the cover of the machine, make the second and third folds in the same manner; and the triply-folded sheet is dropped down into a receptacle at the bottom of the machine.

This is the working of the machine for folding an octavo sheet. Still more wonderful is the machine which folds a duodecimo. To comprehend the operation of this it must be understood that a "12mo" sheet (that is, as the phrase is now understood, one to be folded into twelve *leaves*, not *pages*) is imposed in two parts, of sixteen and eight pages respectively. These are cut apart. The larger part is folded precisely like an octavo, as before described; the smaller part is folded only twice, and is then placed in the middle of the already folded larger part. These two parts are hence called the "outset" and the "inset." This machine cuts them apart, folds each separately, puts the inset into its place in the outset, and drops the whole folded sheet into its receptacle. An expert workwoman will fold about 3500 octavo, or two-thirds as many duodecimo, sheets in a day. The machine will fold about 14,000.

The folded sheets are then taken up another story, and placed in piles in regular order on a long table. The "gatherer" walks along, picking up one from each pile. These make a Number. Three holes are stabbed through the whole. In the illustration the Stabbing Machine is operated by a treddle; it is now worked by the steam-engine. The sheets are then stitched together by passing a thread through the holes. The cover is put on, and pasted at the back; and the work of "Making a Magazine" is completed. With the exception of making the drawings and engravings, it has all been performed in the Cliff Street building.

The Magazines are now put into large trucks, carried down by the "Steam Paddy" three stories, and wheeled across into the Wareroom, whence they are forwarded to subscribers. This is a spacious apartment, occupying, with its two wings, the entire second floor of the Franklin Square building. It is entered from the street

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STABBING.

oy a broad iron staircase. Here are the brains of the establishment. In front is the counting-room, separated from the rest only by a low railing, so that every thing is in full view of the Proprietors. Outside of the railing are the desks and tables of the cashier, book-keepers, and clerks. Around the walls are bins and cases containing the various books and publications.

The upper stories of this building contain rooms for Editors, Artists, and Engravers. The remaining, and greater portion of the space, is used as Stock Rooms. This is filled with bins, built up in ranges from floor to ceiling, used mainly for holding printed sheets and perfect copies of books ready to be bound. There are in all about 6000 of these bins, disposed in avenues and streets. A Directory shows in what bin any sheet or book is deposited. Moreover, there are stowed away in vaults and boxes about one million of pages of stereotype and electrotype plates, and probably one hundred thousand wood-cuts, any one of which may be wanted at any moment. So accurate is the register kept of them that any one can be found at a few minutes' notice.

About one quarter of the edition of the Magazine is sent through the mails to individual subscribers and to clubs. The remainder is sold to booksellers and dealers, who supply their own customers, and usually receive their supply by express. In forwarding the Magazine copies are sent first to the most distant places. Thus the 10,000 copies for California are dispatched about the 15th of the month preceding its date. This explains the reason why the "Monthly Record of Current Events" is brought down only to about the close of the first week of the preceding month. Then the supplies for New Orleans and St. Louis follow; next those for Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago,



THE MAIN WAREROOM.

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PORTION OF A STOCK ROOM.

and intermediate places; working toward home by way of Boston and Philadelphia. The purpose is, that the Magazine shall come out as nearly as possible at the same time in every part of the country. Where several customers reside in the same city special care is taken that the supplies for all shall go by the same conveyance, so that no one shall have any advantage over another.

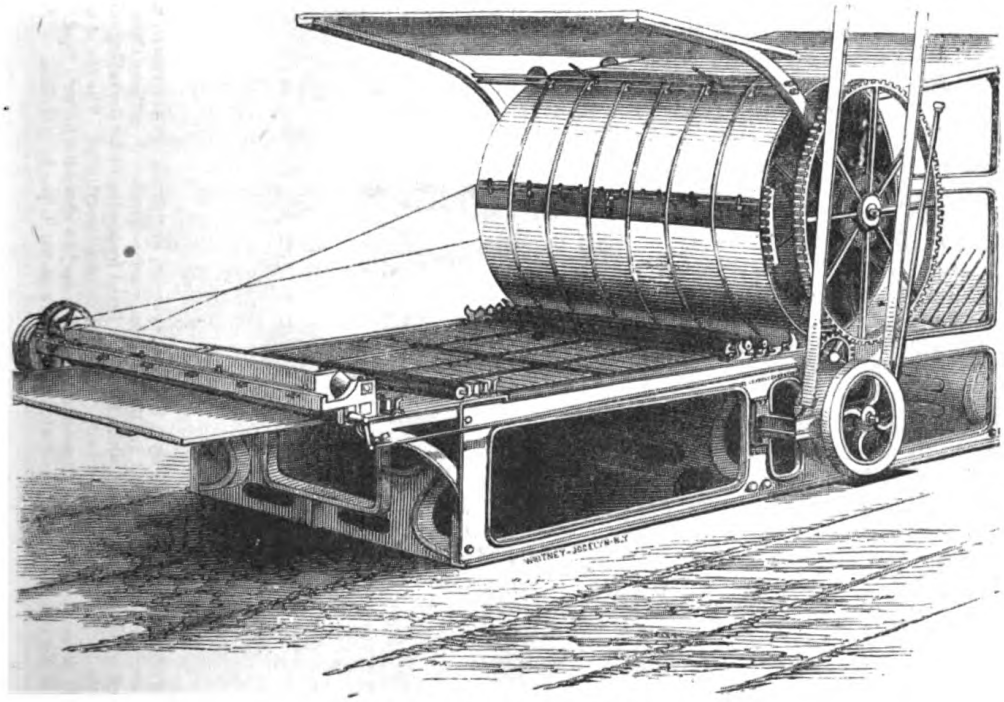
Subscribers who receive their copies through the mail directly from the Publishers will notice that the address is printed upon each copy. These are all set up in type, and printed on narrow slips of paper. These slips, if pasted together, would reach nearly a tenth of a mile. The type is kept standing so that any additions or changes can be made. Thus when a new subscription is received from any place, the name and residence is not only entered upon the Subscription Book, but is at once put in its place in the type. These lists are carefully revised, and new slips struck off every month. But as most subscriptions are for a year, the greater part of these addresses are correct for twelve numbers; so that the labor of writing the name, town, county, and State of each subscriber twelve times every year is saved. A little machine, hardly as large as an "apple-parer," turned by hand, cuts off every address from the long slip, and pastes it on the Magazine. Besides the saving of time and labor, there is a great increase in accuracy. The most careful clerk in copying 25,000 names and addresses every month can hardly fail to make some mistakes. He will occasionally omit a name, in which case the Subscriber will be annoyed by not receiving his Magazine; or he may write a name twice, when the Publisher incurs the loss of sending two copies instead of the one for which he is paid. By the present system it is almost impossible that any error should occur. If any one fails to receive his Magazine it is as certain as any thing can be that the reason is to be found in some fault or accident in that much-abused, and too often unjustly abused, institution, the Post-Office Department.

There is still another important advantage in this system. On each copy, following the name, are figures showing with what Number the subscription expires, as recorded in the Mail Books. Thus, one whose subscription for a year, whether new or renewed, commences with this present Number (187), should receive it with 198 at the end of his name. If so, all is right. If, as often occurs, he should subscribe for two years, the figures should be 210. If this is not the case, the subscriber has only to write, calling attention to the fact; and if his next Magazine comes with the right figures, he is thus notified, without a special letter, that the error has been rectified. In effect, every subscriber has upon each copy a receipt not only for that Number, but for every one embraced within the period of his subscription. He is, moreover, informed just when his subscription will expire, and so at what time to renew it, if he chooses. If he does not choose

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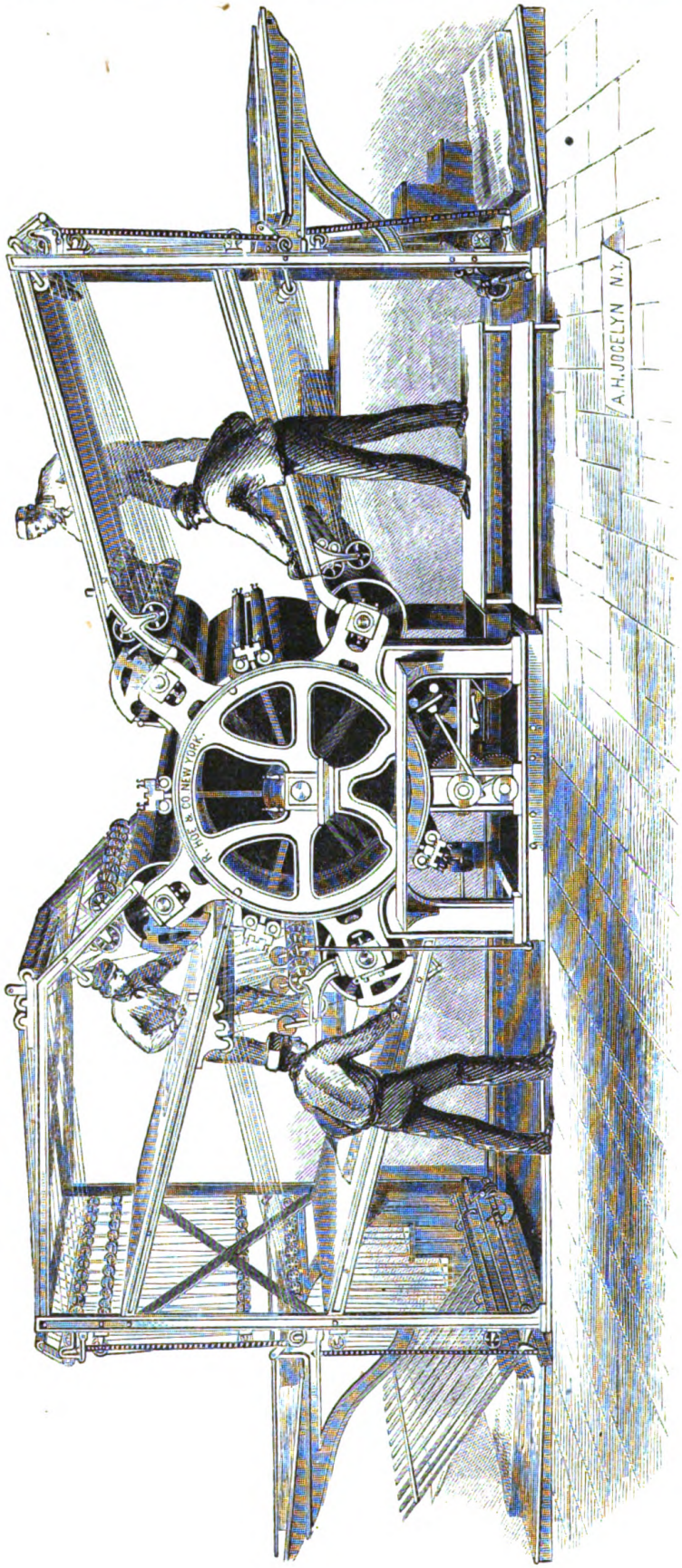
to renew it, the Magazine is stopped, and the subscriber will be sure not to be annoyed at some future time by having a bill presented for more or less Numbers which he never ordered and does not want. In about ten days from the time when the first package is sent to California the last subscriber in New York is served.

It has been seen that a month can be allowed for printing most of the sheets of the Magazine; but of *Harper's Weekly* about the same number must be printed within two days at farthest. To accomplish this, machines swifter than even the Adams Press must be devised. There seems no way to effect this except by applying a *rotary* motion instead of the *reciprocating* motion of all platen presses. Taylor's Cylinder Press consists essentially of a flat bed which runs back and forth under a large revolving cylinder. The paper is fed by hand to this cylinder, which catches the edge of the sheet by a set of iron fingers, and carries it along in its revolution, bringing it at its lowest point upon the type-form lying on the bed below. The bed, it will be noted, has a reciprocating motion, back and forth, for it must be run clear beyond the cylinder in order to receive the ink at each impression; while the sheet, lying upon the cylinder, has a rotary motion. These two motions must be of exactly the right velocity, otherwise the sheet will not be brought at exactly the right place upon the type. A variation of the tenth of an inch would spoil the sheet. Then the distance between the bed and the cylinder must be accurately regulated. The type can not exactly touch the cylinder, for between them, besides the sheet of paper, is the tympan with its overlays. The distance between bed and cylinder must be capable of alteration, for no two tympans will be of precisely the same thickness. If in any case the distance were the thickness of a sheet of paper too great, no clear impression would be given; if too little, the impression would be blurred. This alteration is effected by screws which raise or lower the cylinder. The entire pressure required for a cylinder press is much less than for a platen press. In the latter it is given simultaneously over the whole sheet, by two flat surfaces coming together; in the former by the contact of a cylinder with a flat surface. In theory this place of contact is a mathematical line, having only length and no breadth. Practically they probably touch at any one moment on a plane a quarter of an inch broad, and four feet long. In an Adams Press, working a sheet of the size of the Magazine, the entire pressure is at the same moment upon an area of about 1000 square inches; in a cylinder press, working a sheet of the same size, it is at each moment upon a surface of about 10 square inches. The inking apparatus of these presses is quite perfect, and they do very good work, even upon cuts. One of these presses will work 1200 sheets an hour, about double the number worked by an Adams Press. There are three of these presses, all of them working at once upon the same pages, triplicate casts being provided. Another press is kept in reserve to be used in case of accident. This cylinder press is really the old copper-plate press with augmented power and speed; but all the principles of the one are contained in the other. A copper-plate press, as we have



THE TAYLOR CYLINDER PRESS.

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THE HOE ROTARY PRESS.

The type-plates are fastened upon the large cylinder, or "drum," in the centre, covering its whole length, and about one-fifth of its circumference. On each side, near the top and bottom, where the four "feeders" are standing, are the four "impression-cylinders;" between these are the "inking-rollers." A feeder places a sheet so that the fingers of the impression-roller can catch it; this is pressed against the type-plates, which have been inked by passing under the inking-rollers just above. The sheets thus printed are taken by a series of "endless tapes" to a "fly," which deposits them in a regular pile. There is a separate fly for each impression-cylinder. The one at the left lower corner is most clearly shown in the cut. It has just laid down a sheet on the pile below, and is coming up for another, which it will receive from the tapes just above the feeder's head. The fly above, which is now lying flat upon its pile, receives its sheets from the tapes at the top. The arrangement at the other end of the press, which is not here shown, is precisely similar.

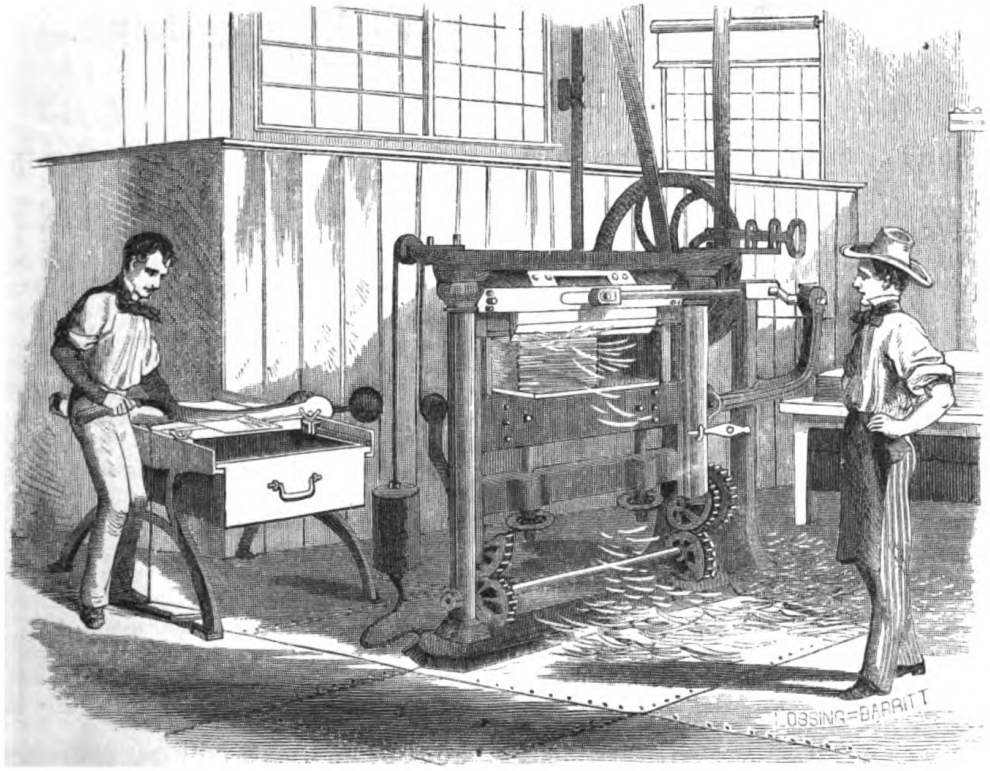
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stated, can produce 300 impressions of the size of a page of the *Weekly* in ten hours. This cylinder press will print in the same time 12,000 sheets, each containing 8 pages. It, therefore, is capable of doing, for the purposes of the *Weekly*, the work of 320 copper-plates presses.

A still more rapid machine is the Hoe Rotary Press. We can not undertake to give more than a *very* general idea of the construction and operation of this. The essential feature of it is that *all* the action is rotary. The prominent thing is the "drum," an iron cylinder a little more than four feet in diameter. Upon this the type-plates are fastened. These plates instead of being flat, as for the presses which we have heretofore described, are cast into the forms of segments of a circle of the exact radius of the drum. At different points around the circumference are four impression-cylinders, revolving in a direction opposite to that of the drum, each of them furnished with a set of inking-rollers. The sheet is caught by an impression-roller, and pressed against the type-plates, which have just been inked by passing under the inking-rollers. Four sheets are thus printed at every revolution of the drum. Each sheet passes along the endless tapes to the "fly," which takes it off. The complicated and ingenious machinery by which all these, and many other, operations are effected, is only indicated in the engraving on page 24. This press works 5000 sheets an hour; and as it is run without stopping from the moment it commences a Number, it prints the regular edition of one side of the *Weekly* in about twenty-four hours; the three cylinder presses being at the same time at work upon the other side. Of some Numbers large extra quantities are demanded; sometimes nearly 300,000 copies in all. In that case the presses are kept running, uninterruptedly, for from 50 to 75 hours.

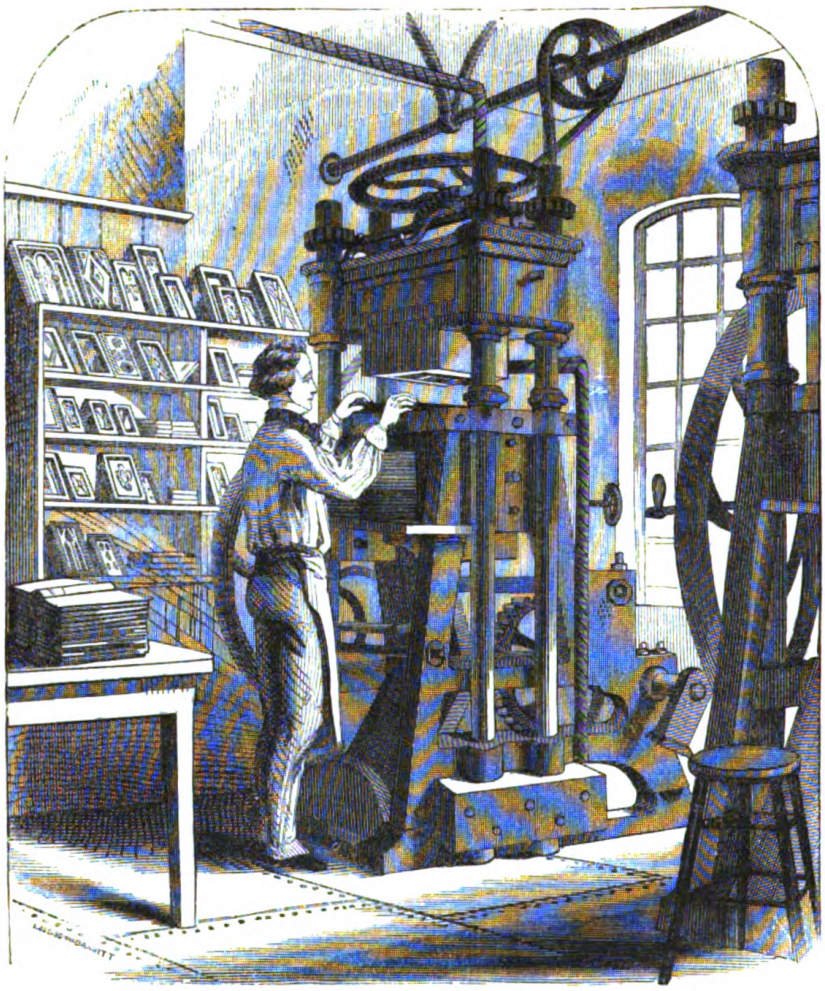
The principle of this Rotary Press is the same as that of the machines on which the large daily newspapers are printed. For these, however, a still greater rate of working is necessary. This is effected by increasing the size of the drum, so as to give place to six, eight, or even ten impression-cylinders; so that ten sheets are printed at each revolution of the drum. These presses, also being intended for much coarser work, are far less complicated in their structure, and so can be run faster. A 10-cylinder press will print from 15,000 to 20,000 sheets an hour. Thus it happens that each of the 50,000 or 100,000 readers of the *Herald*, *Times*, or *Tribune* can find on his breakfast-table a paper, the last type for which was set after midnight. These presses are largely used in Great Britain. They are found in London, Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, and Dundee. All the leading British daily newspapers, the *Times* included, are printed upon Hoe Presses, built in New York. One has even been purchased for Australia.

To complete the description of "Making the Magazine" we will take a hasty glance over the Bindery, for many volumes of the Magazine



SHEARS AND TRIMMING MACHINE.

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EMBOSSING.

are bound. If a thick volume were simply stitched together it would not open well, and besides the sheets would easily be broken away from the thread. The sheets are sewn together, or rather to a number of cords. Three or more grooves are sawed into the back of the pile of sheets, so that they shall fit to the same number of cords stretched perpendicularly in a frame. The sewer takes a sheet, fits the grooves to the cords, and half opens the folded sheet in the middle. A stout thread, its end first firmly fastened, is passed by means of a needle over the first cord, then along the inside of the fold of the sheet to the second cord, over that and along the fold to the next, where it is secured by a "hitch;" then another sheet is laid on, and the same operation is repeated in reverse order until a pile of sheets as high as the sewer can conveniently reach has thus been sewed to the cords. Such a pile will probably contain a dozen volumes. The cords are long enough to allow an inch or two at each end, when the volumes are separated; these serve to fasten the sheets into the covers. The sheets thus sewed together are now ready to receive their covers, the edges having been, in most cases, trimmed by a machine.

The great majority of books are bound in cloth, or, as it is usually called, "muslin." This is manufactured of various colors and patterns. One man cuts the muslin from the piece into the proper shape and size for a single cover or "case." Another cuts the pasteboard for the covers. This was formerly done by a pair of shears; it is now performed more rapidly and accurately by a machine having several pair of circular knives fixed upon an axle. These can be gauged for any distance so as to cut the board to any size. Muslin and boards are given to another man, who makes them into a case, the exact distance for the back having been accurately ascertained, for the thickness of every work will vary in accordance with the number of pages and weight of the paper used.

These cases are then to be lettered and ornamented in various ways. The lettering and some parts of the ornamenting are usually in gilt.

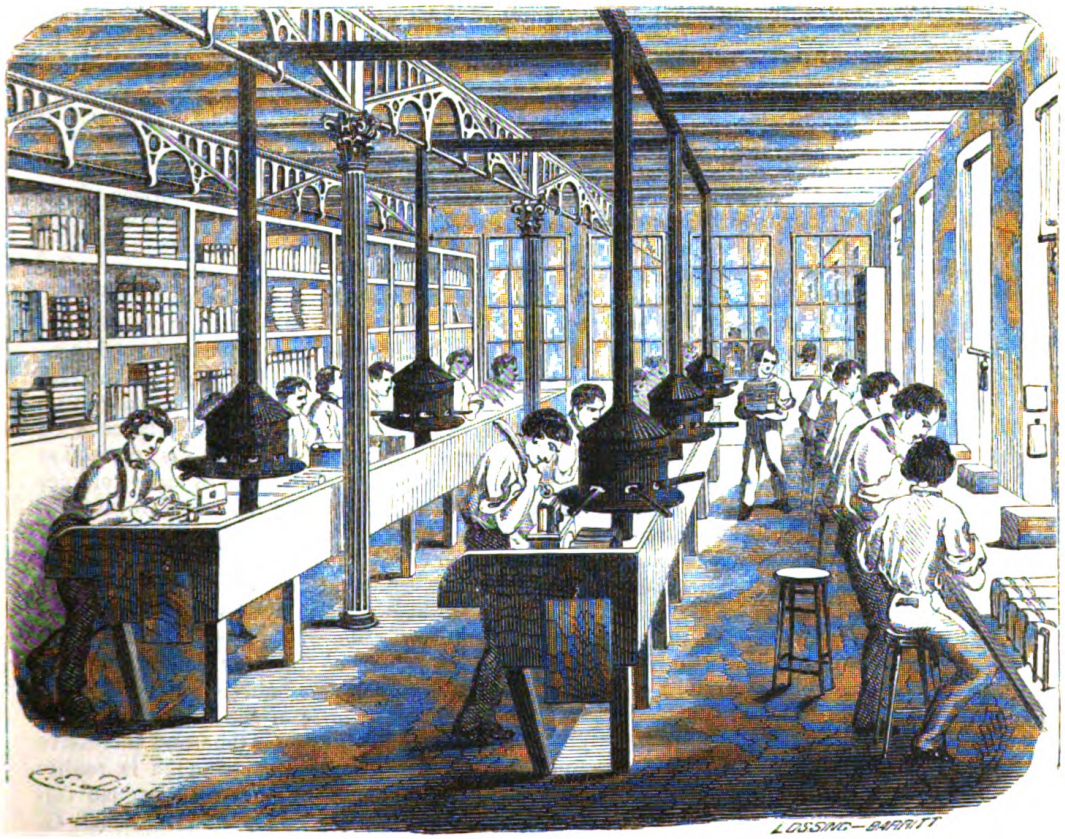
The cases are taken to the "Gilding Room." The space on which any gilding is to appear is

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rubbed over with "albumen"—in plain words, the white of an egg. Gold-leaf is laid over these spaces. This work is done by women. The leaf is so thin that a breath of air would disturb it. It is covered with a screen of oiled paper, which, while it admits the passage of light, cuts off every current of air. The case, thus gilt, is put into an embossing press, to the platen of which is affixed a die, containing whatever letters and ornaments are to be presented. This die is heated by a current of steam passing through the platen; the bed of the press, carrying the case, is pressed up against the die. Wherever the face of this heated die is pressed into it the gold-leaf is firmly fixed; all the rest can be brushed off. This is done over a locked drawer having a perforated cover, through the holes of which the surplus gold falls. When a large number of cases have been brushed off it is no uncommon thing to find a half-peck of powdered gold in the drawer below. This, indeed, lies very loosely, and when melted into a sold block would occupy far less space. But the gold thus brushed off here is worth some $1500 a year. This room has a smooth metal floor, so that the sweepings may be collected, for they contain more or less loose gold, every grain of which is separated from the rubbish and saved. The cases having been made and embossed the sheets are placed within them, properly pasted, and the volume having been put into a screw press, with a force considerable in itself, though small when compared with that of the hydraulic press, is finished and ready for sale.

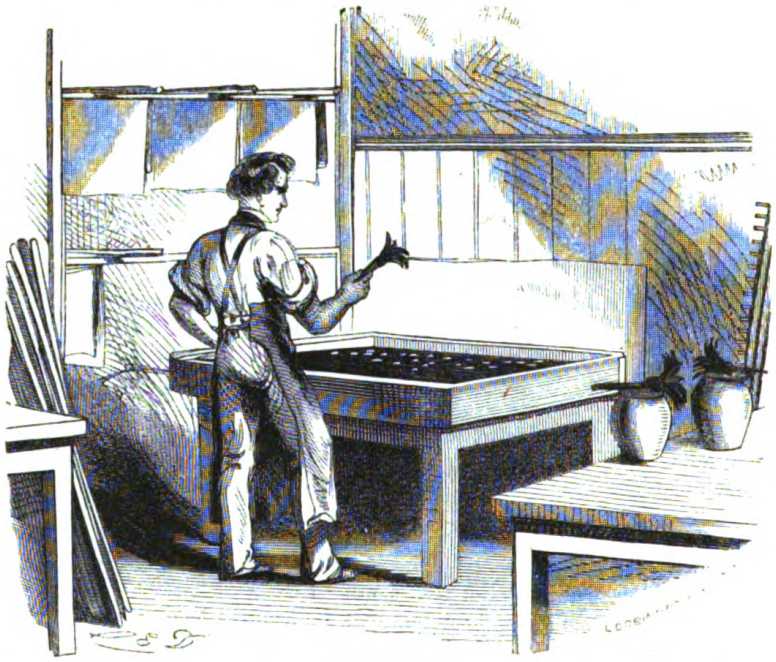
If the volume is to be "full bound" or "half bound" in leather, whether "sheep," "calf," or "morocco," there are several variations in the processes. The covers, instead of being made in good part by machinery, are formed separately by hand. For the lettering the type are set up, screwed into a frame, affixed to a handle, and pressed over a part of the surface previously covered with gold-leaf. The ornamental lines are usually engraved upon the edge of a wheel, which is fixed to a handle, and pressed upon the places where a gilt character is to appear. All the tools must be used hot, in order to fix the gold-leaf in its proper place. The tools are kept hot by little gas furnaces. The gold not fixed by the heated tool is wiped off by a cloth. One of these cloths in a short time becomes fairly saturated with gold invisible to the eye. Such a cloth, fifteen inches square, if thrown into the street, would be picked up only by a rag-picker, who sees a possible penny in a half-putrid bone; but it will contain five or six dollars' worth of gold. Such a rag is, of course, not thrown away. It is sent, with other sweepings, to a refiner, who abstracts all the gold hidden in its dingy meshes.

A book in binding—that is, in being clothed—passes through about ten hands. These form three or four separate trades, quite as distinct



FINISHING.

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MARBLING.

as those of the hatter, the tailor, and the shoemaker, who combine to clothe the human form divine. There are two reasons why a book "bound" or "half bound" in calf or morocco costs more than the same book in cloth. *First*, leather costs more than muslin. *Second*, hand labor enters more largely into it than machine work. Preparing the covers of books bound wholly or in part in leather is technically called "finishing."

There is a favorite style of half-leather binding which involves a process so beautiful as fairly to entitle it to a separate paragraph. This is where the back is of leather and the sides of "marbled" paper. A shallow tank is filled with water in which gum has been dissolved. The different colors are simply ground in water. The marbler dips a brush into a pot, and with a peculiar flirt sprinkles the color into the tank. The color spreads upon the surface in irregular oval forms, just as a drop of oil spreads upon water. He then in like manner sprinkles other colors. These colors will not mix; a drop of one falling upon another merely crowds a space for itself, altering the shape of the first color. A third color does the same thing to both, and so on. Sometimes only one color is used; sometimes half a score. Every color presents a series of forms bounded by curved lines. Thus, if the first color was red and the second blue, if a drop of the latter falls upon the centre of a drop of the former, there will be a blue centre surrounded with a red ring; if a blue drop falls upon the edge of a red one, there will be a blue circle cutting into the circumference of a red one; and so on through the whole range of colors, no one of which in any case intermixes with another. The pattern is frequently varied by drawing a long comb through the colors at any stage of the process. The teeth of the comb pull out the colors into a series of ovals, or rather parabolas. If the comb, instead of being drawn straight through, has also a motion from side to side, an altogether different pattern is produced; if drawn twice, lengthwise and crosswise, still another; and so on *ad infinitum*. When the marbler has produced the pattern that suits him for the time, he lays a sheet of paper upon the tank. This takes up all the colors, just as they lay upon the surface of the gum-water. A little color will be left around the edges of the tank; this is struck off by a flat ruler, and the process is renewed. This operation, which it has taken so long to describe, is performed very rapidly, varying in time with the number of colors and combings. Two minutes for a sheet of paper of the size of sixteen pages of the Magazine is a fair average. If the edges of a book are to be marbled the process is the same. The tank is prepared as before, and the marbler takes as many volumes as he can conveniently hold—the covers not having been put on—and dips the ends and side successively. The sheets are so firmly pressed together that the colors only touch the edges without penetrating between the leaves. The wonder of the whole process is that while the patterns may be infinitely varied, the operator can by this apparently chance operation produce any number of the same kind. He will, if he wishes, make a thousand successive sheets all apparently alike—though in reality no one is exactly like another. Abroad this process is kept as a great secret. Mr. J. G. Kohl, the famous German traveler, who had

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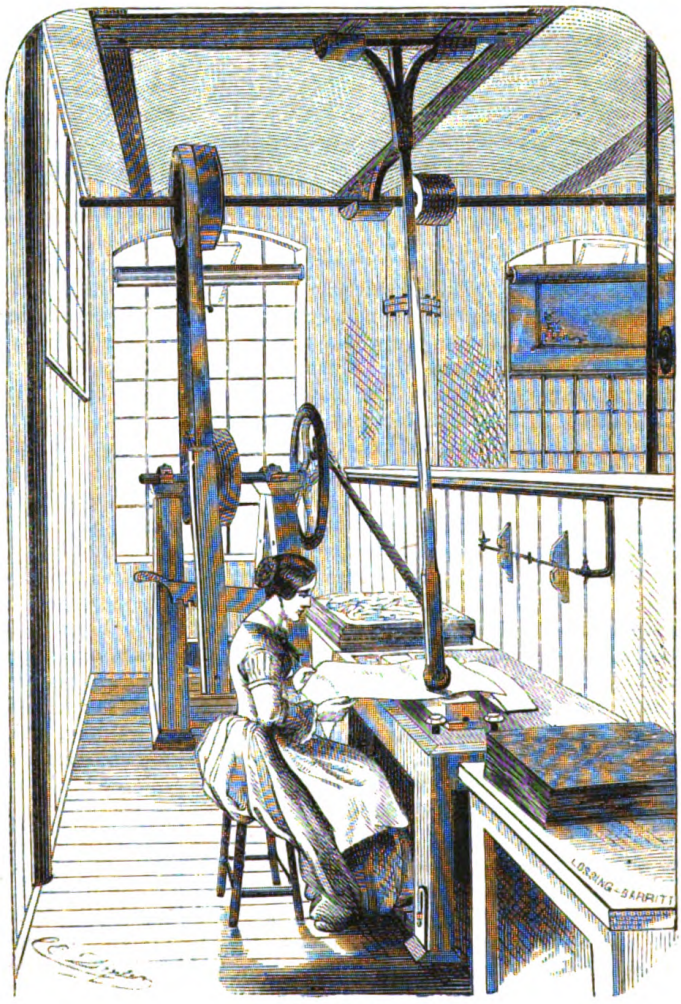
visited almost all the great manufacturing establishments in Europe, was never able to see it until it was shown to him in this establishment.

The sheets when marbled are rough, and the colors are indistinct. To bring out the full beauty of the tints, and their endlessly-varied combinations, the sheet is burnished. This must be done by rubbing, for no amount of pressure would give it a polish. To effect this an agate burnisher is fastened to the end of a long perpendicular lever, fixed at one end, and moved back and forth by the steam-engine over a bed having a curve answering to the radius of the circle which would be described by the lever. The sheet is placed upon the bed, which is pressed up by a treddle, and each part brought successively under the burnisher. Nothing less hard than a flint or agate will serve for a burnisher. The hardest steel would become scratched in a few hours. The hard agate, indeed, requires polishing every few weeks.

Let us now, by aid of the Sectional Diagram on page 30, briefly retrace the operations which have been described. In this the front wall of the manufacturing building is supposed to be removed, so that the entire series of operations can be seen at a glance. On the 1st floor, *i. e.*, the basement, the paper is prepared and given out, and the *Weekly* printed. Here, also, are the steam-engines, of which there are two: one of 125-horse power, used by day, when all the machinery is to be worked; the other, of about one-third that power, used at night, when the *Weekly* presses only are to be run. The boilers do not appear, for they are in the court-yard; there are two of these, only one being at work at a time, the other being in reserve, to be used when its mate may be undergoing repairs. On the 2d floor is the main press-room. On the 3d floor the sheets are dried and pressed. On the 4th they are folded and gathered. On the 5th they are sewed. On the 6th the book is bound. In the 7th story are the Composing and Electrotype Rooms. It will be seen that the sheets of paper go regularly up for six stories in a continuous stream, almost automatically when once started. They can not stop for more than the briefest interval. If the warehouse-man does not deliver the paper to the pressman his room will be clogged in a few hours. If the superintendent of the press-room does not promptly send the printed sheets to the drying-room his floor will be clogged; and so on to the end. If an interruption should happen, a moment's glance would show exactly where it was and whose was the fault.

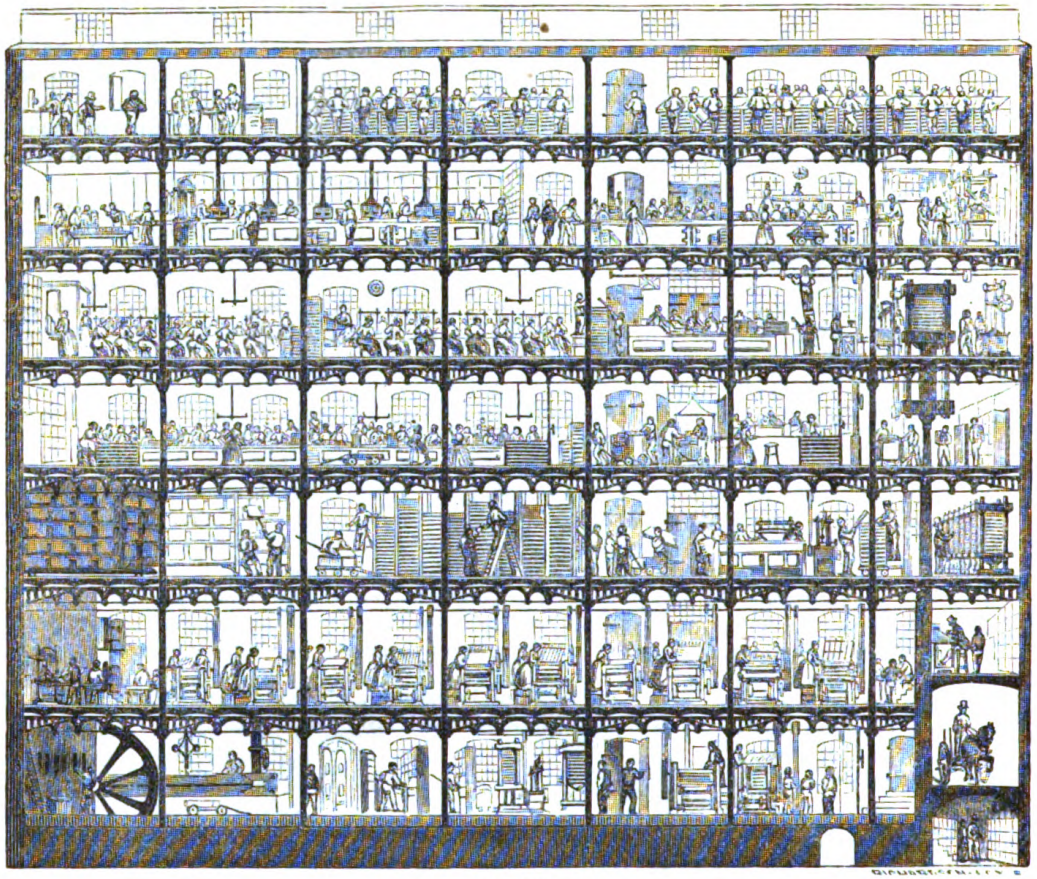
A daily newspaper and a periodical, like our own, for example, are really the cheapest things produced, regarding them simply as manufactured articles. If we had space we would like to show how much a man gets for the four or five cents which he pays for his Morning *Herald* or *Times*, or his Evening's *Post* or *Commercial*. But we must confine ourselves to what belongs to our special subject—the "Making of the Magazine."

The white paper upon which our Magazine is printed costs nearly three-fifths of the amount which the Publishers receive for each perfected copy. Every other expense comes out of the remaining two-fifths of the price. These expenses include salaries and wages paid to editors, authors, artists, engravers, electrotypers, printers, binders, and clerks; interest upon cap-



BURNISHING.

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SECTION OF MANUFACTORY.

ital laid out in buildings, machinery, and stock; wear and tear of buildings and machinery; insurance and taxes; with a "margin" left for Publishers' profits upon the whole enterprise.

From all these items of cost we select one for specific examination. The plates for a single Number of the Magazine cost about $3000. This includes the sums paid to editors, contributors, artists, engravers, compositors, and electrotypers for that one Number. This cost is incurred at the outset, before a single sheet is printed, and must be distributed *pro rata* among all the copies. If only 1000 were printed, this alone would be three dollars for every copy. Five dollars would be as little as any one Number would cost to the buyer; and at this rate the aggregate profit upon 1000 copies would not be enough to warrant any one to produce them. If 10,000 were printed, this cost would be reduced to thirty cents a copy. Then each copy of the Magazine might probably be sold for a dollar. But if 100,000 are printed from the same plates, this first cost of $3000 amounts to only three cents on each copy, and the Magazine can be produced at its present rate.

There is a prevalent opinion that the introduction of machinery is detrimental to the interests of mechanics and workmen. It is said that "If a machine is introduced by means of which one man can do the work of ten, nine will be thrown out of employment." To show the fallacy of this opinion, we take the single instance of the printing-press, which we have shown to be a machine which saves as much labor as any one ever invented. Suppose this had stopped with the Franklin Press, the cost of books would have been greatly beyond what it now is, and the sale in consequence much smaller. Then a Magazine like ours, or a daily newspaper of large circulation, would have been impossible, simply because the copies could not be printed in time. The amount of printing now done is so much greater that there are more pressmen employed than there would have been if hand-presses only were used. Then, again, each printed work gives employment, in one way or another, to many persons, such as compositors and binders, to say nothing of authors, artists, and engravers, and the numerous classes employed in the distribution and sale of books and periodicals. A daily newspaper involves in its "getting up" an expense of which few have any idea. One New York daily officially states that during the four years of the war it has paid half a million of dollars for the single item of correspondence from the army. Its entire expenses, before a single copy of any Number is printed, can not be less than half a million of dollars a year. It bears all this expense, and yet sells the sheet for less

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than a cent a copy more than the white paper costs, simply because there are 100,000 people who are willing to pay four cents each morning for a daily newspaper. If, now, it sold only 10,000, which would be the utmost that it could furnish in season without some elaborate printing machine, it would be obliged to expend a far less sum in procuring material, and must also charge a much higher price. The subscribers would get a much smaller and poorer article, at a much greater cost. It is true that a large portion of the receipts of a newspaper are derived from advertisements; but it can get a large number of advertisements at high prices only because it has a large sale. Reduce the sale, and the revenue from advertisements is reduced in a ratio fully equal.

The principle might be illustrated in like manner in the case of almost any machine applied to any manufacture. It is indeed true that a machine may temporarily throw a number of persons out of their usual employment. But in nine cases out of ten, as we have shown in the case of the printing-press, it in a short time adds to the number of men actually employed in their special trade; and in the tenth and exceptional case it opens new employment of a kindred nature.

A COMMON STORY.

So, the truth's out. I'll grasp it like a snake;
It will not slay me. My heart shall not break
A while, if only for the children's sake.

For his too, somewhat. Let him stand unblamed;
None say he gave me less than honor claimed,
Except—one trifle scarcely worth being named;

The heart. That's gone. The corrupt dead might be
As easily raised up, breathing—fair to see,
As he could bring his whole heart back to me.

I never sought him in coquettish sport,
Or courted him as silly maidens court,
And wonder when the longed-for prize falls short.

I only loved him—any woman would;
But shut my love up till he came and sued,
Then poured it o'er his dry life like a flood.

I was so happy I could make him blest!
So happy that I was his first and best,
As he mine, when he took me to his breast.

Ah me! if only then he had been true!
If for one little year, a month or two,
He had given me love for love, as was my due!

Or, had he told me, ere the deed was done,
He only raised me to his heart's dear throne—
Poor substitute! because the queen was gone!

Or, had he whispered when his sweetest kiss
Was warm upon my mouth in fancied bliss,
He had kissed another woman like to this—

It were less bitter! Sometimes I could weep
To be so cheated, like a child asleep—
Were not the anguish far too dry and deep.

So I built my house upon another's ground;
Mocked with a heart just caught at the rebound;
A cankered thing that looked so firm and sound.

And when that heart grew colder—colder still,
I, ignorant, tried all duties to fulfill,
Blaming my foolish pain, exacting will,

All—any thing but him. It was to be;
The full draught others drink up carelessly
Was made this bitter Tantalus-cup for me.

I say again—he gives me all I claimed,
I and my children never shall be shamed;
He is a just man—he will live unblamed.

Only—O God, O God, to cry for bread,
And get a stone! Daily to lay my head
Upon a bosom where the old love's dead!

Dead? Fool! It never lived. It only stirred
Galvanic, like an hour-cold corpse. None heard;
So let me bury it without a word.

He'll keep that other woman from my sight.
I know not if her face be foul or bright;
I only know that it was his delight—

As his was mine: I only know he stands
Pale, at the touch of these long-severed hands,
Then to a flickering smile his lips commands,

Lest I should grieve, or jealous anger show.
He need not. When the ship's gone down, I trow,
We little reck whatever wind may blow.

And so my silent moan begins and ends.
No world's laugh or world's taunt, no pity of friends
Or sneers of foes, with this my torment blends.

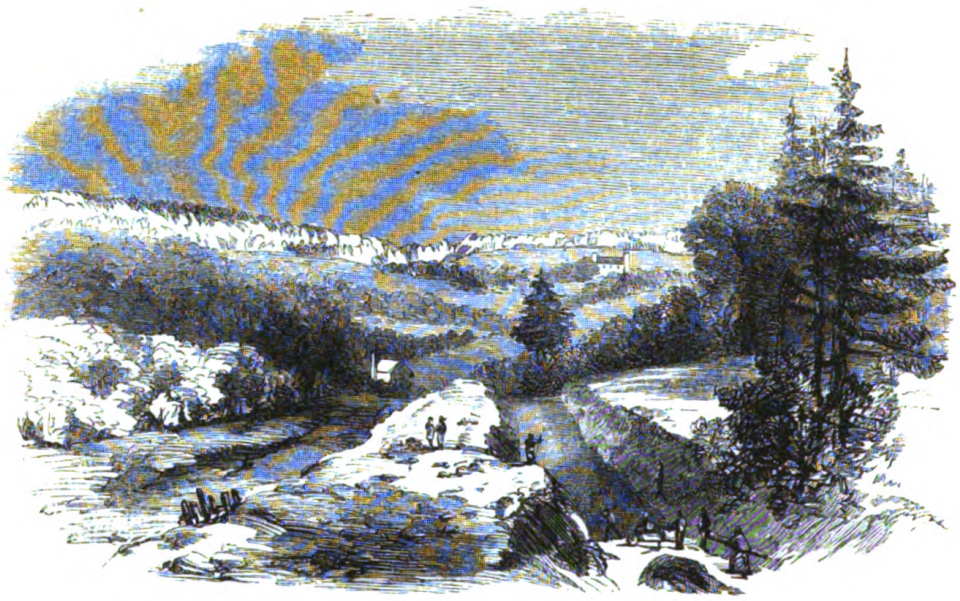
None knows—none needs. I have a little pride;
Enough to stand up, wife-like by his side,
With the same smile as when I was a bride.

And I shall take his children to my arms;
They will not miss these fading, worthless charms;
Their kiss—ah! unlike his—all pain disarms.

And haply, as the solemn years go by,
He will think sometimes with regretful sigh,
The other woman was less true than I.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

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THE BELZORO GOLD MINE.

THE NATURAL WEALTH OF VIRGINIA.

THE termination of the war, and, with it, the overthrow of that institution which has ever acted as the only and insurmountable barrier against the true development of the South —either by spontaneous action or by aid from abroad—are rapidly concentrating the eyes of the whole nation upon the surprising natural wealth which Virginia contains, and are likely to reveal a grandeur and amount of resources of which the world had hitherto but a very remote conception.

Any one, on taking a glance at the map of the United States, will notice that extraordinary chain of mountains rising, like a magnificent anomaly, from the vast level expanse of a whole continent. This mountain chain—the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge—indicate the course of one of the most extraordinary belts of richness to be found in the world. This golden zone can be distinctly traced, in one unbroken line, over a length of more than 500 miles, extending all the way from Maryland to the southwestern extremity of North Carolina, and running parallel with the Alleghanies. Its width is, in its broadest part, from twenty to twenty-five miles, and at times it is contracted to a distance of only two or three miles.

The value of this region, however comparatively unheeded and neglected by the world at large, was by no means unknown to scientific men, both native and foreign. Throughout the whole of the California excitement there were plenty of learned and practical people who were well aware of the fact that, within two or three days' easy travel from New York, the teeming soil of Virginia was concealing the very same wealth which hundreds of thousands are willing to go and delve, thousands of perilous miles away, in the wilds of California, Idaho, Nevada, and Colorado. But of what practical avail was all their knowledge, so long as slavery—that selfish and obdurate sentinel—stood barring the door of progress, not only against foreign but even local enterprise? But for the overthrow of that institution Virginia and all her treasures would have been to-day, and for ages to come, a sealed book to the rest of the world.

Professor Frederick Overman, one of the most skillful mineralogists of the age, says, as far back as 1851, in his work entitled "Practical Mineralogy:" "There are gold-bearing localities in Virginia and North Carolina which, if not equal to those of California at present, will be of greater importance in the future, and, I predict, more sure and lasting." In another place, while favorably comparing the mineral formation of Virginia with that of other more renowned localities, he says: "It may be asserted, as a fact, that all native sulphurets, particularly all the sulphurets of iron, contain gold. As sulphurets can not possibly penetrate any rock but from below, we may naturally conclude that the heaviest body of such kind of ore must necessarily lie deep in the earth. This conclusion is supported and confirmed by practice; for all pyriteous veins are invariably found to improve in quantity and quality with the depth. This circumstance speaks very favorably for the gold formation of the Southern States. We have here a belt of gold ores of unparalleled extent, immense width, and undoubtedly reaching to the primitive rock, which, on an average, can not be less than 2000 feet deep. Here is a mass of precious metal, inclosed in the rock, which can not be exhausted for ages; and, in this respect, the region in question—Virginia and North Carolina—is the

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most important of all known gold deposits, California not excepted."

The gold regions of Virginia differ in many respects from those of other localities. In California, for instance, gold is most abundantly found in the trap-rocks, or those of igneous origin; but in the Southern States it is not. In the gold-bearing strata of Virginia trap-rock is frequently found intruding, but it does not appear to be the matrix of the gold. Syenite, gneiss, green-stone, and porphyry appear to be rather the primary sources, and the pyrites are evidently the immediate matrix. All iron pyrites contain gold, and often silver—only excepting those of the coal formation—and the extensive gold deposits of Virginia may be said to be literally one continuous belt or accumulation of veins of iron pyrites.

Most of the gold-bearing rock which has hitherto been mined in Virginia is principally a kind of talcose slate, somewhat resembling soap-stone, but not so greasy to the touch. This slate is red and ferruginous at the surface, but, at a greater depth, is filled with small crystals of iron pyrites which are decomposed near the surface and appear as peroxyd of iron, giving the slate a brown or yellow tinge. This slate is a metamorphic rock, and runs in a regular belt parallel with the Alleghany mountain chain.

The gold found in the State of Virginia occurs in exceedingly small grains, often so fine as to be not only invisible to the naked eye, but undiscernible even by the assistance of a strong lens. This is the case even when the ores are worth three or four dollars per bushel. Some veins of the slate region contain coarse gold, in grains as large as the head of a pin and even larger. These are generally found in veins of quartz in which the pyrites are concentrated into larger masses. Where the pyrites are disseminated in fine crystals through the mass of the rock the gold is found to be very fine. In the first pyrites the gold is often invisible, even if, after separation, it appears to be coarse. By natural or artificial decomposition the gold becomes visible, the pyrites are converted into oxyd of iron, and, by aid of a lens, the gold can be detected embedded in the oxyd of iron. Another form in which native gold is not unfrequently found in Virginia is in quartz, in which it is embedded. Solid white quartz, both in veins and in crystals, is found, in which the gold appears in spangles, plates, grains, and also in perfectly developed crystals. Throughout the gold regions of Virginia copper pyrites are found in all the metallic deposits. It invariably accompanies the gold-bearing iron pyrites, and is always considered a good indication of richness. Cases have often occurred in which the largest amount of treasure has been abandoned because the miners had not the knowledge or proper appliances for separating the precious yield of gold and copper.

To give any adequate description of the mineral wealth which Virginia contains would be not only to minutely describe every rod of her entire length, embracing hundreds of miles, but to enumerate almost every mineral of value hitherto known among mankind. It is not in gold alone that she abounds, but, scattered in profusion over almost her entire surface, are to be found—iron, copper, silver, tin, tellurium, lead, platinum, cinnabar, plumbago, manganese, asbestos, kaolin (porcelain clay), slate clay (fire clay), coal, roofing slate of the greatest durability, marbles of the rarest beauty, soap-stone, sulphur, hone-stone equal to the best Turkey, gypsum, lime, copperas (sulphate of iron), blue-stone (sulphate of copper), grind-stones, cobalt, emery, and a variety of other materials that we have hitherto been compelled to import or to do without. Indeed it may be said, without exaggeration, that in the single State of Virginia, in the most singular juxtaposition of what might be considered geologically incongruous materials, is to be found an almost exhaustless fund of God-given treasures, more than enough to pay off our whole national debt, and only awaiting the magic touch of capital and enterprise to drag them to light for the benefit of man.

The writer of this article made a tour, in the month of August last, through a portion of the gold regions of Virginia in company with three very eminent geologists and mineralogists; two of them old native Virginians, and the other a resident of Kansas. The portion we selected for visiting was three of the richest mineral countries in the immediate neighborhood of the James River and Kanawha Canal: viz., Goochland, Buckingham, and Fluvanna. In these three counties alone we visited no fewer than twenty-five rich and well known mines, teeming with gold, copper, silver, roofing slate, copperas, granite, and many other valuable materials.

The first place we visited was Belzoro Mine. This truly splendid estate is situated some fifty miles from Richmond, on the White Hall Road, and about seven miles from Columbia, the point at which the mineral treasures of this region come in contact with the commercial world, through the James River Canal. The Belzoro Mine may be said to be the very centre of one of the richest nests of gold deposits to be found any where in Virginia—perhaps on this continent; for not only in itself but in all the properties immediately contiguous to it: viz., the Marks, Collins, Eades, the Big-Bird, etc., evidences were scattered every where of the whole earth teeming with mineral wealth. I really believe that on one and all of these estates (especially the Belzoro and that of Lancelot Marks immediately adjoining) there are whole acres of ground where every scrap of rock, each handful of soil contains more or less of the precious metals.

The great antiquity of the Belzoro Mine is evident from the fact that crucibles, made by the Indians, or, perhaps, some remoter and unknown tribes, have been found on it, bearing a

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rude resemblance to an acorn cup, and manifestly devoted to the use of melting the precious metals. Gold was first discovered here by surface-washing in 1832. The property then belonged to Mr. William Southworth, and gold-washings continued, with varied success, up to 1849, when it was purchased by the present proprietor, Mr. George Fisher. It contains 382 acres—a large portion of which is well timbered. Mr. Fisher, who is considered the ablest mineralogist of Virginia, has been working it for veins ever since 1849, and has already discovered seven most valuable ones, varying in width from 2 feet 6 inches to 30 feet, in which the whole strata is gold-bearing. There is one hill of 30 acres on which nearly every square foot of mere surface well repays for washing. As much as $300 per day has been obtained from one crushing machine alone, and $100 per day frequently from six ordinary stamps. There are about 50 acres of creek and branch flats, every part of which will well repay surface-washing. This property also contains copper, lead, and iron; many beautiful specimens of these ores having been found there. Nuggets of gold, weighing from 4 to 7 pennyweights, have also been frequently found on the surface.

The Marks Mine may be said to stand next in rank among those we visited in this immediate neighborhood. This very valuable property, comprising 250 acres, is bounded on three sides by famous gold mines: the Eades, the Big-Bird, and the Belzoro, just described. Surface-washing was commenced here in 1830 by Woodfork, then followed up by Coward, then by George Fisher, then Minor Webb, and finally by Lancelot Marks, the present proprietor, who is now engaged upon it. There are four gold-bearing quartz veins on this place, all of which have been prospected and found to be exceedingly rich. It is with this place as with many others of the richest to be found throughout Virginia—machinery has never been properly applied to the development of their resources, and the boundless treasure they contain may, therefore, be said to have been literally untouched.

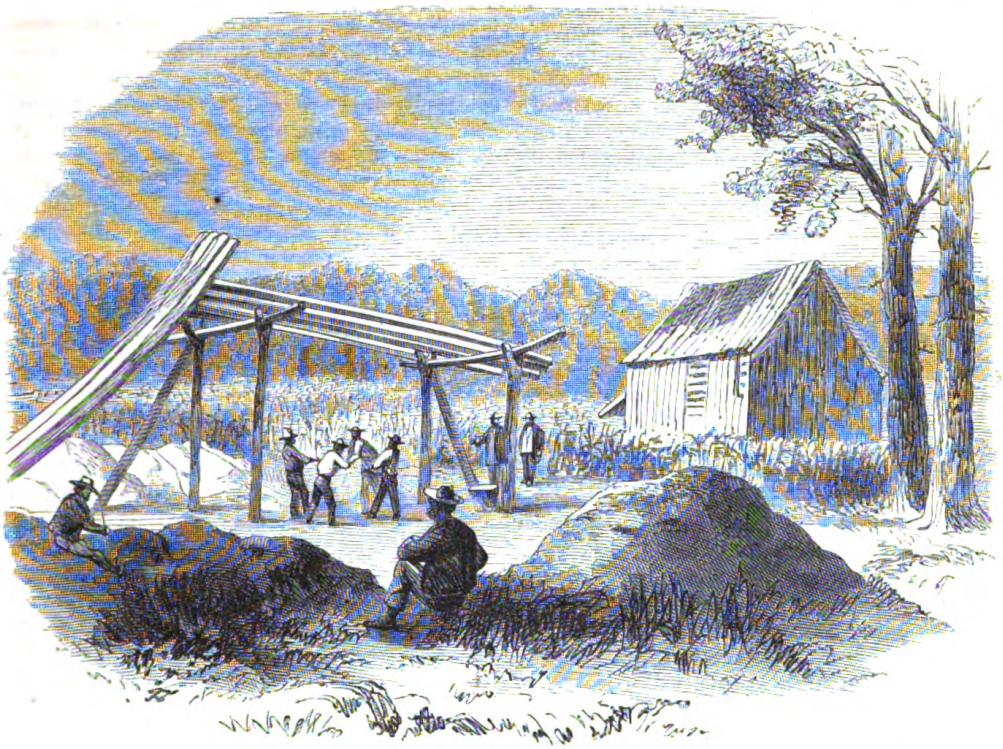
The Marks Gold Mine can best be reached by packet from Richmond to Columbia, thence by hack, 7 miles, over a good road; or by carriage from Richmond, 50 miles. Irrespective of its mineral wealth it is a rich and lovely farm, with a good dwelling-house, kitchen, tobacco-houses, stables, etc., also well inclosed fields, excellent orchard of old fruit trees, and deliciously cool and unfailing springs of water. There are about 50 acres of the land in cultivation, besides pasture, and about 100 acres of heavily-timbered land, sufficient to last the estate for very many years; while abundant water-power exists on the place to run an engine for the purpose of mining.

Among the other mines we visited in Goochland County were the Lowry, Nicholas, Hughes, Collins, Eades, and Waller; all of which bore the same proofs of redundant undeveloped wealth, and possess a thousand agricultural attributes to tempt the immigrant irrespective of the mineral treasures they are known to con-



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SHAFT DRIVING, WALLER GOLD MINE.

tain. In most of these nothing was being done, or had ever been done, but the simplest surface-washing with the rudest appliances. At only one of them, the Waller, did we see any thing like an active attempt at working, and, in this case, although they had only proceeded a few feet into the ground, they were already being amply repaid for their labor.

The Waller Mine was discovered in 1831, when Cole and Woolfork carried on surface-washing there for four months. Veins were discovered by Moss in 1832. A splendid one of brown oxyd of iron, 6 feet thick, was laid open by Messrs. Fisher, and worked by them until William K. Smith purchased the land. He afterward sold to Messrs. Richards, of New York, who worked it twelve months and then sold it to a London (England) company at a large sum. Through the mismanagement of the agent it failed, after abortive efforts of two years. The agent was represented to us as having been an incompetent and worthless man, who cared much more to spend the money of the company than to use it judiciously in developing the mine. The London company sold it to the present owners, Messrs. Dabney, who own the west part (comprising 219 acres), and to Mr. Anderson the east part. Messrs. Turner, Hughes, and Co. are now opening a shaft on the west part, near where the best "diggings" were formerly worked, and which is represented in the adjoining sketch.

While watching the negroes at work, lowering and drawing up their buckets full of the auriferous earth, we seized an opportunity of conversing with them. One of them, "Bill," an evidently shrewd fellow, told us that while he was at work at the old mine, for the Fishers, he kept $2000 that he had "found," and put it out to interest. This statement we afterward had the means of fully corroborating by a totally different channel of information. Being desirous of knowing what Bill was "finding" now, we put the question to him plumply, and were told that every month he could lay by his little egg-shell full of "pickings." At that rate we could not exactly calculate how much "pickings" went to his co-workers, and how much of legitimate earnings to his employer; but the yield should be something handsome to admit that ratio of discount, whether in the way of picking or stealing.

The Waller Mine is, unquestionably, one of the richest in Virginia. The matrix of the gold there is decomposed sulphuret of iron and rotten quartz, and the vein is from one to twelve feet in thickness. No shaft has yet been sunk over 75 feet, and the best ore has always been found at the bottom of the shafts. The works have always hitherto been stopped on account of the appearance of water, as the proper machinery for getting rid of it was lacking; and this may be said of almost every other similar past effort in Virginia. There is first-rate water-power on this place, and every opportunity for rare and profitable mining operations.

From Goochland we proceeded westward, into the equally rich county of Fluvanna. Here we visited and examined minutely the fine gold mines of Moseby, Chalk Level, Fount-

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ain, Cox, Snead, and the magnificent Tellurium, spread out like a beautiful panorama, backed by the picturesque and bold outline of the Blue Ridge mountains. What we found in this county was but a repetition of what we had seen in Goochland. Every where the practiced eye of the geologist and mineralogist could find unmistakable proofs of the boundless richness of the locality.

The Tellurium Mine stands foremost among the valuable spots hitherto explored in this county. It contains about 330 acres, and was discovered in 1834, at which time work upon it was commenced. Shafts were sunk, and ore got out which yielded seven pennyweights, or dollars, to the bushel. After the necessary machinery had been put up it yielded $100 a day from one single mill driven by water. It belonged to Hughes, and was leased by Messrs. Fisher, who worked it for fourteen years. In 1848 it was sold to Commodore Stockton, who worked it for eight or nine years, and is reported to have extracted from it not less than $250,000. In spite of this the real wealth of the spot has never been reached, as no shaft has ever been sunk deep enough to get at the bed-rock (the point at which the value of such a mine may be truly said to only commence), the lowest hitherto sunk being probably not over sixty feet. Already three parallel quartz veins have been discovered rich in the purest gold. This property is situated eight miles from Columbia, on the Columbia Road.

The Snead Gold Mine is another very remarkable place, deserving of specific mention. It is situated some six miles from Columbia, on the Lynchburg turnpike. This farm is one of the most healthy and beautiful which we visited in our whole trip. The springs in all parts of it, except at the mine, flow from under granite, gneiss, or slate, and are very cold and pure. There are 400 acres, of which about one half is in cultivation. That portion over the granite is used for pasture; that over the slate—fully one half the cultivated ground—is being constantly renewed and reinvigorated by the disintegration of the slate and limestone turned up by the plow, and is thus kept very fertile. This is a very peculiar feature in this region of country, farmers having assured us that, owing to the fact just mentioned, each succeeding crop—all other influences being equally favorable—proves more abundant than its forerunner. A large stream runs through the property, furnishing abundant water-power for any mining operations. The road from the mine to the mill-seat is not more than a quarter of a mile, and is very easy of access.

The abruptness with which the granite strata trends upon the metalliferous strata and the slate, in this locality, would lead one readily to suppose that the metalliferous strata had been forced between the granite and slate by some strong volcanic action. The metalliferous strata dips from northeast to southwest, and has an angle toward the east, in descending, of about fifteen degrees. There are three veins in the belt already discovered. The main vein projects above the soil about two feet, is about four feet wide, and is composed of quartz of white texture, quite hard, containing argentiferous galena, copper sulphates, and gold. The argentiferous galena will yield 35 dollars' worth of silver to the ton of ore. The difficulty with the miners here, as elsewhere, has been in their having no way of smelting the lead, silver, and copper, and thus obtaining the gold.

This mine was first worked in 1837, by George Fisher, Jun., and Co. They worked with stamps, run by water-power, till 1850, and obtained from 70 to 75 dollars a day with very inefficient machinery. The mine has been



THE SNEAD GOLD MINE.

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worked but very little since they left it, owing to the inability of those who undertook it to separate the ores. Explorations have since then been made on this property, and developed even richer veins of these mixed ores.

From Fluvanna we crossed the James River Canal, and pursued our journey through the renowned County of Buckingham. I apply that epithet to it, because it has always borne the character of being the richest mineral county in the State of Virginia—not because it really possesses any more of the precious metals than either of the other two I have described, but because its resources have hitherto had the good fortune of being more actively investigated and developed. More than one mine in this State—foremost among them the Buckingham and Loudon mines—have already achieved a world-wide reputation; but they are only indications of what exists elsewhere, perhaps in even greater abundance, in that and the adjoining counties.

Among the mines we visited in Buckingham County were the Lightfoot, Bumpus, Ford, Hobson, Ayres, and the Duncan, or Apperson. A passing description of two or three of these will give an idea of the remainder.

Ford's Mine is situated about six miles from New Canton, a small village near the Slate River. It contains 350 acres, about 100 of which are in cultivation, the balance in timber, with a very valuable stream of water running through it. A gold vein was first discovered at this place at the end of 1835, and found extremely rich. On shafting down only four or five feet they came to copper pyrites, also very rich, but which gave great trouble to separate, and caused a great loss of mercury, as they had no means of reducing the ore. The copper ore was, at that time, considered useless, and the mine was abandoned because there was so much of it they could not get the gold.

Since that time there has been an attempt made by Messrs. Woodfin and Davis to shaft through solid rock, to strike the vein at another point. It was really worth a trip to the mine if only to see that attempt. They spent $3000, and never struck the vein at all; whereas, if they had tunneled on with the vein, with the same money they could have taken out at least from $10,000 to $20,000 worth of copper ore—to say nothing of the gold. This vein is in a line with, and probably is only another outcropping of, the famous Lightfoot vein, which I shall presently describe. It is distant from it only about three-quarters of a mile.

The Duncan (or Apperson) Gold Mine lies immediately contiguous to the celebrated Buckingham and Loudon mines, and was owned for many years by parties who held it at an exorbitant price, and refused all applications to have it mined. Mr. Duncan worked on it, and, having found a very rich vein, tried hard to obtain a lease or sale, but did not succeed in either. It has since passed into the hands of a much more liberal owner. It has several large and very valuable veins on it, and is heavily covered with timber. The soil is poor and rocky. There is a stream, capable of turning a mill, running along its east line. Several smaller streams run through the land. It is situated on the main road from New Canton to Buckingham Court House.

The Lightfoot Mine is one of the oldest, most valuable, and celebrated in the State, and was in active operation at the outbreak of the war. It is situated on the north and east bank of Slate River, about six miles from New Canton, and contains 250 acres, about 50 of which are in cultivation.

There are four well-known and very rich veins in this mine. Along a stream, at the east end of the property, there are evidences of ancient works; but whether for copper or gold is unknown, for they are both found in that vicinity in great abundance. In sinking holes ancient tools, crucibles, and other similar relics, of very singular form, were frequently found.

The discovery of this place in later years was not due to accident but to the scientific deductions and explorations of Mr. George Fisher, Sen., now deceased, who, for over half a century, was known as one of the best practical geologists and mineralogists of Virginia, if not of the whole United States.

The death of this eminent and respected gentleman was a great loss not only to his State but to the whole scientific world; and it is much to be regretted that he did not leave more notes behind him, as he had explored nearly the entire State, and knew every spot of value on its surface.

Mr. Fisher worked this mine on lease for several years, during which time he repeatedly tried to purchase it, but without success. After his lease expired it was successively worked by three different companies, who leased from the proprietor, Mr. Lightfoot. The most successful of these three made from $300 to $400 a day by stamp-crushing for gold, but got into a lawsuit about the division of the spoils, and ultimately concluded with a forfeiture of the lease. The next company possessed neither capital nor skill, and confined itself merely to surface-washing for gold. The last company devoted itself entirely to the development of the copper veins, and exported nearly 100 tons of ore, which were sold for 80 dollars a ton to a smelting-house in Baltimore. They were stopped by the war, and since then the mineral portion of this property has been perfectly idle. Their lease is now also forfeited.

The copper mine on this place is very extensive, close to Slate River, at the base of an abrupt bluff, and is quite easy of access by tunneling or drifting. The copper ore is the gray carbonate, green carbonate, sulphate, and native copper. It is mixed with iron pyrites.

The Slate River furnishes immense water-power at this place, capable of driving almost

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THE LIGHTFOOT MINE.

any number of stamps. It is quite near to the mines, and is easily accessible by boats.

Let it not be supposed that the foregoing description, of only a few isolated places visited by the writer, is intended as any elaborate portrayal of the mineral wealth of Virginia. It can, on the contrary, be considered as nothing more than the title-page of a work upon a subject that is literally exhaustless; a mere sign-post to direct those who may be interested to where they can find the most abundant field for their researches and enterprise. The writer has attempted to give some idea of the richness of only three counties which he visited out of an aggregate of some fifty or sixty scattered over the face of Virginia, nearly all of which contain more or less mineral wealth in every conceivable variety. To give some adequate idea of the enormous collective wealth which actually exists, the following rough summary is condensed from a valuable statement prepared by Major J. M. M'Cue, and presented to the Virginia Legislature in 1851; classifying alphabetically many of the counties of the Old Dominion, with the kind of minerals which, even at that date, they were well known to contain.

Albemarle.—Iron ore is found in some parts of the county; abundance of limestone; fine granite and roofing slate in great quantities on the Rivanna—plumbago, of good quality, on the line of the Scottsville plank-road.

Alleghany.—Iron ore of all kinds and in great abundance. Limestone abundant, with the hydraulic variety.

Amelia.—A beautiful stone used by lapidaries, called the "Amelia pebble," is found in this county. A sulphur spring, known as the "Amelia Spring," possesses many valuable medicinal properties. A quantity of plumbago is found in this county.

Amherst.—Iron ore found in a number of places. Copper found in the vicinity of the James River canal.

Appomattox.—Iron ore and limestone abundant in the northern side of the county.

Augusta.—Iron ore found in almost every part of this county. Coal has been discovered at several points on the northwestern side. Limestone abounds every where and of every variety. The blue is quarried in regular square masses that do not require the hammer. Marble is found in several parts of the county. Some copper is found in the northwestern part. Numerous sulphur and chalybeate springs exist.

Bath.—Iron ore in many parts of the county and of good quality. Among the varieties is the "magnetic." Limestone abundant. Grindstone of excellent quality and abundant. Mineral springs of every description: hot, warm, cold, sulphur, chalybeate, alum, and copperas.

Bedford.—Iron ore abundant and of good quality. Fine water-power on several streams. Sulphate of barytes also found. "Kaolin"—suitable for china ware—plentiful. Granite—plain and rose-colored—of the finest quality, abundant. Limestone is found at two points on the Lynchburg and Tennessee railroad.

Berkeley.—Iron ore exists in abundance. Anthracite coal found to some extent. Lime-

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stone abundant, and admits of a polish equal to marble. Plenty of sandstone, suitable for building, and easily worked. Numerous sulphur and chalybeate springs.

Botetourt.—Iron ore, of every variety and in great abundance, in all parts of the county. Limestone every where. Excellent sandstone abundant.

Brunswick.—A gray rock found, susceptible of dressing. An abundant supply of the finest soap-stone.

Buckingham.—Gold found in the quartz in greater abundance than in any other county of the State. Iron ore abundant in the north-eastern part. Roofing slate, of the finest quality and in profusion, on Slate River. Limestone and a coarse sandstone, suitable for building. Sulphur and chalybeate springs.

Campbell.—Iron ore found in various parts of the county. A large vein of limestone extends across the whole county.

Carroll.—Iron ore, abundant and of excellent quality, in every part of the county; among the varieties is the "magnetic." Copper ore and alum also found. Mineral springs abundant. Fire-clay of a fine quality and soap-stone are both abundant.

Chesterfield.—Bituminous coal underlies the western part of the county. Granite of the finest quality is found in almost every part of the county.

Culpepper.—Gold found in the southeastern part of the county. Copper discovered six miles east of the court-house. Limestone extends in one continuous vein through the north-eastern and southwestern parts. Roofing slate abundant.

Fauquier.—Gold in considerable quantity found in the lower end of this county. Sulphate of barytes found and worked in the south-eastern part. Extensive quarries of fine roofing-slate on the Rappahannock. Limestone, granite, and sandstone abundant.

Fluvanna.—Iron ore abundant. Gold also in abundance. Limestone found in the western part, and granite along the Rivanna.

Franklin.—Iron ore abundant and of good quality. Some limestone.

Frederick.—Iron ore in western and south-western parts of the county. Limestone abundant. Manganese found in large quantities.

Giles.—Iron ore and limestone abundant.

Goochland.—Gold found in as great profusion as in Buckingham in various parts of this county, and frequently worked to profit. Iron, copper, and silver also found in abundance. Several coal and coke mines in the lower end of the county.

Grayson.—Iron ore is found here in great profusion, and so pure that it can be worked in a smith's fire without the necessity of bloomery. The finest sandstone and soap-stone found in abundance, the latter exceedingly valuable for its power of resistance to fire, and the facility with which it can be used. It can be dressed, with a common axe and jack-plane, into mantles, slabs, etc. Fire-clay of best quality is abundant. Emery has also been found in abundance.

Green.—Near the Blue Ridge copper has been found in considerable quantities.

Halifax.—Iron ore of fine quality is found near the Pittsylvania line. Plumbago of finest quality found within eight miles of the court-house.

Hanover.—Iron ore is found. Indications of coal in several parts of the county. Granite exists of the finest quality; also a large quantity of beautiful sandstone, easily polished.

Henrico.—Bituminous coal underlies a large part of the county. Granite found in abundance and of fine quality.

Lee.—Iron ore found in several places. Stone coal abundant. Limestone plentiful.

Loudon.—Iron ore and limestone abundant in the northeastern portion.

Louisa.—Iron ore abundant and of good quality. Gold abundant, and profitably worked.

Madison.—Copper ore found in abundance in several parts of the county. The ore contains 80 per cent. of pure copper.

Montgomery.—Semi-bituminous coal found in great quantities in several parts of the county. Iron ore in abundance. Lead ore and white marble also found.

Nelson.—Iron ore found in several portions of this county. Lead ore of the richest quality, and containing 8 per cent. of silver, is found in great abundance near Faber's mills, within a few miles of the canal.

Orange.—Gold found in great abundance. Several companies engaged in working it. Limestone and marble also found in this county.

Page.—Iron ore of fine quality abundant in every part of this county. Some copper of rich quality found in the lower portion. Limestone and blue marble plentiful; also grindstones of excellent quality.

Patrick.—Iron ore of the finest quality abundant. Lead ore has been found, but never worked. Silver ore found in the southern portion. Granite and sandstone of good quality exist. Several sulphur springs are found.

Pittsylvania.—Iron ore abundant in the northwestern and southern parts of the county. Anthracite coal found along the North Carolina border. Plumbago has been discovered on the line of the Richmond and Danville Railroad. Limestone is abundant in the northwestern part of the county. White marble and sandstone exist.

Powhatan.—Iron ore is abundant in this county. Coal underlies a great part of the county near James River, and is mined profitably. Plumbago is found two miles from the Appomattox. Sulphur and chalybeate springs exist in this county.

Richmond City.—Granite of finest quality found in profusion within (and near) the corporate limits. Marl has been found in considerable quantities. On the spot now occupied

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by the *Whig* office a large deposit exists; also on Council Chamber Hill, and in the ravines north of Governor Street.

Roanoke.—Limestone and sandstone abundant.

Rockbridge.—Iron ore of excellent quality and in great abundance in several parts of the county. Limestone covers this county through nearly its whole extent. Several varieties of marble have been found, some of which are very beautiful. Quartz of a rich color is also found. Rockbridge is noted for its hydraulic cement, made at Balcony Falls.

Rockingham.—This county abounds in limestone and marble, including the variegated, much of which has been worked, and is susceptible of a high polish. Iron ore is found in considerable quantity in the upper and lower ends of the county. Copper is found in the vicinity of the Blue Ridge.

Russell.—Iron ore is found in the northern part of the county. Coal is abundant in the northwest. Both plain and variegated marble are found here. Limestone abundant. Soapstone and sandstone also found.

Scott.—Iron ore, limestone, and sandstone abundant. Saltpetre is found in the caves which abound here. Epsom salts, too, are found, and used by the physicians of the county. Copperas has also been found. A red stone—remarkable for its resistance of fire—is abundant. Sulphur and chalybeate springs are numerous.

Shenandoah.—Iron ore of every variety and in great abundance; also manganese. Copper has been found in considerable quantity. Limestone, marble, lead ore, and coal are also among the mineral resources of this county.

Smyth.—Iron ore abundant. Salt in great abundance. Gypsum of finest quality in inexhaustible quantity. Limestone in great abundance; also sandstone, burr-stone, and grindstone.

Spottsylvania.—Iron ore is found in considerable quantities in the western part of this county. Gold to some extent. White freestone is found near Fredericksburg.

Stafford.—Iron ore found to some extent. A number of gold mines exist in this county. Granite is abundant, and the beautiful freestone with which the principal public buildings in Washington are built was obtained from the Stafford quarries.

Tazewell.—Iron ore of fine quality abundant; also lead, coal, and limestone.

Washington.—Salt, gypsum, iron ore, limestone abundant. Sulphate of barytes, flint crystals, traverstone (which resembles alabaster), and manganese are found in the southern part of the county.

Wythe.—Blue ore (sulphuret of lead) and red ore (carbonate of lead) are found in great quantities twelve miles southwest of the court-house. Every variety of iron ore is found in this county in inexhaustible quantity. Manganese is abundant.

The first thing that strikes the attentive traveler in any of these highly-favored regions is the utter paralysis which seems to have overtaken every thing; the *dolce-far-niente* sort of existence which intelligent people were content to pass among scenes and resources that are calculated to fire the energies and ambition of any race of men accustomed to active human labor, and interested in human progress. It is, of course, not fair to criticise those portions so recently overrun by the war; but even in those places which escaped the dreadful visitation the same lack of all progressive energy is discernible. Broken-down and dilapidated fences, unhinged gates, roads left to the destructive action of every sweeping torrent, leaky piazzas open to the eruption of every passing shower, rotten or imperfect bridges, leaving the traveler weather-bound on the edge of some suddenly swollen and impassable creek, are to be met with every where, and are only in keeping with that listlessness that could have been content—through so long a period—to neglect the wonderful resources so prodigally lavished by Nature.

We came to streams so strongly impregnated with copperas (sulphate of iron) and the more valuable material known as blue-stone (sulphate of copper), that the people catch the water, as it bubbles from the rock, boil it and dye stuffs in it; and yet no commercial value has been hitherto extracted from such a treasure. We passed through territories as rich in gold, silver, and copper as any thing that California can boast; and yet there we found mines abandoned just at the very point where, among more enterprising communities, they are considered to be but commencing to yield in earnest. But few mines in Virginia have ever been shafted or tunneled to a greater depth than 70 or 80 feet; while in young and vigorous California they have already gone to a depth of over 1000 feet in the solid rock. Indeed, as the wealth of a mine is usually found to increase in ratio to its depth, there seems to be no actual limit to the extent of delving into the treasure-bearing rock. In the silver mines of Mexico they have gone over 1650 feet; the tin and copper mines of Cornwall, England, as well as the silver mines of Norway, Saxony, and Hungary, are already sunk to a depth of over 1800 feet; while there are mines in Germany which have reached even 2600 feet.

There is but one explanation of the lethargy hitherto existing in Virginia, and that is, the former existence of slavery. The slave-owner, living upon his magnificent estate, surrounded by numbers of slaves who administered to his extremest luxury, stood in no need whatever of the superabundant treasure which was known to be beneath his very feet, and which could only be obtained by labor. The enterprising man from the North, who would gladly have set to work and extracted this wealth from the earth, had no desire to venture for it where slavery existed, and would have found but few

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facilities thrown in his way if he did. Thus the wealth of Virginia remained, and would forever have remained, undeveloped, but for the entire change brought on by the war. But her secrets are now being revealed to the world —her people now need that aid from Northern capital and enterprise which many of them once indignantly spurned—the doors of commerce and immigration stand wide open and inviting, and it will not now be long before the grand "Old Dominion" will reap the full measure of that prosperity for which she was designed by Heaven.

Had she nothing but mineral wealth to offer Virginia would still be one of the most tempting spots on the globe to industrious and intelligent emigrants; but her mineral resources form but a portion—and by no means the largest—of the countless inducements she can hold out to immigration. When we consider her geographical position, her beautiful climate, her contiguity to all the great markets of the Atlantic sea-board, the vast amount of water-power created by her numerous navigable rivers and streams, her immense mineral and agricultural resources, it is questionable if there be a single State in the length and breadth of the whole Union which possesses so many and such varied attractions.

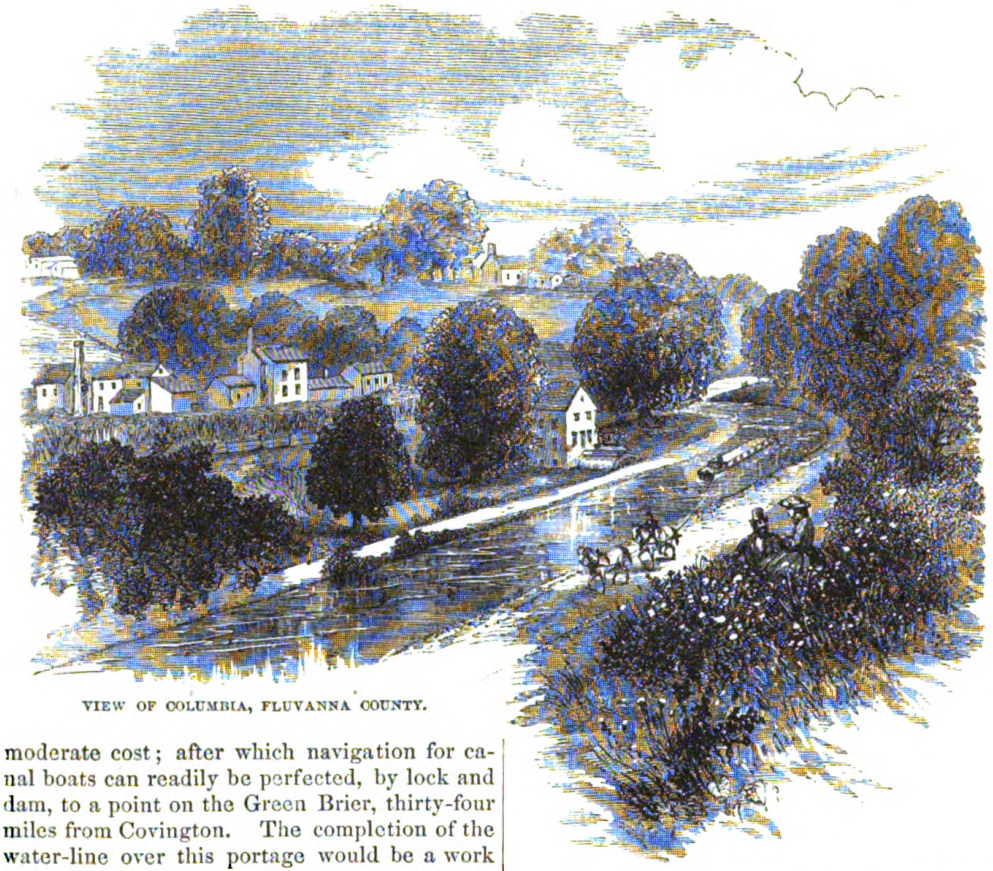
Virginia is still, notwithstanding her late dismemberment, one of the very largest States in the Union. Her population before the war was, of whites, only fifteen persons to the square mile, and, of blacks, only seven; making a total population of twenty-two to the square mile. In the adjoining free States of the Atlantic coast, in themselves far less inviting to settlers, the population, over an equal area, is eighty-two persons to the square mile. This simple statement discloses how large a portion of the soil of Virginia is unused and waste; and when we consider the wide-spread destruction of property which the war has produced—property which must be restored by a considerable outlay of money before those lands can be tilled to advantage—we can readily imagine how very large a proportion of the lands of the Commonwealth ought to, and doubtless will, be thrown upon the market.

No State possesses greater facilities for transportation. At present the tide of emigration flows to the West. Lands in the Trans-Mississippi now receive the surplus populations of the crowded Old World and the already overflowing North. Any of those Western lands would be dear as a gift compared with the lands of Virginia, when consideration is taken of the long, tedious, and expensive transportation which their products must undergo before reaching the great marts on the Atlantic seaboard. What a contrast, in this respect, do the lands of Virginia present! That territory is traversed by several great rivers, such as the James, Rappahannock, and York, and countless navigable streams (any one of which would be considered a respectable river in some parts of Europe), all of which naturally place the products of the State at the very wharves of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. There is scarcely a farm in tide-water Virginia the transportation of the products of which to New York costs an appreciable percentage of the prices they bring. Piedmont, Virginia, is traversed throughout by rivers, railroads, and a canal, which enable its products to reach market at a minimum cost for freight.

The geographical position of Virginia is most remarkable, and few realize it until they carefully examine a map of the United States. It is nearer from St. Louis to Norfolk, Virginia, than from St. Louis to New Orleans. It is nearer, by several hundred miles, from Cincinnati to Norfolk than from Cincinnati to New York. The shortest pathway from the great basin of the West to tide-water lies directly across the State of Virginia by a route which the frosts and snows of winter never blockade. Across this route lies the extension of the Pacific Railroad, in a straight line, to the Atlantic. The vital importance of this route of exit for the West is becoming more and more manifest every day. The lake cities, Chicago at their head, are taking away the trade of Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis by reason of their lying on the great water-line of transportation, leading through the great lakes and over the New York and Erie Canal. These central cities must and will open a short route for themselves to the Atlantic, and that route lies directly across the territory of Virginia. Its advantage of distance will give it a great preference over the circuitous route of the lakes and the New York and Erie Canal. The valley of the Ohio and the States of Missouri, Kansas, and all the great central belt of country running back to the Rocky Mountains will soon be at the door of Congress demanding appropriations for opening this short cut through Virginia, by canal and rail, to the Atlantic. This grand desideratum is already far on the road toward completion by means of the Virginia Central Railroad, the Covington and Ohio Railroad, and the James River and Kanawha Canal.

This last plays so important a *rôle* in the commercial facilities of the State as to deserve special notice. It is the enterprise of a Company known as the James River and Kanawha Company; but, with a trifling exception, the means it has employed have been derived altogether from the treasury of the State. It has title for the whole line of proposed improvements from the mouth of the great Kanawha to Richmond. Two hundred miles of its canal is completed and in operation to Buchanan, in Botetourt County. Much work has been done beyond, as far as Covington, in Alleghany County. At the other end of the line navigation is open for steamboats to the great falls, and has been greatly improved by the expenditures of the Company. The extension of steamboat navigation is practicable still further, at

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VIEW OF COLUMBIA, FLUVANNA COUNTY.

moderate cost; after which navigation for canal boats can readily be perfected, by lock and dam, to a point on the Green Brier, thirty-four miles from Covington. The completion of the water-line over this portage would be a work of time and cost, but easily within reach of an appropriation from the Federal treasury.

Among the many places on the James River and Kanawha Canal, which are likely to grow with the development of the mineral and other resources of Central Virginia, one of the most promising is Columbia, which forms the natural outlet for all the rich mineral products, described before, in the counties of Goochland, Fluvanna, and Buckingham. It is at present nothing but a small and unpretending but picturesque village, perched on the border of the canal, and possessing fine water-power and splendid stone quarries. It is situated about fifty miles distant from Richmond.

Of the mineral productions of Virginia this article has already treated at some length; but quite as much might be said of her agricultural. Her wheat is considered the very finest in the world. In 1860, out of an aggregate of 173,104,924 bushels of this cereal, produced in all the States and Territories, she yielded 13,130,977 bushels. Out of an aggregate of 838,792,740 bushels of Indian corn she produced 38,319,999 bushels. The whole amount of tobacco raised in all the States and Territories, in 1860, was 434,209,481 pounds. Of this amount Virginia produced 123,968,312 pounds, and Kentucky 108,126,849 pounds—these two States together producing more than half of all the tobacco grown in the Union. The cotton raised upon the soil of Virginia, though not cultivated to any great extent, is of the most excellent character. In the valley of the James are lands quite as good for the culture of the grape as any to be found in Ohio or California, while her grazing pastures—considering her advantages of climate, which allow her cattle to roam abroad whole months after they have to be carefully housed in the inclement North—are among the finest in the United States, not even excepting Texas.

The climate of Virginia is a grand feature in her favor. It is unquestionably the very best on the American continent, and may safely challenge comparison with any in the world. The longevity of her inhabitants, white and black, is the best test, and is proverbial. The comparative antiquity of her settlement, accompanied by the natural advantages of her geographical position, render her free from all those malarial influences so common in more newly-settled districts of the great West—a question of very great interest to any emigrant in search of a new home. The winters are mild, enabling all kinds of live-stock to be cheaply maintained throughout the season; the summers long enough to mature all crops not essentially tropical; the springs very early, bringing forward succulents much sooner than in the States northward; and the autumns even more delightful and beautiful than the same season in Italy.

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THE ROYAL PORTRAITS.

In a palace of Germany—from the windows of which you can look out and descry, white in the purple distance, the village in which Schiller was born—hang the pictures of a former king and queen of that country. To the writer, standing between the two portraits, where they face each other from opposite walls, a German friend half recounted half hinted the tragedy which in the following verses has "loosely settled into form:"

I.

CONFRONTING each other the pictures stare
Into each other's sleepless eyes;
And the daylight into the darkness dies
From year to year in the palace there:
But they watch and guard that no device
Take either one of them unaware.

Their majesties the king and the queen,
The parents of the reigning prince:
Both put off royalty many years since,
With life and the gifts that have always been
Given to kings from God, to evince
His sense of the mighty over the mean.

I can not say that I like the face
Of the king: it is something fat and red;
And the neck that lifts the royal head
Is thick and coarse, and a scanty grace
Dwells in the dull blue eyes that are laid
Sullenly on the queen in her place.

He must have been a king in his day
'Twere well to pleasure in work and sport:
One of the heaven-anointed sort
Who ruled his people with iron sway,
And knew that, through good and evil report,
God meant him to rule and them to obey.

There are many other likenesses
Of the king in his royal palace;
You find him depicted every where—
In his robes of state, in his hunting-dress,
In his flowing wig, in his powdered hair—
A king in all of them, none the less:

But most himself in this on the wall
Over against his consort, whose
Laces, and hoops, and high-heeled shoes
Make her the finest lady of all
The queens or courtly dames you choose,
In the ancestral portrait hall.

A glorious blonde: a luxury
Of luring blue and wanton gold,
Of blanchéd rose and crimson bold,
Of lines that flow voluptuously
In tender, languorous curves to fold
Her form in perfect symmetry.

She might have been false. Of her withered dust
There scarcely would be enough to write
Her guilt in now; and the dead have a right
To our lenient doubt if not to our trust:
So if the truth can not make her white,
Let us be as merciful as we—must.

II.

The queen died first, the queen died young,
But the king was very old when he died,
Rotten with license, and lust, and pride;
And the usual Virtues came and hung
Their cypress wreaths on his tomb, and wide
Throughout his kingdom his praise was sung.

How the queen died is not certainly known,
And faithful subjects are all forbid
To speak of the murder which some one did
One night while she slept in the dark alone:
History keeps the story hid,
And Fear only tells it in undertone.

Up from your startled feet aloof,
In the famous Echo-Room, with a bound
Leaps the echo, and round and round
Beating itself against the roof,
A horrible, gasping, shuddering sound
Dies ere its terror can utter proof

Of that it knows. A door is fast,
And none is suffered to enter there.
His sacred majesty could not bear
To look at it toward the last,
As he grew very old. It opened where
The queen died young so many years past.

III.

How the queen died is not certainly known;
But in the palace's solitude
A barking dread and horror brood,
And a silence, as if a mortal groan
Had been hushed the moment before, and would
Break forth again when you were gone.

The present king has never dwelt
In the desolate palace. From year to year
In the wide and stately garden drear
The snows, and the snowy blossoms melt
Unheeded, and a ghastly fear
Through all the shivering leaves is felt.

By night the gathering shadows creep
Along the dusk and hollow halls,
And the slumber-broken palace calls
With stifled moans from its nightmare sleep;
And then the ghostly moonlight falls
Athwart the darkness brown and deep.

At early dawn the light wind sighs,
And through the desert garden blows
The wasted sweetness of the rose;
At noon the feverish sunshine lies
Sick in the walks. But at evening's close,
When the last, long rays to the windows rise,

And with many a blood-red, wrathful streak
Pierce through the twilight glooms that blur
His cruel vigilance and her
Regard, they light fierce looks that wreak
A hopeless hate that can not stir,
A voiceless hate that can not speak

In the awful calm of the sleepless eyes;
And as if she saw her murderer glare
On her face, and he the white despair
Of his victim kindle in wild surmise,
Confronted the conscious pictures stare—
And their secret back into darkness dies.

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FIRST AND LAST: A RETROSPECT.

I FELT very tired of my lot in life, that long June afternoon, which I remember so well. I remember it because, on looking back, it always seems as if that afternoon were the beginning of all actual experience for me. Before that I had been contented enough with every day as it came. I hardly know why such a mood of restless dissatisfaction took possession of me then. Perhaps it was because I had heard that Squire Esterley's family had just come to town. They had been a good while in Europe. I had not seen them since I was fourteen. When we parted May Esterley and I had kissed each other good-by like sisters. But I thought it would all be different now. An unexpected fortune had descended to them from some English relative, just before they went away, making them very rich. Naturally they had gone abroad to see about their new possessions, and being there had lingered on for three years, until pretty May Esterley and her sisters were young ladies. We had heard of them back again last fall—established in a handsome house in New York—and all the spring past workmen had been busy making of the old Esterley place a summer residence befitting the present grandeur of the family fortunes.

From my western window, where I sat screened by green vines from the hot afternoon sun, I could look over to the great house on the hill. It had been a good, roomy, old-fashioned house before; but now a wing had been thrown out here, and a piazza there, and it looked very stately and imposing. Up to it led a broad, circular carriage drive, strewn with some sort of glittering white gravel, and flashing in the sunshine. The field east of the house had been turned into a green lawn, dotted here and there with round beds of gayly-colored flowers. Under the trees hammocks were swung; rustic seats, here and there, invited you to rest; the whole place was so evidently fitted up for ease and elegance and luxurious pleasure, that, I suppose, the contrast it offered to the plain and homely details of farm-life, with which I had always been surrounded, was too much for me.

I could have borne it better, perhaps, if while I watched a handsome open carriage had not bowled by containing the three Miss Esterleys and their brother Tom. The girls were dressed in delicate muslins, with bright ribbons and soft laces, daintily gloved hands, and such bonnets as Sayville had never looked upon before. They drove home, and after the carriage had been sent away I could see them walking about, their light dresses fluttering here and there in the grounds.

Middle-aged woman as I am now—knowing well how short this travel of life is—feeling that our great concern is with the end of the journey, not with the thorns or the flowers that grow along the highway—I look back with a strange pity at my eighteen-years-old self, and the hot disgust that swept over my soul that summer afternoon at my lot. I got up, I remember, and looked in the little glass which hung over my toilet-table. The face I saw there was certainly beautiful. There is no vanity, I am sure, in remembering—now that the bright tints have all faded, now that my eyes are dim, and my hair is flecked with silver instead of gold—all that young wealth of bloom and brilliance. I hold that beauty is one of God's good gifts, which we are as much bound to recognize and be thankful for as for our daily bread. But I was not thankful that day. With a sullen repining at my heart I watched the face I saw in the mirror. I was prettier, I knew, than either of the Esterleys, but what good would it do me?

"Fine feathers make fine birds," I said, bitterly, "and my feathers are *not* fine."

Then I looked around my homely, comfortable little room. How delighted I had been six years ago with that chest of drawers which marked the time when mother began to think me old enough to take care of my own clothes! —how jubilant over that rocking chair which father had brought home to me from an auction sale! Every article there signified some tender memory on the part of one or the other of my parents of their only child, and over every one I had been girlishly glad and gay. Now, how common and hateful they all were in my sight!—the rag carpet on the floor, the wooden chairs, the looking-glass framed in a narrow moulding of painted wood. Down stairs, I knew, work was steadily going on. Father was busy in the garden. Mother was making ready for supper. I ought to be helping her, but I did not move. I just sat still, and contrasted over and over again the homely surroundings of my work-a-day lot with the Esterley splendors, and wished that I had been born to better fortunes.

Once a thought of John Colman crossed my mind, and I believe I shrank from it with yet more of repugnance than from the rag carpet and wooden chairs. John was a farmer, and would never be any thing else—would never care to be. His father and mother were both dead, and the farm he tilled was his own. It joined ours on the east, and I knew my parents had noticed John's liking for me with satisfaction, and had fancied what a pleasant thing it would be to have me settled down there, just beside them. Between John and me, however, nothing had ever been said about love or marriage. He was slow and persistent by nature—always ready to wait till the right time came. I believe that waiting and hoping had a certain sweetness for him which he would not have cared to forego. Only a week since he had brought me a bunch of June roses, and I had taken them with shy pleasure. If he had spoken then I should have promised to marry him, probably. Now, with my new views of life, my perceptions quickened and illuminated by the Esterley grandeur, I drew a long breath of relief and self-congratulation at the thought that I was perfectly free from John Colman. I don't know *what* I

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hoped—*how* I expected to change my prospects; but something *must* turn up, I felt. At any rate, not of my own accord would I bind myself down to the homely details of a life like the present.

"Frances," called my mother's kind voice at the foot of the stairs, "come, child; supper's all ready."

I went down stairs slowly. Oh, what would I give now to see again that room, and that dear mother, just as they were then! But at the time I felt no charm. Every thing looked so dull and homely. Yet all was spotlessly neat. The rag carpet was cleanly swept, and through the open doors and windows came in the fragrance of the June roses all in bloom. Father and mother were at the table. Mother looked tired and a little flushed, but she smiled when I opened the door, as you have seen mothers smile, perhaps, on only children.

"Come, Frank," she said, "I've got something you'll like. Father brought in a pail of strawberries, and I've made a strawberry shortcake. I thought I wouldn't call you to help me because it would taste better if you didn't see it beforehand."

I glanced at the table. The cloth was not fine damask, but it was clean and white. Every thing was neat and orderly. But to my jaundiced vision it all looked common and plain and uninviting. I could weep now, when tears would be vain, to think how churlish and ungrateful I was. I ate a little of the cake, but I did not praise it, and I felt that mother's disappointment was to be seen on her face, though I would not look at her.

After supper I began to clear off the table, but I moved round with a slow, reluctant step, and an intense hatred of dish-water and drudgery.

"Are you tired, Frances?" My mother's voice had a tender anxious tone in it which would have touched me if my discontent had not lain too deep to be easily exorcised.

"No, I'm not tired."

"Or sick?" she pursued, puzzled probably by my unusual manner.

"No," I cried, impatiently, "I'm not sick, or tired of any thing but my life. I hate this dull, endless round of cooking and eating, dish-cloths and dusters."

"I'll do up the work to-night, Frank," she said, gently.

"No, I'd rather. It's not to-night's work that I mind, but the whole thing. There's no grace or charm to a farmer's life, any way. It isn't what I was made for, I know."

"Would God have put you in the midst of it then, my dear? If it is the station in life to which it has pleased Him to call you, it must be the right place, I think."

I did not answer. I could not reason about it, but I felt it would take something more than the Catechism to make me contented. I finished the work and then I went out of doors. I broke off a bunch of the red June roses and fastened them in my black braids. Then I went out into the road, and began pacing back and forth under the trees, going on with my rebellious musings, indulging my longings for a gay, bright, festal life. I was too much absorbed to hear an approaching footstep, and I did not look up till I heard my name called.

"Frank—I mean Miss Palmer—is it possible?"

I raised my eyes, and met those of Tom Esterley. The meeting did not embarrass me. I saw, with that first glance, that he admired me, and my natural feminine coquetry put me at ease.

"Is what possible?" I asked, coolly.

"Is it possible that four years have changed little Frank Palmer to what I see? May was speaking of you to-day, and wanting to see you. You must come over to-morrow. Or won't you go now, to-night? She would be so glad."

"Not till to-morrow, if you please."

He accepted my decision readily enough, but he lingered a long time beside me, walking back and forth under the trees, and when he went away made me promise faithfully to call on his sister the next day. Then he begged the bunch of roses from my hair, and pressing them gallantly to his lips bade me good-night.

My heart was in a strange flutter of ambition and gratified vanity. I wondered if young Mr. Esterley held the key which was to open for me the door into that new life—the life of pleasure and ease and elegance—on which I longed to enter. Viewed apart from any such considerations, I doubt whether I should have found him very fascinating. Looking back to-day, I can see him standing there in the June twilight just as clearly as I saw him then, and probably judge him a great deal more justly.

A neat, trim figure, with dainty, well-shod feet, nice little hands in primrose-colored gloves, fresh, well-fitting summer clothes, a Panama hat with a wide ribbon swinging from his fingers—these, with a face which had no great strength in it for good or evil, light eyes, soft light hair, silken mustache, and an expression of serene self-complacence, made up Tom Esterley. A good-natured, well-meaning young man, as I know now, with no harm in him beyond those small dissipations which such natures wear lightly as their badges of manly accomplishment; but quite without the strength of mind or body to be guide, comfort, rest, to a passionate, impulsive, eager girl, such as I was then. Yet I saw no defects—I only noticed the grace and gallantry to which I was unaccustomed, and which I admired. I made up my mind that first night to marry him if I could. That my appearance had both surprised and pleased him I felt sure; and I was not without hope that the summer, during which we should be so near together, would complete my conquest.

The next afternoon, before getting ready for my call, I consulted my mother as a matter of form, predetermined, however, to overrule her

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objections if she should make any. She acquiesced in my plan at once.

"Certainly," she said. "You and May were always great friends. Go and see her, and if your welcome is not what it used to be, you'll know how to stay away afterward."

So I put on my pink muslin, my most becoming dress, and started off well pleased. Before I had reached the entrance of the Esterley grounds May saw me, and ran to meet me—the same dear, impulsive girl as ever.

"I was on the look-out for you," she said, "you dear, darling old Frank. Tom said you would come to-day. You can't think how he raves about you. He says you would make such a sensation in society."

I had enough New England self-respect and self-possession to keep me from any undue expressions of enthusiasm when I went with May through the house, filled with such adornments as were utterly unfamiliar to my eyes. I admired with discretion, and suffered neither ignorance nor envy to make me ridiculous. The family were all kind, but I fancied that I detected about Mrs. Esterley and her two elder daughters a slight atmosphere of patronage. I did not mind it, however. The Squire was good-natured and fatherly, May was quite unchanged, and Tom waited on my steps and listened to my words with a devotion as new to my experience of life as it was flattering. They made me stay to tea, and afterward I drove with them, and it was almost nine o'clock when they set me down at my own gate.

"I need not ask if you've enjoyed yourself," mother said, cheerfully, as I went in. "Your face tells the story. The blues are all gone. And here's John."

Sure enough John Colman rose, and came out of the shadow where he was sitting—tall, strong, sturdy, every inch a man, but not a bit of a fine gentleman, and I liked fine gentlemen best in those days. I talked to him a few moments, but I fancy my manner was cold, for he soon went away, and I knew when he was gone my mother sighed a little sadly, and said, half-reproachfully, that John was not elegant, perhaps, but he was good as gold.

I did not dispute her remark. I was in a hurry to get up stairs and dream my new dreams, ponder my new ambitions, and recall all the events of the afternoon.

After that the Esterleys claimed a large share of my time. Sometimes they wanted me to drive or ride; then again it was some home amusement which would not be complete without me. On some pretext or other we met daily. I doubt if Mrs. Esterley and her elder daughters were quite pleased at the course events were taking, but they could hardly complain of it, for until four years ago we had been near neighbors and close friends all our lives. The Squire was unchanged by his prosperity, and really liked me; so May's friendship and Tom's admiration carried the day, and I was almost one of the family before June was over. My father and mother took the matter quietly, though I do not think it pleased them. They had no ambition of the kind which seeing me married to Tom Esterley would gratify; but perhaps they thought there was no danger of that. At any rate, they were wise enough not to strengthen any fancy I might have by opposition, or to manifest any tyrannical desire to abridge my enjoyment. It makes my heart ache to-day to think of the quiet patience with which my mother did alone the tasks in which I ought to have helped her while I took my pleasure.

The first of August—just six weeks from that June afternoon which I have called the beginning of my experience of life—Tom Esterley asked me to marry him. He made his declaration of love very gracefully—said all the usual pretty sentences about my being the one thing needful to perfect his life, the only woman he had ever cared for, and so on. It sounded very sweetly, and I can remember it all to this day. I experienced no very tumultuous emotions, but my heart was fluttering with gratified ambition, and I felt a certain pride in his attentions and delight at his preference, which I really thought was love. So I said yes to his pleading, as indeed I had meant to, from that first June day when I made up my mind that he should like me.

That night I told father and mother, as quietly and briefly as I could, that I had promised to marry Tom Esterley, and he would come the next day to ask their consent.

"Poor John!" my mother said softly, I think almost unconsciously.

I took her up all the more sharply, perhaps, because her words touched a secret chord of sympathy in my own heart.

"As if I ever, under any circumstances, would have married John Colman! I am not enough in love with a farmer's lot for that. Let those skim milk, and churn butter, and scrub floors who are fond of it. For me, I shall like such a life as the Esterleys live very decidedly better."

"May your life be happy, dear child, whatever one you choose!" my mother said, still gently, but with a quiver of pain in her voice which touched me more than any rebuke would have done.

The next morning Tom came and said whatever was right and proper to my parents, I suppose, for they called me down afterward, and I saw him alone in the little parlor, and he told me it was all settled. I was to be his wife by the next spring—they had not been willing the engagement should be shorter than that—but in the mean time he should persuade them to let me make a long visit in New York, and we must bear the waiting as well as we could. Then he kissed me. I wondered at myself for taking it all so coolly. I had thought it was in my temperament to love with fervor and passion; but I had mistaken myself, probably, and my capacity for emotion was not what I had imagined it.

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That evening, when I returned from a drive with Mr. Esterley, and went in alone, having parted with him at the gate, I found John Colman there again. Something told me, the moment I saw his face, that my mother had been informing him how matters stood. He got up and came forward to shake hands. I knew it was hard work for him to be so calm by the tense lines round his mouth, and the unwonted flush on his bronzed cheek. But he spoke very quietly.

"Your mother has told me, Frank, and I think the lot will just suit you. You were born to love bright and beautiful things, and to live among them. God bless you!"

Then he went away.

Mother asked me if I had had a nice ride, but her voice trembled. I knew she loved John almost as if he were her son, and that she had been sorrowing over the pain she had been forced to give him. I went up stairs, and curiously enough my own heart was not as light as the heart of a newly-betrothed bride should have been. But I looked over to the Esterley mansion, rising stately in the moonlight, and thought of the life of ease and elegance which awaited me, and found therein balm for all woes less than its loss.

The next day all the Esterleys called at our house. The Squire and May were hearty and tender in their congratulations. In the manner of the others there was nothing to complain of; but I received the impression that they were acting under a heroic resolve to make the best of a bad bargain.

The family lingered long at Sayville that fall; but they went away, one sunny day in the last of October, with the promise that I should go in a few weeks to make them a visit. When they were gone I missed something terribly—the recreation, the gay, careless life I had led with them, and its daily excitements, or, perhaps, Tom's devotion. I certainly thought it was the latter, and began to believe that my heart was as deeply interested in him as my ambition. I am afraid I was sadly petulant and uncomfortable to live with—I was such an undisciplined girl in those days, before my great sorrow overtook me.

At length it was time for my visit, and Tom came for me. I could weep now at the memory of my father's grave tenderness as he took me one side and gave me a pocket-book containing five crisp, new, one-hundred-dollar bank-notes.

"I can't do as much for you, Frank, as I wish I could," he said; "but I want you should have enough not to be ashamed where you are going, or mortify your friends. You must use what you need of this to be comfortable this winter, and spend the rest for wedding fineries." And then, I suppose, a sudden thought of what that wedding meant, and how it would take his only child away from him into quite another sphere of life, overcame him, and his eyes filled with a quick film of tears, and he kissed me with lips that trembled a little, and hurried away. He did not come in sight again; but my mother stood in the door as I went down the path, and I turned back and looked at her, with the November sunshine just touching her hair where the silver threads were growing thick, with the patient, always tender smile on her gentle lips, and her eyes seeming to follow me with a hope and a blessing. If I had known that I should never see her just so again, I wonder if I would have gone? That memory of her will never fade. So her face will smile on me when heart and pulse are failing; so, I think, will its smiling welcome me when the new life is "come in the old life's stead."

I enjoyed my visit very much, after the pain of my first parting from father and mother had worn away. I had never seen a large city before. You can imagine how wonderful it all was—how I stared at the richly-dressed ladies, the splendid carriages, and the bright silks, soft laces, and marvelous bonnets in the shop windows. Then the concerts, and theatres, and operas, the constant round of seeing and hearing and enjoying, quite took my breath away. I thought I had never been so happy. Days and evenings seemed like a bright, swift, glittering panorama; and nights I was too tired to think. Tom was proud of me, I believe. I had a fresh, unworn face, and a genuine interest in every thing, which charmed, perhaps, more than greater beauty and less freshness would have done; and he liked to see opera-glasses turned toward me. I began to perceive just what my life would be with him. There would be nothing quiet or domestic about it—no intimate union of our souls—nothing of that sacred *oneness* which makes of marriage something holy as a sacrament and lasting as eternity; but we should be young and glad and merry together; he would be fond and indulgent. While the sunshine lasted, gayer butterflies would not flutter: how would it be when storms should beat, and our gossamer wings be drenched? But I did not stop to think of that. With the gayety and the glitter I believed myself quite content.

And so the weeks went on, and it was almost Christmas. We were to have a family party, a tree, and a festal time. I looked forward to it all with eager, expectant delight, just touched with one thought of sadness—for it would be the first Christmas I had ever spent away from home. It was Monday the 22d, and through the early winter twilight we sat together—Tom and his sisters and I—talking over the coming Thursday. Then we all went up stairs to dress, for we were going to the opera that night. I had just finished my toilet, I remember, and laid my warm shawl on the bed, and was taking a last look in the glass, when I heard the door-bell ring loudly. I never thought that the summons could have any connection with me, so I went on studying the face which looked out at me from the Psyche mirror. I did not know then that I should never see that face again with such a festal brightness surrounding it as

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it then wore; but I looked at myself with a happy girlish delight, an innocent vanity. Bright cheeks, coral lips, great dark eyes, heavily-drooping hair—they are all changed since, but I remember just how they sparkled then. I had drawn the bunch of scarlet geranium flowers which adorned my braids a little to the left; I was all ready, and began to wonder whether the rest were, when suddenly my door opened, without the ceremony of a knock, and a startled face looked in.

"Some one has come for you from home, Miss Frances," said the girl—one of those who had been with the family at Sayville through the summer—"Mr. Colman. Will you please come down?"

I knew instantly that John Colman was the messenger of evil tidings. Either my father or mother must be dead, I thought. Somehow I got down stairs. John was alone in the drawing-room; he met me at the door, and made me sit down before he spoke.

"It is not death, Frank, don't tremble so," he said, soothingly. "Your mother was struck with paralysis yesterday morning; but there is no immediate danger, and she may live for years. But we knew you would want to come home."

"Oh yes, yes!" I cried, wildly; "when can I go? Why did I ever leave her?"

"You could not have saved her if you had been there. Don't make it harder to bear by self-reproach. You can go to-morrow morning, if you could be ready then. The cars leave at eight. I will come for you."

"I will be ready, never fear," I said, drearily, with a wild longing to start, to be on my way, such as no words could have expressed.

Just then they all came in—Mrs. Esterley, the three sisters, and Tom—the Squire was away on business. I looked at them with a sort of wonder at their mirth and brightness, as if they belonged to a life with which I had no longer any thing to do. But they grew sober enough when they saw my face, and John Colman standing there. John explained—he was careful to spare me every unnecessary word—and then, at once, they were all earnest and eager in their sympathy. Tom came to my side. I think he took my hand, and put his arm round me, but I hardly know. He was like a shadow to me just then. Of course they wanted to send the carriage away, and all to stay at home. But it seemed to me I could not bear that. I longed so to be unwatched and alone.

"If they would only go?" I sighed.

My lips scarcely formed the words, but John understood them.

"I think," he said, quietly, "that she would be more comfortable if you were to go. She will bear it better if she is left alone."

"Oh yes," I found voice to say; "forgive me if I seem ungrateful, but I *must* be quite by myself:" and then my awful grief shook me in its grasp, as a reed shaken by the wind, and I rushed away from them all, and up stairs.

Somehow John settled it, and persuaded them off. I heard the little bustle in the hall, then the carriage drove away, and then I heard a quick, firm step along the sidewalk, John's step going to his hotel. Oh, how thankful I was to feel quite alone at last! It seemed as if a hand which had choked my agony to silence hitherto was taken away. I could grieve now as I chose, and the very violence of my sobs and tears began, after a while, to console me. In an hour the tempest of emotion had spent itself. I grew calm, and began to pack my trunks. Soon I remembered something I had left in the drawing-room, and went down to fetch it. There sat May alone—her face pale and stained with tears. When she saw me she came and took me in her arms.

"I did not mean to disturb you, Frank," she said. "Mr. Colman thought it best you should not know any one was here, and I promised to be quite still. I could not go there, among the lights and the music and the gay people, and think of you breaking your heart at home. Shall I trouble you, now?"

"Not now, but you can not know how thankful I was to be by myself at first."

Then she went up stairs with me, and helped me do every thing, just as a sister would. We were scarcely through before we heard the carriage come home, and Tom's step hurrying anxiously up stairs. May went out to him, shutting my door behind her.

"How is she, poor dear?" I heard him ask. "She has been in my mind every moment. Can I see her?"

"Not to-night, I think. We must spare her strength for to-morrow. She must get some rest. We will take breakfast with her, at a quarter of seven in the morning. Poor Frank—it's a terrible blow!"

Then she came back to me.

"Shall I stay with you to-night, or would you prefer to be alone?" she asked, in her gentle, low-toned voice.

"Alone, if you please," I said; "but oh, May, I shall never forget how good you were!"

It was long before I slept, and I thought at first that I could not close my eyes at all; but I remembered that I must rest, or after my next day's journey I should be useless to *her;* and somehow my physical being obeyed at last my mind's behest, and I slept until they called me at six the next morning.

All the family were up at breakfast. The old-fashioned, neighborly kindness of other days which, after all, lay deep in their hearts came to the surface, and I know their sympathy and interest were genuine.

Breakfast over, my bonnet on, my shawl and bag at hand, Tom came to me where I stood alone at the window watching for John.

"I can not bear you should go without me," he said. "I wish I might go with you, but I suppose it would not do now?"

I looked at him a moment then with eyes that seemed, somehow, never to have seen him

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before. What was there in him on which I could rely in perilous times? Gay, graceful, gallant—what affinity was there between that surface nature and the sober verities of life? I felt instinctively how soon he would tire of grief and its demands. Was he one to share a long vigil over my sick—to mourn with me over my dead? Would he not be totally out of place in the farm-house kitchen, out of which my mother's room opened? How impossible I felt it to turn to him for sympathy! What had I been going to rely on in the stress and strain of life's great crises, with that man for my husband? I do not mean that all these thoughts were clearly defined; but they all swept through my mind, and the impression they made was strong and lasting. Yet I answered him, quietly:

"You are very kind, but it will not be best that you should go. In a few days you shall hear how she is."

"And at the very earliest moment possible you must let me come. You must not forget what you are to be to me in the spring."

"No, I shall not forget." I wonder if my voice was as devoid of hope and interest as my heart was?

Just then a carriage stopped, and the bell rang, and we knew it was John Colman. Then all the family gathered round me and bade me good-by hurriedly, but with pitying tenderness. It was almost too much for me, and I was thankful to John for hurrying me away.

What care he took of me in that long day's journey! He seemed to understand every one of my moods and wishes by some mysterious instinct. He did not talk to me, except to answer, always patiently, my too often-recurring questions—"*Do* you think she will know me?" and—"Do you truly believe it is possible that she may live for years?"

At last, when it was almost night, the cars stopped at Sayville station, and I was in a carriage with John beside me driving home. How strange the country stillness seemed after all the whirl of city sights and sounds! A light snow had fallen that morning and rested motionless on trees and fences. Our feet made tracks in it as we went from the gate to the house. My father opened the door, looking twenty years older for these two days of sorrow.

"How is she?" I asked, eagerly.

"Bad enough," he answered. "One side is paralyzed—she will never use her right arm or her right limb again; but she can speak, thank God, and she will know you. Go right in, she's in a hurry to see you."

I took off bonnet and shawl hastily, and then I went in where she was—my mother, who had watched me down the path when I went away, with the November sunshine glinting in her hair, the fond smile on her lips, the hope and the prayer in her eyes. She lay now on her bed, bolstered up with pillows, and again she tried to smile, but the muscles of the right side of her face were powerless, and that one-sided smile was a thing more piteous than tears.

"Oh, my child! my child!" she cried, in her strange, changed voice, "thank God you are come. I did so long for you."

I knelt by her side and pressed my lips to the right hand that lay there so numb and powerless. I kissed it, as the old crusaders used to kiss the cross, making a vow and a pledge, taking up so my life's work. Then I said:

"Yes, mother, here I am; never, please God, to leave you again so long as you need me."

Toward midnight they sent me to my room. Mother was not in pain, needed little care, and father insisted that I should rest.

I put a shawl round me, and drew away the curtain from my window, and sat there, just where I had sat that June afternoon, six months and ten days before. Now how changed my views of life were! I had tested the metal which glittered so that day—shared the gay, bright, pleasure-seeking life. And now I coveted it no longer. I had come back satisfied. That stately house, on which the winter moonlight shone, could never be the home of my heart. Oh, if God would but let me atone to my mother for these past six months of coldness; for my wicked scorn of the dear old homely works and ways! Somehow I scarcely thought of Tom at all that night. It was only of my mother, and the sad, changed face on the pillows down stairs.

When the doctor made his early visit the next day I managed to see him for a moment alone. He only confirmed what John had said. She might, very possibly, not have another shock for many years—her life was in no present danger—she might even be somewhat stronger and in better health by-and-by—but she could never, never be her old self again. She would be from henceforth as helpless for all practical purposes as an infant. So every thing combined to make it clear to me what my life-work was. But I said nothing as yet to my mother about my plans and purposes—indeed I did not talk to her about the future at all. She was in no pain, and I found it interested and amused her to hear about my visit to New York; so I reproduced it for her—told her of all the bright, gay scenes, the music and the merriment. Once she looked up, with such an expression of love struggling through the numb lineaments of her face, and shining out of her eyes, and said, softly:

"And you left all this to come home to me—good, dear child!"

The next morning after that was Christmas—that Christmas I had planned to spend so differently. I wondered if they were keeping high holiday in the house I had left—if the Christmas-tree glittered with its costly gifts—if I should be missed. And then, for part answer to my questions, a package came—the Christmas gifts they had previously prepared for me.

There were choice books—a lovely Madonna in a simple frame—and, from Tom, the daintiest of inlaid writing-desks. With them were two notes—from Tom a little sheet of tender phrases, and entreaties that he might come and see me

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soon—from May a few words of earnest sympathy, and an apology for sending the gifts at such a time, because they had been meant for me, and it would make them all so sad to see them hang unappropriated on the Christmas-tree.

I answered both notes—May's briefly, with fond thanks, and assurances of a love that would never change—Tom's more at length, for to him I had much to say. I set my life before him, just as it must be for the future. I told him that I would never give my mother up to the care of strangers, for I knew no one else could or would make her as comfortable as I should. Here was my work, and here must be my home—a work and a home which it was contrary to the very nature of things for him to share. Nor would I for a moment consent to hold him bound to me—to keep him waiting through long years, and losing in such dreary probation the youth and hope of his life. There was only one thing to be done. We must relinquish the engagement, and be friends only hereafter. I wrote firmly, but I mentioned my purposes to no one.

The letter brought him the next week to Sayville, as I had fancied it might. He came full of prayers and protestations, earnestly determined to make me change my mind, strongly intrenched in pretty theories of constancy and romance. I met him on the sober ground of reality. I showed him just what my life would be—just how narrow and homely the range of my duties. I made him fully understand that I had assumed the care of my mother as my work in life, which God had given me to do, and from which I was by no means to be turned away. And then I showed him, what I think he must instinctively have felt, how impossible it would be to him to share such a life—to be happy in such a round, for which neither taste nor habit had fitted him.

He made an attempt or two to persuade me to consent that the engagement should be continued—to let him wait for me. But I was thoroughly determined—I would neither give nor accept any thing short of absolute freedom. Of course, being the stronger-willed of the two, I carried the day. We parted, with pledges of faithful friendship, and with protestations on his part that no one else ever could or should take my place in his heart—protestations in which I have not the slightest doubt he was at the time fully in earnest.

After he was gone I told my mother. At first she protested against accepting such a sacrifice of my future; but when I told her that sacrifice there was none—that any thing like love which I had ever felt for Tom Esterley seemed to me as utterly a thing of the past as yesterday's sunshine, as unreal and vague as last night's dreams, her anxious eyes brightened, and I knew that the prospect of keeping me gladdened her heart. Nor did I tell her any thing more than the truth. I could not understand why thus breaking the tie that bound me to Tom Esterley had cost me so little pain; but I had not one longing after him. My only regret was for *his* suffering; and that, I believed, would be short-lived. It seemed to me that what I had felt for him had been the merest bubble on my cup of life, the offspring solely of girlish vanity, and an idle longing for an easy, luxurious destiny.

One friend, I felt, had a claim to know the truth—a friend proved and tried. The next time I saw John Colman I said to him:

"My engagement with Mr. Esterley is at an end. I felt that my duty was here—a duty he could not share—and I would not let him consider himself bound to me any longer."

He answered simply:

"I think you have done right, Frank," and after that the subject was not mentioned between us.

Through the long winter and spring I tended my mother, the most patient and gentle of invalids. There was little change in her condition; that little was for the better, however. She had an invalid chair, in which I used to wheel her to the window, and into the kitchen beyond. I came to her with all my housekeeping difficulties, and we were chatty and cheerful together, in spite of the terrible loss the power of motion was to her and my own dumb heartache at seeing her so changed.

With June came the Esterleys back again; but without Tom. He was traveling with some friends, May said—he had thought he should suffer too much in coming back to the old place. Then, as if fearful I should think she was blaming me, she kissed me and said, earnestly:

"I think you did just what was right, Frank. I could not tell you how I honored you for it. You are just as much the dearest of my sisters as if you had been Tom's wife."

Except May—who came often to see me—I saw little of the Esterleys that summer. Their lives and mine ran in very different channels. They were still gayer than of old, for they had city friends staying with them most of the time; and their bright, pleasure-seeking life went on to a merry tune. But I never envied them any more. The enchantment of distance lent no grace to their summer ways. I had tried the whole thing, and, for me, found it wanting.

With the fall rains my father's lungs began to trouble him somewhat, and his health to fail. I think his anxiety and sorrow about my mother had worn on him more than we knew. Not that he was exactly ill, only so far from thoroughly well that it made us anxious. Then it was that, seeing John Colman, I began to understand what unselfish friendship and devotion might be. He made no offers or professions—he just watched for the opportunity to do us service. He was beforehand with every task likely to be too hard for my father; no son could have been more untiringly kind and thoughtful. I began to honor him as I had never honored any man before. Sometimes I thought of the love I believed he had once felt for me with

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such a sense of loss as one might feel who had wantonly thrown away a pearl of great price; but not often, for I felt that it had all been ended when I promised to marry Tom Esterley, and my life was too full of real cares and duties to leave me much time for mere sentimental regrets.

At last, toward March, came a letter from May announcing Tom's engagement to a girl whom he had met last summer—"a darling," the letter said, "and we all love her dearly, but to me she can never be quite what you would have been."

John Colman had brought me the epistle, and when I had read it through I handed it to him with a smile.

"Just read," I said, "and see how constant men are! You wouldn't believe it, but when we parted, a year and two months ago, that youth was sure he should go bereft and unconsoled to the end of his days."

John read the letter, and then looked at me with a puzzled face.

"How gayly you take it!" he said. "Don't you care?"

"Yes, in one way I care a great deal. I was so afraid I had made him suffer, and I am thankful beyond measure that he has got over it all so easily."

Just then mother's voice came out of the bedroom. "Children!" she called. It was a way she had of associating us, of which I had scarcely thought before, but now I felt my cheeks growing scarlet, and I knew John was looking at me. We went into the room together.

"Mother," he said, "how would you like me for a son?"

Her face brightened as I had not seen it before since her trouble came.

"You know, John, how I would like it. I think you *are* my son now."

"Then I wish you would tell Frank how long and well I have loved her, and make *her* willing I should be your son too. I thought until today that she cared for some one else, and *I* would not pain her by telling her."

I walked straight up to him, and looked in his eyes. I discovered just at that moment that this matter of his love was a matter of life and death to me.

"John," I said, "*do* you love me just as well as if I had never been engaged to Tom Esterley?"

"Better; for when you broke off that engagement it taught me, as I had never understood before, how much there was of you besides the girlish brightness and prettiness which had won me at first. I'm not eloquent, Frank, but I say the most a man can when I say that I love you."

I did not tell him until after I was his wife the secret I had only learned myself since this trouble came, that even in the old days of foolish vanity I *had* cared for him, and that I had never really loved any one else. We were married that spring; and he leased his house, dismissed his housekeeper, and came home to us.

That was seventeen years ago—I told you I was a middle-aged woman now. For the last ten years of the time John and I have been quite alone. First, when I had been five years a wife, my father died, and two years afterward my mother followed him. Together we two tended them to the last. Want or pain which either of us could relieve they never knew. My father gave us his blessing the hour his soul passed from earth, and it has rested on us ever since. My mother watched us through long, lingering days with her fond eyes, and at the very end she found strength to say—

"God will reward you. Good-by, children!"

There are flowers on those graves watered by the tears of an unforgetful love; but I have never had a sorrow which John did not share—for which I could not find solace, if not altogether consolation, in his strong, true heart.

NAMES OF MEN.

"*Bonum nomen, bonum omen.*"

WHEN the good King Philip of France had determined to seat a queen by his side on the throne, he sent embassadors to his neighbor, the King of Spain, and gave them authority to choose one of his two daughters for their sovereign. They were struck with the beauty of the elder sister, and decided among themselves that, both on account of her age and her charms, she would be a fit bride for their master. But of a sudden their opinion was changed. They had been told that the beauty was called Uracca, while the younger and less attractive sister was called Blanca. That name of Uracca destroyed all other charms; they abandoned their choice, and led the younger princess back with them to rule over France. History has more than one such answer to the question, "What's in a name?" Perhaps parents would be more guarded in naming their children if they thought how much more pleasing Mary, Anne, and Lucy sound, even to the uneducated ear, than barbarous Barbara, the little bear Ursula, and the heathen Apollonia. Men might even be expected to guard their names more jealously from every stain and bad repute if they gave more attention to their meaning and their history. It will not be amiss, therefore, to examine English names, at least in their outlines, and as far as this affords us a valuable insight into their early history and present form.

The oldest surnames with which we are familiar are those of the Bible, and they represent invariably true patronymics in their earliest form. We read of Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, and of Joshua, the son of Nun. For the father's name, however, an ordinary word was soon substituted: thus, dying, Rachel had called her child Benoni, "the son of my sorrow;" but Jacob gave him the name of Benjamin, "the son of my strength." The same custom prevailed in Greek, where we read of Icarus (the son) of Daidalus, and of Daidalus (the son) of Eupalmos. This survives in our modern Isaac

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Jacobson, or Stephen Fitzherbert. Such names were the rule in England before the Conquest, and Proper Names, in the modern sense, were then little known, if at all. Only about a thousand surnames began to be taken up by the most noble families in France and in England, when the language was gradually Frenchified, about the time of Edward the Confessor. The lower nobility did not follow this example until the twelfth, and citizens and husbandmen had no names for their families before the fourteenth century. It is probable, though not absolutely certain, that surnames were so called from the fact that they were at first always written "not in a direct line after the Christian name, but above it, between the lines," as Du Cange says, and thus were literally *supra-nomina*, or surnames.

The English names, most of which have thus arisen since the Norman Conquest, have recruits among them from almost all races and languages upon the earth. The Hebrew itself is largely represented in its ancient *Ben*, which means "son." It has given us Benjamin and the shorter Benson, Bendigo and Benari, Bendavid and Benoni. The corresponding word in Syriac, *Bar*, is of less frequent occurrence, and mostly modernized, as in Barrow, which now generally stands for Baruch, and in Bartholomew and its many descendants.

This tendency to disguise Old Testament names has led to much ludicrous sham-work, both in the attempt to conceal and to discover the original forms. Abraham is shortened into Braham, and Moses into Moss or Moseley. Solomon becomes, according to fancy or taste, Salmon or Sloman; Levi is transformed into Lewis, and Elias into Ellis. The French are as skillful as the English in this operation. Thus few readers of history will recognize in the great Republican Manuel the sweet name of Emmanuel, or in the famous banker Mirès the simple Hebrew-German Meyers. Valiant Manasseh proved its ancient renown on Italian battle-fields as Masséna, and the vain composer, Herz Adam Levi, added his initials to his father's name and called himself Halévi. This tendency is pleasingly illustrated in the great novelist Israeli, or, as he now writes it, Disraeli, who, true to his descent, loves to convert every great man of our day into a member of the chosen people, just as the Irish affirm, with great good faith, no doubt, but with Irish accuracy, that all the heroes of recent date belong to the favored isle. Cavaignac is in their eyes but French for Kavanagh; Pelissier, of Crimean fame, belonged to the Palissers, and even Garibaldi was originally, they are sure, Garry Baldwin.

Dutch names are rare in English families, but frequently met with in those parts of the United States, where early settlers of that nation acquired large tracts of land and left behind them honored names like the Van Rensselaers, the Van Shaiks, and Van Benthuysens.

The three most numerous patronymics in use among the English are, of course, the O', the Mac, and the Ap of the three Celtic races in the British kingdom. The Irish O', or Oy, is said by their own writers to have originally meant grandson; it is certain that the old Irish plural Ui was formerly quite frequent, though it must now be considered extinct. Mr. Lower, in his charming book on surnames, tells us of an old Scotch dame who boasted that "she had trod the world's stage long eno' to possess a hundred Oyes." It need not be explained here that the Irish use largely the cognate Mac, so that there was, in former days at least, much truth in the well-known lines:

"Per Mac atque O tu veros cognoscis Hibernos,
His duobus demptis nullus Hibernus adest."

The O'Connells and O'Connors have made their mark in England's history, and the O'Donohue is still heard of wherever Erin's wrongs are rehearsed. In France this O has been slily incorporated into the name, and a son of the O'Dillons became the simple but celebrated Odilon Barrot.

The Scotch *Mac* meant also originally nothing more than son or male descendant. Macaulay and M'Culloch have made the prefix renowned all over the world, while poor M'Gowan has been translated into unromantic but literal Smithson. M'Priest, M'Bride, and M'Queen would be almost scandalous if the world were not too lazy to bear in mind that names have a meaning; and M'Quaker, a modern name, has a spice of the ludicrous. M'Nabb is, in like manner, good Scotch for the Abbot's son, and the origin of the similar name of M'Pherson is historically established. During the reign of David I., king of Scotland, we are told a younger son of the powerful clan of Chattan became abbot of Kingussie. The elder brother died afterward childless, and the chieftainship fell to the share of the venerable priest. He procured the necessary dispensation from Rome, and married the fair daughter of the Thane of Calder. A swarm of little Kingussies followed, and the good people of Inverness-shire, in their quaint, straightforward way, called them M'Phersons, the sons of the parson. Occasionally the word Mac gives way to the more pretentious *Clan*, the Gaelic for offspring or descendants, and this furnishes illustrious names like that of Clanricarde.

The Welsh *Ap* is the Celtic Mâb, and means son. Mr. Lower tells us that its earliest form known in names was Vap or Hab, as it was written in the days of Henry VI. Under the seventh Henry we find it used thus: "Morgano Philip, *alias* dicto Morgano, Vap David, Vap Philip." Subsequently, the first letter being lost, it became simply Ab or Ap, and was, first in pedigrees, placed between the son's and the father's name, by which means it gradually came to serve as a surname. This custom survives in a few modern names—as Thomas Ap Thomas, and Ap Catesby. But since the Welsh have taken to the use of surnames, after the manner of their English neighbors, they generally drop the *a*, and connect the *b* or *p* with the father's name,

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thus producing regular family names. In this manner Ap Evan is now Bevan, Beavin, or Bevins; Ap Henry is Penry, Perry, Barry, or Parry; and Ap Howell, Powell, although the same name may have been derived from Paul, as we find it spelled in Chaucer thus: "After the text of Christ and Powel and Ion." Ap Hugh is now Pugh, and sometimes Pye, as *u* in Welsh is apt to have the sound of *y*. Ap Lewis is Blewis or Blues; and Ap Lleod (Lloyd) is Blewitt, Blood, or Floyd. Ap Lewellen has early become Fluellen—a name which actually occurred in Stratford during Shakspeare's lifetime. Ap Owen is Bowen; Ap Richard, Prichard, and probably Pickett, unless where the latter comes from the French *picoté*. Ap Roderick is Broderick, and shortened, Brodie; Ap Roger, Prodger; Ap Ross, Prosser; Ap Rhys (Rees), Pryce, Brice, or Breese; and Ap Watkyn, Gwatkin.

The exaggerated importance which Welshmen are accused of attaching to their patronymics has led to many an unfair jest at their expense hardly justified by this weakness in a few of their race, like the happy one who deduced, to his own satisfaction, the name of the god Apollo from Ap Haul, the son of the sun. Hence the bitter lines:

"Cheese: Adam's own cousin-german by birth,
Ap Curds, Ap Milk, Ap Cow, Ap Grass, Ap Earth."

In the year 1299 we find there was a proud Welshman summoned to Parliament by the name and title of Lord Ap Adam; but it is not stated whether he traced his descent in an unbroken line. This baron of so ancient a family left a son, but neither he nor any of his offspring seem ever after to have been summoned again. Later descendants, however, have carefully noted every step in the pedigree of the Ap Adams, and may yet establish a claim to sit among their post-diluvian brethren.

There is another *a* occasionally prefixed to names which must be carefully distinguished from its Welsh namesake. It occurs frequently among the humbler classes in Cumberland and Westmoreland—as in William *a* Bills, John *a* Toms, Billy *a* Luke, where it seems simply to stand for the English *of*, added to the father's name. In other cases it appears to have been used after the fashion of the Norman *de* for the Latin *ab*—as in John *a* Gaunt (ab Ghent), and in the name of the first grand-master of the Teutonic order, whom Fuller, in his Holy War, calls Henry a Walpole. We are all familiar with Thomas a Becket, Anthony a Wood, and Thomas a Kempis, though few may be aware that the fictitious names of John a Nokes and Tom a Stiles have been handed down to us from Jack Noakes and Tom Styles, who formerly served as representatives of the *profanum vulgus*, or our more fastidious Tom, Dick, and Harry.

The Normans added to these patronymics their own Fitz, the much-abused *filius* of the Romans. It is somewhat strange, however, that the use of this word is now unknown in France, and does not occur in the ancient chronicles of that country. The name came, there is reason to believe, from Flanders, and was only subsequently adopted by the Normans, who were strangely fond of names and surnames. Like the old Romans—of whom already Horace says, *Gaudent prænomine molles auriculæ*, while he satirizes one as *Tamquam habens tria nomina*—they loved to add name to name, so that Fitzhamon's daughter could justly complain, as of a great wrong done her, that the natural son of King Henry I., whom he gave her as husband, had but one name. The King, therefore, bestowed on him the proud name of Fitz Roi; for, says she in the poetical version of the event:

"It were to me great shame
To have a lord withouten his twa name."

Henry II., to recall his being born in imperial purple, called himself Fitz Empress; and at one time it was the fashion among old Anglo-Saxon families to exchange their ancient *son* for the more modern Fitz. The Sweynsons thus became Fitz-Swains, and the Hardysonnes Fitz-Hardinges. Even now the eldest son of Harris, Earl of Malmesbury, is by courtesy called Viscount Fitz-Harris. It will be seen from this how erroneous the general impression is that Fitz always indicated illegitimacy. It was probably not before the days of the later Norman kings that the name was at all applied to bastards—a custom which has, however, since been regularly kept up. Thus arose the comparatively recent case of the children of the Duke of Clarence and Mrs. Jordan, who bore the name of Fitz-Clarence.

The very large number of English names which are derived from Saints have mainly come down to us from the Normans, though a few, no doubt, are derived more directly through the Church. Some have been preserved in their purity, but others are sadly mispronounced. The majority have been so fiercely mutilated that, but for authentic documents showing the gradual change, their present appearance would scarcely suggest the original form. Thus, St. Paul is now Sampole, Sample, or Semple; St. Denis, Sidney; and St. Aubin, Tobyn or Dobbin—a degradation due, like many others, to the desire of certain Norman settlers in Ireland to become thoroughly Hibernicized. Sta. Clara is now Sinclair, or even Sinkler; St. Leger is Sillinger; and St. Pierre, Sampire, Sampier, and, in the Southern States of the Union, Yampert. St. Oly has changed into Toly; St. Ebbe into Tabby, or Tebbs; St. Amandus into Samand; St. Edolph into Stydolph; and St. Barbe into Simbard. Most of these changes took place as soon as the loss of Normandy cut off English noblemen from their constant intercourse with France—a time at which the Saxon element began to get the better of the Norman French, and to fashion it to its own laws of euphony. It was then, also, that other French names not derived from Saints underwent similar mutilations; when La Morte Mer gave us Mortimer, and Le Mort Lac, Mortlake or Mortlock; when Beauchamp began to sound like Beecham—as

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Froissart spells it by the ear; when Belvoir became Beaver, Cholmondeley Chomley, and the French-English word skirmisher appeared first under the strange guise of Scrymgeour!

The Flemish and Frisian patronymic *kin* is so closely connected with our own Saxon "kin" that at this period it is difficult to decide to which of the two sources each individual name is due. From the occurrence of the same words on the Continent we may, however, presume that especially the abbreviated names are of Frisian origin, such as Watkin, Simkin, Perkin, and Hodgkin from Walter, Simon, Peter, and Roger.

The most fertile of all is, of course, the good old Anglo-Saxon word *son*, and mixed up with it, now inseparably, the characteristic letter of the genitive, *s*. Thus we have obtained from Harry, Harrison, Harris, Herries, Hawes, and, with the aid of *kin*, Hawkins; from Andrew: Anderson, Andrews, and Henderson; from Michael: Mixon (Mike's son) and Oldmixon; from Walter: Watson, Watts, and Watkins. David has given us Davidson, Davies, Daws, and Dawson; Hodge: Hodgson, Hodges, Hutchins, and Hutchinson; William: Williamson, Williams, Wilson, Wills, and Wilkin, Wilkinson, and Wilkins. From Richard we have Richardson, Richards, Dixon (Dick's son), Dickens and Dickinson; from Adam: Adamson, Adams, Atkin, Atkins, and Atkinson; from Elias: Ellyson, Ellis, Ellice, and Elliott; from Anna: Anson; from Nelly: Nelson; and from Patty: Patterson.

In like manner are derived Benson, Gibson, Jefferson, and Simpson. It must, however, be borne in mind that this final *s* occasionally represents not the genitive of the father's name, but the plural, when the name is derived from some peculiarity of outward appearance. Bones is the appropriate name of a medical practitioner of some distinction, and Shanks seem to have the power of attracting public attention in an uncommon degree, if we may judge of the number of Shanks, Longshanks, Crookshanks, or Cruikshanks, and Sheepshanks we meet with in history and in actual life. Common people, it is well known, have a strange partiality for the plural form in *s*, adding it even to the verb in the vulgar—"says I, says we"—and hence are probably derived names like Flowers, Grapes, Crosskeys, Briggs or Bridges, Banks, Boys, Brothers, Cousins, and Children. A different process has led in Italian to the designation of whole families from appearance or profession, as in the case of the Medici, who had long ceased to be physicians, when they were still so called after an ancestor of fame, or the charming Bello and Rosso, who left behind them families of Belli and Rossi and little Bellini and Rossini.

The old Saxon derivative *ing* has left us unfortunately but few proper names such as Manning and Dunning, but the expressive *kin* is much more largely represented. Derived from the ancient *cyn*, it meant originally "race" and hence gave us Cyning, now contracted into King, the descendant of the race by eminence, as the children of the French sovereign were, with like exclusiveness, long known as *fils de France*, the children of France. Thence came also *cyned*, now *kind*, comprising all who belong to the same race or class. This is the true meaning to be given to the Biblical expression of "trees bearing each after its own kind," and to Hamlet's words: "A little more than kin and less than kind." In its secondary meaning we find the suggestion, that what is of the same race and blood must needs feel affectionately one for another, and thus kindness became synonymous with benevolence and brotherly love. Added to the father's name it has from the earliest times served to designate the descendants, and thus we have obtained Wilkin, Tomkin, Perkin (Peterkin), and their derivatives Wilkins, Wilkinson, etc.

Of equal antiquity, but of much rarer occurrence, are the names obtained by means of the Saxon termination *ock*, as in Pollock, from Paul and contracted into Polk; which is often connected with the first name by an inserted *c*, and thus gives us Wilcox (Will-c-ocks), Philcox, and Mattox.

It is not our intention here to enter into a full explanation of English surnames. The work has been admirably done by men of great research and learning, and yet, as a matter of necessity, but a small proportion of the thirty to forty thousand surnames in our language have been fully explained. They are derived from almost every possible condition of personal qualities, natural objects, occupations, and pursuits, localities, and often from mere caprice and fancy. We will here only allude to a few peculiarities connected with certain classes of names which deserve fuller investigation. The Norman-French brought with them a number of names, which in the course of being Anglicized lost both in form and meaning so much that it is not always easy now to retrace them to their first origin. Thus *e. g.* Le Dispensier, subsequently known as Le Spencer, was originally the *dispensator* or steward to the household. The officer who accompanied the conqueror became, of course, a great baron in England, and at the same time the founder of the illustrious house of Spenser, now represented by the Duke of Marlborough. *Le Gros Veneur*, anciently the chief huntsman to the Dukes of Normandy, founded in like manner the noble house of Grosvenor. *Le Naper*, now known as Napier, was the officer who took charge of the Duke's "napery," his table-linen, etc. This derivation of the illustrious house of Napier is certainly less romantic than that which ascribes it to the grateful monarch's eulogy of his brave vassal, who, he said, had Na Peer, but, on the other hand, it has the advantage of being authentic. *De la Chambre*, the first chamberlain known to England by that name, soon dwindled into Chambers in England, and the corresponding Chalmers in Scotland. The *Summoner* became plain Summer, the *Falconer* simple Faulkner,

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and other French names were still worse treated. The heroic Taillefer, who marched before the Conqueror's host singing ancient war-songs, survives now only as Telfair, while in Italy the name has softened into Tagliaferro, which, though they spell it still Taliaferro, they pronounce in the Southern States as if it were written Toliver. The fair De Champ is now ill-sounding Shands, Belle Chère, taken from what Chaucer means when he says: "For cosynage and eke for bele chere," is now unpleasantly suggestive as Belcher. Molyneux, in humble life, is written as well as pronounced Mullnicks and saintly Theobald is Tipple!

Many Norman names, taken from the bearer's native land or town, suffered in a way to make us tremble for many of our names. The Paganus became first a Paynim, and then, shorter still, Payne; the Genoese is now a Janeway; and the man from Hogstepe calls himself Huckstep. But the worst fate befell three men from three little towns: one was called De Ath, and is now Death; another, De Ville, became briefly Devil; and the family of a third, from Scardeville, branched into two lines—peaceful Scarfields and terrible Scaredevils.

By the side of such unmerciful treatment the most violent contractions in sound appear but trifling injuries done to a name. The noble owners of Cholmondeley, Marjoribanks, and Tollemache may, after that, well bear their curtailment into Chumley, Marchbanks, and Talmash; and even the descendant of the Danish monarch's cup-bearer, originally known as Schenke, and so called by Shakspeare and Dryden, might be reconciled to his modern appellation of Skinker.

Families, moreover, were not the only sufferers by such violence. The names of towns and places, of public and private houses, even though of good old English origin, were in like manner ill-treated and changed beyond all power of recognition. It might be pardonable, from the truthfulness of the description, to change St. Diacre into Sandy Acre, a parish in Derbyshire; and the Chartreuse, a former Carthusian convent of great renown, suppressed during the Reformation, into Charter House. There is no harm in changing "Boulogne Mouth," the sign of a tavern much frequented by sailors from that locality, into Bull and Mouth; or "La Belle Sauvage," the name of another inn, the lease of which had been granted to a Mrs. Isabella Savage, into Bell and Savage, although the pictorial representations which accompany and embody the names are enigmatic enough to puzzle the wisest of antiquarians. The frequenters of the famous ale-house, the "Cat and Wheel," will be little disposed to quarrel with the owner because he substituted those simple words for the more pretentious Catherine on the Wheel of his predecessor; and the "Bag of Nails," a well-known public house in Pimlico, is deservedly more popular now than it was under its classic name of Bacchanalia. But we think we have a right to complain when "St. Mary on the Bourne"—*i. e.*, on the river—is travestied into Marylebone, as "Old Bourne" was into Holborne; and when the memory of the gentle St. Helena, whom our forefathers revered as "Mincheons," is forgotten in the change from Mincheon's Lane, a street that passed their ancient house, into Mincing Lane. Few of us would recognize in the sign of "George and Cannon" a tribute to the fame of George Canning; or in the famous "Goat and Compasses," in the eastern part of the city, the God Encompasseth Us of the Puritans. Still less is it suspected by many admirers of that ancient play, Punch and Judy, that the names represent nothing less than *Pontius cum Judæis*, a relic of an ancient Mystery taken from St. Matthew, xxviii. 19.

Compound surnames are numerous, and often ludicrous enough, when taken aside from the time and circumstances that first suggested them. A Massinger ought ever to be a Catholic, singing holy mass; and a Shakelady would hardly be admitted into good society. How Doolittles get along in life is a mystery; a greater one yet, the patience with which men submit, generation after generation, to being called Gotobed, Stabback, or Popkiss. Total abstinence seems to have been a favorite idea from of old, if we may judge from the fondness of all nations for the name of Drinkwater, which reappears as Bevilacqua in Italy, and as Boileau in France. Sir Thomas Leatherbreeches had weight enough to carry his uncomfortable name into the best society of England; and while Winspear has become a great name in Naples, Shakspeare is immortal. Our Puritan fathers, it is well known, indulged in a sad fancy for Scriptural names, which they used almost at hap-hazard—an abuse which became downright unpardonable when it was extended to whole phrases. On Hume's roll of a Sussex jury we find, among others, a Mr. Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White, of Ewen; and a Mr. Kill-sin Pimple, of Witham. The most unfortunate bearer of such a name was probably the brother of the famous dealer in leather who presided over the Rump Parliament. His pious parents had had him christened as "If-God-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned;" and as no mortal man could utter the whole name in sober earnest every time he spoke of or to the unlucky owner, he was universally known as Damned Barebones.

Such vagaries are, however, by no means limited to one country or one epoch. The great dialectician Diodorus, in order to show that language was the result of an arbitrary choice of words, and not a living organism, gave simple words as names to his slaves, calling one "The," and another "But." There was, of course, as little connection here between the name and the owner as there is between the poor slave on whom a master's caprice has bestowed the name of a free and famous Roman. A German author of considerable fame imposed, in this manner, his pseudonym of Posgaru for

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many years on the world, which read his works and believed in his name. He was enjoying already much reputation, even in England, as the successful translator of Manfred, before it was discovered that he had hid himself behind three Greek words *πὸς γὰρ οὐ*, meaning *Why then not?*

Double names are not frequent among us; they occur mainly where Norman names have been Anglicized. Thus we have d'Anton and Danton, d'Aubry and Dobree, d'Aubeny and Daubeny. Other foreign names have been translated and modified. The French Le Blond reappears as English Fairfax, and mutilated, Blount or Bland. The German Schwarz is sometimes Black, and sometimes Swart or Swarts; Klein is Little, or Small, or Kline. In Canada a village arose on lands belonging to a Mr. Shepherd, and after him was called Shepherdville; the French Canadians immediately translated this into Bergerville. After a while the English element prevailed for a time, and remodeled the name into Beggarville, until the French once more rechristened the unlucky village as *Village des Quêteurs*. A curious class of double names belongs to families who bear them on the pretext of an *alias*. Documents abound in which the same name occurs, not once only, which might be the effect of an accident, but each time accompanied by its shadow. Thus, under the date of 1535, already we meet with a "Ricardus Jackson, *alias* Kenerden." In Scotland the custom prevailed for some time to use the Gaelic name with the English translation superadded. Men called themselves M'Tavish *alias* Thomson, M'Calmon *alias* Dow, or Gow *alias* Smith. Hence, probably, arose the eccentric and otherwise inexplicable custom of some families to write themselves by one name and to call themselves by another, as is the case with the Enroughtys, who are called Derby. The alias was gradually omitted, and the two names remained to be used for two distinct purposes.

As the oldest coats of arms in the nobility of almost all countries are the simplest, consisting generally but of a single device, so the oldest names also may be presumed to have been extremely simple. *Nomen olim apud omnes fere gentes simplex*, says an excellent authority on the subject. Notwithstanding this prestige, however, there seems to have prevailed, from olden times, a dislike to very short and simple names. We know that when Diocles became Emperor he felt called upon to lengthen his name to Diocletian. Lucian mentions a man called Simon, who, "having now gotten a little wealth, changed his name to Simonides, for that there were so many beggars of his kin," and set the house on fire in which he was born, so that nobody should point it out. Early French historians tell us of Bruna, who became queen of that kingdom, when it was thought proper to convey something of royal pomp to her name, and she was called Brunehault. It is a similar reason which induces the popes to change their names as soon as the fisherman's ring is put upon their finger —a custom observed ever since the name of one of their number, Sergius, which meant "Hog's mouth," made this necessary for decency's sake. In England, also, the change is not unfrequent, though a happy excuse was there made for short names by worthy John Cuts. He was an opulent citizen of London, to whose house and care a Spanish embassador had been assigned. The proud Spaniard complained officially of his host's "shortness of name," which he thought disparaging to his honor. "But," says Fuller, "when he found that his hospitality had nothing monosyllabic in it, he groaned only at the utterance of the name of his host."

An entire change of name was not unknown to our forefathers even. Camden tells us that they were frequent in his time, "to modify the ridiculous, lest the bearer should seeme villified by them." We all know why our friend Smith writes himself Smythe or Smeeth, and Mr. Taylor has become Mr. Tayleure. It is of the latter that Mr. Lower tells the following good story: A Mr. Taylor, who had been mollified into Tayleure, asked a farmer, haughtily, the name of his dog. The answer was: "Why, Sir, his proper name is Jowler, but since he's a consequential kind of a puppy we calls him Jowleure." If Plato was right in exhorting parents to give happy names to their children, because the minds, actions, and successes of men depended not on their genius and fate only, but also on their names, then we can certainly not blame those who desire to rid themselves of an ill-omened surname. Hence we can sympathize with poor Mr. Death, of Massachusetts, who petitioned the Court to change his name to Dickinson, and we do so all the more readily because malicious Fate would have it that the member who presented the petition was a Mr. Graves. A Mr. Wormwood supported his more ambitious desire to assume the name of Washington by the argument that "no member of taste would oppose his request, and that the intense sufferings of so many years of Wormwood existence deserved the compensation of a great and glorious name."

SALLY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

IT was just at the close of a June day, while the vesper-sparrows trilled their evening hymns, that John Thoresby came across the fields to the farm of Squire Dodge. The air was perfumed with clover and fainter woodscents that blew up from the fringe of timberland skirting the village, and as John walked on he now and then stooped to pull the ghost of a dandelion from which its glory had departed, blowing its threads of gossamer thither and yon, as he had been used to do when a boy—a fatal test whether or no he was wanted at home. But just now his thoughts wandered abroad; his fate, as it were, hung on these fine threads; if *Sally* wanted him they would break like a bubble and scatter at the first full breath, other-

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wise—well, if they didn't, he forswore the faith of his childhood. However, it rather bespoke humility in him that he should have had any doubts about the matter, since he had been "going" with Sally, on and off, ever since he could remember. He had a handsome face, a good name, a large farm, and kept the district school every winter; besides, Sally was the only girl in all the place that he would "look at," as the saying went, though they were not few who looked at him and were obliged to look away again. Nevertheless he had hesitated too long, as prudence told him—he remembered vaguely some old saw to the purpose that faint heart never won fair lady; which, together with the appearance of a rival on the tapis, urged him to delay no longer.

And who was this presumptuous rival stepping in between Sally and himself, whom the village threat, that if he flirted with Sally Dodge John Thoresby "would be in his hair," only moved to laughter? It was none other than a "born gentleman," as the girls dubbed him, ordered by his physician into the salubrious country to breathe dew-strained air and drink new milk. To be sure, there were those who heartily disbelieved either in his gentle birth or weak lungs, who did not scruple to declare him of the ilk who live by their wits; but as these were usually of his own sex, it didn't matter much to him or any one else. With the rich bloom of his complexion, the daring brilliancy of coal-black eyes, the ripe lips that gave an accent of tenderness to the veriest nothings, the flash of white teeth, the hands dainty as a woman's, the grace of manner that expresses so much more than it intends, he might well have subjugated a more sophisticated circle of young girls, and given a pang to the hearts of more secure lovers. As it was, he became the ninety-and-nine days' gossip; no tea-drinking, no picnic was complete without him; so that it was scarcely surprising that such remarks as, "A born gentleman! Acts like a born fool!" "Handsome is that handsome does!" "Handsome! Do you call *him* handsome? he's got a *horrid* nose!" were of frequent occurrence from neglected swains. Having flirted desperately with each rustic nymph, and raised in the bosom of each as magnificent visions of a city home, servants, silver, equipage, and what not, as their uncultivated imaginations could suggest, he had of late bidden adieu to caprice and become the very devoted slave of Sally Dodge.

While John Thoresby strode onward his mind was full of these things. To love Sally seemed to him so much a matter of course that it hardly appeared worth while to tell her of it. Still he was uneasy; she was a mortal, and though certainly not as fallible as other maidens, of whom he could count a score, ready to go to the world's end with his rival, yet what might not a dashing exterior accomplish to his prejudice?

"After all," thought he, "perhaps I am reckoning without my host. Who knows if it is any thing more than friendliness she has shown me? Or if Philip Kingsdown is not more according to her desert than I?" Which reflections in no wise tended to retard his steps or shake his resolution.

As he turned into a little wooded space, intervening between the house and the fields through which he had passed, the murmur of voices smote upon his ear, followed by laughter like a peal of bells, while through the dusk two forms parted the boughs beside him and went onward, dropping on the wind as they went snatches of song that stole back to him, till echo caught and carried them like some precious spell through all the listening wood. He had paused in the shadow of the trees, straining his wild eyes after their retreating figures, with Sally's name unuttered on his lip, and as he leaned heavily against the nearest support a legion of desperate resolutions whirled across his brain; he would follow, and Sally should choose between them, now and forever; he would sell his farm and go to Australia, and never see or think of her again, he would—what would he *not* do? But oh, if she did not care for him, it was all in vain, Australia or Nova Zembla were no nearer happiness than Blossomborough; happiness, that had perched on his palm but yesterday perhaps, while he neglected to close his hand over it! Still at last he gathered up his faculties and pursued his way to Squire Dodge's door.

There sat Mrs. Dodge knitting in the porch; there was her husband a step beyond, near the orchard-paling, discussing the latest news with a neighbor. The scene would have been charming, with the crescent of the young moon duskily illuminating it, but for the omission of one figure that could alone give grace and romance to the view.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Dodge," said John. "Where is Sally?"

"Oh, John, is that you? Sally? She's got to be just like one of these fire-flies; she's whisked off this minute with that what's-his-name, to have a moonlight stroll, as he called it. They will have to be quick, for the moon is going down fast."

"The quicker the better for me," added John, with a forced laugh.

Mrs. Dodge eyed him over her spectacles. "Girls will be girls," said she, consolingly. "I don't mind owning up to doing a little flirting myself when I was a girl; it was worth walking a mile with a blockhead, just to see Dodge's eyes when he came to know it."

"Ah, Mrs. Dodge, I'm afraid Sally inherits."

"Yes, yes: she's a chip of the old block. But you sit down a while; she'll be along soon. I told her not to walk far in the dew."

So he sat down upon the steps, while Mrs. Dodge gave the reins to memory, and related the many hair-breadth escapes from matrimony she had suffered, together with items of minor interest to make the time speed; but still no Sally.

"I guess she has stepped in somewhere," re-

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marked her mother. The moon went wandering into the west out of sight, and left the stars to follow at their own sweet wills; the tree-toad quavered his serenade unflinchingly; the little bubbling brook grew melodious at having all the world to listen—but no Sally came to render the charm complete. With every moment John's heart grew heavier—oh, what delayed her? Somewhere he felt, underneath this very heaven, this stranger wooed *his* darling while he sat idle. Mrs. Dodge had fallen asleep in her chair, with the last reminiscence unfinished, and by the detached sentences she now and again dropped from out the land of dreams: it was plain she lived it all over again, word for word, that in that country she was always young. John rose, and walked down the lane hesitatingly; if he were to go now, after waiting so long, and miss her by a minute! He walked back, and Sally met him alone at the doorway.

"Sally!"

"Oh! Is it you, John? I didn't see any one. You are quite a stranger, I declare," she added.

"I had hoped never to be a stranger to you, Sally."

"Oh no, of course not, John; you are my oldest friend."

There was something ominous in this, he felt.

"Friend," he repeated, "I thought to be something dearer than that, Sally; that some time you might—love me—is it—is it—too late?"

"It might—perhaps—I don't know—" she answered; "but you did not speak, and—to-night I am promised."

It never occurred to him that any protest on his part would signify; that for weeks she had been daily worsted in a drawn-battle between her affections and her ambition; and she perhaps fancied him lukewarm, when he merely left a kiss on her forehead without reproof.

So John Thoresby went home to try and forget Sally; at least to set her memory in some sacred niche of his heart, and go about his business as if it were not there burdening each moment of his life. But he found forgetfulness no easy craft; the waters of Lethe are guarded by what invulnerable dragons! He grew diligent upon his farm, he set himself to repairing fences, to trying new seeds, to introducing a thousand improvements, to studying attentively every body's theory of agriculture; he worked with a will at whatever his hands found to do, but whether he swung his scythe in the fragrant meadow lands, or made the solemn woods answer with a thousand voices to the ringing of his axe, or hoed potatoes hour by hour, his mind was pretty sure to be picture-making at Squire Dodge's; and at evening, when fatigue unnerved him and recreation was wanting, what better could he do with his thoughts than give them leave to visit Sally, since he might no longer go himself? Was he not a prosaic lover though, to hoe potatoes instead of writing poetry?

I dare say his plan was the healthier.

Presently it came out that Sally Dodge was engaged to Philip Kingsdown; for in a place like Blossomborough, one knows one's neighbor's business better than one's own, and usually pays more attention to it; and when John came in to tea one evening, he was regaled with a broadside of gossip concerning it from a "friend," who, under cover of dropping in to drink tea with his mother in neighborly fashion, had come to spy out the poverty of the land.

"Umph!" said she; "quite a catch for Sally, I expect."

"Is it?"

"Now don't you go to being cut up about it, John Thoresby; there's jist as good fish in the sea as ever was caught."

"Only one must have bait," said he, attempting to be facetious.

"Now, it's a curious fact," she continued, "that I ain't spoke with a girl under thirty-five who can see for the life of 'em what Kingsdown sees in Sally Dodge, and they were jist as short-sighted when *you* was waiting upon her; and that reminds me—how came you and her to flare up?"

"I never heard that we did. Sally and I are good friends."

"Now, that beats all. Mrs. Jones told Mrs. Jenkins that her sister-in-law heard some one say over at Mr. Arnold's that you went to see Sally one night when she'd gone out with Kingsdown; and how you walked up and down the gravel-path and stormed about it to Mrs. Dodge was a caution; and how, by-and-by, you cooled down, and when Sally came home you had words with her a spell, and she went in and slammed the door, and you shook your fist in the air and marched off."

"It's not true," returned John.

"I told 'em so! And what's more, I told 'em that I didn't want to hear no more of their scandal, for a dog that will fetch a bone will carry one. You seen the things Kingsdown's given her?"

"No."

"Well, he give her an elegant ring with a great pearl in it, only she's lost it out, which don't look well for the match."

"Certainly not for the ring," interrupted John.

"Then he's give her a bracelet—real Guinea gold—and a brooch, and a pattern muslin. Now, between us, I wouldn't have took the gownd; you're like to wear those sort of things, you know; and if she should quarrel there'd be nothing but a rag to send back. There was Sue Morris, for instance—didn't young Taylor give her a silk gownd that cost every cent of ten dollars when he was a-keeping company with her, I should like to know? And didn't she put it on, and slat it out jist as if silk grew on every bush? And when her and Taylor flared up, what does his mother do but writes her a note, a-telling her she should like that silk gownd her son was so silly as to give her. Well, you see,

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it was all in strings, so Sue jist sends her back ten dollars, and sixty cents interest."

Poor John! those were dolorous days for him. Go where he would, Sally Dodge and Philip Kingsdown were the burden of every song; their happiness seemed to pursue him like a Nemesis; at the post-office, in the street, even at church, people appeared to put themselves out to talk to him about them. They would not let him be silent; they plied him with questions; they sounded him with fantastic conjectures; they falsified for him the adage that a man's house is his castle. Was he gathering fruit in his orchard, neighbor Jones mustered into the service, and gathered, at the same time, whatever trifling remarks on the all-absorbing theme John chanced to let fall; was he repairing a gate, neighbor Jenkins did not fail to repair to the spot in order to taste of "the cup which cheers but not inebriates;" did he water old Quicksilver, Miss Earl was alert with her bucket, eager to quench the thirst of a too-inquiring mind by an adroit use of the "pump."

He had made a plan, at odd moments, of the improvements which he had intended to complete upon the old homestead, at such time as Sally should signify her readiness to share it with him; a cozy bow-window here, a veranda there; in his mind's eye it was all finished, even to the pretty lattice and the wayward vine trembling in the breeze and throwing its tesselating shadow on the floor—even to the dainty figure at work there, or the two resting at twilight in the embowered veranda, while the stars glinted between like blossoms of the vine that had bloomed at their approach. Well, it was high time that he should play the part of the iconoclast, and shatter these idolatrous images; he could burn the plans—that were easily done—but what weapon was immaterial enough to annihilate thoughts and feelings? You may be sure he did not ask himself any such questions, but went about his endeavor with such weapons as he had at hand, with axe and hoe and hammer and scythe, till experience taught him that they were inadequate to the end. The few novels he had read told of disappointed lovers taking to the desperate ways of faro and the Seine; but it was all Greek to him; he could no more understand the love that is not noble enough to keep the lover virtuous than he could understand a play of Euripides. His love was to him an angel "having charge concerning him."

As for Sally, she felt as if she had held the winning card and discarded it. "If John hadn't seemed so resigned," she said to herself—"if he had seemed to take it harder—if he had looked as Philip did when I hesitated, and said such splendid things—why—but he didn't. And after all, it's pleasanter to be loved greatly than to love; at any rate, it isn't so troublesome," she added, remembering sundry jealousies she had entertained at a time when John's pretty cousin came to Blossomborough.

So she shut the door on the past, albeit 'twas of unseasoned stuff and wouldn't close, and gave herself up to present pleasure and brilliant anticipations of the future. Every one said: "How handsome Sally Dodge is growing!" "How her eyes sparkle!" "How her color flits!" "How lively she is!" They positively believed love was the talisman that had brought it all to pass—and wasn't it so?

"It's no use crying over spilt milk," she would persuade herself. "If I were to break with Philip now, how would John know it was because—because—pshaw! Besides, is it worth while?"

Therefore she tried to fancy herself in love with Philip, to write him sentimental notes, to keep his picture beneath her pillow, to shut her eyes when she found weakness where she had been used to meet strength, to believe herself romantic when she was only ambitious.

Once, when Sally came tripping home from an errand across the little river that sang like a siren all through the landscape of Blossomborough, there was John Thoresby leaning over the parapet and gazing into the stream with the air of one who dreams. Since he was so utterly oblivious of her ladyship's presence she had half the mind to leave him unmolested, when vanity, absurdly enough, suggested that, maybe, he contemplated sadder things. So:

"Do you believe in mermaids, John?"

"I did once," he replied, looking up with a cheerfulness that relieved at the same time that it chilled her. I do believe she would have liked him to be a trifle melancholy, just short of the dangerous. No one enjoys having a rejected suitor console himself in a fortnight.

"Well," continued she, "if it were not a mermaid, what was it that engrossed you?"

"A land-maid perhaps," he returned, very veraciously.

"Oh, very likely. Do you remember when we used to launch a chip just here, called the *Lively Sally*, and send it on a voyage of discovery to the North Pole?"

"Ah yes; it was always the *Lively Sally*, Captain Thoresby. It must have foundered. Who has heard of it since?"

"Oh, doubtless it put into some port for repairs, and was pronounced unseaworthy. We shall find it one day, high and dry on the beach, cracked and seamed and blistering in the sun."

"A wreck of itself."

"A wreck of itself; and I suppose the crew of beetles are jolly tars by this, and its cargo of clover-heads have gone to grass. Why didn't we have an insurance?"

"It would have been good policy."

"Certainly. But good-by! See, the sun is setting."

When she had gone some distance a backward glance assured her that his eyes still followed her. How long it was before she met their smile again!

Shortly after this old Mrs. Thoresby said good-by to her son, and journeyed alone to the land of the Hereafter. John felt as if the storms of misfortune were gathering about him.

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The old house that had been so pleasant to him grew distasteful; the lonesome, deserted rooms had only shadows to welcome him; his meals were like a hermit's. No longer bound by expectation or affection to Blossomborough he resolved to leave it, and accordingly the inhabitants were electrified one morning by the fact that the "Thoresby Farm" was for sale. Every body's eyes and ears expanded to their utmost; it almost took away their breath; and for one, Miss Earl delayed not a moment to toss on her sun-bonnet and happen in at "Square Dodge's to see how the land lay"—not that she wanted to buy, however.

"Where's John Thoresby bound to?" she essayed, after the first greetings were exchanged. "His farm's advertised, sure's I'm alive. You needn't tell *me* there ain't nobody at the bottom of it," shaking her head at Sally, whose heart gave a wild leap and shook her like a reed.

"Can't one sell a farm without something being in the wind?" returned Sally, quietly.

"Not unless it's to *raise* the wind, and that's not John's fix."

"Well, I'm not in Mr. Thoresby's confidence, Miss Earl. I'm afraid I can't give you any information on that subject."

"Ain't ye, though? Why you and him used to be as thick as cream. There's Miss Pike—her folks used to reckon upon having you next door, sure as rates. Says she to me, says she, 'When John gits married I suppose Sarah and him will live in the old place, an' I shall be right glad when it's done; for I shouldn't like some girls that I know of for neighbors, that haven't got the broughten up of Sarah Dodge.'"

"I'm sorry to disappoint Mrs. Pike," said Sally.

"I guess she ain't the only disappointed one."

"Oh!"

"Where's Mr. Kingsdown? Seems to me I don't see *him* round."

"He has gone fishing up the river."

"Above the bridge? Pity he didn't go t'other day and ketch you and John a-chatting together there; I reckon there'd bin a pretty kettle of fish."

"How did you know I met John on the bridge?"

"Oh, a little bird told me!"

"A little busy-body, I should say."

And Miss Earl, having verified one item of rumor and expounded another, took her complacent departure.

No one in Blossomborough knew—though it was certainly no one's fault—whither John Thoresby went: he took no one into his confidence, he asked no advice; it was plain to him that if he were to live without Sally it must be away from dear old Blossomborough; and so he turned his back on it, and went out into the great whirling world beyond, without the high hopes and romantic imaginings that have upheld and inspirited many a youth on the same desolate pathway, but not without many a silent prayer against the power of temptation, which, perhaps, served him better than legions of brittle resolutions.

Fortune favors the brave, we hear; and, perhaps, having lost foothold in his affections by her untoward behavior, she at last decided to turn over a new leaf, in order to win John Thoresby to herself; for true it is that henceforth she showed him a smiling face; she beckoned him over rivers and seas, across mountains and plains; she revealed to him the secrets of the soil; she endowed him with the miraculous touch of King Midas, with some notable exceptions; she hung an amulet about him that preserved from ill; indeed, she seemed only to keep her wonderful wheel revolving that it might spin his straw into shining gold. As for himself, he received prosperity with a sort of indifference; it was welcome to stay with him, it was as welcome to go: it resembled the elixir of life with the living essence left out; it was simply insipid: he would doubtless have preferred to hobnob with adventure, and entangle himself in the underbrush of variable circumstances. He met with elegant and accomplished women by scores—women with fascinations that might well have placed rustic graces in the background, but whose most sparkling coquetries failed to obscure for an instant the recollections of one simple village girl; but he thought of her now as Mrs. Kingsdown, living the same luxurious life as these creatures about him; he thought, with regret, how her cordial manners had perhaps stiffened into conventionalisms, her pretty arts rounded themselves into the intrigues of fashion; he *never* thought of her as disappointed, wronged, faded, and suffering—how could he?

Down in Blossomborough time carried other changes: not long after John Thoresby's departure Philip Kingsdown, perhaps, finding the course of true love running too smooth for romance or excitement, and his health reinstated, wrote some namby-pamby verses to Sally on the state of his heart and the rough usage he received from Fate in being obliged to leave that essential organ behind him, whistled, "If I had but ten thousand a year," and bade Sally goodby, silencing her expostulations with promises of frequent bulletins and a speedy return. She looked after him, as he swung carelessly down the road, with some pride in her heart, the figure was so lithe and graceful, but certainly with no tear in her eyes, because it was so dear; saw him clamber to the top of the waiting stage-coach, kiss his hand, and wave his handkerchief—heard the driver crack his whip, the impatient horses break into a gallop, and directly they were all a blur in the distance.

And then it happened that Sally's trials commenced, that her pride resolved itself into chagrin, that Philip's name brought the blush his voice could never provoke; then it was that the measure she had meted was measured to her, running over—she had given deceit, she must receive the same; she had sowed the wind, here was the bitter, piercing whirlwind; then, if she

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had loved him, her heart might have broken. Week after week she watched the postman on his rounds, at first with smiling assurance; but later, when the hour approached, she withdrew to her own room and questioned fate through the chinks of the blinds; and whenever the stage lumbered into town, dusty and creaking, and discharged its cargo, not even Miss Earl's eyes vouchsafed the passengers more minute scrutiny; it was a lottery in which she daily invested her diminishing faith, and as daily drew a blank. Now and then an unsuspicious neighbor would ask, "What do you hear from Mr. Kingsdown, Sally?" Now and then a malicious one brought her a *bonne bouche* of the gossip which resembles the rolling stone that gathers *no* moss in nothing excepting its motion. When she went out it was under peril from a masked battery of eyes—she had heard that walls have ears—she knew, to her cost, that blinds had eyes. Sometimes Miss Earl brought blundering consolation in the assurance that, "sooner or later, Philip Kingsdown would get his come-upance."

"Justice is justice," was a favorite aphorism of her own, "and justice *will* take place, sooner or later."

But all this no way eased the smart that vanity had received, nor broke the fall of pride.

She had looked to be among the first in the land, to ride in her carriage, to feed on the roses and lilies of life, to be a leader of fashion, and star it in the social world; for although Squire Dodge was among the best of Blossomborough—the gentry of the place, as Miss Earl impressed upon all strangers—still Sally was aware of a sphere beyond Blossomborough in which she aspired to shine; and maybe she had figured to herself the report rumor would be sure to carry to her native town of her splendor; a very weak and miserable pride, no doubt, but one in which many a girl with more "brought-en up" than Sally has indulged.

So a few years passed, and the two young men who had stirred Blossomborough to its centre had drifted at last almost completely out of its everyday, homespun life. When the blow was fresh upon Sally she had rejoiced that John Thoresby was nowhere near to witness her degradation, as she chose to think it; hoped she might never see his face again; but by-and-by she began to long for his cordial companionship without confessing it to herself, however; there was a void in her life for which Philip Kingsdown was scarcely responsible.

Sometimes the newspapers spoke of a Mr. Thoresby, and the villagers wondered if it were John, when he was at the other end of the world; sometimes his name turned up among the marriages, and they turned up their eyes and questioned if he had wherewithal upon which to support a wife; sometimes it fixed them from among the list of deaths, and their eyes wandered instinctively in the direction of the pleasant Thoresby farm and two white slabs in the mossy church-yard, and they fell to speaking of his genial ways and his frank, handsome countenance, and to reviving the days when they had seen him passing to and fro, the boyish lover of Sally Dodge. Sometimes, indeed, the name of Kingsdown flourished in a report of some wedding among the *ton*, or made a handsome figure on a subscription list; but whether or no it were "that scamp Kingsdown" was a subject of serious conjecture.

Meanwhile the maggot of ambition, having worked mischief with Sally, invaded Squire Dodge's brain one spring morning; he had spent part of the previous winter as delegate to the General Court, and, "life that was life, had opened his eyes," as he said, "to momentous opportunities;" it inspired him with a haste to get rich, with a sublime faith in speculations and his own business capacities. Nowadays he was always off to the city, always returning with his hat full of mysterious documents, always eagerly scanning the daily news, engrossed in interminable calculations, and as inflammable in temper as though he were afflicted with the gout. He allowed the planting season to leave him in the lurch, his fences and out-buildings to go to wreck and ruin, and gave his cattle *carte blanche* of the premises. Mrs. Dodge scolded, Sally expostulated, the neighbors spied and meddled, but he pursued his way rejoicing and confident. Miss Earl sagely prophesied that "Square Dodge would come out at the little end of the horn one day;" but whether she referred to either horn of a dilemma or that of a cornucopia was not apparent, though the reflection seemed to afford immense compensation for her baffled curiosity.

"Heigh-ho, neighbor Dodge," shouted Mr. Jenkins, leaning over the front gate, which threatened to collapse beneath him, "seems to me we ain't as spruce as usual."

"We don't pine about it," answered the Squire, making an effort worthy of the occasion.

"Ha, ha; I say, neighbor, your orchard's a sight to behold."

"Don't look at it then."

"Them canker-worms are giving you a lift agin' harvest-time."

"Canker-worms? I haven't seen any."

"Cracky! where do you keep your eyes?"

"On my own affairs."

"Good! Rither far-sighted, ain't ye?"

"Not quite so much so as some of my neighbors."

"Well, I advise you to look through their spectacles a spell."

"They'd give me the blind staggers."

"They'd show you a spectacle, Square."

"Well, Jenkins, there's one thing a body don't need glasses to see, and that's a meddler. Good-morning." And Jenkins departed in high dudgeon, of course.

"It's a long lane that has no turn," as Miss Earl remarked, privately, with regard to her own unrewarded efforts to get at the gist of Squire Dodge's affairs rather than to any desire

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she entertained for reformation therein; and true it is that Blossomborough waxed feverish in its pulse one day when it transpired that two strangers had come down in the morning stage, spent some hours closeted with Squire Dodge, and had departed late in the afternoon, leaving the Squire delving among a heap of papers, apparently, till, when Sally stole softly in to summon him to tea, she found him bowed over the waste, dead like his hopes and ambitions. Here was a fine piece of work for the gossips, who already resembled wreckers reaching out remorseless hands for each precious stranded morsel, loth that any should escape them. There were a thousand explanations abroad, a thousand surmises; whether or no Sally and her mother would wear the deepest mourning, and if it would be becoming; whether the Squire had left a will, and if Mrs. Dodge would be likely to marry again at her age; whether they would sell the place or farm it at the halves; or, in short, *what* they would do, and how they would do it. That he had left a competency to his heirs was the unanimous opinion; imagine, then, what direful consternation ensued when it was found that he had swamped every thing in his too eager clutch at a slippery bubble.

"I told you so!" ejaculated Miss Earl.

"I knowed how it would cend!" squeaked Mr. Jenkins. "'Twas as plain as a man's nose on his face!" cried the neighborhood in concert.

After the first agony was passed Sally bestirred herself and began to make plans for the future; scant room for castle-building was here, that glorious compensation for the trials of young and old. There were those even in Blossomborough who were not slow to offer her a home; but Sally from among her earthly goods had saved a dismal remnant of pride. Besides, she had some idea what such dependence might be like; so, gathering together their slender means, she and her mother, shattered and enfeebled by the shock, pursued their isolated path outside of Blossomborough, dimly feeling that where so much of their own had been lost *something* might perhaps be found.

It was not *quite* the first time Sally had made acquaintance with this plausible world. Now and again she had been to the neighboring cities, on heydays and holidays, for a little shopping or a visit. She knew something of its thoroughfares, of its inns; very little of its customs and its pitfalls. They took lodgings in an obscure quarter, of which she remembered to have heard her father speak as respectable and cheap; and with visions of a comfortable home, the fruit of her own exertions, Sally spent weeks in a diligent search for employment. Poor child, how many unsuspected lions stayed her steps toward the Palace of Industry! She found herself, with dismay, unfitted for almost every species of work; the energy which she had wielded with credit at home upon a farm was ill adapted to the emergencies of a city. She had fancied herself a competent seamstress; here those who would overlook her want of a recommendation found fault with her execution. Wherever she turned for aid the fiat *mene, mene* confronted her with visible letters of flame, burning into her life itself. Thus they dragged on a pitiful existence; to-day elated by some prospect of a dreary drudgery of the needle, to-morrow bowed beneath defeat. One by one the visions Hope had painted grew dim in this atmosphere of penury, stepped sternly out of sight, while ghastly forebodings came to take their places. Her mother, broken in health and mind, sometimes spent whole weeks in bed, sometimes rose and insisted upon doing a portion of the work, which Sally as often was obliged to undo, with aching eyes and patient fingers. While they waged continual warfare with famine here, the deep blue autumn skies reminded them of harvest-days at home—days of unappreciated ease and plenty, when their bins were overflowing as their hospitalities, and their orchards lavish of luscious wealth; days when the odor of preserves was regnant, while the lucent jellies filtered themselves into colored crystals, and the great pans of milk in the dairy gathered richness in idleness; days that needed only a passing breath from a confectioner's near to revive themselves, till Mrs. Dodge sought consolation in the tattered leaves of a receipt-book, that by some chance remained to her.

"There's constitution cake," she would say. "I used to make that when I expected folks at camp-meeting time, because it was hearty; and Sally, here's that very cup cake I've baked so often when Mr. Bliss was on the circuit. I baked it in hearts and rounds; he thought they were so much more tempting than a slice. Don't you remember how we used to call it Bliss cake at home?"

"Oh! did we?"

"Yes; and some folks called *him* Earthly Bliss, he was so fond of tid-bits. One pound butter, nine eggs—no; where was I? Oh! *five* eggs—what a hen the cropple-crown was for laying! She laid all winter once, if you'll believe it; only in summer time she *would* lay away, all we could do. Don't you know how she marched into the yard one day, as grand as Cuffy, with twelve chickens she'd hatched on the sly?"

And thus she would beguile herself with fragments of the past, so commonplace at the time, so precious in retrospection. But Sally's retrospections were of a somewhat different order. Day after day the happy, careless years, when John Thoresby was her ever-present thought and companion, passed like some court pageant in review before her. It was the one poem of her life, the thrilling romance that she knew by heart, which she could take up at any chapter, in any company, in the midst of whatever toil, and forget the meagre Now and its belongings. It was a volume always open beneath her eyes, the moral of which ran—"If you had listened to reason and John Thoresby." There

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were times when the persistent wind appropriated the very airs, sweet and flute-like, she had heard John whistle on rare June mornings. Sometimes it soughed in the long metre of the hymn tunes they had used to sing together at singing-school; the little crazy clock ticked his name, like some spiritual manifestation; the trip-hammers across the way sprang to the hornpipe which she had first danced with him; no strange voice on the stairs but gave an impetus to her sluggish blood; no knock at her door but sent the heart into her mouth:

Having been more than usually successful one week, on Saturday night she brought home a new pair of shoes to replace the patched and slipshod leather rags she was shuffling about in with infinite discomfiture; she was trying them on wearily, as she did every thing nowadays, and thinking how Somebody had once said the foot was pretty, when suddenly, by what chance, her own name, printed in large type in the newspaper in which the shoes had been wrapped, arrested her. If a policeman had touched her significantly and said, "My prisoner, Miss Sarah Dodge!" she could no more have doubted her own cognomen, or been more inclined to dispute it: still, there it was; it did not fade away, nor was it written in sympathetic ink that the heat of imagination might call it forth; but without feeling that it was positively her own, being in fact rather confused as to whether or no she owned so much as a name, she carried it nearer the tallow-dip, eager to know what it was about this Sarah Dodge, in whom, at some period of her life, she seemed to have taken an unaccountable interest.

"If Miss Sarah Dodge will inform J. T., Pitt's Place, New York, where she may be found, she will greatly relieve the anxiety of an old friend."

That was all; but how much it said to her lonely, aching heart! Here was somebody from among the indifferent millions of mankind who stretched out a friendly hand to her, somebody who was anxious about her—J. T. What pretty initials they were! The little clock took them up and went on beating out J. T.'s to infinity. She no longer mistrusted her identity. John Thoresby bore witness to it, and he loved her still! To be loved, what an experience was that, yes—oh yes, and to love! In her old glad days of conquest she had known nothing like it; but stay, imagination had played her false long ago, what if it were cheating her again? There was no syllable of love in this, merely the anxiety any "friend" might entertain; she had changed in so much, might he not have changed in something? The Very Thing, without a certainty of whose existence she could hardly reply to his appeal? It never struck her that one, though figuring in the thin disguise of initials, might hesitate to publish his sentiments, or that as a "friend" he acted in the character she had given him. Struggling thus with doubt her eyes rested again on the torn sheet; how could she have carried it so long without a prescience of its value? It was like some ragged parchment one spurns from one's path in which a fortune lies perdu; how tumbled and yellow it was!—dolt, why had she not thought to look for the date? *It was two years before!* That settled it. To-day he might not be of the same mind as then; two years of utter silence must have put an end to whatever interest he once felt: what plant can live without sunshine? She tried to recollect her employment on that September day, two years back, where her thoughts had been busy, if she had received no unrecognized intimations that another heart beat strongly for her. Oh, why had not Fate thrown this newspaper in her way as well at that time as to-night? Why, but because two years ago she was too proud to confess to John Thoresby that poverty was irksome and love a magnet.

So she folded the advertisement away with her souvenirs and went plodding on in her old ways, while her mother's life seemed fading like an untended flame, and her own a threadbare fabric, once woven in gold brocade.

And so John Thoresby had wandered back to Blossomborough two years before—to a very different Blossomborough from that which he had left it. The grass no longer grew in the streets, a railroad track had meandered into his once thrifty orchard, the dear old farm-house flaunted a barbarous sign-board to signify that here was entertainment for man and beast. The loud rustle of machinery, the unfamiliar faces, the alert step of the passers, the well-kept roads and pretentious homes—above all, the spirit of enterprise, which blew dust into his face and jostled him on the way, made him half believe that he had alighted at the wrong station.

"Is this Blossomborough?" he asked, of a boy.

"No, it's Datonsville; it used to be Blossomborough though, before Mr. Daton built them mills there and set the place agoing 2.40."

"Indeed! Can you tell me any thing of Squire Dodge's family?"

"Never heard of 'em myself."

Sauntering onward he easily recognized the old wooden house of Miss Earl, which always looked as if it had just stepped out of a toy village, with its one poplar holding guard over it; and there, too, stood its owner, bent and gray as ever, haggling with the butcher over a joint of meat.

"Miss Earl, I believe," said John, offering his hand.

"Goodness gracious me! Did you rain down, John Thoresby? I *thought* you had a natural sort of way with ye as you came along; I was jist asking Mr. Newton if he could tell who that smart-looking stranger was. Come in now."

"I begin to think that either I am bewitched or Blossomborough is, Miss Earl."

"Mercy sake! I'm glad to hear the old name agin. This new folderol jist leaves us old inhabitants out in the cold. Suppose now some one should ask where I was borned? I'm sure 'twasn't in Datonsville; and there isn't no such

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place as Blossomborough. Datonsville! Fiddlesticksville, *I* say."

Here the impatient butcher put his head in at the door.

"Going ter take this jint?"

"Well, Mr. Newton, I'll leave it ter you. I've told ye what I'll give; but I don't want nobody to call *me* a skinflint."

"Well, I'll leave it with you, I guess."

"I dare say," said John, after this characteristic interruption, "that all our old friends have changed as much as the town."

"That's true. There's Mrs. Jenkins, she's dead and buried, and Jenkins married agin, and his wife's got a pianny, and her and the girls they keep hot water in the house all the time. She makes Jenkins walk Spanish, I can tell you."

And so, after completing the circuit of Robin Hood's barn, the force of circumstances run her foul of Squire Dodge's.

"Mr. Jones he got burned bad putting out the fire on Square Dodge's old place. It caught in the barn, you see, and—"

"Were any of the family injured?"

"No; only Sophrony was scart half out of her wits, which, between you and me, wasn't no great harm."

"Sophrony! Who is Sophrony?"

"She's Mr. Perkins's daughter. There was four of 'em, but two's got married since that. He bought the place from the Square's creditors."

"The Squire's creditors?"

"Lor! hain't you ever heard how the Square made away with every thing he had in the world? And some *do* say that he made away with himself too."

"I have heard nothing at all."

"Mercy! 'twas so long ago I thought every body knew; it made a great deal of talk. Miss Dodge she took it amazing hard. She went out of her head for a week, and Sally had a heap of things on her hands. But Sally's plucky."

"Was she married at that time?"

"Married! She isn't married, not as I knows on, unless it's since they left these parts."

"And why not?"

"Because that scamp jilted her; that is, he went off one day, and that was the last of him. But justice is justice, and justice will take place sooner or later; he'll git *his* come-upance!"

"Very likely. But Sally—how have they got along?"

"Mercy knows. They went away, bag and baggage, to Jericho for all *I* know. When a body asked Sally she'd only say she was going ter work; ye couldn't git nothing else out of her. You know she was always a little close-mouthed, Sally was."

John left Blossomborough in the next train, though steam was hardly swift enough, since he felt that every moment was precious to him, that no time must be lost in his search for Sally. Every delay at the way-stations annoyed him beyond endurance, while he tortured himself with a thousand possibilities of evil. After all, it was like hunting for a needle in a hay-mow; therefore what better could he do than advertise for her, and spend his day in the haunts of the poor and afflicted, feeling assured that she must be among them? From one of the most retiring of men he became the most inquisitive, and though he left no stone unturned, it seemed to him as if the world was full of disappointments and Dodges.

He swooped down upon a Miss Dodge in the millinery line, who for a moment believed the "coming man" had arrived: he sent up his card to an aristocratic Miss Dodge, who was "not at home;" but having seen him from a window by stealth afterward told her friend that "she would have given *any thing* if she had been:" he interrupted a blushing Miss Dodge in the midst of a spelling-match, and set the school tittering: and positively a Miss Dodge answered his advertisement, and brought him from New York to encounter a sort of Miss Tox in a frisette.

Every day was an opportunity that he embraced with eager hope, a hope that discouragement itself appeared to feed. He was sure that at last success would reward him; that if he was necessary to her Providence would bring it about, while he aspired to such nobility as might satisfy her utmost need. How near we sometimes stand to our heart's desire and it eludes us, and what apparently insignificant circumstances influence destiny! A step backward or forward saves a life; a word, a smile, a tone, reconciles those whom the same estranged; "touch of hand, turn of head," makes the wilderness of life to blossom like a rose; a moment's hesitation puts beyond reach that which only another revolution of the wheel can replace. In the mean while every thing arrives to him who can wait long enough for it, from an idea to a rhyme or a sweet-heart; only he must take care to be sufficiently desirous of it; and what suffices the Fates alone can tell, otherwise we were all prophets.

The fire had fallen into smouldering coals; a chill autumn wind blew merrily outside, and did not scruple to make itself at home in Sally's attic chamber, where she sat late, nodding over her work. Now she was an old black bonnet, on a wet and dreary road-side, waiting for some one to sew her over; now she was riding alone in a stage-coach, and each passenger it took up on the way was John Thoresby; again she was in a prison-cell, across which the evening star threw a silver line as if to plumb the darkness; she was faint and famished, the walls contracting about her, when suddenly John's step rang through the silence, his voice spoke in her ear, she sprang forward, and woke with a hand on the latch of her own door. A second more, and she had stood face to face with the real John Thoresby, who was bringing home a lost child to her neighboring lodger. With one hand on the latch, what was it that held her back? What blind hesitation? What resistless counter-impulse?"

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She passed her fingers along her heavy lids.

"How I dream!" she said, and resumed her work. "But it was so like, so *very* like."

Sally's mother was now always confined to her bed, always a little wandering. She often insinuated that some one stood between herself and a fortune. Sometimes she accused Sally of being the person; sometimes it was the Prince of Darkness, whom she characterized as "that low fellow." Fifty times a day she would request Sally to look into the entry: "For I am persuaded," she would say, "that the conscience-stricken wretch has left a bag of doubloons outside." One of her favorite amusements was to rip open the bolster of her bed, because she was "led to think that a certain will had been deposited therein."

"It rains hard, doesn't it?" she asked, as Sally prepared to go out in order to return the work she had been finishing.

"Quite hard."

"Well, run between the drops. If they relent before you return I'll send the carriage after you."

"Thank you. I hope they'll relent."

"And, Sally, just step into the grocer's and get some peaches, and say I will settle with him in the course of time. He'll understand."

If there had been any thing in the house to eat Sally would not have ventured out in such weather, so meanly clad as she was, so faint from having tasted nothing but prisoner's fare since the morning. Indeed, a loaf of stale bread, which was as often sour, and a pitcher of water, was her usual diet nowadays, since all her extra earnings were necessary to procure those costly trifles without which an invalid perishes. It was a cold, stinging autumn storm, with a wind like a smart slap in the face—a wind which twisted her clothes about her like a ribbon, and seemed to place invisible stumbling-blocks in her path. It was nearly dusk when she had completed her purchases; and thus laden with packages she turned homeward How slippery the way was! how cold the weak hands grasping the bundles! how lagging the tired feet! She remembered that at home to walk in a brisk rain had been something delightful to her; to walk with the rain in her face and the happy consciousness in her heart that a cheerful fireside, dry clothes, and anxious caresses awaited her at the end. How pitiful the contrast! Who would say to-day, "Sally, my dear child, you are drenched to the skin," and kiss the wet cheek and smooth the damp hair? Ah, who? Winding in and out narrow, gloomy alleys, what home-pictures opened like panoramic views along the way! Here a group of rosy children waited for papa, with chubby cheeks flattened against the pane and longing eyes searching the lonesome street; further on some one opened the door to a gentleman, saying, sweetly, "I have been so anxious, dear;" and again a half-closed shutter revealed the charms of a family tea-table, the spotless damask, the gilded porcelain, the beaming faces intent on installing baby into the dignity of a high-chair; while over the way the shadow of two waltzers passed and repassed across the dropped curtain to an air of Von Weber's. Oh, what sweetness there was in life! —and where was her portion? A cruel heart-sickness seized her; her head swam giddily, her feet tottered from their appointed way; she steadied herself against a railing, and behind her came sharp and distinct the ring of determined footsteps. So other footsteps made music for her once. She would rest against this railing till these passed on. But what was this? What distortion of fancy? It appeared to her that these footsteps paused beside her, that some one spoke her pityingly—a voice in a dream —relieved her of her burdens, gathered her on a strong and gentle arm, shielded her from the remorseless weather. Where was her portion of life's sweetness? Oh here! since thrilling pulses and bounding heart told that here was John Thoresby!

But John's intuitions were not so ready. How could he mistake this shadow of a woman, whose hair showed some threads of silver, whose face was pale and pinched, the lines about whose sad mouth disclosed a tale the white lips seemed striving to keep back, this wreck stranded on what alien shore—how *could* he mistake her for the gay, triumphant creature who had found him musing on the bridge over Happy River a dozen years ago? How but that her tones of sweet surprise, her eyes bent to him in confident relief, betrayed her?

And there, heedless of the driving torrent, heedless of curious eyes, heedless of all but each other,

> "Two brave hearts with one accord,
> Past all tumult, grief, and wreck,
> Looked up calm and praised the Lord."

Poor Mrs. Dodge, when she understood that Sally had returned in a coach, that suffering and toil were at an end, declared it was not at all astonishing to her; she always knew that it was darkest just before day, and she was sure it got to be *very* dark before Sally came back.

The Datonsville people who remembered John were somewhat exercised in mind when he returned and purchased the old place again, and proceeded to remodel it into a charmingly picturesque home.

"Wonder if he's going to keep bachelor's hall there?" said Mrs. Jenkins, Junior, on her way out of church.

"I guess not. Miss Earl and me looked into the windows as we went by last night; they hain't got no curtains up yet, but I never see any thing like the furniture. Mr. Daton's ain't a circumstance to it."

"Comparisons are odious," replied Mrs. Jenkins, who, having just selected a new parlor set, was afraid it might pale before this rising splendor; but conjecture was silenced on that point by John's saying to Miss Earl:

"I am going to bring my wife down next week, and we shall be glad to see old friends."

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"I shall drop in when I can find time, depend on it."

There was no doubt but she *would* find time.

"Who do ye suppose he's picked up now?" queried Mrs. Jones upon receiving this interesting communication at second-hand. "You'd thought he'd rather married a girl he knowed something about, in a place where he could tell who's who," she added, looking around at her own family circle, which matrimony had left intact.

And so Sally returned to her own; and Miss Earl persisted more than ever that justice was justice, etc., etc., and had half a mind to commute Kingsdown's sentence, seeing her so forgetful and happy.

Fifteen years later Mrs. John Thoresby stood on her vine-clad veranda, shading her eyes with one hand, and watching the angle of the street for a well-known figure, when presently a gentleman came slowly into view, paused, and looked around him as if uncertain of his whereabouts.

"Dear me! that's not John. John is not so portly; John doesn't stoop like that."

Directly, catching sight of her, he advanced along the carriage-path as if he had arrived at some difficult determination: a gentlemanly-attired person, bearing the remains of great personal beauty, the knowledge of which still lent him an easy and graceful assurance.

"Good-evening, Madame," he said, lifting his hat with a flourish, and declining her proffered hospitality. "Excuse my intrusion, but time has stolen a march on me. Twenty-five years ago I knew this town like a book; to-day I came down to revive old associations, and bless me if I can find a single land-mark of old times."

"Indeed!" sympathized Sally; "but you did well to remember the old place so long."

"Ah! I don't know; perhaps so: but when one has had a sweet-heart in a place one doesn't forget so easily. Ah, those honey-suckles! how they bring back the porch where we used to sit and the moonlight nights!"

"How delightful!" said Sally, breaking off a cluster for him.

"Yes, yes; delightful if one has nothing to regret. Fathers were more austere in those times; I shall let *my* boys marry whom they please, without cutting them off with a shilling."

"Yes."

"I fancied I could point to the house the moment I set foot here. I wanted to walk about the grounds and live it all over a little. If one could only be young twice!"

"If you can tell me the name I may be able to assist you."

"Thank you. Dodge—Squire Dodge's farm. Do you know any thing about such people?"

"I think there's no such name in the Directory."

"Very likely. But I should really like to know if she remembers me; I should like to have seen her without being seen, and judge if love is as blind as they say. Good-evening, Madame;" and he kissed his hand to her, and went down the path arranging a honey-suckle in the button-hole of his coat.

Sally looked after him a minute with what altered emotions! then went into the house and stood before her Psyche mirror.

"Am I so much changed? So *very* much changed?" she asked herself, plaintively. "But he loved me after all, poor boy! I am much obliged to his father, though. Oh, John! is that you, dear? It just came home to me how much I was unlike the Sally Dodge you were in love with once."

"But oh, so *very* like the Sally Thoresby I love to-day, dear!"

ASPIRATIONS.

THE sweetest songs our poets sing,
The deepest thoughts and sweetest words
That to our lives their music bring,
Are but as songs of caged birds.

High up in the unfathomed sky
The happy wingéd singers go;
And fainter, sadder comes reply
From the poor captive ones below.

The higher song is clear and sweet,
And perfect without aid of art;
But vain our strivings to repeat
Joy's words with sadness in the heart.

In ours a saddened undertone
Tells ever of captivity,
Dim reachings out for the unknown,
And longings for the native sky.

O'erhung with mists of grief and care
Our blinded life goes murmuring;
The singers of the upper air
In God's own sunshine spread the wing.

Oh! joyously they sing and soar;
Full meanings flow in perfect speech;
But we go striving evermore
For utterance we can not reach.

Oh, would some angel's hand restring,
If for one hour, the broken lute,
And touch our lips with fire, to sing
But once, ere harp and voice be mute!

In vain: the choral songs of heaven
Suit not with earthly grief and wrong;
Not till the spirit's wings are given
It learns the full, immortal song.

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ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHE COMES BETWEEN THEM.

APPOINTED hours for the various domestic events of the day were things unknown at Thorpe-Ambrose. Irregular in all his habits, Allan accommodated himself to no stated times (with the solitary exception of dinner-time), at any hour of the day or night. He retired to rest early or late, and he rose early or late, exactly as he felt inclined. The servants were forbidden to call him; and Mrs. Gripper was accustomed to improvise the breakfast as she best might, from the time when the kitchen fire was first lighted to the time when the clock stood on the stroke of noon.

Toward nine o'clock on the morning after his return Midwinter knocked at Allan's door, and, on entering the room, found it empty. After inquiry among the servants, it appeared that Allan had risen that morning before the man who usually attended on him was up, and that his hot water had been brought to the door by one of the house-maids, who was then still in ignorance of Midwinter's return. Nobody had chanced to see the master either on the stairs or in the hall; nobody had heard him ring the bell for breakfast as usual. In brief, nobody knew any thing about him, except what was obviously clear to all—that he was not in the house.

Midwinter went out under the great portico. He stood at the head of the flight of steps, considering in which direction he should set forth to look for his friend. Allan's unexpected absence added one more to the disquieting influences which still perplexed his mind. He was in the mood in which trifles irritate a man, and fancies are all-powerful to exalt or depress his spirits.

The sky was cloudy, and the wind blew in puffs from the south—there was every prospect, to weather-wise eyes, of coming rain. While Midwinter was still hesitating, one of the grooms passed him on the drive below. The man proved, on being questioned, to be better informed about his master's movements than the servants indoors. He had seen Allan pass the stables more than an hour since, going out by the back way into the park, with a nosegay in his hand.

A nosegay in his hand? The nosegay hung incomprehensibly on Midwinter's mind as he walked round, on the chance of meeting Allan, to the back of the house. "What does the nosegay mean?" he asked himself, with an unintelligible sense of irritation, and a petulant kick at a stone that stood in his way.

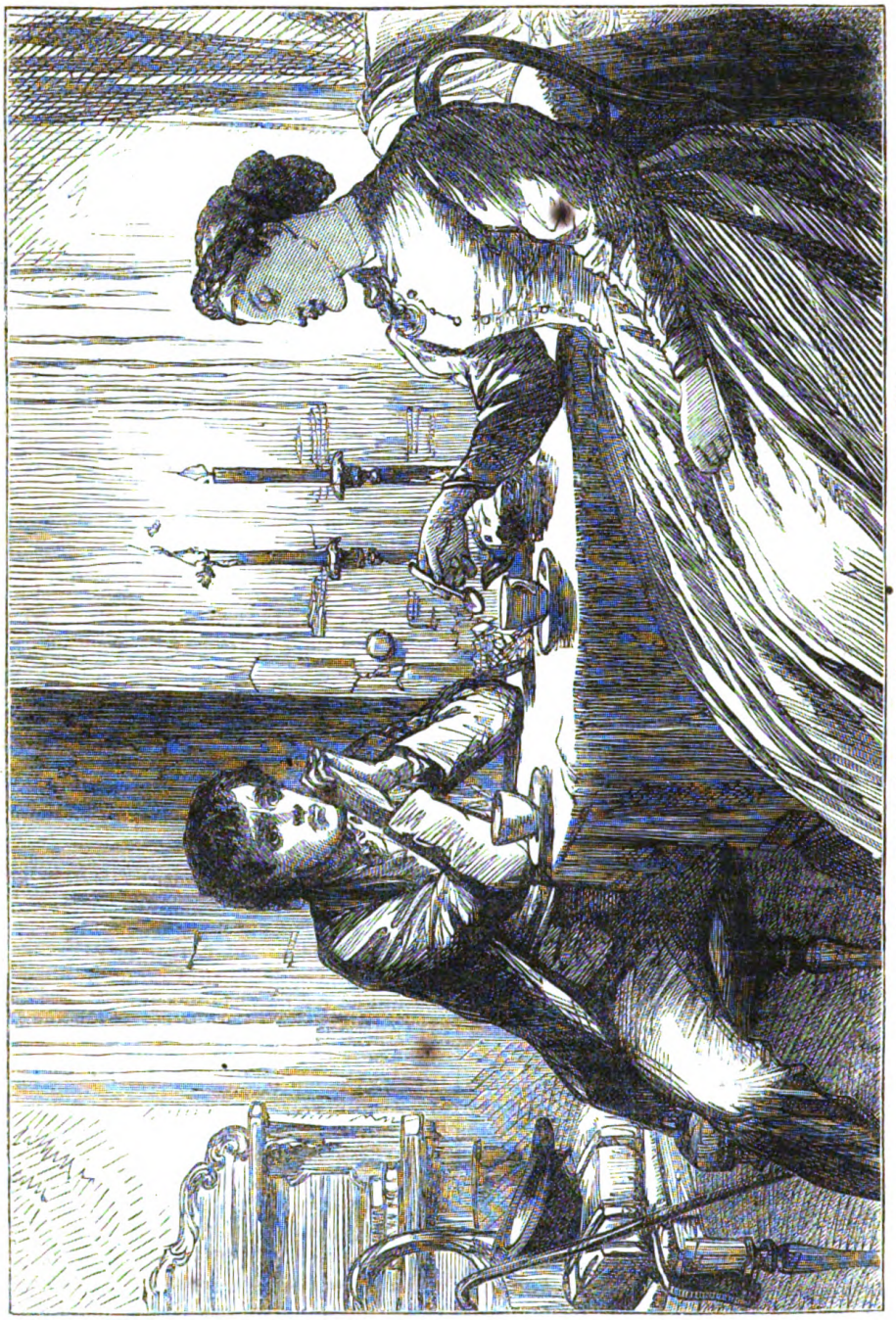
It meant that Allan had been following his impulses as usual. The one pleasant impression left on his mind, after his interview with Pedgift Senior, was the impression made by the lawyer's account of his conversation with Neelie in the park. The anxiety that he should not misjudge her, which the major's daughter had so earnestly expressed, placed her before Allan's eyes in an irresistibly attractive character—the character of the one person among all his neighbors who had some respect still left for his good opinion. Acutely sensible of his social isolation, now that there was no Midwinter to keep him company in the empty house; hungering and thirsting in his solitude for a kind word and a friendly look, he began to think more and more regretfully and more and more longingly of the bright young face, so pleasantly associated with his first, happiest days at Thorpe-Ambrose. To be conscious of such a feeling as this was, with a character like Allan's, to act on it headlong, lead him where it might. He had gone out on the previous morning to look for Neelie with a peace-offering of flowers, but with no very distinct idea of what he should say to her if they met; and failing to find her on the scene of her customary walks, he had characteristically persisted the next morning in making a second attempt with another peace-offering on a larger scale. Still ignorant of his friend's return, he was now at some distance from the house, searching the park in a direction which he had not tried yet.

After walking out a few hundred yards beyond the stables, and failing to discover any signs of Allan, Midwinter retraced his steps, and waited for his friend's return, pacing slowly to and fro on the little strip of garden-ground at the back of the house.

From time to time, as he passed it, he looked in absently at the room which had formerly been Mrs. Armadale's, which was now (through his interposition) habitually occupied by her son—the room with the Statuette on the bracket, and the French windows opening to the ground, which had once recalled to him the Second Vision of the Dream. The Shadow of the Man, which Allan had seen standing opposite to him at the long window; the view over a lawn and flower-garden; the pattering of the rain against the glass; the stretching out of the Shadow's arm, and the fall of the statue in fragments on the floor—these objects and events of the visionary scene, so vividly present to his memory once, were all superseded by later remembrances now, were all left to fade as they might in the dim back-ground of time. He could pass the room again and again, alone and anxious, and never once think of the boat drifting away in the moonlight, and the night's imprisonment on the Wrecked Ship!

Toward ten o'clock the well-remembered sound of Allan's voice became suddenly audi-

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THE MOTH AND THE CANDLE.—[SEE NOVEMBER NUMBER, PAGE 780.]

ble in the direction of the stables. In a moment more he was visible from the garden. His second morning's search for Neelie had ended, to all appearance, in a second defeat of his object. The nosegay was still in his hand; and he was resignedly making a present of it to one of the coachman's children.

Midwinter impulsively took a step forward toward the stables, and abruptly checked his further progress. Conscious that his position toward his friend was altered already in relation to Miss Gwilt, the first sight of Allan filled his mind with a sudden distrust of the governess's influence over him, which was almost a distrust of himself. He knew that he had set forth from the moors on his return to Thorpe-Ambrose with the resolution of acknowledging the passion that had mastered him, and of insisting, if necessary, on a second and a longer absence in the interests of the sacrifice which he was bent on making to the happiness of his friend. What had become of that resolution now? The discovery of Miss Gwilt's altered position, and the declaration that she had voluntarily made of her indifference to Allan, had scattered it to the winds. The first words with which he would

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have met his friend, if nothing had happened to him on the homeward way, were words already dismissed from his lips. He drew back as he felt it, and struggled with an instinctive loyalty toward Allan, to free himself at the last moment from the influence of Miss Gwilt.

Having disposed of his useless nosegay, Allan passed on into the garden, and the instant he entered it recognized Midwinter with a loud cry of surprise and delight.

"Am I awake, or dreaming?" he exclaimed, seizing his friend excitably by both hands. "You dear old Midwinter, have you sprung up out of the ground, or have you dropped from the clouds?"

It was not till Midwinter had explained the mystery of his unexpected appearance in every particular that Allan could be prevailed on to say a word about himself. When he did speak he shook his head ruefully, and subdued the hearty loudness of his voice, with a preliminary look round to see if the servants were within hearing.

"I've learned to be cautious since you went away and left me," said Allan. "My dear fellow, you haven't the least notion what things have happened, and what an awful scrape I'm in at this very moment!"

"You are mistaken, Allan. I have heard more of what has happened than you suppose."

"What! the dreadful mess I'm in with Miss Gwilt? the row with the major? the infernal scandal-mongering in the neighborhood? You don't mean to say—?"

"Yes," interposed Midwinter, quietly, "I have heard of it all."

"Good Heavens! how? Did you stop at Thorpe-Ambrose on your way back? Have you been in the coffee-room at the hotel? Have you met Pedgift? Have you dropped into the Reading Rooms, and seen what they call the freedom of the press in the town newspaper?"

Midwinter paused before he answered, and looked up at the sky. The clouds had been gathering unnoticed over their heads, and the first rain-drops were beginning to fall.

"Come in here," said Allan. "We'll go up to breakfast this way." He led Midwinter through the open French window into his own sitting-room. The wind blew toward that side of the house, and the rain followed them in. Midwinter, who was last, turned and closed the window.

Allan was too eager for the answer which the weather had interrupted to wait for it till they reached the breakfast-room. He stopped close at the window, and added two more to his string of questions.

"How can you possibly have heard about me and Miss Gwilt?" he asked. "Who told you?"

"Miss Gwilt herself," replied Midwinter, gravely.

Allan's manner changed the moment the governess's name passed his friend's lips.

"I wish you had heard my story first," he said. "Where did you meet with Miss Gwilt?"

There was a momentary pause. They both stood still at the window, absorbed in the interest of the moment. They both forgot that their contemplated place of shelter from the rain had been the breakfast-room up stairs.

"Before I answer your question," said Midwinter, a little constrainedly, "I want to ask you something, Allan, on my side. Is it really true that you are in some way concerned in Miss Gwilt's leaving Major Milroy's service?"

There was another pause. The disturbance which had begun to appear in Allan's manner palpably increased.

"It's rather a long story," he began. "I have been taken in, Midwinter. I've been imposed on by a person, who—I can't help saying it—who cheated me into promising what I oughtn't to have promised, and doing what I had better not have done. It isn't breaking my promise to tell *you*. I can trust in your discretion, can't I? You will never say a word, will you?"

"Stop!" said Midwinter. "Don't trust me with any secrets which are not your own. If you have given a promise, don't trifle with it, even in speaking to such an intimate friend as I am." He laid his hand gently and kindly on Allan's shoulder. "I can't help seeing that I have made you a little uncomfortable," he went on. "I can't help seeing that my question is not so easy a one to answer as I had hoped and supposed. Shall we wait a little? shall we go up stairs and breakfast first?"

Allan was far too earnestly bent on presenting his conduct to his friend in the right aspect to heed Midwinter's suggestion. He spoke eagerly on the instant, without moving from the window.

"My dear fellow, it's a perfectly easy question to answer. Only—" He hesitated. "Only it requires what I'm a bad hand at—it requires an explanation."

"Do you mean," asked Midwinter, more seriously, but not less gently than before, "that you must first justify yourself, and then answer my question?"

"That's it!" said Allan, with an air of relief. "You've hit the right nail on the head, just as usual."

Midwinter's face darkened for the first time. "I am sorry to hear it," he said; his voice sinking low, and his eyes dropping to the ground as he spoke.

The rain was beginning to fall thickly. It swept across the garden, straight on the closed windows, and pattered heavily against the glass.

"Sorry!" repeated Allan. "My dear fellow, you haven't heard the particulars yet. Wait till I explain the thing first."

"You are a bad hand at explanations," said Midwinter, repeating Allan's own words. "Don't place yourself at a disadvantage. Don't explain it."

Allan looked at him in silent perplexity and surprise.

"You are my friend—my best and dearest

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friend," Midwinter went on. "I can't bear to let you justify yourself to me as if I was your judge, or as if I doubted you." He looked up again at Allan frankly and kindly as he said those words. "Besides," he resumed, "I think if I look into my memory I can anticipate your explanation. We had a moment's talk, before I went away, about some very delicate questions, which you proposed putting to Major Milroy. I remember I warned you; I remember I had my misgivings. Should I be guessing right if I guessed that those questions have been in some way the means of leading you into a false position? If it is true that you have been concerned in Miss Gwilt's leaving her situation, is it also true—is it only doing you justice to believe—that any mischief for which you are responsible has been mischief innocently done?"

"Yes," said Allan, speaking for the first time a little constrainedly on his side. "It is only doing me justice to say that." He stopped and began drawing lines absently with his finger on the blurred surface of the window-pane. "You're not like other people, Midwinter," he resumed suddenly, with an effort; "and I should have liked you to have heard the particulars all the same."

"I will hear them if you desire it," returned Midwinter. "But I am satisfied, without another word, that you have not willingly been the means of depriving Miss Gwilt of her situation. If that is understood between you and me, I think we need say no more. Besides, I have another question to ask, of much greater importance; a question that has been forced on me by what I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears last night."

He stopped, recoiling in spite of himself. "Shall we go up stairs first?" he asked, abruptly, leading the way to the door, and trying to gain time.

It was useless. Once again, the room which they were both free to leave, the room which one of them had twice tried to leave already, held them as if they were prisoners.

Without answering, without even appearing to have heard Midwinter's proposal to go up stairs, Allan followed him mechanically as far as the opposite side of the window. There he stopped. "Midwinter!" he burst out, in a sudden panic of astonishment and alarm, "there seems to be something strange between us! you're not like yourself. What is it?"

With his hand on the lock of the door Midwinter turned, and looked back into the room. The moment had come. His haunting fear of doing his friend an injustice had shown itself in a restraint of word, look, and action, which had been marked enough to force its way to Allan's notice. The one course left now, in the dearest interests of the friendship that united them, was to speak at once, and to speak boldly.

"There's something strange between us," reiterated Allan. "For God's sake what is it?"

Midwinter took his hand from the door and came down again to the window, fronting Allan He occupied the place, of necessity, which Allan had just left. It was the side of the window on which the Statuette stood. The little figure, placed on its projecting bracket, was close behind him on his right hand. No signs of change appeared in the stormy sky. The rain still swept slanting across the garden, and pattered heavily against the glass.

"Give me your hand, Allan."

Allan gave it, and Midwinter held it firmly while he spoke.

"There *is* something strange between us," he said. "There is something to be set right which touches you nearly; and it has not been set right yet. You asked me just now where I met with Miss Gwilt. I met with her on my way back here, upon the high-road on the farther side of the town. She entreated me to protect her from a man who was following and frightening her. I saw the scoundrel with my own eyes, and I should have laid hands on him if Miss Gwilt herself had not stopped me. She gave a very strange reason for stopping me. She said I didn't know who his employer was."

Allan's ruddy color suddenly deepened; he looked aside quickly through the window at the pouring rain. At the same moment their hands fell apart, and there was a pause of silence on either side. Midwinter was the first to speak again.

"Later in the evening," he went on, "Miss Gwilt explained herself. She told me two things. She declared that the man whom I had seen following her was a hired spy. I was surprised, but I could not dispute it. She told me next, Allan—what I believe with my whole heart and soul to be a falsehood which has been imposed on her as the truth—she told me that the spy was in *your* employment!"

Allan turned instantly from the window and looked Midwinter full in the face again. "I *must* explain myself this time," he said, resolutely.

The ashy paleness peculiar to him in moments of strong emotion began to show itself on Midwinter's cheeks.

"More explanations!" he said, and drew back a step, with his eyes fixed in a sudden terror of inquiry on Allan's face.

"You don't know what I know, Midwinter. You don't know that what I have done has been done with a good reason. And what is more, I have not trusted to myself—I have had good advice."

"Did you hear what I said just now?" asked Midwinter, incredulously; "you can't—surely, you can't have been attending to me?"

"I haven't missed a word," rejoined Allan. "I tell you again, you don't know what I know of Miss Gwilt. She has threatened Miss Milroy. Miss Milroy is in danger while her governess stops in this neighborhood."

Midwinter dismissed the major's daughter from the conversation with a contemptuous gesture of his hand.

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"I don't want to hear about Miss Milroy," he said. "Don't mix up Miss Milroy— Good God, Allan, am I to understand that the spy set to watch Miss Gwilt was doing his vile work with your approval?"

"Once for all, my dear fellow, will you, or will you not, let me explain?"

"Explain!" cried Midwinter, his eyes aflame, and his hot Creole blood rushing crimson into his face. "Explain the employment of a spy? What! after having driven Miss Gwilt out of her situation by meddling with her private affairs, you meddle again by the vilest of all means—the means of a paid spy? You set a watch on the woman whom you yourself told me you loved, only a fortnight since! the woman you were thinking of as your wife! I don't believe it; I won't believe it. Is my head failing me? Is it Allan Armadale I am speaking to? Is it Allan Armadale's face looking at me? Stop! you are acting under some mistaken scruple. Some low fellow has crept into your confidence, and has done this in your name without telling you first."

Allan controlled himself with admirable patience and admirable consideration for the temper of his friend. "If you persist in refusing to hear me," he said, "I must wait as well as I can till my turn comes."

"Tell me you are a stranger to the employment of that man and I will hear you willingly."

"Suppose there should be a necessity that you know nothing about for employing him?"

"I acknowledge no necessity for the cowardly persecution of a helpless woman."

A momentary flush of irritation—momentary, and no more—passed over Allan's face. "You mightn't think her quite so helpless," he said, "if you knew the truth."

"Are *you* the man to tell me the truth?" retorted the other. "You who have refused to hear her in her own defense! You, who have closed the doors of this house against her!"

Allan still controlled himself, but the effort began at last to be visible.

"I know your temper is a hot one," he said. "But for all that, your violence quite takes me by surprise. I can't account for it, unless"—he hesitated a moment, and then finished the sentence in his usual frank, outspoken way—"unless you are sweet yourself on Miss Gwilt."

Those last words heaped fuel on the fire. They stripped the truth instantly of all concealments and disguises, and laid it bare to view. Allan's instinct had guessed, and the guiding influence stood revealed of Midwinter's interest in Miss Gwilt.

"What right have you to say that?" he asked, with raised voice and threatening eyes.

"I told *you*," said Allan, simply, "when I thought I was sweet on her myself. Come, come! it's a little hard, I think, even if you *are* in love with her, to believe every thing she tells you, and not to let me say a word. Is *that* the way you decide between us?"

"Yes, it is!" cried the other, infuriated by Allan's second allusion to Miss Gwilt. "When I am asked to choose between the employer of a spy and the victim of a spy I side with the victim!"

"Don't try me too hard, Midwinter; I have a temper to lose as well as you."

He stopped, struggling with himself. The torture of passion in Midwinter's face, from which a less simple and less generous nature might have recoiled in horror, touched Allan suddenly with an artless distress, which, at that moment, was little less than sublime. He advanced, with his eyes moistening and his hand held out. "You asked me for my hand just now," he said, "and I gave it you. Will you remember old times and give me yours, before it's too late?"

"No!" retorted Midwinter, furiously. "I may meet Miss Gwilt again, and I may want my hand free to deal with your spy!"

He had drawn back along the wall as Allan advanced until the bracket which supported the Statuette was before instead of behind him. In the madness of his passion he saw nothing but Allan's face confronting him. In the madness of his passion he stretched out his right hand as he answered, and shook it threateningly in the air. It struck the forgotten projection of the bracket, and the next instant the Statuette lay in fragments on the floor.

The rain drove slanting over flower-bed and lawn, and pattered heavily against the glass; and the two Armadales stood by the window, as the two Shadows had stood in the second Vision of the Dream, with the wreck of the image between them.

Allan stooped over the fragments of the little figure and lifted them one by one from the floor. "Leave me," he said, without looking up, "or we shall both repent it."

Without a word Midwinter moved back slowly. He stood for the second time with his hand on the door, and looked his last at the room. The horror of the night on the Wreck had got him once more, and the flame of his passion was quenched in an instant.

"The Dream!" he whispered, under his breath. "The Dream again!"

The door was tried from the outside, and a servant appeared with a trivial message about the breakfast.

Midwinter looked at the man with a blank, dreadful helplessness in his face. "Show me the way out," he said. "The place is dark, and the room turns round with me."

The servant took him by the arm, and silently led him out.

As the door closed on them Allan picked up the last fragment of the broken figure. He sat down alone at the table, and hid his face in his hands. The self-control which he had bravely preserved under exasperation renewed again and again, now failed him at last in the friendless solitude of his room; and in the first bitterness of feeling that Midwinter had turned against him like the rest, he burst into tears.

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The moments followed each other, the slow time wore on. Little by little the signs of a new elemental disturbance began to show themselves in the summer storm. The shadow of a swiftly-deepening darkness swept over the sky. The pattering of the rain lessened with the lessening wind. There was a momentary hush of stillness. Then on a sudden the rain poured down again like a cataract, and the low roll of thunder came up solemnly on the dying air.

CHAPTER IX.

SHE KNOWS THE TRUTH.

1.—*From Mr. Bashwood to Miss Gwilt.*

"THORPE-AMBROSE, *July* 20, 1851.

"DEAR MADAM,—I received yesterday, by private messenger, your obliging note, in which you direct me to communicate with you, through the post only, as long as there is reason to believe that any visitors who may come to you are likely to be observed. May I be permitted to say, that I look forward with respectful anxiety to the time when I shall again enjoy the only real happiness I have ever experienced—the happiness of personally addressing you?

"In compliance with your desire that I should not allow this day (the Sunday) to pass without privately noticing what went on at the great house, I took the keys, and went this morning to the steward's office. I accounted for my appearance to the servants by informing them that I had work to do which it was important to complete in the shortest possible time. The same excuse would have done for Mr. Armadale, if we had met, but no such meeting happened.

"Although I was at Thorpe-Ambrose, in what I thought good time, I was too late to see or hear any thing myself of a serious quarrel which appeared to have taken place, just before I arrived, between Mr. Armadale and Mr. Midwinter.

"All the little information I can give you in this matter is derived from one of the servants. The man told me that he heard the voices of the two gentlemen loud, in Mr. Armadale's sitting-room. He went in to announce breakfast shortly afterward, and found Mr. Midwinter in such a dreadful state of agitation, that he had to be helped out of the room. The servant tried to take him up stairs to lie down and compose himself. He declined, saying he would wait a little first in one of the lower rooms, and begging that he might be left alone. The man had hardly got down stairs again, when he heard the front-door opened and closed. He ran back, and found that Mr. Midwinter was gone. The rain was pouring at the time, and thunder and lightning came soon afterward. Dreadful weather, certainly, to go out in. The servant thinks Mr. Midwinter's mind was unsettled. I sincerely hope not. Mr. Midwinter is one of the few people I have met with in the course of my life who have treated me kindly.

"Hearing that Mr. Armadale still remained in his sitting-room, I went into the steward's office (which, as you may remember, is on the same side of the house), and left the door ajar, and set the window open, waiting and listening for any thing that might happen. Dear madam, there was a time when I might have thought such a position in the house of my employer not a very becoming one. Let me hasten to assure you that this is far from being my feeling now. I glory in any position which makes me serviceable to *you*.

"The state of the weather seemed hopelessly adverse to that renewal of intercourse between Mr. Armadale and Miss Milroy, which you so confidently anticipate, and of which you are so anxious to be made aware. Strangely enough, however, it is actually in consequence of the state of the weather that I am now in a position to give you the very information you require. Mr. Armadale and Miss Milroy met about an hour since. The circumstances were as follows:

"Just at the beginning of the thunder-storm I saw one of the grooms run across from the stables, and heard him tap at his master's window. Mr. Armadale opened the window and asked what was the matter. The groom said he came with a message from the coachman's wife. She had seen from her room over the stables (which looks on to the park) Miss Milroy, quite alone, standing for shelter under one of the trees. As that part of the park was at some distance from the major's cottage she had thought that her master might wish to send and ask the young lady into the house—especially as she had placed herself, with a thunder-storm coming on, in what might turn out to be a very dangerous position.

"The moment Mr. Armadale understood the man's message he called for the waterproof things and the umbrellas, and ran out himself, instead of leaving it to the servants. In a little time he and the groom came back with Miss Milroy between them, as well protected as could be from the rain.

"I ascertained from one of the women-servants, who had taken the young lady into a bedroom, and had supplied her with such dry things as she wanted, that Miss Milroy had been afterward shown into the drawing-room, and that Mr. Armadale was there with her. The only way of following your instructions, and finding out what passed between them, was to go round the house in the pelting rain, and get into the conservatory (which opens into the drawing-room) by the outer door. I hesitate at nothing, dear madam, in your service; I would cheerfully get wet every day to please you. Besides, though I may at first sight be thought rather an elderly man, a wetting is of no very serious consequence to me. I assure you I am not so old as I look, and I am of a stronger constitution than appears.

"It was impossible for me to get near enough in the conservatory to see what went on in the

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drawing-room, without the risk of being discovered. But most of the conversation reached me, except when they dropped their voices. This is the substance of what I heard:

"I gathered that Miss Milroy had been prevailed on, against her will, to take refuge from the thunder-storm in Mr. Armadale's house. She said so at least, and she gave two reasons. The first was, that her father had forbidden all intercourse between the cottage and the great house. Mr. Armadale met this objection by declaring that her father had issued his orders under a total misconception of the truth, and by entreating her not to treat him as cruelly as the major had treated him. He entered, I suspect, into some explanations at this point, but, as he dropped his voice, I am unable to say what they were. His language, when I did hear it, was confused and ungrammatical. It seemed, however, to be quite intelligible enough to persuade Miss Milroy that her father had been acting under a mistaken impression of the circumstances. At least I infer this; for, when I next heard the conversation, the young lady was driven back to her second objection to being in the house—which was, that Mr. Armadale had behaved very badly to her, and that he richly deserved that she should never speak to him again.

"In this latter case Mr. Armadale attempted no defense of any kind. He agreed with her that he had behaved badly; he agreed with her that he richly deserved she should never speak to him again. At the same time he implored her to remember that he had suffered his punishment already. He was disgraced in the neighborhood; and his dearest friend, his one intimate friend in the world, had that very morning turned against him like the rest. Far or near, there was not a living creature whom he was fond of to comfort him or to say a friendly word to him. He was lonely and miserable, and his heart ached for a little kindness—and that was his only excuse for asking Miss Milroy to forget and forgive the past.

"I must leave you, I fear, to judge for yourself of the effect of this on the young lady; for though I tried hard I failed to catch what she said. I am almost certain I heard her crying, and Mr. Armadale entreating her not to break his heart. They whispered a great deal, which aggravated me. I was afterward alarmed by Mr. Armadale coming out into the conservatory to pick some flowers. He did not come as far, fortunately, as the place where I was hidden; and he went in again into the drawing-room, and there was more talking (I suspect at close quarters), which to my great regret I again failed to catch. Pray forgive me for having so little to tell you. I can only add, that when the storm cleared off Miss Milroy went away with the flowers in her hand, and with Mr. Armadale escorting her from the house. My own humble opinion is that he had a powerful friend at court, all through the interview, in the young lady's own liking for him.

"This is all I can say at present, with the exception of one other thing I heard, which I blush to mention. But your word is law, and you have ordered me to have no concealments from you.

"Their talk turned once, dear madam, on yourself. I think I heard the word 'Creature' from Miss Milroy; and I am certain that Mr. Armadale, while acknowledging that he had once admired you, added that circumstances had since satisfied him of 'his folly.' I quote his own expression—it made me quite tremble with indignation. If I may be permitted to say so, the man who admires Miss Gwilt lives in paradise. Respect, if nothing else, ought to have closed Mr. Armadale's lips. He is my employer, I know—but, after his calling it an act of folly to admire you (though I *am* his deputy steward), I utterly despise him.

"Trusting that I may have been so happy as to give you satisfaction thus far, and earnestly desirous to deserve the honor of your continued confidence in me, I remain, dear madam,

"Your grateful and devoted servant,

"FELIX BASHWOOD."

2.—*From Mrs. Oldershaw to Miss Gwilt.*

"DIANA STREET, *Monday, July* 21.

"MY DEAR LYDIA,—I trouble you with a few lines. They are written under a sense of the duty which I owe to myself in our present position toward each other.

"I am not at all satisfied with the tone of your two last letters; and I am still less pleased at your leaving me this morning without any letter at all—and this when we had arranged, in the doubtful state of our prospects, that I was to hear from you every day. I can only interpret your conduct in one way. I can only infer that matters at Thorpe-Ambrose, having been all mismanaged, are all going wrong.

"It is not my present object to reproach you, for why should I waste time, language, and paper? I merely wish to recall to your memory certain considerations which you appear to be disposed to overlook. Shall I put them in the plainest English? Yes—for with all my faults I am frankness personified.

"In the first place, then, I have an interest in your becoming Mrs. Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose as well as you. Secondly, I have provided you (to say nothing of good advice) with all the money needed to accomplish our object. Thirdly, I hold your notes-of-hand at short dates for every farthing so advanced. Fourthly and lastly, though I am indulgent to a fault in the capacity of a friend—in the capacity of a woman of business, my dear, I am not to be trifled with. That is all, Lydia, at least for the present.

"Pray don't suppose I write in anger; I am only sorry and disheartened. My state of mind resembles David's. If I had the wings of a dove, I would flee away and be at rest.

"Affectionately yours,

"MARIA OLDERSHAW."

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3.—*From Mr. Bashwood to Miss Gwilt.*

"THORPE-AMBROSE, *July* 21.

"DEAR MADAM,—You will probably receive these lines a few hours after my yesterday's communication reaches you. I posted my first letter last night, and I shall post this before noon to-day.

"My present object in writing is to give you some more news from this house. I have the inexpressible happiness of announcing that Mr. Armadale's disgraceful intrusion on your privacy is at an end. The watch set on your actions is to be withdrawn this day. I write, dear madam, with the tears in my eyes—tears of joy, caused by feelings which I ventured to express in my previous letter (see first paragraph toward the end). Pardon me this personal reference. I can speak to you (I don't know why) so much more readily with my pen than with my tongue.

"Let me try to compose myself and proceed with my narrative.

"I had just arrived at the steward's office this morning when Mr. Pedgift the elder followed me to the great house to see Mr. Armadale by special appointment. It is needless to say that I at once suspended any little business there was to do, feeling that your interests might possibly be concerned. It is also most gratifying to add that this time circumstances favored me. I was able to stand under the open window and to hear the whole interview.

"Mr. Armadale explained himself at once in the plainest terms. He gave orders that the person who had been hired to watch you should be instantly dismissed. On being asked to explain this sudden change of purpose, he did not conceal that it was owing to the effect produced on his mind by what had passed between Mr. Midwinter and himself on the previous day. Mr. Midwinter's language, cruelly unjust as it was, had nevertheless convinced him that no necessity whatever could excuse any proceeding so essentially base in itself as the employment of a spy, and on that conviction he was now determined to act.

"But for your own positive directions to me to conceal nothing that passes here in which your name is concerned, I should really be ashamed to report what Mr. Pedgift said on his side. He has behaved kindly to me, I know. But if he was my own brother I could never forgive him the tone in which he spoke of you, and the obstinacy with which he tried to make Mr. Armadale change his mind.

"He began by attacking Mr. Midwinter. He declared that Mr. Midwinter's opinion was the very worst opinion that could be taken; for it was quite plain that you, dear madam, had twisted him round your finger. Producing no effect by this coarse suggestion (which nobody who knows you could for a moment believe), Mr. Pedgift next referred to Miss Milroy, and asked Mr. Armadale if he had given up all idea of protecting her. What this meant I can not imagine. I can only report it for your private consideration. Mr. Armadale briefly answered that he had his own plan for protecting Miss Milroy, and that the circumstances were altered in that quarter, or words to a similar effect. Still Mr. Pedgift persisted. He went on (I blush to mention) from bad to worse. He tried to persuade Mr. Armadale next to bring an action at law against one or other of the persons who had been most strongly condemning his conduct in the neighborhood for the purpose—I really hardly know how to write it—of getting you into the witness-box. And worse yet; when Mr. Armadale still said No, Mr. Pedgift, after having, as I suspected by the sound of his voice, been on the point of leaving the room, artfully came back and proposed sending for a detective officer from London simply to look at you. 'The whole of this mystery about Miss Gwilt's true character,' he said, 'may turn on a question of identity. It won't cost much to have a man down from London; and it's worth trying whether her face is or is not known at head-quarters to the police.' I again and again assure you, dearest lady, that I only repeat those abominable words from a sense of duty toward yourself. I shook—I declare I shook from head to foot when I heard them.

"To resume, for there is more to tell you.

"Mr. Armadale (to his credit—I don't deny it, though I don't like him) still said No. He appeared to be getting irritated under Mr. Pedgift's persistence, and he spoke in a somewhat hasty way. 'You persuaded me on the last occasion when we talked about this,' he said, 'to do something that I have been since heartily ashamed of. You won't succeed in persuading me, Mr. Pedgift, a second time.' Those were his words. Mr. Pedgift took him up short; Mr. Pedgift seemed to be nettled on his side.

"'If that is the light in which you see my advice, Sir,' he said, 'the less you have of it for the future the better. Your character and position are publicly involved in this matter between yourself and Miss Gwilt; and you persist, at a most critical moment, in taking a course of your own, which I believe will end badly. After what I have already said and done in this very serious case, I can't consent to go on with it with both my hands tied; and I can't drop it with credit to myself, while I remain publicly known as your solicitor. You leave me no alternative, Sir, but to resign the honor of acting as your legal adviser.' 'I am sorry to hear it,' says Mr. Armadale, 'but I have suffered enough already through interfering with Miss Gwilt. I can't and won't stir any further in the matter.' '*You* may not stir any further in it, Sir,' says Mr. Pedgift, 'and *I* shall not stir any further in it, for it has ceased to be a question of professional interest to me. But mark my words, Mr. Armadale, you are not at the end of this business yet. Some other person's curiosity may go on from the point where you (and I) have stopped, and

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some other person's hand may let the broad daylight in yet on Miss Gwilt.'

"I report their language, dear madam, almost word for word, I believe, as I heard it. It produced an indescribable impression on me; it filled me, I hardly know why, with quite a panic of alarm. I don't at all understand it, and I understand still less what happened immediately afterward.

"Mr. Pedgift's voice, when he said those last words, sounded dreadfully close to me. He must have been speaking at the open window, and he must, I fear, have seen me under it. I had time, before he left the house, to get out quietly from among the laurels, but not to get back to the office. Accordingly I walked away along the drive toward the lodge, as if I was going on some errand connected with the steward's business.

"Before long Mr. Pedgift overtook me in his gig, and stopped. 'So *you* feel some curiosity about Miss Gwilt, do you?' he said. 'Gratify your curiosity by all means—*I* don't object to it.' I felt naturally nervous, but I managed to ask him what he meant. He didn't answer; he only looked down at me from the gig in a very odd manner, and laughed. 'I have known stranger things happen even than *that!*' he said to himself, suddenly, and drove off.

"I have ventured to trouble you with this last incident, though it may seem of no importance in your eyes, in the hope that your superior ability may be able to explain it. My own poor faculties, I confess, are quite unable to penetrate Mr. Pedgift's meaning. All I know is, that he has no right to accuse me of any such impertinent feeling as curiosity in relation to a lady whom I ardently esteem and admire. I dare not put it in warmer words.

"I have only to add that I am in a position to be of continued service to you here if you wish it. Mr. Armadale has just been into the office, and has told me briefly that, in Mr. Midwinter's continued absence, I am still to act as steward's deputy till further notice.

"Believe me, dear madam,

"Anxiously and devotedly yours,

"FELIX BASHWOOD."

4.—*From Allan Armadale to the Rev. Decimus Brock.*

"THORPE-AMBROSE, *Tuesday.*

"MY DEAR MR. BROCK,—I am in sad trouble. Midwinter has quarreled with me and left me; and my lawyer has quarreled with me and left me; and (except dear little Miss Milroy, who has forgiven me) all the neighbors have turned their backs on me. There is a good deal about '*me*' in this, but I can't help it. I am very miserable alone in my own house. Do, pray, come and see me! You are the only old friend I have left, and I do long so to tell you about it. N.B.—On my word of honor as a gentleman, I am not to blame. Yours affectionately, ALLAN ARMADALE.

"P.S.—I would come to you (for this place is grown quite hateful to me), but I have a reason for not going too far away from Miss Milroy just at present."

5.—*From Robert Stapleton to Allan Armadale, Esq.*

"BOSCOMBE RECTORY, *Thursday Morning.*

"RESPECTED SIR,—I see a letter in your writing, on the table along with the others, which I am sorry to say my master is not well enough to open. He is down with a sort of low fever. The doctor says it has been brought on with worry and anxiety, which master was not strong enough to bear. This seems likely; for I was with him when he went to London last month, and what with his own business and the business of looking after that person who afterward gave us the slip, he was worried and anxious all the time; and, for the matter of that, so was I.

"My master was talking of you a day or two since. He seemed unwilling that you should know of his illness, unless he got worse. But I think you ought to know of it. At the same time he is not worse—perhaps a trifle better. The doctor says he must be kept very quiet, and not agitated on any account. So be pleased to take no notice of this—I mean in the way of coming to the rectory. I have the doctor's orders to say it is not needful, and it would only upset my master in the state he is in now.

"I will write again if you wish it. Please accept of my duty, and believe me to remain, Sir, your humble servant,

"ROBERT STAPLETON.

"P.S.—The yacht has been rigged and repainted, waiting your orders. She looks beautiful."

6.—*From Mrs. Oldershaw to Miss Gwilt.*

"DIANA STREET, *July* 24.

"MISS GWILT,—The post-hour has passed for three mornings following, and has brought me no answer to my letter. Are you purposely bent on insulting me? or have you left Thorpe-Ambrose? In either case I won't put up with your conduct any longer. The law shall bring you to book, if I can't.

"Your first note-of-hand (for thirty pounds) falls due on Tuesday next, the 29th. If you had behaved with common consideration toward me I would have let you renew it with pleasure. As things are, I shall have the note presented; and if it is not paid I shall instruct my man of business to take the usual course. Yours,

"MARIA OLDERSHAW."

7.—*From Miss Gwilt to Mrs. Oldershaw.*

"5 PARADISE PLACE, THORPE-AMBROSE, *July* 25.

"MRS. OLDERSHAW,—The time of your man of business being, no doubt, of some value, I write a line to assist him when he takes the usual course. He will find me waiting to be arrested in the first-floor apartments, at the above address. In my present situation, and

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with my present thoughts, the best service you can possibly render me is to lock me up.

"L. G."

8.—*From Mrs. Oldershaw to Miss Gwilt.*

"DIANA STREET, *July* 26.

"MY DARLING LYDIA,—The longer I live in this wicked world the more plainly I see that women's own tempers are the worst enemies women have to contend with. What a truly regretable style of correspondence we have fallen into! What a sad want of self-restraint, my dear, on your side and on mine!

"Let me, as the oldest in years, be the first to make the needful excuses, the first to blush for my own want of self-control. Your cruel neglect, Lydia, stung me into writing as I did. I am so sensitive to ill-treatment, when it is inflicted on me by a person whom I love and admire—and, though turned sixty, I am still (unfortunately for myself) so young at heart. Accept my apologies for having made use of my pen, when I ought to have been content to take refuge in my pocket-handkerchief. Forgive your attached Maria for being still young at heart!

"But oh, my dear—though I own I threatened you—how hard of you to take me at my word! How cruel of you, if your debt had been ten times what it is, to suppose me capable (whatever I might say) of the odious inhumanity of arresting my bosom friend! Heavens! have I deserved to be taken at my word in this unmercifully exact way, after the years of tender intimacy that have united us? But I don't complain; I only mourn over the frailty of our common human nature. Let us expect as little of each other as possible, my dear; we are both women, and we can't help it. I declare, when I reflect on the origin of our unfortunate sex—when I remember that we were all originally made of no better material than the rib of a man (and that rib of so little importance to its possessor that he never appears to have missed it afterward), I am quite astonished at our virtues, and not in the least surprised at our faults.

"I am wandering a little; I am losing myself in serious thought, like that sweet character in Shakspeare who was 'fancy free.' One last word, dearest, to say that my longing for an answer to this proceeds entirely from my wish to hear from you again in your old friendly tone, and is quite unconnected with any curiosity to know what you are doing at Thorpe-Ambrose—except such curiosity as you yourself might approve. Need I add that I beg you as a favor to *me* to renew on the customary terms? I refer to the little bill due on Tuesday next, and I venture to suggest that day six weeks.

"Yours, with a truly motherly feeling,

"MARIA OLDERSHAW."

9.—*From Miss Gwilt to Mrs. Oldershaw.*

"PARADISE PLACE, *July* 27.

"I HAVE just got your last letter. The brazen impudence of it has roused me. I am to be treated like a child, am I?—to be threatened first, and then, if threatening fails, to be coaxed afterward? You *shall* coax me; you shall know, my motherly friend, the sort of child you have to deal with.

"I had a reason, Mrs. Oldershaw, for the silence which has so seriously offended you. I was afraid—yes, actually afraid—to let you into the secret of my thoughts. No such fear troubles me now. My only anxiety this morning is to make you my best acknowledgments for the manner in which you have written to me. After carefully considering it, I think the worst turn I can possibly do you is to tell you what you are burning to know. So here I am at my desk, bent on telling it. You shall hear what has happened at Thorpe-Ambrose—you shall see my thoughts as plainly as I see them myself. If you don't bitterly repent, when you are at the end of this letter, not having held to your first resolution, and locked me up out of harm's way while you had the chance, my name is not Lydia Gwilt.

"Where did my last letter end? I don't remember, and don't care. Make it out as you can—I am not going back any further than this day week. That is to say, Sunday last.

"There was a thunder-storm in the morning. It began to clear off toward noon. I didn't go out—I waited to see Midwinter or to hear from him. (Are you surprised at my not writing 'Mr.' before his name? We have got so familiar, my dear, that 'Mr.' would be quite out of place.) He had left me the evening before under very interesting circumstances. I had told him that his friend, Armadale, was persecuting me by means of a hired spy. He had declined to believe it, and had gone straight to Thorpe-Ambrose to clear the thing up. I had let him kiss my hand before he went, and had looked at him as you know I can look, and touched him as you know I can touch! He had promised to come back the next day (the Sunday). I felt I had secured my influence over him; and I believed he would keep his word.

"Well, the thunder passed away as I told you. The weather cleared up; the people walked out in their best clothes; the dinners came in from the baker's; I sat dreaming at my wretched little hired piano, nicely dressed and looking my best—and still no Midwinter appeared. It was late in the afternoon, and I was beginning to feel offended, when a letter was brought to me. It had been left by a strange messenger who went away again immediately. I looked at the letter. Midwinter at last—in writing, instead of in person. I began to feel more offended than ever—for, as I told you, I thought I had used my influence over him to better purpose.

"The letter, when I read it, set my mind off in a new direction. It surprised, it puzzled, it interested me. I thought, and thought, and thought of him, all the rest of the day.

"He began by asking my pardon for having doubted what I told him. Mr. Armadale's own

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lips had confirmed me. They had quarreled (as I had anticipated they would)—and he, and the man who had once been his dearest friend on earth, had parted forever. So far, I was not surprised. I was amused by his telling me in his extravagant way that he and his friend were parted forever; and I rather wondered what he would think when I carried out my plan, and found my way into the great house on pretense of reconciling them.

"But the second part of the letter set me thinking. Here it is, in his own words:

"'It is only by struggling against myself (and no language can say how hard the struggle has been) that I have decided on writing, instead of speaking to you. A merciless necessity claims my future life. I must leave Thorpe-Ambrose, I must leave England, without hesitating, without stopping to look back. There are reasons—terrible reasons, which I have madly trifled with—for my never letting Mr. Armadale set eyes on me, or hear of me again, after what has happened between us. I must go, never more to live under the same roof, never more to breathe the same air with that man. I must hide myself from him, under an assumed name; I must put the mountains and the seas between us. I have been warned as no human creature was ever warned before. I believe—I dare not tell you why—I believe that if the fascination you have for me draws me back to you, fatal consequences will come of it to the man whose life has been so strangely mingled with your life and mine—the man who was once *your* admirer and *my* friend. And yet, feeling this, seeing it in my mind as plainly as I see the sky above my head, there is a weakness in me that still shrinks from the one imperative sacrifice of never seeing you again. I am fighting with it as a man fights with the strength of his despair. I have been near enough, not an hour since, to see the house where you live, and have forced myself away again out of sight of it. Can I force myself away farther still, now that my letter is written—now, when the useless confession escapes me, and I own to loving you with the first love I have ever known, with the last love I shall ever feel? Let the coming time answer the question; I dare not write of it or think of it more.'

"Those were the last words. In that strange way the letter ended.

"I felt a perfect fever of curiosity to know what he meant. His loving me, of course, was easy enough to understand. But what did he mean by saying he had been warned? Why was he never to live under the same roof, never to breathe the same air again with young Armadale? What sort of quarrel could it be which obliged one man to hide himself from another under an assumed name, and to put the mountains and the seas between them? Above all, if he came back, and let me fascinate him, why should it be fatal to the hateful lout who possesses the noble fortune and lives in the great house?

"I never longed in my life as I longed to see him again, and put these questions to him. I got quite superstitious about it as the day drew on. They gave me a sweet-bread and a cherry pudding for dinner. I actually tried if he would come back by the stones in the plate! He will, he won't, he will, he won't—and so on. It ended in 'he won't.' I rang the bell, and had the things taken away. I contradicted Destiny quite fiercely. I said, 'he will!' and I waited at home for him.

"You don't know what a pleasure it is to me to give you all these little particulars. Count up—my bosom friend, my second mother—count up the money you have advanced on the chance of my becoming Mrs. Armadale, and then think of my feeling this breathless interest in another man. Oh, Mrs. Oldershaw, how intensely I enjoy the luxury of irritating you!

"The day got on toward evening. I rang again, and sent down to borrow a railway time-table. What trains were there to take him away on Sunday? The national respect for the Sabbath stood my friend. There was only one train, which had started hours before he wrote to me. I went and consulted my glass. It paid me the compliment of contradicting the divination by cherry-stones. My glass said, 'Get behind the window-curtain; he won't pass the long lonely evening without coming back again to look at the house.' I got behind the window-curtain, and waited with his letter in my hand.

"The dismal Sunday light faded, and the dismal Sunday quietness in the street grew quieter still. The dusk came, and I heard a step coming with it in the silence. My heart gave a little jump—only think of my having any heart left! I said to myself, 'Midwinter!' And Midwinter it was.

"When he came in sight he was walking slowly, stopping and hesitating at every two or three steps. My ugly little drawing-room window seemed to be beckoning him on in spite of himself. After waiting till I saw him come to a stand-still, a little aside from the house, but still within view of my irresistible window, I put on my things and slipped out by the back way into the garden. The landlord and his family were at supper, and nobody saw me. I opened the door in the wall, and got round by the lane into the street. At that awkward moment I suddenly remembered, what I had forgotten before, the spy set to watch me, who was, no doubt, waiting somewhere in sight of the house.

"It was necessary to get time to think, and it was (in my state of mind) impossible to let Midwinter go without speaking to him. In great difficulties you generally decide at once, if you decide at all. I decided to make an appointment with him for the next evening, and to consider in the interval how to manage the interview so that it might escape observation. This, as I felt at the time, was leaving my own curiosity free to torment me for four-and-twenty mortal hours—but what other choice had I? It was as good as giving up being mistress of Thorpe-Ambrose altogether to come to a pri-

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vate understanding with Midwinter in the sight and possibly in the hearing of Armadale's spy.

"Finding an old letter of yours in my pocket, I drew back into the lane, and wrote on the blank leaf, with the little pencil that hangs at my watch-chain: 'I must and will speak to you. It is impossible to-night, but be in the street to-morrow at this time, and leave me afterward forever, if you like. When you have read this, overtake me, and say as you pass, without stopping or looking round, "Yes, I promise."'

"I folded up the paper and came on him suddenly from behind. As he started and turned round I put the note into his hand, pressed his hand, and passed on. Before I had taken ten steps I heard him behind me. I can't say he didn't look round—I saw his big black eyes, bright and glittering in the dusk, devour me from head to foot in a moment; but otherwise he did what I told him. 'I can deny you nothing,' he whispered; 'I promise.' He went on and left me. I couldn't help thinking at the time how that brute and booby Armadale would have spoiled every thing in the same situation.

"I tried hard all night to think of a way of making our interview of the next evening safe from discovery, and tried in vain. Even as early as this I began to feel as if Midwinter's letter had in some unaccountable manner stupefied me.

"Monday morning made matters wore. News came from my faithful ally, Mr. Bashwood, that Miss Milroy and Armadale had met and become friends again. You may fancy the state I was in! An hour or two later there came more news from Mr. Bashwood—good news this time. The mischievous idot at Thorpe-Ambrose had shown sense enough at last to be ashamed of himself. He had decided on withdrawing the spy that very day, and he and his lawyer had quarreled in consequence.

"So here was the obstacle which I was too stupid to remove for myself obligingly removed for me! No more need to fret about the coming interview with Midwinter—and plenty of time to consider my next proceedings, now that Miss Milroy and her precious swain had come together again. Would you believe it, the letter, or the man himself (I don't know which), had taken such a hold on me that, though I tried and tried, I could think of nothing else—and this, when I had every reason to fear that Miss Milroy was in a fair way of changing her name to Armadale, and when I knew that my heavy debt of obligation to her was not paid yet? Was there ever such perversity? I can't account for it—can you?

"The dusk of the evening came at last. I looked out of the window—and there he was!

"I joined him at once; the people of the house, as before, being too much absorbed in their eating and drinking to notice any thing else. 'We mustn't be seen together here,' I whispered. 'I must go on first, and you must follow me.'

"He said nothing in the way of reply. What was going on in his mind I can't pretend to guess—but, after coming to his appointment, he actually hung back as if he was half inclined to go away again.

"'You look as if you were afraid of me,' I said.

"'I *am* afraid of you,' he answered—'of you and of myself.'

"It was not encouraging; it was not complimentary. But I was in such a frenzy of curiosity by this time, that if he had been ruder still I should have taken no notice of it. I led the way a few steps toward the new buildings, and stopped and looked round after him.

"'Must I ask it of you as a favor,' I said, 'after your giving me your promise, and after such a letter as you have written to me?'

"Something suddenly changed him; he was at my side in an instant. 'I beg your pardon, Miss Gwilt; lead the way where you please.' He dropped back a little after that answer, and I heard him say to himself, 'What *is* to be *will* be. What have I to do with it, and what has she?'

"It could hardly have been the words, for I didn't understand them—it must have been the tone he spoke in, I suppose, that made me feel a momentary tremor. I was half inclined, without the ghost of a reason for it, to wish him good-night and go in again. Not much like *me*, you will say. Not much, indeed! It didn't last a moment. Your darling Lydia soon came to her senses again.

"I led the way toward the unfinished cottages and the country beyond. It would have been much more to my taste to have had him into the house, and have talked to him in the light of the candles. But I had risked it once already; and in this scandal-mongering place, and in my critical position, I was afraid to risk it again. The garden was not to be thought of either—for the landlord smokes his pipe there after his supper. There was no alternative but to take him away from the town.

"From time to time I looked back as I went on. There he was, always at the same distance, dim and ghostlike in the dusk, silently following me.

"I must leave off for a little while. The church bells have broken out, and the jangling of them drives me mad. In these days, when we have all got watches or clocks, why are bells wanted to remind us when the service begins? We don't require to be rung into the theatre. How excessively discreditable to the clergy to be obliged to ring us into the church!

"They have rung the congregation in at last—and I can take up my pen and go on again.

"I was a little in doubt where to lead him to. The high-road was on one side of me—but, empty as it looked, somebody might be passing when we least expected it. The other way was through the coppice. I led him through the coppice.

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"At the outskirts of the trees, on the other side, there was a dip in the ground, with some felled timber lying in it, and a little pool beyond, still and white and shining in the twilight. The long grazing grounds rose over its farther shore, with the mist thickening on them, and a dim black line far away of cattle in slow procession going home. There wasn't a living creature near; there wasn't a sound to be heard. I sat down on one of the felled trees and looked back for him. 'Come,' I said, softly, 'come and sit by me here.'

"Why am I so particular about all this? I hardly know. The place made an unaccountably vivid impression on me, and I can't help writing about it. If I end badly—suppose we say on the scaffold?—I believe the last thing I shall see, before the hangman pulls the drop, will be the little shining pool, and the long misty grazing grounds, and the cattle winding dimly home in the thickening night. Don't be alarmed, you worthy creature! My fancy plays me strange tricks sometimes—and there is a little of last night's laudanum, I dare say, in this part of my letter.

"He came—in the strangest silent way, like a man walking in his sleep—he came and sat down by me. Either the night was very close, or I was by this time literally in a fever—I couldn't bear my bonnet on; I couldn't bear my gloves. The want to look at him and see what his singular silence meant, and the impossibility of doing it in the darkening light, irritated my nerves till I thought I should have screamed. I took his hand to try if that would help me. It was burning hot; and it closed instantly on mine—you know how. Silence, after *that*, was not to be thought of. The one safe way was to begin talking to him at once.

"'Don't despise me,' I said. 'I am obliged to bring you to this lonely place; I should lose my character if we were seen together.'

"I waited a little. His hand warned me once more not to let the silence continue. I determined to *make* him speak to me this time.

"'You have interested me and frightened me,' I went on. 'You have written me a very strange letter. I must know what it means.'

"'It is too late to ask. *You* have taken the way, and *I* have taken the way, from which there is no turning back.' He made that strange answer in a tone that was quite new to me—a tone that made me even more uneasy than his silence had made me the moment before. 'Too late,' he repeated, 'too late! There is only one question to ask me now.'

"'What is it?'

"As I said the words a sudden trembling passed from his hand to mine, and told me instantly that I had better have held my tongue. Before I could move, before I could think, he had me in his arms. 'Ask me if I love you,' he whispered. At the same moment his head sank on my bosom; and some unutterable torture that was in him burst its way out, as it does with *us*, in a passion of sobs and tears.

"My first impulse was the impulse of a fool. I was on the point of making our usual protest and defending myself in our usual way. Luckily or unluckily, I don't know which, I have lost the fine edge of the sensitiveness of youth; and I checked the first movement of my hands and the first word on my lips. Oh dear, how old I felt while he was sobbing his heart out on my breast! How I thought of the time when he might have possessed himself of my love! All he had possessed himself of now was—my waist.

"I wonder whether I pitied him? It doesn't matter if I did. At any rate, my hand lifted itself somehow, and my fingers twined themselves softly in his hair. Horrible recollections came back to me of other times and made me shudder as I touched him. And yet I did it. What fools women are!

"'I won't reproach you,' I said, gently; 'I won't say this is a cruel advantage to take of me in such a position as mine. You are dreadfully agitated—I will let you wait a little and compose yourself.'

"Having got as far as that, I stopped to consider how I should put the questions to him that I was burning to ask. But I was too confused, I suppose, or perhaps too impatient to consider. I let out what was uppermost in my mind in the words that came first.

"'I don't believe you love me,' I said. 'You write strange things to me; you frighten me with mysteries. What did you mean by saying in your letter that it would be fatal to Mr. Armadale if you came back to me? What danger can there be to Mr. Armadale—?'

"Before I could finish the question he suddenly lifted his head and unclasped his arms. I had apparently touched some painful subject which recalled him to himself. Instead of my shrinking from *him* it was he who shrank from *me*. I felt offended with him; why, I don't know—but offended I was; and I thanked him with my bitterest emphasis for remembering what was due to me, *at last!*

"'Do you believe in Dreams?' he burst out in the most strangely abrupt manner, without taking the slightest notice of what I had said to him. 'Tell me,' he went on, without allowing me time to answer; 'were you, or was any relation of yours, ever connected with Allan Armadale's father or mother? Were you, or was any body belonging to you, ever in the island of Madeira?'

"Conceive my astonishment if you can. I turned cold. In an instant I turned cold all over. He was plainly in the secret of what had happened when I was in Mrs. Armadale's service in Madeira—in all probability before he was born! That was startling enough of itself. And he had evidently some reason of his own for trying to connect *me* with those events—which was more startling still.

"'No,' I said, as soon as I could trust myself to speak. 'I know nothing of his father or mother.'

"'And nothing of the island of Madeira?'

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"'Nothing of the island of Madeira.'

"He turned his head away, and began talking to himself.

"'Strange!' he said. 'As certainly as I was in the Shadow's place at the window, *she* was in the Shadow's place at the pool!'

"Under other circumstances his extraordinary behavior might have alarmed me. But after his question about Madeira there was some greater fear in me which kept all common alarm at a distance. I don't think I ever determined on any thing in my life as I determined on finding out how he had got his information, and who he really was. It was quite plain to me that I had roused some hidden feeling in him by my question about Armadale, which was as strong in its way as his feeling for *me*. What had become of my influence over him?

"I couldn't imagine what had become of it; but I could and did set to work to make him feel it again.

"'Don't treat me cruelly,' I said; 'I didn't treat *you* cruelly just now. Oh, Mr. Midwinter, it's so lonely, it's so dark—don't frighten me!'

"'Frighten you!' He was close to me again in a moment. 'Frighten you!' He repeated the word with as much astonishment as if I had woke him from a dream, and charged him with something that he had said in his sleep.

"It was on the tip of my tongue, finding how I had surprised him, to take him while he was off his guard, and to ask why my question about Armadale had produced such a change in his behavior to me. But after what had happened already I was afraid to risk returning to the subject too soon. Something or other—what they call an instinct, I dare say—warned me to let Armadale alone for the present, and to talk to him first about himself. As I told you in one of my early letters, I had noticed signs and tokens in his manner and appearance which convinced me, young as he was, that he had done something or suffered something out of the common in his past life. I had asked myself more and more suspiciously every time I saw him, whether he was what he appeared to be; and first and foremost among my other doubts was a doubt whether he was passing among us by his real name. Having secrets to keep about my own past life, and having gone myself in other days by more than one assumed name, I suppose I am all the readier to suspect other people when I find something mysterious about them. Any way, having the suspicion in my mind, I determined to startle him, as he had startled me, by an unexpected question on my side—a question about his name.

"While I was thinking he was thinking—and, as it soon appeared, of what I had just said to him. 'I am so grieved to have frightened you,' he whispered, with that gentleness and humility which we all so heartily despise in a man when he speaks to other women, and which we all so dearly like when he speaks to ourselves. 'I hardly know what I have been saying,' he went on; 'my mind is miserably disturbed. Pray forgive me, if you can—I am not myself to-night.'

"'I am not angry,' I said; 'I have nothing to forgive. We are both imprudent—we are both unhappy.' I laid my head on his shoulder. 'Do you really love me?' I asked him softly, in a whisper.

"His arm stole round me again; and I felt the quick beat of his heart get quicker and quicker. 'If you only knew!' he whispered back; 'if you only knew—' He could say no more. I felt his face bending toward mine, and dropped my head lower, and stopped him in the very act of kissing me. 'No,' I said; 'I am only a woman who has taken your fancy. You are treating me as if I was your promised wife.'

"'*Be* my promised wife!' he whispered eagerly, and tried to raise my head. I kept it down. The horror of those old remembrances that you know of came back, and made me tremble a little when he asked me to be his wife. I don't think I was actually faint; but something like faintness made me close my eyes. The moment I shut them the darkness seemed to open as if lightning had split it; and the ghosts of *those other men* rose in the horrid gap and looked at me.

"'Speak to me!' he whispered, tenderly. 'My darling, my angel, speak to me!'

"His voice helped me to recover myself. I had just sense enough left to remember that the time was passing, and that I had not put my question to him yet about his name.

"'Suppose I felt for you as you feel for me?' I said. 'Suppose I loved you dearly enough to trust you with the happiness of all my life to come?'

"I paused a moment to get my breath. It was unbearably still and close—the air seemed to have died when the night came.

"'Would you be marrying me honorably,' I went on, 'if you married me in your present name?'

"His arm dropped from my waist, and I felt him give one great start. After that he sat by me, still, and cold, and silent, as if my question had struck him dumb. I put my arm round his neck, and lifted my head again on his shoulder. Whatever the spell was I had laid on him my coming closer in that way seemed to break it.

"'Who told you?'—he stopped. 'No,' he went on, 'nobody can have told you. What made you suspect—?' He stopped again.

"'Nobody told me,' I said; 'and I don't know what made me suspect. Women have strange fancies sometimes. Is Midwinter really your name?'

"'I can't deceive you,' he answered, after another interval of silence; 'Midwinter is *not* really my name.'

"I nestled a little closer to him.

"'What *is* your name?' I asked.

"He hesitated.

"I lifted my face till my cheek just touched his. I persisted, with my lips close at his ear,

"'What, no confidence in me even yet! No

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confidence in the woman who has almost confessed she loves you—who has almost consented to be your wife!'

"He turned his face to mine. For the second time he tried to kiss me, and for the second time I stopped him.

"'If I tell you my name,' he said, 'I must tell you more.'

"I let my cheek touch his cheek again.

"'Why not?' I said. 'How can I love a man—much less marry him—if he keeps himself a stranger to me?'

"There was no answering that, as I thought. But he did answer it.

"'It is a dreadful story,' he said. 'It may darken all your life, if you know it, as it has darkened mine.'

"I put my other arm round him, and persisted. 'Tell it me; I'm not afraid; tell it me.'

"He began to yield to my other arm.

"'Will you keep it a sacred secret?' he said. 'Never to be breathed—never to be known but to you and me?'

"I promised him it should be a secret. I waited in a perfect frenzy of expectation. Twice he tried to begin, and twice his courage failed him.

"'I can't!' he broke out, in a wild, helpless way. 'I can't tell it!'

"My curiosity, or more likely my temper, got beyond all control. He had irritated me till I was reckless what I said or what I did. I suddenly clasped him close, and pressed my lips to his. 'I love you!' I whispered in a kiss. '*Now* will you tell me?'

"For the moment he was speechless. I don't know whether I did it purposely to drive him wild. I don't know whether I did it involuntarily in a burst of rage. Nothing is certain but that I interpreted his silence the wrong way. I pushed him back from me in a fury the instant after I had kissed him. 'I hate you!' I said. 'You have maddened me into forgetting myself. Leave me! I don't care for the darkness. Leave me instantly, and never see me again!'

"He caught me by the hand and stopped me. He spoke in a new voice—he suddenly *commanded*, as only men can.

"'Sit down,' he said. 'You have given me back my courage—you shall know who I am.'

"In the silence and the darkness all round us I obeyed him, and sat down.

"In the silence and the darkness all round us he took me in his arms again, and told me who he was.

"Shall I trust you with his story? Shall I tell you his real name? Shall I show you, as I threatened, the thoughts that have grown out of my interview with him, and out of all that has happened to me since that time?

"Or shall I keep his secret as I promised? and keep my own secret too, by bringing this weary long letter to an end at the very moment when you are burning to hear more?

"Those are serious questions, Mrs. Oldershaw—more serious than you suppose. I have had time to calm down, and I begin to see what I failed to see when I first took up my pen to write to you—the wisdom of looking at consequences. Have I frightened myself in trying to frighten *you?* It is possible—strange as it may seem, it is really possible.

"I have been at the window for the last minute or two, thinking. There is plenty of time for thinking before the post leaves. The people are only now coming out of church.

"I have settled to put my letter on one side, and to take a look at my diary. In plainer words, I must see what I risk if I decide on trusting you; and my diary will show me what my head is too weary to calculate without help. I have written the story of my days (and sometimes the story of my nights) much more regularly than usual for the last week, having reasons of my own for being particularly careful in this respect under present circumstances. If I end in doing what it is now in my mind to do, it would be madness to trust to my memory. The smallest forgetfulness of the slightest event that has happened from the night of my interview with Midwinter to the present time might be utter ruin to me.

"'Utter ruin to her!' you will say. 'What kind of ruin does she mean?'

"Wait a little, till I have asked my diary whether I can safely tell you."

OUR THANKSGIVING.

"I DON'T believe we shall have a bit of fun," said Susy.

"Why, ain't she going to have a pudding?" That was Harry all over.

"Oh, I s'pose there'll be a pudding, 'cause Mr. Smith he sent up some raisins this mornin'—I pecked into the paper. But there isn't a single sign of a evergreen trimmin' put up, nor a flag, nor a any thing. And mother she just looks so sober, and she hain't laughed all day long. Oh, *I* think it's real horrid."

"I saw her cry too. She sent me after a clean handkerchief."

"She did! Well, I s'pose it's all about Will. You know he came home last Thanksgiving."

"*Will* allers laughed Thanksgivin', Sue. *My!* didn't he put it into the nuts and raisings, and string up the wish-bones!"

"Harry! why how you act! Will's dead, you know."

"I can't help it," said Harry, apologetically. "I allers had good times with him. I wish he wasn't dead. *Didn't* he look funny in mother's bonnet after dinner!"

"I wish he wasn't dead too, Harry; but then he is, you know. I tried to cry this mornin' when mother kep' wipin' her eyes, but I didn't after all. I wish she wouldn't look so horrid sober. You see if we have a nice time—I know we sha'n't."

"Well," said Harry, after a moment's consideration, "there's the turkey, any how."

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The sitting-room door closed then, and little feet pattered up stairs on their way to bed.

The parlor was cold, and the twilight hung and deepened in the room. Just in front of me the frosts had frescoed the window, and the light of a faint, rising moon struck through them. In one little spot the children had dimmed away the silver tracery by their warm breath but a few moments ago. Through it, in the shadow of the church, something stood out alone and still—something which had drawn me into this lonely room, and fastened and held my eyes on the cold, cruel window—something which no close-closed curtains or warm home-lights could ever shut out; which the width of a world could not separate from me; whose shadow fell across my very prayers, and darkened the face of God—the grave.

This night it was so cold. The frosts, weaving and weaving their pattern on the window, chilled it so. What did those children mean? How merrily they were romping into bed up stairs! I wished they would not—to-night—*to-night*.

The frosts, weaving and weaving their pattern on the window, weaved out of sight the church shadow and that within it. Only the glitter of the silvered picture was left, with the moon faint behind it. I drew my shawl over my shoulders and went into the other room. A bright fire was crackling on the hearth; the curtains were drawn, red and warm and cozy, behind the ivies; my rocking-chair was in its place, with the cricket pushed up beside it—that was Susy. She was always thoughtful—more like—

I found I was chilled through, and sat down by the fire. Then I covered my face with my hands.

God knows how I had dreaded this day which was coming; how for months I had shrank from it, and pleaded with it to pass me by; how I had talked with it in dreams, and been wakened by my tears, and prayed for strength to live it through; how like a phantom it had confronted me, and haunted me, and dogged my steps, and the strength had *not* come. And now it was upon me.

Our Thanksgivings had been no more, I suppose, to us than to any who love the day; the tender household memories clustering around them no sweeter and no dearer than thousands and thousands; nor was my grief more than any other mother's grief. But what was that to me or mine? Our loss was as irreparable, my grief as solitary, as if the universe held no other. For the heart knoweth its *own* bitterness.

He loved these days so—my boy; he loved them so. For him and because of him they had always been so bright. And it was only the last—only the last one that he was with us. Just for a few days the short, happy furlough lasted—days that brighten as the distance between me and them grows wider and darker. I remember his face as I met him at the door. It was only "Mother!" and "Oh, Willie!" only a close clasping and a long kiss. All that day I could not see him except through thick-falling tears; happy tears I called them; yet now I can read the prophecy of their pain. God did not tell me that he would not come home to his mother again; but I knew it—from the moment he crossed the threshold I knew it.

And here was the day staring me in the face. What will you think of me, if I say that in my children's prattle that night I saw for myself no reproof; that indeed I was almost vexed with their thoughtless joy; their merry voices stung me; I shrank away from their little plays and laughter. It was the *silence* only that I heard. He—he was my first-born, and I loved him. To live through to-morrow's festival without him; to fill it with the old glad customs and the old rejoicings; to come to the table and see only that one vacant chair; to watch the children play about the fire, where he had played among them; to sit and worship and give thanks in the church to which he had walked with us in company, and from which we had borne him to his rest; to keep eyes free from tears and lips from quivering.

"Mary," said a voice beside me. My husband had come in from his study, and was pacing the room in his restless way.

"Well?"

"I suppose you have been preparing for—to-morrow?"

"The children shall have their dinner; what else can I do?"

"We do not want *them* to have a gloomy day of it, Mary."

"I can not, can not help it. John, you *know*."

He came up and laid his hand upon my bowed head.

"I know, Mary, I know. I am stronger to bear it than you. I will try and be cheerful for both of us: it will soon be over."

That was just like *him;* all my burdens were his own; all my pain doubly his. I might have known how it would be. Was this sorrow making me forgetful of my husband? Could I be *that?*

"Oh, John. I am so selfish! but you know I loved him so—if I *could* be brighter, John!"

"I understand it all. Why, Mary!"

He took me in his arms as I broke into sobbing; he took me in his arms like a child, and sitting there beside the fire we talked a long time. I can not tell you what we said. This our child, whom the Lord had taken, was dear to him as to me; for him as for me the path we trod was very dark. But when at last he left me we understood one another, as in every trouble we always had understood. We could bear *any thing* together.

I heard him take his hat, go out of the hall-door, and close it behind him. I went to the window which the frost was painting thicker and thicker with its cold clear pictures, and

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through it I saw a solitary figure passing over the moonlit snow and into the shadow of the church. It was as I supposed.

As I went back to the fire some sleighing party in the street shot by, singing a merry Thanksgiving song. I expect only those who mourn to understand how I listened to it. It was a little thing to hurt me; but it did. Thanksgiving! I could have laughed at the word. Should *I* give thanks? For this desolated fireside, for that vacant chair and silent voice, for the vanished smile and touch and household blessing, for those few dimmed letters, and the heart-ache of that lock of clinging hair, and the grave beneath the early snows—should I give thanks for *these?*

So many memories crowded into the word; so many pictures came and went, as I sat there alone in the fire-light. The boy sitting just here at my feet—he was the only one then—cracking his nuts, and stealing the raisins from my pocket after dinner, looking up into my eyes with the pretty mischief bright in his, so great and dark and full; no one ever had eyes like Willie's. He was such a pretty baby, and so dear; you see, he taught me the word mother; it was his little upturned face, and the touch of his tiny fingers, in which I first read the beauty of its holiness. How could I help it that he was what he was to me? What should I do with all this love that had grown into my heart for one-and-twenty years?

Another picture. How the years went and came! He was the only one no longer; but in the group of happy faces his always stood alone to me. It was he who stilled the little ones at their quarrels or when the plays grew rough; it was he who made the beautiful Thanksgiving-days so bright to them; it was he who watched my steps about the room and drew my chair up to the fire, and followed me with his little smile—such a beautiful smile it always was! Why, somehow all the festival days are lighted with it far down the faint and fading years. I see it. When the school-boy, affecting all the little importances of the Bucolics and the first Xenophon lesson, was not ashamed to come out in the kitchen and help me stone the raisins. I see it at the merry dinner-table, and the twinkle in his eye, and the laugh, and the jest, his face all aglow with delight. I think it was a beautiful face.

I see the smile again—older and more manly, but with the same child's tenderness in it; even the mustache of the young collegian could not hide it. How we laughed at him about that mustache! He knew how proud I was of him all the while; how could I help it? Those college vacations are so many sunny days, they were so brief and bright. I remember how we watched for him at the door; how the old coach came lumbering up—it passed the house just now as I write. I suppose I always hear it. I suppose I never hear it without a quickening of my pulse. I suppose I never shall. I see him bounding up the steps. I feel his arms about me. I see the children pulling at his sleeve. I see his face—why will God give us such faces to be our own, our very own, and snatch them away into darkness? Yet I would not now, I would not even then, that night, with the murmuring words upon my lips, lose the sweet memory for ten thousand times its pain.

Once more I see the smile; but it is the smile of a martyr. He knew, when he came to me, with all the hero in his eyes, fired with his pure bright dreams of sacrifice, loving his country as only her young men can—when he came, as if he were again a child, and asked his mother's blessing—he knew to what he was going. So, I think, did I. Yet I did not say him nay. I did not hold him back with my weak tears and pleadings. I thank God for that. I thanked Him on that desolate Thanksgiving-eve. And when I go down the sloping years to meet my old age without my boy, I shall thank Him still. I am very sure of that.

But you do not care to hear the rest of my story. It is yours, perhaps, as well as mine; and of its sacredness, you and I know well.

I was not there to see him die. I can never go back and be there to help him die. There was one woman—you have heard of her, perhaps—she found him a stranger, cared for by strange hands; and when they bore him to his quick-made grave upon the battle-field she stooped to touch his face with reverent lips, and said, "Let me kiss him for his mother." God bless her for that! God bless her wherever she may be! and may *she* never lay her first-born away under the frozen ground, where he can never call to her, or take her in his arms, or kiss her with his warm young lips!

But we have brought him home since that, and in the shadow of the old familiar church he is at rest. As I sat before the fire, through all my bitter musing that night, I remembered the solitary figure pacing round and round the moonlit grave—his father loved him so. I do not say that even I, his mother, loved him more.

Did I ask for strength to live through this day which was coming—to live it quietly, healthfully, thankfully, remembering that mine was not a thorn-wreath, since "no mortal grief deserves that crown?" I do not know. Do we never pray for that which we *will not have?* Our Father, who is very patient with us, alone knows.

And then these *facts* of sorrow are so sharp. It was one thing to give him up—a grand, heroic thing; it was another to find him gone—

> "To feel the door-latch stir and clink,
> And know 'tis no more he—nor sink."

Do you know this "surprise when one sits quite alone?" But, with my prayers or without them, the morning came. It came as other Thanksgiving mornings had come—with fresh, frolicking winds, and sunlight, and blue skies; with merry voices, with cloudless faces, and happy hearts.

The children woke me with the old rap on my door—Susy and Harry and Bertie, and May

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hiding shyly in the entry, lest papa should have a peep at her night-cap, half doubting, indeed, whether she was not getting to be too much of a woman to take part in the children's sport. How merry Willie always was at it! his little rap always the loudest, and his laugh the clearest of all. I could not forget it, and turned away to hide the quick, hot tears.

"Mamma, don't talk," cried Bertie through the keyhole. "I guess she hasn't woke up—Mamma!"

"Come away," said May, in a whisper—"mother feels badly to have Thanksgiving come, you know. Perhaps she isn't well—let's go and dress."

And before I found my voice the little bare feet had pattered away over the entry, and it was too late to call them back.

I remember just how yellow and murky the sunshine lay on the floors that morning, and how I thought the wind wailed about the corners of the house—to me it had no frolic. The children came in from coasting while I was at work, all flushed, and eager, and happy, jostling and pushing each other at play in the entry. The moment they saw my face Susy grew sober, and May began to hush Harry's laughter. How *could* I help it?

"Where's the evergreen trimmings?" asked Bertie, looking around the rooms with disappointed eyes. "There's a lot picked up garrets, mother."

Ah, that pretty celebration of the day! *I* had never planned for it. It was Willie's fancy, and Willie's skillful fingers they were which had always made the old rooms bright and festive. How I cling to the baby-name! Yet he never minded it from me; sometimes, from a quick, pleased look in his manly eyes, I used to think he liked to have me call him so.

"May! May! fix the trimmings," I said, turning away. "I—I am too busy this morning."

"It isn't like having you," said May, her bright face falling, and then the children with puzzled eyes crept one by one away.

Dinner-time came at last, and they gathered round the table gleefully—just as gleefully, I thought, with a half bitterness, as if they had *all* been there.

"Why! what's this for?" asked Harry, stopping. "Mother, you've got one chair too many."

"Hush, Harry! I know—don't you see?" And then I heard Susy whispering to him.

Why had I done it? I hardly knew. To lay the plates, and set the chairs, and pass that one place by—that place that always was by mine—it seemed hard. It was a very little thing; but you know how dear these little things become to women sometimes.

So I had put it there—the empty chair; and with its pitiful, appealing blankness beside me, I sat down to the festival meal. I remember just how every thing looked, as in a picture—my husband's face, with its white, peaceful smile, the same that he had given to his boy, and the children grouped around in the old places; and a fleck of yellow sunlight that had fallen in through the warm south window upon the table-cloth. I remember every thing. I know that John had just bowed his head to ask God's blessing on our food, and the children's eyes were closed, when I saw—I saw as distinctly as I see this paper upon which I write the words—a shadow fall across the empty chair.

I turned my head, and I saw him—my boy Willie. I know it was Willie. You need not doubt me, for I tell you I can not be mistaken. Should not *I* know him, I, his mother? I looked deep, deep into his eyes. I saw the old, rare smile; I touched his own bright curls upon his forehead; I spoke to him; he spoke to me.

"Willie!"

"Mother!"

The voice was breathless, but it was his.

"Willie! Willie!"

Again the old, rare smile. With one hand he motioned silence. His father's voice hushed the Amen, and the children looked up and began their chatter.

"Did you speak to me, Mary?" asked my husband.

"No."

"Why, I thought some one spoke during the blessing. Well, Miss May, which part of the turkey shall I help you to?"

So they did not see him. I alone was chosen. I looked into his face, smiling, smiling down into mine so tenderly—you can not know how tenderly; but in his eyes I saw—and I thought my heart would break to see it—a certain sad, reproachful look, that I had caught on his face once, years ago, when I accused him with injustice of some trifling childish fault—a look that had haunted me in many a still hour since. And then I heard him say distinctly, though to not another ear was the breathless voice audible:

"*I* want them to be happy. *I* want you to enjoy the day. Did you think I should not be with you, mother?"

He *was* with me, thank God! and I was happy. I talked, I laughed, I chatted with the children; their merriment increased with mine; my husband's pale face lighted up; I felt my own eyes sparkling. And all the while, where they saw only that empty chair, I saw the beautiful still face and happy smile. I saw him pleased with the old familiar customs. I saw him mindful of the children's jests. I saw his eyes, full of their own home-love, turn from one to another, and back again to me—I saw and I was content. All that day he was beside me. He followed us into the sitting-room and took his old seat by the cozy fire. He listened to his father's stories, and watched the children at their games, and joined us when we gathered around the piano for our twilight song. *I* heard his voice; the children asked what made me sing so clearly.

Just as the shades began to fall heavily he

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drew me toward him by the frost-bound window. I know he stooped and kissed me. I know he took me in his arms, and said, as he had said before:

"Did you think I should not be with you, mother?"

And then I missed him. I called to him, but he did not answer. I stretched out my arms after him, but he did not come back to me. The room grew dark; my head swam; I tottered over to my husband.

"Oh, John! I have lost him! Oh, John! John!"

"Mary—why, Mary! what is the matter?" and he caught me in his arms.

I looked up. I was not in the parlor by the frost-bound window; the children were not beside me. The sitting-room fire had died down into the ashes; the door into the hall was open, and my husband had on his over-coat. He was holding me tightly in his arms.

"How you shiver, Mary! Why, my darling, what has happened?"

"John, where—when did you find me?"

"I have just come in. I heard you cry; you called my name, I think."

"I know, I know! I thought—Oh, John! John!"

And then I told him all my dream. When I had finished he was still a long time, then—

"Mary, perhaps the boy *has* been to you."

At this moment the clock on the mantle struck twelve. We listened to its strokes till the last one died away.

"It is our Thanksgiving morning," said my husband, solemnly. "Let us give thanks to God."

So we knelt down and prayed together.

When the morning really came, with its fresh, frolicking winds, and sunlight, and blue skies; with its merry faces and gay voices, and the happy children rapping at my door, I thought of what he said: "Perhaps the boy *has* been to you." "Sometimes I think he must have been, so real and sweet is, even now, the memory of his coming. All that day he stood beside me; all that day I saw his peaceful face, and felt the blessing of his smile, and heard his low, sweet voice. What for months I had looked upon and feared with the bitterness of a great dread, the face, and smile, and voice made almost painless.

The children's merry greetings did not hurt me; my fingers did not tremble when they twined the fresh green leaves about the walls. Into the very making of my pudding I threw my *heart*, and the day became once more a festival; just as truly a festival, I think, as it was when Willie blessed it and made it bright, because I knew he wished to have it so.

The older children went with us to church that morning. Harry and Susy, finding the turkeys rather an impediment to religious edification, kept guard at home. Susy's little whisper at starting did me good, I think.

"Mamma, you're just like the old mamma you—you used to was."

God knows I tried to be.

The little church was very still and pleasant that morning, and somehow the service stole way down into my heart. It was no eloquent preacher that we heard; only a plain man, with God's plainest gifts of mind and culture. Many a time I should have preferred my own worship to any to which he could help me. But this morning his heart was very full. I saw that the day was real to him, and I listened.

A bit of Mrs. Browning's music kept singing itself in my soul:

"I praise Thee while my days go on,
I love Thee while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on."

I think that I did thank Him—I, who only last year had sat there with my boy beside me—so manly and so brave he looked, so pleased that they chose the hymn he loved, so happy and at rest while he sang it with them.

I think that when the dear familiar words flooded the church with harmony again, as on that other morning, and John and I clasped hands silently—I think we uttered the old, old cry, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

We stopped after church together where the boy was lying, to let May lay down her little green wreath, and I was glad that she could do it calmly. Somehow I felt as if tears would be profanation just then. Then we went quietly home.

It was a happy home that day—as happy as it could be when we did not *see* him. Yet I know he was there.

"Did you think I should not be with you, mother?"

I heard it over and over; I hear it over and over now; I shall hear it when the next Thanksgiving sun brightens his quiet grave. He wished us to be happy; I know he was with us. I think he will always be.

DEATH.

O DEATH, the Consecrator!
Nothing so sanctifies a name
As to be written—dead;
Nothing so wins a life from blame,
So covers it from wrath and shame,
As does the burial-bed.

O Death, the Revelator!
Our deepest passions never move
Till thou hast bid them wake;
We know not half how much we love
Till all below and all above
Is shrouded for our sake.

O Death, the great Peace-Maker!
If enmity have come between
There's naught like death to heal it;
And if we love—O priceless pain,
O bitter-sweet when love is *vain!*—
There's naught like death to seal it.

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OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE FOURTH. A TURNING.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PASSING SHADOW.

THE winds and tides rose and fell a certain number of times, the earth moved round the sun a certain number of times, the ship upon the ocean made her voyage safely, and brought a baby-Bella home. Then who so blest and happy as Mrs. John Rokesmith, saving and excepting Mr. John Rokesmith!

"Would you not like to be rich *now*, my darling?"

"How can you ask me such a question, John dear? Am I not rich?"

These were among the first words spoken near the baby-Bella as she lay asleep. She soon proved to be a baby of wonderful intelligence, evincing the strongest objection to her grandmother's society, and being invariably seized with a painful acidity of the stomach when that dignified lady honored her with any attention.

It was charming to see Bella contemplating this baby, and finding out her own dimples in that tiny reflection, as if she were looking in the glass without personal vanity. Her cherubic father justly remarked to her husband that the baby seemed to make her younger than before, reminding him of the days when she had a pet doll and used to talk to it as she carried it about. The world might have been challenged to produce another baby who had such a store of pleasant nonsense said and sung to it, as Bella said and sung to this baby; or who was dressed and undressed as often in four-and-twenty hours as Bella dressed and undressed this baby; or who was held behind doors and poked out to stop its father's way when he came home, as this baby was; or, in a word, who did half the number of baby things, through the lively invention of a gay and proud young mother, that this inexhaustible baby did.

The inexhaustible baby was two or three months old when Bella began to notice a cloud upon her husband's brow. Watching it, she saw a gathering and deepening anxiety there, which caused her great disquiet. More than once she awoke him muttering in his sleep; and, though he muttered nothing worse than her own name, it was plain to her that his restlessness originated in some load of care. Therefore, Bella at length put in her claim to divide this load, and bear her half of it.

"You know, John dear," she said, cheerily reverting to their former conversation, "that I hope I may safely be trusted in great things. And it surely can not be a little thing that causes you so much uneasiness. It's very considerate of you to try to hide from me that you are uncomfortable about something, but it's quite impossible to be done, John love."

"I admit that I am rather uneasy, my own."

"Then please to tell me what about, Sir."

But no, he evaded that. "Never mind!" thought Bella, resolutely. "John requires me to put perfect faith in him, and he shall not be disappointed."

She went up to London one day to meet him, in order that they might make some purchases. She found him waiting for her at her journey's end, and they walked away together through the streets. He was in gay spirits, though still harping on that notion of their being rich; and he said, now let them make believe that yonder fine carriage was theirs, and that it was waiting to take them home to a fine house they had: what would Bella, in that case, best like to find in the house? Well! Bella didn't know: already having every thing she wanted, she couldn't say. But by degrees she was led on to confess that she would like to have for the inexhaustible baby such a nursery as never was seen. It was to be "a very rainbow for colors," as she was quite sure baby noticed colors; and the staircase was to be adorned with the most exquisite flowers, as she was absolutely certain baby noticed flowers; and there was to be an aviary some where, of the loveliest little birds, as there was not the smallest doubt in the world that baby noticed birds. Was there nothing else? No, John dear. The predilections of the inexhaustible baby being provided for, Bella could think of nothing else.

They were chatting on in this way, and John had suggested, "No jewels for your own wear, for instance?" and Bella had replied, laughing. O! if he came to that, yes, there might be a beautiful ivory case of jewels on her dressing-table; when these pictures were in a moment darkened and blotted out.

They turned a corner, and met Mr. Lightwood.

He stopped as if he were petrified by the sight of Bella's husband, who in the same moment had changed color.

"Mr. Lightwood and I have met before," he said.

"Met before, John?" Bella repeated in a tone of wonder. "Mr. Lightwood told me he had never seen you."

"I did not then know that I had," said Lightwood, discomposed on her account. "I believed that I had only heard of—Mr. Rokesmith." With an emphasis on the name.

"When Mr. Lightwood saw me, my love," observed her husband, not avoiding his eye, but looking at him, "my name was Julius Handford."

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Julius Handford! The name that Bella had so often seen in old newspapers, when she was an inmate of Mr. Boffin's house! Julius Handford, who had been publicly entreated to appear, and for intelligence of whom a reward had been publicly offered!

"I would have avoided mentioning it in your presence," said Lightwood to Bella, delicately; "but since your husband mentions it himself, I must confirm his strange admission. I saw him as Mr. Julius Handford, and I afterward (unquestionably to his knowledge) took great pains to trace him out."

"Quite true. But it was not my object or my interest," said Rokesmith, quietly, "to be traced out."

Bella looked from the one to the other in amazement.

"Mr. Lightwood," pursued her husband, "as chance has brought us face to face at last—which is not to be wondered at, for the wonder is, that, in spite of all my pains to the contrary, chance has not confronted us together sooner—I have only to remind you that you have been at my house, and to add that I have not changed my residence."

"Sir," returned Lightwood, with a meaning glance toward Bella, "my position is a truly painful one. I hope that no complicity in a very dark transaction may attach to you; but you can not fail to know that your own extraordinary conduct has laid you under suspicion."

"I know it has," was all the reply.

"My professional duty," said Lightwood, hesitating, with another glance toward Bella, "is greatly at variance with my personal inclination; but I doubt, Mr. Handford, or Mr. Rokesmith, whether I am justified in taking leave of you here, with your whole course unexplained."

Bella caught her husband by the hand.

"Don't be alarmed, my darling. Mr. Lightwood will find that he is quite justified in taking leave of me here. At all events," added Rokesmith, "he will find that I mean to take leave of him here."

"I think, Sir," said Lightwood, "you can scarcely deny that when I came to your house on the occasion to which you have referred you avoided me of a set purpose."

"Mr. Lightwood, I assure you I have no disposition to deny it, or intention to deny it. I should have continued to avoid you, in pursuance of the same set purpose, for a short time longer, if we had not met now. I am going straight home, and shall remain at home to-morrow until noon. Hereafter I hope we may be better acquainted. Good-day."

Lightwood stood irresolute, but Bella's husband passed him in the steadiest manner, with Bella on his arm; and they went home without encountering any further remonstrance or molestation from any one.

When they had dined and were alone, John Rokesmith said to his wife, who had preserved her cheerfulness: "And you don't ask me, my dear, why I bore that name?"

"No, John love. I should dearly like to know, of course" (which her anxious face confirmed); "but I wait until you can tell me of your own free-will. You asked me if I could have perfect faith in you, and I said yes, and I meant it."

It did not escape Bella's notice that he began to look triumphant. She wanted no strengthening in her firmness; but if she had had need of any, she would have derived it from his kindling face.

"You can not have been prepared, my dearest, for such a discovery as that this mysterious Mr. Handford was identical with your husband?"

"No, John dear, of course not. But you told me to prepare to be tried, and I prepared myself."

He drew her to nestle closer to him, and told her it would soon be over and the truth would soon appear. "And now," he went on, "lay stress, my dear, on these words that I am going to add. I stand in no kind of peril, and I can by possibility be hurt at no one's hand."

"You are quite, quite sure of that, John dear?"

"Not a hair of my head! Moreover, I have done no wrong, and have injured no man. Shall I swear it?"

"No, John!" cried Bella, laying her hand upon his lips with a proud look. "Never to me!"

"But circumstances," he went on "—I can, and I will, disperse them in a moment—have surrounded me with one of the strangest suspicions ever known. You heard Mr. Lightwood speak of a dark transaction?"

"Yes, John."

"You are prepared to hear explicitly what he meant?"

"Yes, John."

"My life, he meant the murder of John Harmon, your allotted husband."

With a fast palpitating heart Bella grasped him by the arm. "You can not be suspected, John?"

"Dear love, I can be—for I am!"

There was silence between them as she sat looking in his face, with the color quite gone from her own face and lips. "How dare they!" she cried at length, in a burst of generous indignation. "My beloved husband, how dare they!"

He caught her in his arms as she opened hers, and held her to his heart. "Even knowing this, you can trust me, Bella?"

"I can trust you, John dear, with all my soul. If I could not trust you, I should fall dead at your feet."

The kindling triumph in his face was bright indeed as he looked up and rapturously exclaimed, what had he done to deserve the blessing of this dear, confiding creature's heart! Again she put her hand upon his lips, saying, "Hush!" and then told him, in her own little, natural,

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pathetic way, that if all the world were against him she would be for him; that if all the world repudiated him she would believe him; that if he were infamous in other eyes he would be honored in hers; and that, under the worst unmerited suspicion, she would devote her life to consoling him, and imparting her own faith in him to their little child.

A twilight calm of happiness then succeeding to their radiant noon, they remained at peace until a strange voice in the room startled them both. The room being by that time dark, the voice said, "Don't let the lady be alarmed by my striking a light," and immediately a match rattled and glimmered in a hand. The hand and the match and the voice were then seen by John Rokesmith to belong to Mr. Inspector, once meditatively active in this chronicle.

"I take the liberty," said Mr. Inspector, in a business-like manner, "to bring myself to the recollection of Mr. Julius Handford, who gave me his name and address down at our place a considerable time ago. Would the lady object to my lighting the pair of candles on the chimney-piece, to throw a further light upon the subject? No? Thank you, ma'am. Now we look cheerful!"

Mr. Inspector, in a dark-blue buttoned-up frock-coat and pantaloons, presented a serviceable, half-pay, Royal Arms kind of appearance, as he applied his pocket-handkerchief to his nose and bowed to the lady.

"You favored me, Mr. Handford," said Mr. Inspector, "by writing down your name and address, and I produce the piece of paper on which you wrote it. Comparing the same with the writing on the fly-leaf of this book on the table—and a sweet pretty volume it is—I find the writing of the entry, 'Mrs. John Rokesmith. From her husband on her birthday'—and very gratifying to the feelings such memorials are—to correspond exactly. Can I have a word with you?"

"Certainly. Here, if you please," was the reply.

"Why," retorted Mr. Inspector, again using his pocket handkerchief, "though there's nothing for the lady to be at all alarmed at, still, ladies are apt to take alarm at matters of business—being of that fragile sex that they're not accustomed to them when not of a strictly domestic character—and I do generally make it a rule to propose retirement from the presence of ladies, before entering upon business topics. Or perhaps," Mr. Inspector hinted, "if the lady was to step up stairs, and take a look at baby now!"

"Mrs. Rokesmith," her husband was beginning; when Mr. Inspector, regarding the words as an introduction, said, "Happy, I am sure, to have the honor." And bowed, with gallantry.

"Mrs. Rokesmith," resumed her husband, "is satisfied that she can have no reason for being alarmed, whatever the business is."

"Really? Is that so?" said Mr. Inspector. "But it's a sex to live and learn from, and there's nothing a lady can't accomplish when she once fully gives her mind to it. It's the case with my own wife. Well, ma'am, this good gentleman of yours has given rise to a rather large amount of trouble which might have been avoided if he had come forward and explained himself. Well you see! He *didn't* come forward and explain himself. Consequently, now that we meet, him and me, you'll say—and say right—that there's nothing to be alarmed at, in my proposing to him to come forward—or, putting the same meaning in another form, to come along with me—*and* explain himself."

When Mr. Inspector put it in that other form, "to come along with me," there was a relishing roll in his voice, and his eye beamed with an official lustre.

"Do you propose to take me into custody?" inquired John Rokesmith, very coolly.

"Why argue?" returned Mr. Inspector in a comfortable sort of remonstrance; "ain't it enough that I propose that you shall come along with me?"

"For what reason?"

"Lord bless my soul and body!" returned Mr. Inspector, "I wonder at it in a man of your education. Why argue?"

"What do you charge against me?"

"I wonder at you before a lady," said Mr. Inspector, shaking his head reproachfully: "I wonder, brought up as you have been, you haven't a more delicate mind! I charge you, then, with being some way concerned in the Harmon Murder. I don't say whether before, or in, or after, the fact. I don't say whether with having some knowledge of it that hasn't come out."

"You don't surprise me. I foresaw your visit this afternoon."

"Don't!" said Mr. Inspector. "Why, why argue? It's my duty to inform you that whatever you say will be used against you."

"I don't think it will."

"But I tell you it will," said Mr. Inspector. "Now, having received the caution, do you still say that you foresaw my visit this afternoon?"

"Yes. And I will say something more, if you will step with me into the next room."

With a reassuring kiss on the lips of the frightened Bella, her husband (to whom Mr. Inspector obligingly offered his arm) took up a candle and withdrew with that gentleman. They were a full half-hour in conference. When they returned Mr. Inspector looked considerably astonished.

"I have invited this worthy officer, my dear," said John, "to make a short excursion with me in which you shall be a sharer. He will take something to eat and drink, I dare say, on your invitation, while you are getting your bonnet on."

Mr. Inspector declined eating, but assented to the proposal of a glass of brandy and water. Mixing this cold, and pensively consuming it, he broke at intervals into such soliloquies as that

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he never did know such a move, that he never had been so graveled, and that what a game was this to try the sort of stuff a man's opinion of himself was made of! Concurrently with these comments, he more than once burst out a laughing, with the half-enjoying and half-piqued air of a man who had given up a good conundrum, after much guessing, and been told the answer. Bella was so timid of him, that she noted these things in a half-shrinking, half-perceptive way, and similarly noted that there was a great change in his manner toward John. That coming-along-with-him deportment was now lost in long musing looks at John and at herself, and sometimes in slow heavy rubs of his hand across his forehead, as if he were ironing out the creases which his deep pondering made there. He had had some coughing and whistling satellites secretly gravitating toward him about the premises, but they were now dismissed, and he eyed John as if he had meant to do him a public service, but had unfortunately been anticipated. Whether Bella might have noted any thing more, if she had been less afraid of him, she could not determine; but it was all inexplicable to her, and not the faintest flash of the real state of the case broke in upon her mind. Mr. Inspector's increased notice of herself, and knowing way of raising his eyebrows when their eyes by any chance met, as if he put the question "Don't you see?" augmented her timidity, and, consequently, her perplexity. For all these reasons, when he and she and John, at toward nine o'clock of a winter evening, went to London, and began driving from London Bridge, among low-lying water-side wharves and docks and strange places, Bella was in the state of a dreamer; perfectly unable to account for her being there, perfectly unable to forecast what would happen next, or whither she was going, or why; certain of nothing in the immediate present, but that she confided in John, and that John seemed somehow to be getting more triumphant. But what a certainty was that!

They alighted at last at the corner of a court, where there was a building with a bright lamp and a wicket gate. Its orderly appearance was very unlike that of the surrounding neighborhood, and was explained by the inscription POLICE STATION.

"We are not going in here, John?" said Bella, clinging to him.

"Yes, my dear; but of our own accord. We shall come out again as easily, never fear."

The whitewashed room was pure white as of old, the methodical book-keeping was in peaceful progress as of old, and some distant howler was banging against a cell door as of old. The sanctuary was not a permanent abiding-place; but a kind of criminal Pickford's. The lower passions and vices were regularly ticked off in the books, warehoused in the cells, carted away as per accompanying invoice, and left no mark upon it.

Mr. Inspector placed two chairs for his visitors before the fire, and communed in a low voice with a brother of his order (also of a half-pay and Royal Arms aspect), who, judged only by his occupation at the moment, might have been a writing-master, setting copies. Their conference done, Mr. Inspector returned to the fireplace, and, having observed that he would step round to the Fellowships and see how matters stood, went out. He soon came back again, saying, "Nothing could be better, for they're at supper with Miss Abbey in the bar;" and then they all three went out together.

Still, as in a dream, Bella found herself entering a snug old-fashioned public house, and found herself smuggled into a little three-cornered room nearly opposite the bar of that establishment. Mr. Inspector achieved the smuggling of herself and John into this queer room, called Cozy in an inscription on the door, by entering in the narrow passage first in order, and suddenly turning round upon them with extended arms, as if they had been two sheep. The room was lighted for their reception.

"Now," said Mr. Inspector to John, turning the gas lower; "I'll mix with 'em in a casual way, and when I say Identification, perhaps you'll show yourself."

John nodded, and Mr. Inspector went alone to the half-door of the bar. From the dim doorway of Cozy, within which Bella and her husband stood, they could see a comfortable little party of three persons sitting at supper in the bar, and could hear every thing that was said.

The three persons were Miss Abbey and two male guests. To whom collectively Mr. Inspector remarked that the weather was getting sharp for the time of year.

"It need be sharp to suit your wits, Sir," said Miss Abbey. "What have you got in hand now?"

"Thanking you for your compliment: not much, Miss Abbey," was Mr. Inspector's rejoinder.

"Who have you got in Cozy?" asked Miss Abbey.

"Only a gentleman and his wife, Miss."

"And who are they? If one may ask it without detriment to your deep plans in the interests of the honest public?" said Miss Abbey, proud of Mr. Inspector as an administrative genius.

"They are strangers in this part of the town, Miss Abbey. They are waiting till I shall want the gentleman to show himself somewhere, for half a moment."

"While they're waiting," said Miss Abbey, "couldn't you join us?"

Mr. Inspector immediately slipped into the bar, and sat down at the side of the half-door, with his back toward the passage, and directly facing the two guests. "I don't take my supper till later in the night," said he, "and therefore I won't disturb the compactness of the table. But I'll take a glass of flip, if that's flip in the jug in the fender."

"That's flip," replied Miss Abbey, "and it's

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my making, and if even you can find out better I shall be glad to know where." Filling him, with hospitable hands, a steaming tumbler, Miss Abbey replaced the jug by the fire; the company not having yet arrived at the flip stage of their supper, but being as yet skirmishing with strong ale.

"Ah—h!" cried Mr. Inspector. "That's the smack! There's not a Detective in the Force, Miss Abbey, that could find out better stuff than that."

"Glad to hear you say so," rejoined Miss Abbey. "You ought to know, if any body does."

"Mr. Job Potterson," Mr. Inspector continued, "I drink your health. Mr. Jacob Kibble, I drink yours. Hope you have made a prosperous voyage home, gentlemen both."

Mr. Kibble, an unctuous broad man of few words and many mouthfuls, said, more briefly than pointedly, raising his ale to his lips: "Same to you." Mr. Job Potterson, a semi-seafaring man of obliging demeanor, said, "Thank you, Sir."

"Lord bless my soul and body!" cried Mr. Inspector. "Talk of trades, Miss Abbey, and the way they set their marks on men" (a subject which nobody had approached); who wouldn't know your brother to be a Steward! There's a bright and ready twinkle in his eye, there's a neatness in his action, there's a smartness in his figure, there's an air of reliability about him in case you wanted a basin, which points out the steward! And Mr. Kibble; ain't he Passenger, all over? While there's that mercantile cut upon him which would make you happy to give him credit for five hundred pound, don't you see the salt sea shining on him too?"

"*You* do, I dare say," returned Miss Abbey, "but *I* don't. And as for stewarding, I think it's time my brother gave that up, and took this House in hand on his sister's retiring. The House will go to pieces if he don't. I wouldn't sell it for any money that could be told out, to a person that I couldn't depend upon to be a Law to the Porters, as I have been."

"There you're right, Miss," said Mr. Inspector. "A better kept house is not known to our men. What do I say? Half so well a kept house is not known to our men. Show the Force the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters, and the Force —to a constable—will show you a piece of perfection, Mr. Kibble."

That gentleman, with a very serious shake of his head, subscribed the article.

"And talk of Time slipping by you, as if it was an animal at rustic sports with its tail soaped," said Mr. Inspector (again, a subject which nobody had approached); "why, well you may. Well you may. How has it slipped by us, since the time when Mr. Job Potterson here present, Mr. Jacob Kibble here present, and an Officer of the Force here present, first came together on a matter of Identification!"

Bella's husband stepped softly to the half-door of the bar, and stood there.

"How has Time slipped by us," Mr. Inspector went on, slowly, with his eyes narrowly observant of the two guests, "since we three very men, at an Inquest in this very house—Mr. Kibble? Taken ill, Sir?"

Mr. Kibble had staggered up, with his lower jaw dropped, catching Potterson by the shoulder, and pointing to the half-door. He now cried out: "Potterson! Look! Look there!" Potterson started up, started back, and exclaimed: "Heaven defend us, what's that!" Bella's husband stepped back to Bella, took her in his arms (for she was terrified by the unintelligible terror of the two men), and shut the door of the little room. A hurry of voices succeeded, in which Mr. Inspector's voice was busiest; it gradually slackened and sank; and Mr. Inspector reappeared. "Sharp's the word, Sir!" he said, looking in with a knowing wink. "We'll get your lady out at once." Immediately Bella and her husband were under the stars, making their way back alone to the vehicle they had kept in waiting.

All this was most extraordinary, and Bella could make nothing of it but that John was in the right. How in the right, and how suspected of being in the wrong, she could not divine. Some vague idea that he had never really assumed the name of Handford, and that there was a remarkable likeness between him and that mysterious person, was her nearest approach to any definite explanation. But John was triumphant; that much was made apparent; and she could wait for the rest.

When John came home to dinner next day he said, sitting down on the sofa by Bella and baby-Bella: "My dear, I have a piece of news to tell you. I have left the China House."

As he seemed to like having left it, Bella took it for granted that there was no misfortune in the case.

"In a word, my love," said John, "the China House is broken up and abolished. There is no such thing any more."

"Then are you already in another House, John?"

"Yes, my darling. I am in another way of business. And I am rather better off."

The inexhaustible baby was instantly made to congratulate him, and to say, with appropriate action on the part of a very limp arm and a speckled fist: "Three cheers, ladies and gemplemorums. Hoo—ray!"

"I am afraid, my life," said John, "that you have become very much attached to this cottage?"

"Afraid I have, John? Of course I have."

"The reason why I said afraid," returned John, "is, because we must move."

"O John!"

"Yes, my dear, we must move. We must have our head-quarters in London now. In short, there's a dwelling-house rent-free, attached to my new position, and we must occupy it."

"That's a gain, John."

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"Yes, my dear, it is undoubtedly a gain."

He gave her a very blithe look, and a very sly look. Which occasioned the inexhaustible baby to square at him with the speckled fists, and demand in a threatening manner what he meant?

"My love, you said it was a gain, and *I* said it was a gain. A very innocent remark, surely."

"I won't," said the inexhaustible baby, "—allow—you—to make—game—of—my—venerable—Ma." At each division administering a soft facer with one of the speckled fists.

John having stooped down to receive these punishing visitations, Bella asked him, would it be necessary to move soon? Why yes, indeed (said John), he did propose that they should move very soon. Taking the furniture with them, of course (said Bella)? Why, no (said John), the fact was, that the house was—in a sort of a kind of a way—furnished already.

The inexhaustible baby, hearing this, resumed the offensive, and said: "But there's no nursery for me, Sir. What do you mean, marble-hearted parent?" To which the marble-hearted parent rejoined that there was a—sort of a kind of a—nursery, and it might be "made to do." "Made to do?" returned the Inexhaustible, administering more punishment; "what do you take me for?" And was then turned over on its back in Bella's lap, and smothered with kisses.

"But really, John dear," said Bella, flushed in quite a lovely manner by these exercises, "will the new house, just as it stands, do for baby? That's the question."

"I felt that to be the question," he returned, "and therefore I arranged that you should come with me and look at it to-morrow morning." Appointment made, accordingly, for Bella to go up with him to-morrow morning; John kissed; and Bella delighted.

When they reached London in pursuance of their little plan they took coach and drove westward. Not only drove westward, but drove into that particular westward division which Bella had seen last when she turned her face from Mr. Boffin's door. Not only drove into that particular division, but drove at last into that very street. Not only drove into that very street, but stopped at last at that very house.

"John dear!" cried Bella, looking out of window in a flutter. "Do you see where we are?"

"Yes, my love. The coachman's quite right."

The house-door was opened without any knocking or ringing, and John promptly helped her out. The servant who stood holding the door asked no question of John, neither did he go before them or follow them as they went straight up stairs. It was only her husband's encircling arm, urging her on, that prevented Bella from stopping at the foot of the staircase. As they ascended, it was seen to be tastefully ornamented with most beautiful flowers.

"O John!" said Bella, faintly. "What does this mean?"

"Nothing, my darling, nothing. Let us go on."

Going on a little higher, they came to a charming aviary, in which a number of tropical birds, more gorgeous in color than the flowers, were flying about; and among those birds were gold and silver fish, and mosses, and water-lilies, and a fountain, and all manner of wonders.

"O my dear John!" said Bella. "What does this mean?"

"Nothing, my darling, nothing. Let us go on."

They went on, until they came to a door. As John put out his hand to open it, Bella caught his hand.

"I don't know what it means, but it's too much for me. Hold me, John, love."

John caught her up in his arm, and lightly dashed into the room with her.

Behold Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, beaming! Behold Mrs. Boffin clapping her hands in an ecstasy, running to Bella with tears of joy pouring down her comely face, and folding her to her comfortable breast, with the words: "My deary deary, deary girl, that Noddy and me saw married and couldn't wish joy to, or so much as speak to! My deary, deary, deary, wife of John and mother of his little child! My loving loving, bright bright, Pretty Pretty! Welcome to your house and home, my deary!"

CHAPTER XIII.

SHOWING HOW THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN HELPED TO SCATTER DUST.

In all the first bewilderment of her wonder, the most bewilderingly wonderful thing to Bella was the shining countenance of Mr. Boffin. That his wife should be joyous, open-hearted, and genial, or that her face should express every quality that was large and trusting, and no quality that was little or mean, was accordant with Bella's experience. But that he, with a perfectly beneficent air and a plump rosy face, should be standing there, looking at her and John, like some jovial good spirit, was marvelous. For, how had he looked when she last saw him in that very room (it was the room in which she had given him that piece of her mind at parting), and what had become of all those crooked lines of suspicion, avarice, and distrust, that twisted his visage then?

Mrs. Boffin seated Bella on the large ottoman, and seated herself beside her, and John her husband seated himself on the other side of her, and Mr. Boffin stood beaming at every one and every thing he could see, with surpassing jollity and enjoyment. Mrs. Boffin was then taken with a laughing fit of clapping her hands, and clapping her knees, and rocking herself to and fro, and then with another laughing fit of embracing Bel-

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la, and rocking her to and fro—both fits of considerable duration.

"Old lady, old lady," said Mr. Boffin, at length; "if you don't begin somebody else must."

"I'm agoing to begin, Noddy, my dear," returned Mrs. Boffin. "Only it isn't easy for a person to know where to begin, when a person is in this state of delight and happiness. Bella, my dear. Tell me, who's this?"

"Who is this?" repeated Bella. "My husband."

"Ah! But tell me his name, deary!" cried Mrs. Boffin.

"Rokesmith."

"No, it ain't!" cried Mrs. Boffin, clapping her hands, and shaking her head. "Not a bit of it."

"Handford then," suggested Bella.

"No, it ain't!" cried Mrs. Boffin, again clapping her hands and shaking her head. "Not a bit of it."

"At least his name is John, I suppose?" said Bella.

"Ah! I should think so, deary!" cried Mrs. Boffin. "I should hope so! Many and many is the time I have called him by his name of John. But what's his other name, his true other name? Give a guess, my pretty!"

"I can't guess," said Bella, turning her pale face from one to another.

"*I* could," cried Mrs. Boffin, "and what's more, I did! I found him out, all in a flash as I may say, one night. Didn't I, Noddy?"

"Ay! That the old lady did!" said Mr. Boffin, with stout pride in the circumstance.

"Harkee to me, deary," pursued Mrs. Boffin, taking Bella's hands between her own, and gently beating on them from time to time. "It was after a particular night when John had been disappointed—as he thought—in his affections. It was after a night when John had made an offer to a certain young lady, and the certain young lady had refused it. It was after a particular night, when he felt himself cast-away-like, and had made up his mind to go seek his fortune. It was the very next night. My Noddy wanted a paper out of his Secretary's room, and I says to Noddy, 'I am going by the door, and I'll ask him for it.' I tapped at his door, and he didn't hear me. I looked in, and saw him a sitting lonely by his fire, brooding over it. He chanced to look up with a pleased kind of smile in my company when he saw me, and then in a single moment every grain of the gunpowder that had been lying sprinkled thick about him ever since I first set eyes upon him as a man at the Bower, took fire! Too many a time had I seen him sitting lonely, when he was a poor child, to be pitied, heart and hand! Too many a time had I seen him in need of being brightened up with a comforting word! Too many and too many a time to be mistaken, when that glimpse of him come at last! No, no! I just makes out to cry, 'I know you now! You're John!' And he catches me as I drops.—So what," said Mrs. Boffin, breaking off in the rush of her speech to smile most radiantly, "might you think by this time that your husband's name was, dear?"

"Not," returned Bella, with quivering lips; "not Harmon? That's not possible?"

"Don't tremble. Why not possible, deary, when so many things are possible?" demanded Mrs. Boffin, in a soothing tone.

"He was killed," gasped Bella.

"Thought to be," said Mrs. Boffin. "But if ever John Harmon drew the breath of life on earth, that is certainly John Harmon's arm round your waist now, my pretty. If ever John Harmon had a wife on earth, that wife is certainly you. If ever John Harmon and his wife had a child on earth, that child is certainly this."

By a master-stroke of secret arrangement the inexhaustible baby here appeared at the door, suspended in mid-air by invisible agency. Mrs. Boffin, plunging at it, brought it to Bella's lap, where both Mrs. and Mr. Boffin (as the saying is) "took it out of" the Inexhaustible in a shower of caresses. It was only this timely appearance that kept Bella from swooning. This, and her husband's earnestness in explaining further to her how it had come to pass that he had been supposed to be slain, and had even been suspected of his own murder; also, how he had put a pious fraud upon her which had preyed upon his mind, as the time for its disclosure approached, lest she might not make full allowance for the object with which it had originated, and in which it had fully developed.

"But bless ye, my beauty!" cried Mrs. Boffin, taking him up short at this point, with another hearty clap of her hands. "It wasn't John only that was in it. We was all of us in it."

"I don't," said Bella, looking vacantly from one to another, "yet understand—"

"Of course you don't, my deary," exclaimed Mrs. Boffin. "How can you till you're told! So now I am agoing to tell you. So you put your two hands between my two hands again," cried the comfortable creature, embracing her, "with that blessed little picter lying on your lap, and you shall be told all the story. Now, I'm agoing to tell the story. Once, twice, three times, and the horses is off. Here they go! When I cries out that night, 'I know you now, you're John!'—which was my exact words; wasn't they, John?"

"Your exact words," said John, laying his hand on hers.

"That's a very good arrangement," cried Mrs. Boffin. "Keep it there, John. And as we was all of us in it, Noddy you come and lay yours a top of his, and we won't break the pile till the story's done."

Mr. Boffin hitched up a chair and added his broad brown right hand to the heap.

"That's capital!" said Mrs. Boffin, giving it a kiss. "Seems quite a family building; don't it? But the horses is off. Well! When I cries out that night, 'I know you now! you're John!' John catches of me, it is true; but I ain't a light

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weight, bless ye, and he's forced to let me down. Noddy, he hears a noise, and in he trots, and as soon as I anyways comes to myself I calls to him, 'Noddy, well I might say as I did say, that night at the Bower, for the Lord be thankful this is John!' On which he gives a heave, and down he goes likewise, with his head under the writing-table. This brings me round comfortable, and that brings him round comfortable, and then John and him and me we all fall a crying for joy."

"Yes! They cry for joy, my darling," her husband struck in. "You understand? These two, whom I come to life to disappoint and dispossess, cry for joy!"

Bella looked at him confusedly, and looked again at Mrs. Boffin's radiant face.

"That's right, my dear, don't you mind him," said Mrs. Boffin, "stick to me. Well! Then we sits down, gradually gets cool, and holds a confabulation. John, he tells us how he is despairing in his mind on accounts of a certain fair young person, and how, if I hadn't found him out, he was going away to seek his fortune far and wide, and had fully meant never to come to life, but to leave the property as our wrongful inheritance forever and a day. At which you never see a man so frightened as my Noddy was. For to think that he should have come into the property wrongful, however innocent, and—more than that—might have gone on keeping it to his dying day, turned him whiter than chalk."

"And you too," said Mr. Boffin.

"Don't you mind him, neither, my deary," resumed Mrs. Boffin; "stick to me. This brings up a confabulation regarding the certain fair young person; when Noddy he gives it as his opinion that she is a deary creetur. 'She may be a leetle spoilt, and nat'rally spoilt,' he says, 'by circumstances, but that's only on the surface, and I lay my life,' he says, 'that she's the true golden gold at heart.'"

"So did you," said Mr. Boffin.

"Don't you mind him a single morsel, my dear," proceeded Mrs. Boffin, "but stick to me. Then says John, O, if he could but prove so! Then we both of us ups and says, that minute, 'Prove so!'"

With a start Bella directed a hurried glance toward Mr. Boffin. But he was sitting thoughtfully smiling at that broad brown hand of his, and either didn't see it, or would take no notice of it.

"'Prove it, John!' we says," repeated Mrs. Boffin. "'Prove it and overcome your doubts with triumph, and be happy for the first time in your life, and for the rest of your life.' This puts John in a state, to be sure. Then we says, 'What will content you? If she was to stand up for you when you was slighted, if she was to show herself of a generous mind when you was oppressed, if she was to be truest to you when you was poorest and friendliest, and all this against her own seeming interest, how would that do?' 'Do?' says John, 'it would raise me to the skies.' 'Then,' says my Noddy, 'make your preparations for the ascent, John, it being my firm belief that up you go!'"

Bella caught Mr. Boffin's twinkling eye for half an instant; but he got it away from her and restored it to his broad brown hand.

"From the first you was always a special favorite of Noddy's," said Mrs. Boffin, shaking her head. "O you were! And if I had been inclined to be jealous, I don't know what I mightn't have done to you. But as I wasn't—why, my beauty," with a hearty laugh and an embrace, "I made you a special favorite of my own too. But the horses is coming round the corner. Well! Then says my Noddy, shaking his sides till he was fit to make 'em ache again: 'Look out for being slighted and oppressed, John, for if ever a man had a hard master you shall find me from this present time to be such to you.' And then he began!" cried Mrs. Boffin, in an ecstasy of admiration. "Lord bless you, then he began! And how he *did* begin; didn't he!"

Bella looked half frightened, and yet half laughed.

"But, bless you," pursued Mrs. Boffin, "if you could have seen him of a night, at that time of it! The way he'd sit and chuckle over himself! The way he'd say 'I've been a regular brown bear to-day,' and take himself in his arms and hug himself at the thoughts of the brute he had pretended! But every night he says to me: 'Better and better, old lady. What did we say of her? She'll come through it, the true golden gold. This'll be the happiest piece of work we ever done.' And then he'd say, 'I'll be a grizzlier old growler to-morrow!' and laugh, he would, till John and me was often forced to slap his back, and bring it out of his windpipes with a little water."

Mr. Boffin, with his face bent over his heavy hand, made no sound, but rolled his shoulders when thus referred to as if he were vastly enjoying himself.

"And so, my good and pretty," pursued Mrs. Boffin, "you was married, and there was we hid up in the church-organ by this husband of yours; for he wouldn't let us out with it then, as was first meant. 'No,' he says, 'she's so unselfish and contented that I can't afford to be rich yet. I must wait a little longer.' Then, when baby was expected, he says, 'She is such a cheerful, glorious housewife that I can't afford to be rich yet. I must wait a little longer.' Then, when baby was born, he says, 'She is so much better than she ever was that I can't afford to be rich yet. I must wait a little longer.' And so he goes on and on, till I says outright, 'Now, John, if you don't fix a time for setting her up in her own house and home, and letting us walk out of it, I'll turn Informer.' Then he says he'll only wait to triumph beyond what we ever thought possible, and to show her to us better than even we ever supposed; and he says, 'She shall see me under suspicion of having murdered

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myself, and *you* shall see how trusting and how true she'll be.' Well! Noddy and me agreed to that, and he was right, and here you are, and the horses is in, and the story is done, and God bless you my Beauty, and God bless us all!"

The pile of hands dispersed, and Bella and Mrs. Boffin took a good long hug of one another: to the apparent peril of the inexhaustible baby, lying staring in Bella's lap.

"But *is* the story done?" said Bella, pondering. "Is there no more of it?"

"What more of it should there be, deary?" returned Mrs. Boffin, full of glee.

"Are you sure you have left nothing out of it?" asked Bella.

"I don't think I have," said Mrs. Boffin, archly.

"John dear," said Bella, "you're a good nurse; will you please hold baby?" Having deposited the Inexhaustible in his arms with those words, Bella looked hard at Mr. Boffin, who had moved to a table where he was leaning his head upon his hand with his face turned away, and, quietly settling herself on her knees at his side, and drawing one arm over his shoulder, said: "Please, I beg your pardon, and I made a small mistake of a word when I took leave of you last. Please I think you are better (not worse) than Hopkins, better (not worse) than Dancer, better (not worse) than Blackberry Jones, better (not worse) than any of them! Please something more!" cried Bella, with an exultant ringing laugh as she struggled with him and forced him to turn his delighted face to hers. "Please I have found out something not yet mentioned. Please I don't believe you are a hard-hearted miser at all, and please I don't believe you ever for one single minute were!"

At this Mrs. Boffin fairly screamed with rapture, and sat beating her feet upon the floor, clapping her hands, and bobbing herself backward and forward like a demented member of some Mandarin's family.

"O, I understand you now, Sir!" cried Bella. "I want neither you nor any one else to tell me the rest of the story. I can tell it to *you*, now, if you would like to hear it."

"Can you, my dear?" said Mr. Boffin. "Tell it then."

"What?" cried Bella, holding him prisoner by the coat with both hands. "When you saw what a greedy little wretch you were the patron of, you determined to show her how much misused and misprized riches could do, and often had done, to spoil people; did you? Not caring what she thought of you (and Goodness knows *that* was of no consequence!) you showed her, in yourself, the most detestable sides of wealth, saying in your own mind, 'This shallow creature would never work the truth out of her own weak soul, if she had a hundred years to do it in; but a glaring instance kept before her may open even her eyes and set her thinking. That was what you said to yourself; was it, Sir?"

"I never said any thing of the sort," Mr. Boffin declared, in a state of the highest enjoyment.

"Then you ought to have said it, Sir," returned Bella, giving him two pulls and one kiss, "for you must have thought and meant it. You saw that good fortune was turning my stupid head and hardening my silly heart—was making me grasping, calculating, insolent, insufferable—and you took the pains to be the dearest and kindest finger-post that ever was set up any where, pointing out the road that I was taking and the end it led to. Confess instantly!"

"John," said Mr. Boffin, one broad piece of sunshine from head to foot, "I wish you'd help me out of this."

"You can't be heard by counsel, Sir," returned Bella. "You must speak for yourself. Confess instantly!"

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Boffin, "the truth is, that when we did go in for the little scheme that my old lady has pinted out, I did put it to John, what did he think of going in for some such general scheme as *you* have pinted out? But I didn't in any way so word it, because I didn't in any way so mean it. I only said to John, wouldn't it be more consistent, me going in for being a reg'lar brown bear respecting him, to go in as a reg'lar brown bear all round?"

"Confess this minute, Sir," said Bella, "that you did it to correct and amend me!"

"Certainly, my dear child," said Mr. Boffin, "I didn't do it to harm you; you may be sure of that. And I did hope it might just hint a caution. Still, it ought to be mentioned that no sooner had my old lady found out John, than John made known to her and me that he had had his eye upon a thankless person by the name of Silas Wegg. Partly for the punishment of which Wegg, by leading him on in a very unhandsome and underhanded game that he was playing, them books that you and me bought so many of together (and, by-the-by, my dear, he wasn't Blackberry Jones, but Blewberry) was read aloud to me by that person of the name of Silas Wegg aforesaid."

Bella, who was still on her knees at Mr. Boffin's feet, gradually sank down into a sitting posture on the ground, as she meditated more and more thoughtfully, with her eyes upon his beaming face.

"Still," said Bella, after this meditative pause, "there remain two things that I can not understand. Mrs. Boffin never supposed any part of the change in Mr. Boffin to be real; did she?—You never did; did you?" asked Bella, turning to her.

"No!" returned Mrs. Boffin, with a most rotund and glowing negative.

"And yet you took it very much to heart," said Bella, "I remember its making you very uneasy indeed."

"Ecod, you see Mrs. John has a sharp eye, John!" cried Mr. Boffin, shaking his head with an admiring air. "You're right, my dear. The

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old lady nearly blowed us into shivers and smithers, many times."

"Why?" asked Bella. "How did that happen, when she was in your secret?"

"Why, it was a weakness in the old lady," said Mr. Boffin; "and yet, to tell you the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I'm rather proud of it. My dear, the old lady thinks so high of me that she couldn't abear to see and hear me coming out as a reg'lar brown one. Couldn't abear to make-believe as I meant it! In consequence of which, we was everlastingly in danger with her."

Mrs. Boffin laughed heartily at herself; but a certain glistening in her honest eyes revealed that she was by no means cured of that dangerous propensity.

"I assure you, my dear," said Mr. Boffin, "that on the celebrated day when I made what has since been agreed upon to be my grandest demonstration—I allude to Mew says the cat, Quack quack says the duck, and Bow-wow-wow says the dog—I assure you, my dear, that on that celebrated day, them flinty and unbelieving words hit my old lady so hard on my account, that I had to hold her, to prevent her running out after you, and defending me by saying I was playing a part."

Mrs. Boffin laughed heartily again, and her eyes glistened again, and it then appeared, not only that in that burst of sarcastic eloquence Mr. Boffin was considered by his two fellow-conspirators to have outdone himself, but that in his own opinion it was a remarkable achievement. "Never thought of it afore the moment, my dear!" he observed to Bella. "When John said, if he had been so happy as to win your affections and possess your heart, it come into my head to turn round upon him with 'Win her affections and possess her heart! Mew says the cat, Quack quack says the duck, and Bow-wow-wow says the dog.' I couldn't tell you how it come into my head or where from, but it had so much the sound of a rasper that I own to you it astonished myself. I was awful nigh bursting out a laughing though, when it made John stare!"

"You said, my pretty," Mrs. Boffin reminded Bella, "that there was one other thing you couldn't understand."

"O yes!" cried Bella, covering her face with her hands, "but that I never shall be able to understand as long as I live. It is, how John could love me so when I so little deserved it, and how you, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, could be so forgetful of yourselves, and take such pains and trouble, to make me a little better, and after all to help him to so unworthy a wife. But I am very, very grateful."

It was John Harmon's turn then—John Harmon now for good, and John Rokesmith for nevermore—to plead with her (quite unnecessarily) in behalf of his deception, and to tell her, over and over again, that it had been prolonged by her own winning graces in her supposed station of life. This led on to many interchanges of endearment and enjoyment on all sides, in the midst of which the Inexhaustible being observed staring, in a most imbecile manner, on Mrs. Boffin's breast, was pronounced to be supernaturally intelligent as to the whole transaction, and was made to declare to the ladies and gemplemorums, with a wave of the speckled fist (with difficulty detached from an exceedingly short waist), "I have already informed my venerable Ma that I know all about it!"

Then, said John Harmon, would Mrs. John Harmon come and see her house? And a dainty house it was, and a tastefully beautiful; and they went through it in procession; the Inexhaustible on Mrs. Boffin's bosom (still staring) occupying the middle station, and Mr. Boffin bringing up the rear. And on Bella's exquisite toilet-table was an ivory casket, and in the casket were jewels the like of which she had never dreamed of, and aloft on an upper floor was a nursery garnished as with rainbows; "though we were hard put to it," said John Harmon, "to get it done in so short a time."

The house inspected, emissaries removed the Inexhaustible, who was shortly afterward heard screaming among the rainbows; whereupon Bella withdrew herself from the presence and knowledge of gemplemorums, and the screaming ceased, and smiling Peace associated herself with that young olive branch.

"Come and look in, Noddy!" said Mrs. Boffin to Mr. Boffin.

Mr. Boffin, submitting to be led on tip-toe to the nursery door, looked in with immense satisfaction, although there was nothing to see but Bella in a musing state of happiness, seated in a little low chair upon the hearth, with her child in her fair young arms, and her soft eyelashes shading her eyes from the fire.

"It looks as if the old man's spirit had found rest at last; don't it?" said Mrs. Boffin.

"Yes, old lady."

"And as if his money had turned bright again, after a long long rust in the dark, and was at last a beginning to sparkle in the sunlight?"

"Yes, old lady."

"And it makes a pretty and a promising picter; don't it?"

"Yes, old lady."

But, aware at the instant of a fine opening for a point, Mr. Boffin quenched that observation in this—delivered in the grizzliest growling of the regular brown bear. "A pretty and a hopeful picter? Mew, Quack quack, Bow-wow!" And then trotted silently down stairs, with his shoulders in a state of the liveliest commotion.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHECKMATE TO THE FRIENDLY MOVE.

Mr. and Mrs. John Harmon had so timed their taking possession of their rightful name and their London house, that the event befell on

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the very day when the last wagon load of the last Mound was driven out at the gates of Boffin's Bower. As it jolted away Mr. Wegg felt that the last load was correspondingly removed from his mind, and hailed the auspicious season when that black sheep, Boffin, was to be closely sheared.

Over the whole slow process of leveling the Mounds Silas had kept watch with rapacious eyes. But eyes no less rapacious had watched the growth of the Mounds in years by-gone, and had vigilantly sifted the dust of which they were composed. No valuables turned up. How should there be any, seeing that the old hard jailer of Harmony Jail had coined every waif and stray into money long before?

Though disappointed by this bare result, Mr. Wegg felt too sensibly relieved by the close of the labor to grumble to any great extent. A foreman representative of the dust contractors, purchasers of the Mounds, had worn Mr. Wegg down to skin and bone. This supervisor of the proceedings, asserting his employers' rights to cart off by daylight, nightlight, torchlight, when they would, must have been the death of Silas if the work had lasted much longer. Seeming never to need sleep himself, he would reappear, with a tied-up broken head, in fantail hat and velveteen smalls, like an accursed goblin, at the most unholy and untimely hours. Tired out by keeping close ward over a long day's work in fog and rain, Silas would have just crawled to bed and be dozing, when a horrid shake and rumble under his pillow would announce an approaching train of carts, escorted by this Demon of Unrest, to fall to work again. At another time, he would be rumbled up out of his soundest sleep, in the dead of the night; at another, would be kept at his post eight-and-forty hours on end. The more his persecutor besought him not to trouble himself to turn out, the more suspicious was the crafty Wegg that indications had been observed of something hidden somewhere, and that attempts were on foot to circumvent him. So continually broken was his rest through these means, that he led the life of having wagered to keep ten thousand dog-watches in ten thousand hours, and looked piteously upon himself as always getting up and yet never going to bed. So gaunt and haggard had he grown at last, that his wooden leg showed disproportionate, and presented a thriving appearance in contrast with the rest of his plagued body, which might almost have been termed chubby.

However, Wegg's comfort was, that all his disagreeables were now over, and that he was immediately coming into his property. Of late, the grindstone did undoubtedly appear to have been whirling at his own nose rather than Boffin's, but Boffin's nose was now to be sharpened fine. Thus far Mr. Wegg had let his dusty friend off lightly, having been balked in that amiable design of frequently dining with him, by the machinations of the sleepless dustman. He had been constrained to depute Mr. Venus to keep their dusty friend, Boffin, under inspection, while he himself turned lank and lean at the Bower.

To Mr. Venus's museum Mr. Wegg repaired when at length the Mounds were down and gone. It being evening, he found that gentleman, as he expected, seated over his fire; but did not find him, as he expected, floating his powerful mind in tea.

"Why, you smell rather comfortable here!" said Wegg, seeming to take it ill, and stopping and sniffing as he entered.

"I *am* rather comfortable, Sir," said Venus.

"You don't use lemon in your business, do you?" asked Wegg, sniffing again.

"No, Mr. Wegg," said Venus. "When I use it at all, I mostly use it in cobblers' punch."

"What do you call cobblers' punch?" demanded Wegg, in a worse humor than before.

"It's difficult to impart the receipt for it, Sir," returned Venus, "because, however particular you may be in allotting your materials, so much will still depend upon the individual gifts, and there being a feeling thrown into it. But the ground-work is gin."

"In a Dutch bottle?" said Wegg, gloomily, as he sat himself down.

"Very good, Sir, very good!" cried Venus. "Will you partake, Sir?"

"Will I partake?" returned Wegg very surlily. "Why, of course I will! *Will* a man partake, as has been tormented out of his five senses by an everlasting dustman with his head tied up! *Will* he, too! As if he wouldn't!"

"Don't let it put you out, Mr. Wegg. You don't seem in your usual spirits."

"If you come to that, you don't seem in your usual spirits," growled Wegg. "You seem to be setting up for lively."

This circumstance appeared, in his then state of mind, to give Mr. Wegg uncommon offense.

"And you've been having your hair cut!" said Wegg, missing the usual dusty shock.

"Yes, Mr. Wegg. But don't let that put you out, either."

"And I am blest if you ain't getting fat!" said Wegg, with culminating discontent. "What are you going to do next?"

"Well, Mr. Wegg," said Venus, smiling in a sprightly manner, "I suspect you could hardly guess what I am going to do next."

"I don't want to guess," retorted Wegg. "All I've got to say is, that it's well for you that the diwision of labor has been what it has been. It's well for you to have had so light a part in this business, when mine has been so heavy. You haven't had *your* rest broke, I'll be bound."

"Not at all, Sir," said Venus. "Never rested so well in all my life, I thank you."

"Ah!" grumbled Wegg, "you should have been me. If you had been me, and had been fretted out of your bed, and your sleep, and your meals, and your mind, for a stretch of months together, *you'd* have been out of condition and out of sorts."

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"Certainly, it has trained you down, Mr. Wegg," said Venus, contemplating his figure with an artist's eye. "Trained you down very low, it has! So weazen and yellow is the kivering upon your bones, that one might almost fancy you had come to give a look-in upon the French gentleman in the corner, instead of me."

Mr. Wegg, glancing in great dudgeon toward the French gentleman's corner, seemed to notice something new there, which induced him to glance at the opposite corner, and then to put on his glasses and stare at all the nooks and corners of the dim shop in succession.

"Why, you've been having the place cleaned up!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Mr. Wegg. By the hand of adorable woman."

"Then what you're going to do next, I suppose, is to get married?"

"That's it, Sir."

Silas took off his glasses again—finding himself too intensely disgusted by the sprightly appearance of his friend and partner to bear a magnified view of him—and made the inquiry:

"To the old party?"

"Mr. Wegg!" said Venus, with a sudden flush of wrath. "The lady in question is not a old party."

"I meant," explained Wegg, testily, "to the party as formerly objected?"

"Mr. Wegg," said Venus, "in a case of so much delicacy, I must trouble you to say what you mean. There are strings that must not be played upon. No, Sir! Not sounded, unless in the most respectful and tuneful manner. Of such melodious strings is Miss Pleasant Riderhood formed."

"Then it *is* the lady as formerly objected?" said Wegg.

"Sir," returned Venus with dignity, "I accept the altered phrase. It is the lady as formerly objected."

"When is it to come off?" asked Silas.

"Mr. Wegg," said Venus, with another flush. "I can not permit it to be put in the form of a Fight. I must temperately but firmly call upon you, Sir, to amend that question."

"When is the lady," Wegg reluctantly demanded, constraining his ill-temper in remembrance of the partnership and its stock in trade, "agoing to give her 'and where she has already given her 'art?"

"Sir," returned Venus, "I again accept the altered phrase, and with pleasure. The lady is agoing to give her 'and where she has already given her 'art next Monday."

"Then the lady's objection has been met?" said Silas.

"Mr. Wegg," said Venus, "as I did name to you, I think, on a former occasion, if not on former occasions—"

"On former occasions," interrupted Wegg.

"—What," pursued Venus, "what the nature of the lady's objection was, I may impart, without violating any of the tender confidences since sprung up between the lady and myself, how it has been met, through the kind interference of two good friends of mine: one, previously acquainted with the lady: and one, not. The pint was thrown out, Sir, by those two friends when they did me the great service of waiting on the lady to try if a union betwixt the lady and me could not be brought to bear—the pint, I say, was thrown out by them, Sir, whether if, after marriage, I confined myself to the articulation of men, children, and the lower animals, it might not relieve the lady's mind of her feeling respecting being—as a lady—regarded in a bony light. It was a happy thought, Sir, and it took root."

"It would seem, Mr. Venus," observed Wegg, with a touch of distrust, "that you are flush of friends?"

"Pretty well, Sir," that gentleman answered, in a tone of placid mystery. "So-so, Sir. Pretty well."

"However," said Wegg, after eying him with another touch of distrust, "I wish you joy. One man spends his fortune in one way, and another in another. You are going to try matrimony. I mean to try traveling."

"Indeed, Mr. Wegg?"

"Change of air, sea-scenery, and my natural rest, I hope may bring me round after the persecutions I have undergone from the dustman with his head tied up, which I just now mentioned. The tough job being ended and the Mounds laid low, the hour is come for Boffin to stump up. Would ten to-morrow morning suit you, partner, for finally bringing Boffin's nose to the grindstone?"

Ten to-morrow morning would quite suit Mr. Venus for that excellent purpose.

"You have had him well under inspection, I hope?" said Silas.

Mr. Venus had had him under inspection pretty well every day.

"Suppose you was just to step round to-night then, and give him orders from me—I say from me, because he knows *I* won't be played with—to be ready with his papers, his accounts, and his cash, at that time in the morning?" said Wegg. "And as a matter of form, which will be agreeable to your own feelings, before we go out (for I'll walk with you part of the way, though my leg gives under me with weariness), let's have a look at the stock in trade."

Mr. Venus produced it, and it was perfectly correct; Mr. Venus undertook to produce it again in the morning, and to keep tryst with Mr. Wegg on Boffin's doorstep as the clock struck ten. At a certain point of the road between Clerkenwell and Boffin's house (Mr. Wegg expressly insisted that there should be no prefix to the Golden Dustman's name) the partners separated for the night.

It was a very bad night; to which succeeded a very bad morning. The streets were so unusually slushy, muddy, and miserable, in the morning, that Wegg rode to the scene of action;

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arguing that a man who was, as it were, going to the Bank to draw out a handsome property could well afford that trifling expense.

Venus was punctual, and Wegg undertook to knock at the door and conduct the conference. Door knocked at. Door opened.

"Boffin at home?"

The servant replied that *Mr.* Boffin was at home.

"He'll do," said Wegg, "though it ain't what I call him."

The servant inquired if they had any appointment?

"Now I tell you what, young fellow," said Wegg, "I won't have it. This won't do for me. I don't want menials. I want Boffin."

They were shown into a waiting-room, where the all-powerful Wegg wore his hat, and whistled, and with his forefinger stirred up a clock that stood upon the chimney-piece until he made it strike. In a few minutes they were shown up stairs into what used to be Boffin's room; which, besides the door of entrance, had folding-doors in it, to make it one of a suit of rooms when occasion required. Here Boffin was seated at a library-table, and here Mr. Wegg, having imperiously motioned the servant to withdraw, drew up a chair and seated himself, in his hat, close beside him. Here also Mr. Wegg instantly underwent the remarkable experience of having his hat twitched off his head and thrown out of a window, which was opened and shut for the purpose.

"Be careful what insolent liberties you take in that gentleman's presence," said the owner of the hand which had done this, "or I will throw you after it."

Wegg involuntarily clapped his hand to his bare head, and stared at the Secretary. For it was he addressed him with a severe countenance, and who had come in quietly by the folding-doors.

"Oh!" said Wegg, as soon as he recovered his suspended power of speech. "Very good! I gave directions for *you* to be dismissed. And you ain't gone, ain't you? Oh! We'll look into this presently. Very good!"

"No, nor *I* ain't gone," said another voice.

Somebody else had come in quietly by the folding-doors. Turning his head, Wegg beheld his persecutor, the ever-wakeful dustman, accoutred with fantail hat and velveteen smalls complete. Who, untying his tied-up broken head, revealed a head that was whole and a face that was Sloppy's.

"Ha, ha, ha, gentlemen!" roared Sloppy, in a peal of laughter, and with immeasurable relish. "He never thought as I could sleep standing, and often done it when I turned for Mrs. Higden! He never thought as I used to give Mrs. Higden the Police-news in different voices! But I did lead him a life all through it, gentlemen, I hope I really and truly DID!" Here Mr. Sloppy opening his mouth to a quite alarming extent, and throwing back his head to peal again, revealed incalculable buttons.

"Oh!" said Wegg, slightly discomfited, but not much as yet: "one and one is two not dismissed, is it? Bof—fin! Just let me ask a question. Who set this chap on, in this dress, when the carting began? Who employed this fellow?"

"I say!" remonstrated Sloppy, jerking his head forward. "No fellows, or *I'll* throw you out of winder!"

Mr. Boffin appeased him with a wave of his hand, and said: "I employed him, Wegg."

"Oh! You employed him, Boffin? Very good. Mr. Venus, we raise our terms, and we can't do better than proceed to business. Bof—fin! I want the room cleared of these two scum."

"That's not going to be done, Wegg," replied Mr. Boffin, sitting composedly on the library-table, at one end, while the Secretary sat composedly on it at the other.

"Bof—fin! Not going to be done?" repeated Wegg. "Not at your peril?"

"No, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, shaking his head good-humoredly. "Not at my peril, and not on any other terms."

Wegg reflected a moment, and then said: "Mr. Venus, will you be so good as hand me over that same dockyment?"

"Certainly, Sir," replied Venus, handing it to him with much politeness. "There it is. Having now, Sir, parted with it, I wish to make a small observation: not so much because it is any ways necessary, or expresses any new doctrine or discovery, as because it is a comfort to my mind. Silas Wegg, you are a precious old rascal."

Mr. Wegg, who, as if anticipating a compliment, had been beating time with the paper to the other's politeness until this unexpected conclusion came upon him, stopped rather abruptly.

"Silas Wegg," said Venus, "know that I took the liberty of taking Mr. Boffin into our concern, as a sleeping partner, at a very early period of our firm's existence."

"Quite true," added Mr. Boffin; "and I tested Venus by making him a pretended proposal or two; and I found him on the whole a very honest man, Wegg."

"So Mr. Boffin, in his indulgence, is pleased to say," Venus remarked: "though in the beginning of this dirt my hands were not, for a few hours, quite as clean as I could wish. But I hope I made early and full amends."

"Venus, you did," said Mr. Boffin. "Certainly, certainly, certainly."

Venus inclined his head with respect and gratitude. "Thank you, Sir. I am much obliged to you, Sir, for all. For your good opinion now, for your way of receiving and encouraging me when I first put myself in communication with you, and for the influence since so kindly brought to bear upon a certain lady, both by yourself and by Mr. John Harmon." To whom, when thus making mention of him, he also bowed.

Wegg followed the name with sharp ears and

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the action with sharp eyes, and a certain cringing air was infusing itself into his bullying air, when his attention was re-claimed by Venus.

"Every thing else between you and me, Mr. Wegg," said Venus, "now explains itself, and you can now make out, Sir, without further words from me. But totally to prevent any unpleasantness or mistake that might arise on what I consider an important point, to be made quite clear at the close of our acquaintance, I beg the leave of Mr. Boffin and Mr. John Harmon to repeat an observation which I have already had the pleasure of bringing under your notice. You are a precious old rascal!"

"You are a fool," said Wegg, with a snap of his fingers, "and I'd have got rid of you before now, if I could have struck out any way of doing it. I have thought it over, I can tell you. You may go, and welcome. You leave the more for me. Because, you know," said Wegg, dividing his next observation between Mr. Boffin and Mr. Harmon, "I am worth my price, and I mean to have it. This getting off is all very well in its way, and it tells with such an anatomical Pump as this one," pointing out Mr. Venus, "but it won't do with a Man. I am here to be bought off, and I have named my figure. Now, buy me, or leave me."

"I'll leave you, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, laughing, "as far as I am concerned."

"Bof—fin!" replied Wegg, turning upon him with a severe air, "I understand *your* new-born boldness. I see the brass underneath *your* silver. *You* have got *your* nose put out of joint. Knowing that you've nothing at stake, you can afford to come the independent game. Why, you're just so much smeary glass to see through, you know! But Mr. Harmon is in another sitiwation. What Mr. Harmon risks is quite another pair of shoes. Now, I've heerd something lately about this being Mr. Harmon—I make out now some hints that I've met on that subject in the newspaper—and I drop you, Bof—fin, as beneath my notice. I ask Mr. Harmon whether he has any idea of the contents of this present paper?"

"It is a will of my late father's, of more recent date than the will proved by Mr. Boffin (address whom again, as you have addressed him already, and I'll knock you down), leaving the whole of his property to the Crown," said John Harmon, with as much indifference as was compatible with extreme sternness.

"Right you are!" cried Wegg. "Then," screwing the weight of his body upon his wooden leg, and screwing his wooden head very much on one side, and screwing up one eye: "then, I put the question to you, what's this paper worth?"

"Nothing," said John Harmon.

Wegg had repeated the word with a sneer, and was entering on some sarcastic retort, when, to his boundless amazement, he found himself gripped by the cravat; shaken until his teeth chattered; shoved back, staggering, into a corner of the room; and pinned there.

"You scoundrel!" said John Harmon, whose sea-faring hold was like that of a vice.

"You're knocking my head against the wall," urged Silas, faintly.

"I mean to knock your head against the wall," returned John Harmon, suiting his action to his words, with the heartiest good-will; "and I'd give a thousand pounds for leave to knock your brains out. Listen, you scoundrel, and look at that Dutch bottle."

Sloppy held it up, for his edification.

"That Dutch bottle, scoundrel, contained the latest will of the many wills made by my unhappy self-tormenting father. That will gives every thing absolutely to my noble benefactor and yours, Mr. Boffin, excluding and reviling me, and my sister (then already dead of a broken heart), by name. That Dutch bottle was found by my noble benefactor and yours, after he entered on possession of the estate. That Dutch bottle distressed him beyond measure, because, though I and my sister were both no more, it cast a slur upon our memory which he knew we had done nothing in our miserable youth to deserve. That Dutch bottle, therefore, he buried in the Mound belonging to him, and there it lay while you, you thankless wretch, were prodding and poking—often very near it, I dare say. His intention was, that it should never see the light; but he was afraid to destroy it, lest to destroy such a document, even with his great generous motive, might be an offense at law. After the discovery was made here who I was, Mr. Boffin, still restless on the subject, told me, upon certain conditions impossible for such a hound as you to appreciate, the secret of that Dutch bottle. I urged upon him the necessity of its being dug up, and the paper being legally produced and established. The first thing you saw him do, and the second thing has been done without your knowledge. Consequently, the paper now rattling in your hand as I shake you—and I should like to shake the life out of you—is worth less than the rotten cork of the Dutch bottle, do you understand?"

Judging from the fallen countenance of Silas as his head wagged backward and forward in a most uncomfortable manner, he did understand.

"Now, scoundrel," said John Harmon, taking another sailor-like turn on his cravat and holding him in his corner at arm's-length, "I shall make two more short speeches to you, because I hope they will torment you. Your discovery was a genuine discovery (such as it was), for nobody had thought of looking into that place. Neither did we know you had made it until Venus spoke to Mr. Boffin, though I kept you under good observation from my first appearance here, and though Sloppy has long made it the chief occupation and delight of his life to attend you like your shadow. I tell you this, that you may know we knew enough of you to persuade Mr. Boffin to let us lead you on, deluded, to the last possible moment, in order that your disappointment might be the heaviest pos-

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sible disappointment. That's the first short speech, do you understand?"

Here John Harmon assisted his comprehension with another shake.

"Now, scoundrel," he pursued, "I am going to finish. You supposed me just now to be the possessor of my father's property.—So I am. But through any act of my father's, or by any right I have? No. Through the munificence of Mr. Boffin. The conditions that he made with me, before parting with the secret of the Dutch bottle, were, that I should take the fortune, and that he should take his Mound and no more. I owe every thing I possess solely to the disinterestedness, uprightness, tenderness, goodness (there are no words to satisfy me) of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin. And when, knowing what I knew, I saw such a mud-worm as you presume to rise in this house against this noble soul, the wonder is," added John Harmon through his clenched teeth, and with a very ugly turn indeed on Wegg's cravat, "that I didn't try to twist your head off, and fling *that* out of window! So. That's the last short speech, do you understand?"

Silas, released, put his hand to his throat, cleared it, and looked as if he had a rather large fish bone in that region. Simultaneously with this action on his part in his corner, a singular, and on the surface an incomprehensible, movement was made by Mr. Sloppy: who began backing toward Mr. Wegg along the wall, in the manner of a porter or heaver who is about to lift a sack of flour or coals.

"I am sorry, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, in his clemency, "that my old lady and I can't have a better opinion of you than the bad one we are forced to entertain. But I shouldn't like to leave you, after all said and done, worse off in life than I found you. Therefore say in a word, before we part, what it'll cost to set you up in another stall."

"And in another place," John Harmon struck in. "You don't come outside these windows."

"Mr. Boffin," returned Wegg in avaricious humiliation: "when I first had the honor of making your acquaintance, I had got together a collection of ballads which was, I may say, above price."

"Then they can't be paid for," said John Harmon, "and you had better not try, my dear Sir."

"Pardon me, Mr. Boffin," resumed Wegg, with a malignant glance in the last speaker's direction, "I was putting the case to you, who, if my senses did not deceive me, put the case to me. I had a very choice collection of ballads, and there was a new stock of gingerbread in the tin box. I say no more, but would rather leave it to you."

"But it's difficult to name what's right," said Mr. Boffin uneasily, with his hand in his pocket, "and I don't want to go beyond what's right, because you really have turned out such a very bad customer. So artful, and so ungrateful you have been, Wegg; for when did I ever injure you?"

"There was also," Mr. Wegg went on, in a meditative manner, "a errand connection, in which I was much respected. But I would not wish to be deemed covetuous, and I would rather leave it to you, Mr. Boffin."

"Upon my word, I don't know what to put it at," the Golden Dustman muttered.

"There was likewise," resumed Wegg, "a pair of trestles, for which alone a Irish person, who was deemed a judge of trestles, offered five and six—a sum I would not hear of, for I should have lost by it—and there was a stool, a umbrella, a clothes-horse, and a tray. But I leave it to you, Mr. Boffin."

The Golden Dustman seeming to be engaged in some abstruse calculation, Mr. Wegg assisted him with the following additional items.

"There was, further, Miss Elizabeth, Master George, Aunt Jane, and Uncle Parker. Ah! When a man thinks of the loss of such patronage as that; when a man finds so fair a garden rooted up by pigs; he finds it hard indeed, without going high, to work it into money. But I leave it wholly to you, Sir."

Mr. Sloppy still continued his singular, and on the surface his incomprehensible, movement.

"Leading on has been mentioned," said Wegg, with a melancholy air, "and it's not easy to say how far the tone of my mind may have been lowered by unwholesome reading on the subject of Misers, when you was leading me and others on to think you one yourself, Sir. All I can say is, that I felt my tone of mind a lowering at the time. And how can a man put a price upon his mind! There was likewise a hat just now. But I leave the ole to you, Mr. Boffin."

"Come!" said Mr. Boffin. "Here's a couple of pound."

"In justice to myself, I couldn't take it, Sir."

The words were but out of his mouth when John Harmon lifted his finger, and Sloppy, who was now close to Wegg, backed to Wegg's back, stooped, grasped his coat collar behind with both hands, and deftly swung him up like the sack of flour or coals before mentioned. A countenance of special discontent and amazement Mr. Wegg exhibited in this position, with his buttons almost as prominently on view as Sloppy's own, and with his wooden leg in a highly unaccommodating state. But not for many seconds was his countenance visible in the room; for Sloppy lightly trotted out with him and trotted down the staircase, Mr. Venus attending to open the street door. Mr. Sloppy's instructions had been to deposit his burden in the road; but a scavenger's cart happening to stand unattended at the corner, with its little ladder planted against the wheel, Mr. S. found it impossible to resist the temptation of shooting Mr. Silas Wegg into the cart's contents. A somewhat difficult feat, achieved with great dexterity, and with a prodigious splash.

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CHAPTER XV.

WHAT WAS CAUGHT IN THE TRAPS THAT WERE SET.

How Bradley Headstone had been racked and riven in his mind since the quiet evening when by the river-side he had risen, as it were, out of the ashes of the Bargeman, none but he could have told. Not even he could have told, for such misery can only be felt.

First, he had to bear the combined weight of the knowledge of what he had done, of that haunting reproach that he might have done it so much better, and of the dread of discovery. This was load enough to crush him, and he labored under it day and night. It was as heavy on him in his scanty sleep as in his red-eyed waking hours. It bore him down with a dread unchanging monotony, in which there was not a moment's variety. The overweighted beast of burden, or the overweighted slave, can for certain instants shift the physical load, and find some slight respite even in enforcing additional pain upon such a set of muscles or such a limb. Not even that poor mockery of relief could the wretched man obtain, under the steady pressure of the infernal atmosphere into which he had entered.

Time went by, and no visible suspicion dogged him; time went by, and in such public accounts of the attack as were renewed at intervals, he began to see Mr. Lightwood (who acted as lawyer for the injured man) straying further from the fact, going wider of the issue, and evidently slackening in his zeal. By degrees a glimmering of the cause of this began to break on Bradley's sight. Then came the chance encounter with Mr. Milvey at the railway station (where he often lingered in his leisure hours, as a place where any fresh news of his deed would be circulated, or any placard referring to it would be posted), and then he saw in the light what he had brought about.

For then he saw that through his desperate attempt to separate those two forever he had been made the means of uniting them. That he had dipped his hands in blood to mark himself a miserable fool and tool. That Eugene Wrayburn, for his wife's sake, set him aside and left him to crawl along his blasted course. He thought of Fate, or Providence, or be the directing Power what it might, as having put a fraud upon him—overreached him—and in his impotent mad rage bit, and tore, and had his fit.

New assurance of the truth came upon him in the next few following days, when it was put forth how the wounded man had been married on his bed, and to whom, and how, though always in a dangerous condition, he was a shade better. Bradley would far rather have been seized for his murder than he would have read that passage, knowing himself spared, and knowing why.

But, not to be still further defrauded and overreached—which he would be if implicated by Riderhood, and punished by the law for his abject failure, as though it had been a success—he kept close in his school during the day, ventured out warily at night, and went no more to the railway station. He examined the advertisements in the newspapers for any sign that Riderhood acted on his hinted threat of so summoning him to renew their acquaintance, but found none. Having paid him handsomely for the support and accommodation he had had at the Lock House, and knowing him to be a very ignorant man who could not write, he began to doubt whether he was to be feared at all, or whether they need ever meet again.

All this time his mind was never off the rack, and his raging sense of having been made to fling himself across the chasm which divided those two, and bridge it over for their coming together, never cooled down. This horrible condition brought on other fits. He could not have said how many, or when; but he saw in the faces of his pupils that they had seen him in that state, and that they were possessed by a dread of his relapsing.

One winter day, when a slight fall of snow was feathering the sills and frames of the schoolroom windows, he stood at his blackboard, crayon in hand, about to commence with a class; when, reading in the countenances of those boys that there was something wrong, and that they seemed in alarm for him, he turned his eyes to the door toward which they faced. He then saw a slouching man of forbidding appearance standing in the midst of the school, with a bundle under his arm; and saw that it was Riderhood.

He sat down on a stool which one of his boys put for him, and he had a passing knowledge that he was in danger of falling, and that his face was becoming distorted. But the fit went off for that time, and he wiped his mouth, and stood up again.

"Beg your pardon, governor! By your leave!" said Riderhood, knuckling his forehead, with a chuckle and a leer. "What place may this be?"

"This is a school."

"Where young folks learns wot's right?" said Riderhood, gravely nodding. "Beg your pardon, governor! By your leave! But who teaches this school?"

"I do."

"You're the master, are you, learned governor?"

"Yes. I am the master."

"And a lovely thing it must be," said Riderhood, "fur to learn young folks wot's right, and fur to know wot *they* know wot you do it. Beg your pardon, learned governor! By your leave! That there blackboard; wot's it for?"

"It is for drawing on, or writing on."

"Is it though!" said Riderhood. "Who'd have thought it, from the looks on it! *Would* you be so kind as write your name upon it, learned governor?" (In a wheedling tone.)

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Bradley hesitated for a moment; but placed his usual signature, enlarged, upon the board.

"I ain't a learned character myself," said Riderhood, surveying the class, "but I do admire learning in others. I should dearly like to hear these here young folks read that there name off from the writing."

The arms of the class went up. At the miserable master's nod the shrill chorus arose: "Bradley Headstone!"

"No?" cried Riderhood. "You don't mean it? Headstone! Why, that's in a churchyard. Hooroar for another turn!"

Another tossing of arms, another nod, and another shrill chorus: "Bradley Headstone!"

"I've got it now!" said Riderhood, after attentively listening, and internally repeating: "Bradley. I see. Chris'en name, Bradley, sim'lar to Roger, which is my own. Eh? Fam'ly name, Headstone, sim'lar to Riderhood, which is my own. Eh?"

Shrill chorus. "Yes!"

"Might you be acquainted, learned governor," said Riderhood, "with a person of about your own heighth and breadth, and wot 'ud pull down in a scale about your own weight, answering to a name sounding summat like Totherest?"

With a desperation in him that made him perfectly quiet, though his jaw was heavily squared; with his eyes upon Riderhood; and with traces of quickened breathing in his nostrils, the schoolmaster replied, in a suppressed voice, after a pause: "I think I know the man you mean."

"I thought you knowed the man I mean, learned governor. I want the man."

With a half glance around him at his pupils, Bradley returned: "Do you suppose he is here?"

"Begging your pardon, learned governor, and by your leave," said Riderhood, with a laugh, "how could I suppose he's here, when there's nobody here but you, and me, and these young lambs wot you're a learning on? But he is most excellent company, that man, and I want him to come and see me at my Lock, up the river."

"I'll tell him so."

"D'ye think he'll come?" asked Riderhood.

"I am sure he will."

"Having got your word for him," said Riderhood, "I shall count upon him. P'raps you'd so fur obleege me, learned governor, as tell him that if he don't come precious soon I'll look him up."

"He shall know it."

"Thankee. As I says a while ago," pursued Riderhood, changing his hoarse tone and leering round upon the class again, "though not a learned character my own self, I do admire learning in others, to be sure! Being here and having met with your kind attention, Master, might I, afore I go, ask a question of these here young lambs of yourn?"

"If it is in the way of school," said Bradley, always sustaining his dark look at the other, and speaking in his suppressed voice, "you may."

"Oh! It's in the way of school!" cried Riderhood. "I'll pound it, Master, to be in the way of school. Wot's the diwisions of water, my lambs? Wot sorts of water is there on the land?"

Shrill chorus: "Seas, rivers, lakes, and ponds."

"Seas, rivers, lakes, and ponds," said Riderhood. "They've got all the lot, Master! Blowed if I shouldn't have left out lakes, never having clapped eyes upon one, to my knowledge. Seas, rivers, lakes, and ponds. Wot is it, lambs, as they catches in seas, rivers, lakes, and ponds?"

Shrill chorus (with some contempt for the ease of the question): "Fish!"

"Good agin!" said Riderhood. "But wot else is it, my lambs, as they sometimes ketches in rivers?"

Chorus at a loss. One shrill voice: "Weed!"

"Good agin!" cried Riderhood. "But it ain't weed neither. You'll never guess, my dears. Wot is it, besides fish, as they sometimes ketches in rivers? Well! I'll tell you. It's suits o' clothes."

Bradley's face changed.

"Leastways, lambs," said Riderhood, observing him out of the corners of his eyes, "that's wot I my own self sometimes ketches in rivers. For strike me blind, my lambs, if I didn't ketch in a river the wery bundle under my arm!"

The class looked at the master, as if appealing from the irregular entrapment of this mode of examination. The master looked at the examiner, as if he would have torn him to pieces.

"I ask your pardon, learned governor," said Riderhood, smearing his sleeve across his mouth as he laughed with a relish, "'tain't fair to the lambs, I know. It wos a bit of fun of mine. But upon my soul I drawed this here bundle out of a river! It's a Bargeman's suit of clothes. You see, it had been sunk there by the man as wore it, and I got it up."

"How do you know it was sunk by the man who wore it?" asked Bradley.

"'Cause I see him do it," said Riderhood.

They looked at each other. Bradley, slowly withdrawing his eyes, turned his face to the blackboard and slowly wiped his name out.

"A heap of thanks, Master," said Riderhood, "for bestowing so much of your time, and of the lambses' time, upon a man as hasn't got no other recommendation to you than being a honest man. Wishing to see at my Lock up the river the person as we've spoke of, and as you've answered for, I takes my leave of the lambs and of their learned governor both."

With those words he slouched out of the school, leaving the master to get through his weary work as he might, and leaving the whispering pupils to observe the master's face until he fell into the fit which had been long impending.

The next day but one was Saturday, and a holiday. Bradley rose early, and set out on foot for Plashwater Weir Mill Lock. He rose so early that it was not yet light when he began

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his journey. Before extinguishing the candle by which he had dressed himself he made a little parcel of his decent silver watch and its decent guard, and wrote inside the paper: "Kindly take care of these for me." He then addressed the parcel to Miss Peecher, and left it on the most protected corner of the little seat in her little porch.

It was a cold hard easterly morning when he latched the garden gate and turned away. The light snowfall which had feathered his schoolroom windows on the Thursday still lingered in the air, and was falling white, while the wind blew black. The tardy day did not appear until he had been on foot two hours, and had traversed a great part of London from east to west. Such breakfast as he had he took at the comfortless public house where he had parted from Riderhood on the occasion of their night-walk. He took it, standing at the littered bar, and looked lowcringly at a man who stood where Riderhood had stood that early morning.

He outwalked the short day, and was on the towing-path by the river, somewhat foot-sore, when the night closed in. Still two or three miles short of the Lock, he slackened his pace then, but went steadily on. The ground was now covered with snow, though thinly, and there were floating lumps of ice in the more exposed parts of the river, and broken sheets of ice under the shelter of the banks. He took heed of nothing but the ice, the snow, and the distance, until he saw a light ahead, which he knew gleamed from the Lock House window. It arrested his steps, and he looked all around. The ice, and the snow, and he, and the one light, had absolute possession of the dreary scene. In the distance before him, lay the place where he had struck the worse than useless blows that mocked him with Lizzie's presence there as Eugene's wife. In the distance behind him, lay the place where the children with pointing arms had seemed to devote him to the demons in crying out his name. Within there, where the light was, was the man who as to both distances could give him up to ruin. To these limits had his world shrunk.

He mended his pace, keeping his eyes upon the light with a strange intensity, as if he were taking aim at it. When he approached it so nearly as that it parted into rays, they seemed to fasten themselves to him and draw him on. When he struck the door with his hand, his foot followed so quickly on his hand that he was in the room before he was bidden to enter.

The light was the joint product of a fire and a candle. Between the two, with his feet on the iron fender, sat Riderhood, pipe in mouth.

He looked up with a surly nod when his visitor came in. His visitor looked down with a surly nod. His outer clothing removed, the visitor then took a seat on the opposite side of the fire.

"Not a smoker, I think?" said Riderhood, pushing a bottle to him across the table.

"No."

They both lapsed into silence with their eyes upon the fire.

"You don't need to be told I am here," said Bradley at length. "Who is to begin?"

"I'll begin," said Riderhood, "when I've smoked this here pipe out."

He finished it with great deliberation, knocked out the ashes on the hob, and put it by.

"I'll begin," he then repeated, "Bradley Headstone, Master, if you wish it."

"Wish it? I wish to know what you want with me."

"And so you shall." Riderhood had looked hard at his hands and his pockets, apparently as a precautionary measure lest he should have any weapon about him. But he now leaned forward, turning the collar of his waistcoat with an inquisitive finger, and asked, "Why, where's your watch?"

"I have left it behind."

"I want it. But it can be fetched. I've took a fancy to it."

Bradley answered with a contemptuous laugh.

"I want it," repeated Riderhood, in a louder voice, "and I mean to have it."

"That is what you want of me, is it?"

"No," said Riderhood, still louder; "it's on'y part of what I want of you. I want money of you."

"Any thing else?"

"Every think else!" roared Riderhood, in a very loud and furious way. "Answer me like that and I won't talk to you at all."

Bradley looked at him.

"Don't so much as look at me like that or I won't talk to you at all," vociferated Riderhood. "But, instead of talking, I'll bring my hand down upon you with all its weight," heavily smiting the table with great force, "and smash you!"

"Go on," said Bradley, after moistening his lips.

"O! I'm agoing on. Don't you fear but I'll go on full-fast enough for you, and fur enough for you, without your telling. Look here, Bradley Headstone, Master. You might have split the T'other governor to chips and wedges, without my caring, except that I might have come upon you for a glass or so now and then. Else why have to do with you at all? But when you copied my clothes, and when you copied my neckhankercher, and when you shook blood upon me after you had done the trick, you did wot I'll be paid for and paid heavy for. If it come to be throw'd upon you, you was to be ready to throw it upon me, was you? Where else but in Plashwater Weir Mill Lock was there a man dressed according as described? Where else but in Plashwater Weir Mill Lock was there a man as had had words with him coming through in his boat? Look at the Lockkeeper in Plashwater Weir Mill Lock, in them same answering clothes and with that same answering red neckhankercher, and see whether his clothes happens to be bloody or not. Yes, they do happen to be bloody. Ah, you sly devil!"

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Bradley, very white, sat looking at him in silence.

"But two could play at your game," said Riderhood, snapping his fingers at him half a dozen times, "and I played it long ago; long afore you tried your clumsy hand at it; in days when you hadn't begun croaking your lecters or what not in your school. I know to a figure how you done it. Where you stole away I could steal away arter you, and do it knowinger than you. I know how you come away from London in your own clothes, and where you changed your clothes and hid your clothes. I see you with my own eyes take your own clothes from their hiding-place among them felled trees and take a dip in the river to account for your dressing yourself, to any one as might come by. I see you rise up Bradley Headstone, Master, where you sat down Bargeman. I see you pitch your Bargeman's bundle into the river. I hooked your Bargeman's bundle out of the river. I've got your Bargeman's clothes, tore this way and that way with the scuffle, stained green with the grass, and spattered all over with what bust from the blows. I've got them, and I've got you. I don't care a curse for the T'other governor, alive or dead, but I care a many curses for my own self. And as you laid your plots agin me and was a sly devil agin me, I'll be paid for it—I'll be paid for it—I'll be paid for it—till I've drained you dry!"

Bradley looked at the fire with a working face and was silent for a while. At last he said, with what seemed an inconsistent composure of voice and feature:

"You can't get blood out of a stone, Riderhood."

"I can get money out of a schoolmaster though."

"You can't get out of me what is not in me. You can't wrest from me what I have not got. Mine is but a poor calling. You have had more than two guineas from me already. Do you know how long it has taken me (allowing for a long and arduous training) to earn such a sum?"

"I don't know, nor I don't care. Yours is a 'spectable calling. To save your 'spectability it's worth your while to pawn every article of clothes you've got, sell every stick in your house, and beg and borrow every penny you can get trusted with. When you've done that and handed over I'll leave you. Not afore."

"How do you mean, you'll leave me?"

"I mean as I'll keep you company, wherever you go, when you go away from here. Let the Lock take care of itself. I'll take care of you, once I've got you."

Bradley again looked at the fire. Eying him aside, Riderhood took up his pipe, refilled it, lighted it, and sat smoking. Bradley leaned his elbows on his knees, and his head upon his hands, and looked at the fire with a most intent abstraction.

"Riderhood," he said, raising himself in his chair, after a long silence, and drawing out his purse and putting it on the table. "Say I part with this, which is all the money I have; say I let you have my watch; say that every quarter, when I draw my salary, I pay you a certain portion of it."

"Say nothing of the sort," retorted Riderhood, shaking his head as he smoked. "You've got away once, and I won't run the chance agin. I've had trouble enough to find you, and shouldn't have found you, if I hadn't seen you slipping along the street overnight, and watched you till you was safe housed. I'll have one settlement with you for good and all."

"Riderhood, I am a man who has lived a secluded life. I have no resources beyond myself. I have absolutely no friends."

"That's a lie," said Riderhood. "You've got one friend as I knows of; one as is good for a Savings Bank book, or I'm a blue monkey!"

Bradley's face darkened, and his hand slowly closed on the purse and drew it back, as he sat listening for what the other should go on to say.

"I went into the wrong shop, fust, last Thursday," said Riderhood. "Found myself among the young ladies, by George! Over the young ladies, I see a Missis. That Missis is sweet enough upon you, Master, to sell herself up, slap, to get you out of trouble. Make her do it then."

Bradley stared at him so very suddenly that Riderhood not quite knowing how to take it, affected to be occupied with the encircling smoke from his pipe; fanning it away with his hand, and blowing it off.

"You spoke to the mistress, did you?" inquired Bradley, with that former composure of voice and feature that seemed inconsistent, and with averted eyes.

"Poof! Yes," said Riderhood, drawing his attention from the smoke. I spoke to her. I didn't say much to her. She was put in a fluster by my dropping in among the young ladies (I never did set up for a lady's man), and she took me into her parlor to hope as there was nothing wrong. I tells her, 'O no, nothing wrong. The master's my wery good friend. But I see how the land laid, and that she was comfortable off."

Bradley put the purse in his pocket, grasped his left wrist with his right hand, and sat rigidly contemplating the fire.

"She couldn't live more handy to you than she does," said Riderhood, "and when I goes home with you (as of course I am agoing), I recommend you to clean her out without loss of time. You can marry her arter you and me have come to a settlement. She's nice-looking, and I know you can't be keeping company with no one else, having been so lately disapinted in another quarter."

Not one other word did Bradley utter all that night. Not once did he change his attitude, or loosen his hold upon his wrist. Rigid before the fire, as if it were a charmed flame that was turning him old, he sat, with the dark lines deepening in his face, its stare becoming more

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and more haggard, its surface turning whiter and whiter as if it were being overspread with ashes, and the very texture and color of his hair degenerating.

Not until the late daylight made the window transparent did this decaying statue move. Then it slowly arose, and sat in the window, looking out.

Riderhood had kept his chair all night. In the earlier part of the night he had muttered twice or thrice that it was bitter cold; or that the fire burned fast, when he got up to mend it; but as he could elicit from his companion neither sound nor movement, he had afterward held his peace. He was making some disorderly preparations for coffee, when Bradley came from the window and put on his outer coat and hat.

"Hadn't us better have a bit o' breakfast afore we start?" said Riderhood. "It ain't good to freeze a empty stomach, Master."

Without a sign to show that he heard, Bradley walked out of the Lock House. Catching up from the table a piece of bread, and taking his Bargeman's bundle under his arm, Riderhood immediately followed him. Bradley turned toward London. Riderhood caught him up, and walked at his side.

The two men trudged on, side by side, in silence, full three miles. Suddenly, Bradley turned to retrace his course. Instantly, Riderhood turned likewise, and they went back side by side.

Bradley re-entered the Lock House. So did Riderhood. Bradley sat down in the window. Riderhood warmed himself at the fire. After an hour or more, Bradley abruptly got up again, and again went out, but this time turned the other way. Riderhood was close after him, caught him up in a few paces, and walked at his side.

This time, as before, when he found his attendant not to be shaken off, Bradley suddenly turned back. This time, as before, Riderhood turned back along with him. But not this time, as before, did they go into the Lock House, for Bradley came to a stand on the snow-covered turf by the Lock, looking up the river and down the river. Navigation was impeded by the frost, and the scene was a mere white and yellow desert.

"Come, come, Master," urged Riderhood, at his side. "This is a dry game. And where's the good of it? You can't get rid of me, except by coming to a settlement. I am agoing along with you wherever you go."

Without a word of reply, Bradley passed quickly from him over the wooden bridge on the lock gates. "Why, there's even less sense in this move than t'other," said Riderhood, following. "The Weir's there, and you'll have to come back, you know."

Without taking the least notice, Bradley leaned his body against a post, in a resting attitude, and there rested with his eyes cast down. "Being brought here," said Riderhood, gruffly, "I'll turn it to some use by changing my gates." With a rattle and a rush of water he then swung-to the lock gates that were standing open, before opening the others. So, both sets of gates were, for the moment, closed.

"You'd better by far be reasonable, Bradley Headstone, Master," said Riderhood, "or I'll drain you all the dryer for it, when we do settle.—Ah! Would you!"

Bradley had caught him round the body. He seemed to be girdled with an iron ring. They were on the brink of the Lock, about midway between the two sets of gates.

"Let go!" said Riderhood, "or I'll get my knife out and slash you wherever I can cut you. Let go!"

Bradley was drawing to the Lock-edge. Riderhood was drawing away from it. It was a strong grapple, and a fierce struggle, arm and leg. Bradley got him round, with his back to the Lock, and still worked him backward.

"Let go!" said Riderhood. "Stop! What are you trying at? You can't drown Me. Ain't I told you that the man as has come through drowning can never be drowned? I can't be drowned."

"I can be!" returned Bradley, in a desperate, clenched voice. "I am resolved to be. I'll hold you living, and I'll hold you dead. Come down!"

Riderhood went over into the smooth pit, backward, and Bradley Headstone upon him. When the two were found, lying under the ooze and scum behind one of the rotting gates, Riderhood's hold had relaxed, probably in falling, and his eyes were staring upward. But he was girdled still with Bradley's iron ring, and the rivets of the iron ring held tight.

CHAPTER XVI.

PERSONS AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

Mr. and Mrs. John Harmon's first delightful occupation was, to set all matters right that had strayed in any way wrong, or that might, could, would, or should, have strayed in any way wrong, while their name was in abeyance. In tracing out affairs for which John's fictitious death was to be considered in any way responsible, they used a very broad and free construction; regarding, for instance, the dolls' dress-maker as having a claim on their protection, because of her association with Mrs. Eugene Wrayburn, and because of Mrs. Eugene's old association, in her turn, with the dark side of the story. It followed that the old man, Riah, as a good and serviceable friend to both, was not to be disclaimed. Nor even Mr. Inspector, as having been trepanned into an industrious hunt on a false scent. It may be remarked, in connection with that worthy officer, that a rumor shortly afterward pervaded the Force, to the effect that he had confided to Miss Abbey Potterson, over a jug of mellow flip

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in the bar of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters, that he "didn't stand to lose a farthing" through Mr. Harmon's coming to life, but was quite as well satisfied as if that gentleman had been barbarously murdered, and he (Mr. Inspector) had pocketed the government reward.

In all their arrangements of such nature, Mr. and Mrs. John Harmon derived much assistance from their eminent solicitor, Mr. Mortimer Lightwood; who laid about him professionally with such unwonted dispatch and intention, that a piece of work was vigorously pursued as soon as cut out; whereby Young Blight was acted on as by that transatlantic dram which is poetically named An Eye-Opener, and found himself staring at real clients instead of out of window. The accessibility of Riah proving very useful as to a few hints toward the disentanglement of Eugene's affairs, Lightwood applied himself with infinite zest to attacking and harassing Mr. Fledgeby: who, discovering himself in danger of being blown into the air by certain explosive transactions in which he had been engaged, and having been already flayed under his beating, came to a parley and asked for quarter. The harmless Twemlow profited by the conditions entered into, though he little thought it. Mr. Riah unaccountably melted; waited in person on him over the stable-yard in Duke Street, St. James's, no longer ravening but mild, to inform him that payment of interest as heretofore, but henceforth at Mr. Lightwood's offices, would appease his Jewish rancor; and departed with the secret that Mr. John Harmon had advanced the money and become the creditor. Thus was the sublime Snigsworth's wrath averted, and thus did he snort no larger amount of moral grandeur at the Corinthian column in the print over the fireplace, than was normally in his (and the British) constitution.

Mrs. Wilfer's first visit to the Mendicant's bride at the new abode of Mendicancy, was a grand event. Pa had been sent for into the City, on the very day of taking possession, and had been stunned with astonishment, and brought-to, and led about the house by one ear, to behold its various treasures, and had been enraptured and enchanted. Pa had also been appointed Secretary, and had been enjoined to give instant notice of resignation to Chicksey, Veneering, and Stobbles, for ever and ever. But Ma came later, and came, as was her due, in state.

The carriage was sent for Ma, who entered it with a bearing worthy of the occasion, accompanied, rather than supported, by Miss Lavinia, who altogether declined to recognize the maternal majesty. Mr. George Sampson meekly followed. He was received in the vehicle, by Mrs. Wilfer, as if admitted to the honor of assisting at a funeral in the family, and she then issued the order, "Onward!" to the Mendicant's menial.

"I wish to goodness, Ma," said Lavvy, throwing herself back among the cushions, with her arms crossed, "that you'd loll a little."

"How!" repeated Mrs. Wilfer. "Loll!"

"Yes, Ma."

"I hope," said the impressive lady, "I am incapable of it."

"I am sure you look so, Ma. But why one should go out to dine with one's own daughter or sister, as if one's under-petticoat was a backboard, I do *not* understand."

"Neither do I understand," retorted Mrs. Wilfer, with deep scorn, "how a young lady can mention the garment in the name of which you have indulged. I blush for you."

"Thank you, Ma," said Lavvy, yawning, "but I can do it for myself, I am obliged to you, when there's any occasion."

Here Mr. Sampson, with the view of establishing harmony, which he never under any circumstances succeeded in doing, said, with an agreeable smile: "After all, you know, ma'am, we know it's there." And immediately felt that he had committed himself.

"We know it's there!" said Mrs. Wilfer, glaring.

"Really, George," remonstrated Miss Lavinia, "I must say that I don't understand your allusions, and that I think you might be more delicate and less personal."

"Go it!" cried Mr. Sampson, becoming, on the shortest notice, a prey to despair. "Oh yes! Go it, Miss Lavinia Wilfer!"

"What you may mean, George Sampson, by your omnibus-driving expressions, I can not pretend to imagine. Neither," said Miss Lavinia, "Mr. George Sampson, do I wish to imagine. It is enough for me to know in my own heart that I am not going to—" having imprudently got into a sentence without providing a way out of it, Miss Lavinia was constrained to close with "going to go it." A weak conclusion, which, however, derived some appearance of strength from disdain.

"Oh yes!" cried Mr. Sampson, with bitterness. "Thus it ever is. I never—"

"If you mean to say," Miss Lavvy cut him short, "that you never brought up a young gazelle, you may save yourself the trouble, because nobody in this carriage supposes that you ever did. We know you better." (As if this were a home-thrust.)

"Lavinia," returned Mr. Sampson, in a dismal vein, "I did not mean to say so. What I did mean to say was, that I never expected to retain my favored place in this family after Fortune shed her beams upon it. Why do you take me," said Mr. Sampson, "to the glittering halls with which I can never compete, and then taunt me with my moderate salary? Is it generous? Is it kind?"

The stately lady, Mrs. Wilfer, perceiving her opportunity of delivering a few remarks from the throne, here took up the altercation.

"Mr. Sampson," she began, "I can not permit you to misrepresent the intentions of a child of mine."

"Let him alone, Ma," Miss Lavvy interposed

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with haughtiness. "It is indifferent to me what he says or does."

"Nay, Lavinia," quoth Mrs. Wilfer, "this touches the blood of the family. If Mr. George Sampson attributes, even to my youngest daughter—"

("I don't see why you should use the word 'even,' Ma," Miss Lavvy interposed, "because I am quite as important as any of the others.")

"Peace!" said Mrs. Wilfer, solemnly. "I repeat, If Mr. George Sampson attributes to my youngest daughter groveling motives, he attributes them equally to the mother of my youngest daughter. That mother repudiates them, and demands of Mr. George Sampson, as a youth of honor, what he *would* have? I may be mistaken —nothing is more likely—but Mr. George Sampson," proceeded Mrs. Wilfer, majestically waving her gloves, "appears to me to be seated in a first-class equipage. Mr. George Sampson appears to me to be on his way, by his own admission, to a residence that may be termed Palatial. Mr. George Sampson appears to me to be invited to participate in the—shall I say the—Elevation which has descended on the family with which he is ambitious, shall I say to Mingle? Whence, then, this tone on Mr. Sampson's part?"

"It is only, ma'am," Mr. Sampson explained, in exceedingly low spirits, "because, in a pecuniary sense, I am painfully conscious of my unworthiness. Lavinia is now highly connected. Can I hope that she will still remain the same Lavinia as of old? And is it not pardonable if I feel sensitive when I see a disposition on her part to take me up short?"

"If you are not satisfied with your position, Sir," observed Miss Lavinia, with much politeness, "we can set you down at any turning you may please to indicate to my sister's coachman."

"Dearest Lavinia," urged Mr. Sampson, pathetically, "I adore you."

"Then if you can't do it in a more agreeable manner," returned the young lady, "I wish you wouldn't."

"I also," pursued Mr. Sampson, "respect you, ma'am, to an extent which must ever be below your merits, I am well aware, but still up to an uncommon mark. Bear with a wretch, Lavinia, bear with a wretch, ma'am, who feels the noble sacrifices you make for him, but is goaded almost to madness," Mr. Sampson slapped his forehead, "when he thinks of competing with the rich and influential."

"When you have to compete with the rich and influential it will probably be mentioned to you," said Miss Lavvy, "in good time. At least it will if the case is *my* case."

Mr. Sampson immediately expressed his fervent opinion that this was "more than human," and was brought upon his knees at Miss Lavinia's feet.

It was the crowning addition indispensable to the full enjoyment of both mother and daughter, to bear Mr. Sampson, a grateful captive, into the glittering halls he had mentioned, and to parade him through the same, at once a living witness of their glory, and a bright instance of their condescension. Ascending the staircase, Miss Lavinia permitted him to walk at her side, with the air of saying: "Notwithstanding all these surroundings, I am yours as yet, George. How long it may last is another question, but I am yours as yet." She also benignantly intimated to him, aloud, the nature of the objects upon which he looked, and to which he was unaccustomed: as, "Exotics, George," "An aviary, George," "An ormolu clock, George," and the like. While, through the whole of the decorations, Mrs. Wilfer led the way with the bearing of a Savage Chief, who would feel himself compromised by manifesting the slightest token of surprise or admiration.

Indeed, the bearing of this impressive woman throughout the day was a pattern to all impressive women under similar circumstances. She renewed the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, as if Mr. and Mrs. Boffin had said of her what she had said of them, and as if Time alone could quite wear her injury out. She regarded every servant who approached her as her sworn enemy, expressly intending to offer her affronts with the dishes, and to pour forth outrages on her moral feelings from the decanters. She sat erect at table, on the right hand of her son-in-law, as half suspecting poison in the viands, and as bearing up with native force of character against other deadly ambushes. Her carriage toward Bella was as a carriage toward a young lady of good position whom she had met in society a few years ago. Even when, slightly thawing under the influence of sparkling Champagne, she related to her son-in-law some passages of domestic interest concerning her papa, she infused into the narrative such Arctic suggestions of her having been an unappreciated blessing to mankind, since her papa's days, and also of that gentleman's having been a frosty impersonation of a frosty race, as struck cold to the stomachs of the hearers. The Inexhaustible being produced, staring, and evidently intending a weak and washy smile shortly, no sooner beheld her than it was stricken spasmodic and inconsolable. When she took her leave at last, it would have been hard to say whether it was with the air of going to the scaffold herself, or of leaving the inmates of the house for immediate execution. Yet John Harmon enjoyed it all merrily, and told his wife, when he and she were alone, that her natural ways had never seemed so dearly natural as beside this foil, and that although he did not dispute her being her father's daughter, he should ever remain steadfast in the faith that she could not be her mother's.

This visit was, as has been said, a grand event. Another event, not grand, but deemed in the house a special one, occurred at about the same period; and this was the first interview between Mr. Sloppy and Miss Wren.

The dolls' dress-maker, being at work for the

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Inexhaustible upon a full-dressed doll some two sizes larger than that young person, Mr. Sloppy undertook to call for it, and did so.

"Come in, Sir," said Miss Wren, who was working at her bench. "And who may you be?"

Mr. Sloppy introduced himself by name and buttons.

"Oh, indeed!" cried Jenny. "Ah! I have been looking forward to knowing you. I heard of your distinguishing yourself."

"Did you, Miss?" grinned Sloppy. "I am sure I am glad to hear it, but I don't know how."

"Pitching somebody into a mud-cart," said Miss Wren.

"Oh! That way!" cried Sloppy. "Yes, Miss." And threw back his head and laughed.

"Bless us!" exclaimed Miss Wren, with a start. "Don't open your mouth as wide as that, young man, or it'll catch so, and not shut again some day."

Mr. Sloppy opened it, if possible, wider, and kept it open until his laugh was out.

"Why, you're like the giant," said Miss Wren, "when he came home in the land of Beanstalk, and wanted Jack for supper."

"Was he good-looking, Miss?" asked Sloppy.

"No," said Miss Wren. "Ugly."

Her visitor glanced round the room—which had many comforts in it now that had not been in it before—and said: "This is a pretty place, Miss."

"Glad you think so, Sir," returned Miss Wren. "And what do you think of Me?"

The honesty of Mr. Sloppy being severely taxed by the question, he twisted a button, grinned, and faltered.

"Out with it!" said Miss Wren, with an arch look. "Don't you think me a queer little comicality?" In shaking her head at him, after asking the question, she shook her hair down.

"Oh!" cried Sloppy, in a burst of admiration. "What a lot, and what a color!"

Miss Wren, with her usual expressive hitch, went on with her work. But left her hair as it was; not displeased by the effect it had made.

"You don't live here alone, do you, Miss?" asked Sloppy.

"No," said Miss Wren, with a chop. "Live here with my fairy godmother."

"With—" Mr. Sloppy couldn't make it out; "with who did you say, Miss?"

"Well!" replied Miss Wren, more seriously. "With my second father. Or with my first, for that matter." And she shook her head and drew a sigh. "If you had known a poor child I used to have here," she added, "you'd have understood me. But you didn't, and you can't. All the better!"

"You must have been taught a long time," said Sloppy, glancing at the array of dolls in hand, "before you came to work so neatly, Miss, and with such a pretty taste."

"Never was taught a stitch, young man!" returned the dress-maker, tossing her head. "Just gobbled and gobbled, till I found out how to do it. Badly enough at first, but better now."

"And here have I," said Sloppy, in something of a self-reproachful tone, "been a learning and a learning, and here has Mr. Boffin been a paying and a paying, ever so long!"

"I have heard what your trade is," observed Miss Wren; "it's cabinet-making."

Mr. Sloppy nodded. "Now that the Mounds is done with, it is. I'll tell you what, Miss. I should like to make you something."

"Much obliged. But what?"

"I could make you," said Sloppy, surveying the room, "I could make you a handy set of nests to lay the dolls in. Or I could make you a handy little set of drawers to keep your silks, and threads, and scraps in. Or I could turn you a rare handle for that crutch-stick, if it belongs to him you call your father."

"It belongs to me," returned the little creature, with a quick flush of her face and neck. "I am lame."

Poor Sloppy flushed too, for there was an instinctive delicacy behind his buttons, and his own hand had struck it. He said, perhaps, the best thing in the way of amends that could be said. "I am very glad it's yours, because I'd rather ornament it for you than for any one else. Please may I look at it?"

Miss Wren was in the act of handing it to him over her bench when she paused. "But you had better see me use it," she said, sharply. "This is the way. Hoppetty, Kicketty, Pepeg-peg. Not pretty; is it?"

"It seems to me that you hardly want it at all," said Sloppy.

The little dress-maker sat down again, and gave it into his hand, saying, with that better look upon her, and with a smile: "Thank you!"

"And as concerning the nests and the drawers," said Sloppy, after measuring the handle on his sleeve, and softly standing the stick aside against the wall, "why, it would be a real pleasure to me. I've heerd tell that you can sing most beautiful; and I should be better paid with a song than with any money; for I always loved the likes of that, and often giv' Mrs. Higden and Johnny a comic song myself, with 'Spoken' in it. Though that's not your sort, I'll wager."

"You are a very kind young man," returned the dress-maker; "a really kind young man. I accept your offer.—I suppose He won't mind," she added as an after-thought, shrugging her shoulders; "and if he does he may!"

"Meaning him that you call your father, Miss?" asked Sloppy.

"No, no," replied Miss Wren. "Him, Him, Him!"

"Him, him, him?" repeated Sloppy, staring about, as if for Him.

"Him who is coming to court and marry me," returned Miss Wren. "Dear me, how slow you are!"

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"Oh! *Him!*" said Sloppy. And seemed to turn thoughtful and a little troubled. "I never thought of him. When is he coming, Miss?"

"What a question!" cried Miss Wren. "How should *I* know!"

"Where is he coming from, Miss?"

"Why, good gracious, how can *I* tell! He is coming from somewhere or other, I suppose, and he is coming some day or other, I suppose. *I* don't know any more about him at present."

This tickled Mr. Sloppy as an extraordinarily good joke, and he threw back his head and laughed with measureless enjoyment. At the sight of him laughing in that absurd way the dolls' dress-maker laughed very heartily indeed. So they both laughed till they were tired.

"There, there, there!" said Miss Wren. "For goodness' sake stop, Giant, or I shall be swallowed up alive before I know it. And to this minute you haven't said what you've come for."

"I have come for little Miss Harmonses doll," said Sloppy.

"I thought as much," remarked Miss Wren, "and here is little Miss Harmonses doll waiting for you. She's folded up in silver paper, you see, as if she was wrapped from head to foot in new Bank-notes. Take care of her, and there's my hand, and thank you again."

"I'll take more care of her than if she was a gold image," said Sloppy, "and there's both *my* hands, Miss, and I'll soon come back again."

But the greatest event of all, in the new life of Mr. and Mrs. John Harmon, was a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wrayburn. Sadly wan and worn was the once gallant Eugene, and walked resting on his wife's arm, and leaning heavily upon a stick. But he was daily growing stronger and better, and it was declared by the medical attendants that he might not be much disfigured by-and-by. It was a grand event, indeed, when Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wrayburn came to stay at Mr. and Mrs. John Harmon's house: where, by-the-way, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin (exquisitely happy, and daily cruising about to look at shops) were likewise staying indefinitely.

To Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, in confidence, did Mrs. John Harmon impart what she had known of the state of his wife's affections, in his reckless time. And to Mrs. John Harmon, in confidence, did Mr. Eugene Wrayburn impart that, please God, she should see how his wife had changed him!

"I make no protestations," said Eugene; "—who does, who means them!—I have made a resolution."

"But would you believe, Bella," interposed his wife, coming to resume her nurse's place at his side, for he never got on well without her: "that on our wedding-day he told me he almost thought the best thing he could do was to die?"

"As I didn't do it, Lizzie," said Eugene, "I'll do that better thing you suggested—for your sake."

That same afternoon, Eugene lying on his couch in his own room up stairs, Lightwood came to chat with him, while Bella took his wife out for a ride. "Nothing short of force will make her go," Eugene had said; so, Bella had playfully forced her.

"Dear old fellow," Eugene began with Lightwood, reaching up his hand, "you couldn't have come at a better time, for my mind is full, and I want to empty it. First, of my present, before I touch upon my future. M. R. F., who is a much younger cavalier than I, and a professed admirer of beauty, was so affable as to remark the other day (he paid us a visit of two days up the river there, and much objected to the accommodation of the hotel), that Lizzie ought to have her portrait painted. Which, coming from M. R. F., may be considered equivalent to a melodramatic blessing."

"You are getting well," said Mortimer, with a smile.

"Really," said Eugene, "I mean it. When M. R. F. said that, and followed it up by rolling the claret (for which he called, and I paid) in his mouth, and saying, 'My dear son, why do you drink this trash?' it was tantamount—in him—to a paternal benediction on our union, accompanied with a gush of tears. The coolness of M. R. F. is not to be measured by ordinary standards."

"True enough," said Lightwood.

"That's all," pursued Eugene, "that I shall ever hear from M. R. F. on the subject, and he will continue to saunter through the world with his hat on one side. My marriage being thus solemnly recognized at the family altar, I have no further trouble on that score. Next, you really have done wonders for me, Mortimer, in easing my money-perplexities, and with such a guardian and steward beside me, as the preserver of my life (I am hardly strong yet, you see, for I am not man enough to refer to her without a trembling voice—she is so inexpressibly dear to me, Mortimer!), the little that I can call my own will be more than it ever has been. It need be more, for you know what it always has been in my hands. Nothing."

"Worse than nothing, I fancy, Eugene. My own small income (I devoutly wish that my grandfather had left it to the Ocean rather than to me!) has been an effective Something, in the way of preventing me from turning to at Anything. And I think yours has been much the same."

"There spake the voice of wisdom," said Eugene. "We are shepherds both. In turning to at last, we turn to in earnest. Let us say no more of that, for a few years to come. Now, I have had an idea, Mortimer, of taking myself and my wife to one of the colonies, and working out my vocation there."

"I should be lost without you, Eugene; but you may be right."

"No," said Eugene, emphatically. "Not right. Wrong."

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He said it with such a lively—almost angry—flash, that Mortimer showed himself greatly surprised.

"You think this thumped head of mine is excited?" Eugene went on, with a high look; "not so, believe me. I can say to you of the healthful music of my pulse what Hamlet said of his. My blood is up, but wholesomely up, when I think of it. Tell me! Shall I turn coward to Lizzie, and sneak away with her, as if I were ashamed of her! Where would your friend's part in this world be, Mortimer, if she had turned coward to him, and on immeasurably better occasion?"

"Honorable and stanch," said Lightwood. "And yet, Eugene—"

"And yet what, Mortimer?"

"And yet, are you sure that you might not feel (for her sake, I say for her sake) any slight coldness toward her on the part of—Society?"

"Oh! You and I may well stumble at the word," returned Eugene, laughing. "Do we mean our Tippins?"

"Perhaps we do," said Mortimer, laughing also.

"Faith, we DO!" returned Eugene, with great animation. "We may hide behind the bush and beat about it, but we DO! Now, my wife is something nearer to my heart, Mortimer, than Tippins is, and I owe her a little more than I owe to Tippins, and I am rather prouder of her than I ever was of Tippins. Therefore, I will fight it out to the last gasp, with her and for her, here, in the open field. When I hide her, or strike for her, faint-heartedly, in a hole or a corner, do you, whom I love next best upon earth, tell me what I shall most righteously deserve to be told:—that she would have done well to turn me over with her foot that night when I lay bleeding to death, and spat in my dastard face."

The glow that shone upon him as he spoke the words so irradiated his features that he looked, for the time, as though he had never been mutilated. His friend responded as Eugene would have had him respond, and they discoursed of the future until Lizzie came back. After resuming her place at his side, and tenderly touching his hands and his head, she said:

"Eugene, dear, you made me go out, but I ought to have staid with you. You are more flushed than you have been for many days. What have you been doing?"

"Nothing," replied Eugene, "but looking forward to your coming back."

"And talking to Mr. Lightwood," said Lizzie, turning to him with a smile. "But it can not have been Society that disturbed you."

"Faith, my dear love!" retorted Eugene, in his old airy manner, as he laughed and kissed her, "I rather think it *was* Society, though!"

The word ran so much in Mortimer Lightwood's thoughts as he went home to the Temple that night, that he resolved to take a look at Society, which he had not seen for a considerable period.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE VOICE OF SOCIETY.

BEHOOVES Mortimer Lightwood, therefore, to answer a dinner card from Mr. and Mrs. Veneering requesting the honor, and to signify that Mr. Mortimer Lightwood will be happy to have the other honor. The Veneerings have been, as usual, indefatigably dealing dinner cards to Society, and whoever desires to take a hand had best be quick about it, for it is written in the Books of the Insolvent Fates that Veneering shall make a resounding smash next week. Yes. Having found out the clew to that great mystery how people can contrive to live beyond their means, and having over-jobbed his jobberies as legislator deputed to the Universe by the pure electors of Pocket Breeches, it shall come to pass next week that Veneering will accept the Chiltern Hundreds, that the legal gentleman in Britannia's confidence will again accept the Pocket Breeches Thousands, and that the Veneerings will retire to Calais, there to live on Mrs. Veneering's diamonds (in which Mr. Veneering, as a good husband, has from time to time invested considerable sums), and to relate to Neptune and others, how that, before Veneering retired from Parliament, the House of Commons was composed of himself and the six hundred and fifty-seven dearest and oldest friends he had in the world. It shall likewise come to pass, at as nearly as possible the same period, that Society will discover that it always did despise Veneering, and distrust Veneering, and that when it went to Veneering's to dinner it always had misgivings—though very secretly at the time, it would seem, and in a perfectly private and confidential manner.

The next week's books of the Insolvent Fates, however, being not yet opened, there is the usual rush to the Veneerings, of the people who go to their house to dine with one another and not with them. There is Lady Tippins. There are Podsnap the Great and Mrs. Podsnap. There is Twemlow. There are Buffer, Boots, and Brewer. There is the Contractor, who is Providence to five hundred thousand men. There is the Chairman, traveling three thousand miles per week. There is the brilliant genius who turned the shares into that remarkably exact sum of three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds, no shillings, and no pence.

To whom add Mortimer Lightwood, coming in among them with a reassumption of his old languid air, founded on Eugene, and belonging to the days when he told the story of the man from Somewhere.

That fresh fairy, Tippins, all but screams at sight of her false swain. She summons the deserter to her with her fan; but the deserter, predetermined not to come, talks Britain with Podsnap. Podsnap always talks Britain, and talks as if he were a sort of Private Watchman employed, in the British interests, against the rest of the world. "We know what Russia means,

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Sir," says Podsnap; "we know what France wants; we see what America is up to; but we know what England is. That's enough for us."

However, when dinner is served, and Lightwood drops into his old place over against Lady Tippins, she can be fended off no longer. "Long banished Robinson Crusoe," says the charmer, exchanging salutations, "how did you leave the Island?"

"Thank you," says Lightwood. "It made no complaint of being in pain any where."

"Say, how did you leave the savages?" asks Lady Tippins.

"They were becoming civilized when I left Juan Fernandez," says Lightwood. "At least they were eating one another, which looked like it."

"Tormentor!" returns the dear young creature. "You know what I mean, and you trifle with my impatience. Tell me something, immediately, about the married pair. You were at the wedding."

"Was I, by-the-by?" Mortimer pretends, at great leisure, to consider. "So I was!"

"How was the bride dressed? In rowing costume?"

Mortimer looks gloomy, and declines to answer.

"I hope she steered herself, skiffed herself, paddled herself, larboarded and starboarded herself, or whatever the technical term is, to the ceremony?" continues the playful Tippins.

"However she got to it she graced it," says Mortimer.

Lady Tippins with a skittish little scream attracts the general attention. "Graced it! Take care of me if I faint, Veneering. He means to tell us that a horrid female waterman is graceful!"

"Pardon me. I mean to tell you nothing, Lady Tippins," replies Lightwood. And keeps his word by eating his dinner with a show of the utmost indifference.

"You shall not escape me in this way, you morose backwoods-man," retorts Lady Tippins. "You shall not evade the question, to screen your friend Eugene who has made this exhibition of himself. The knowledge shall be brought home to you that such a ridiculous affair is condemned by the voice of Society. My dear Mrs. Veneering, do let us resolve ourselves into a Committee of the whole House on the subject."

Mrs. Veneering, always charmed by this rattling sylph, cries: "Oh yes! Do let us resolve ourselves into a Committee of the whole House! So delicious!" Veneering says, "As many as are of that opinion, say Aye—contrary, No—the Ayes have it." But nobody takes the slightest notice of his joke.

"Now, I am Chairwoman of Committees!" cries Lady Tippins.

("What spirits she has!" exclaims Mrs. Veneering; to whom likewise nobody attends.)

"And this," pursues the sprightly one, "is a Committee of the whole House to what-you-may-call-it—elicit, I suppose—the voice of Society. The question before the Committee is, whether a young man of very fair family, good appearance, and some talent, makes a fool or a wise man of himself in marrying a female waterman, turned factory girl."

"Hardly so, I think," the stubborn Mortimer strikes in. "I take the question to be, whether such a man as you describe, Lady Tippins, does right or wrong in marrying a brave woman (I say nothing of her beauty), who has saved his life, with a wonderful energy and address; whom he knows to be virtuous and possessed of remarkable qualities; whom he has long admired, and who is deeply attached to him."

"But, excuse me," says Podsnap, with his temper and his shirt-collar about equally rumpled; "was this young woman ever a female waterman?"

"Never. But she sometimes rowed in a boat with her father, I believe."

General sensation against the young woman. Brewer shakes his head. Boots shakes his head. Buffer shakes his head.

"And now, Mr. Lightwood, was she ever," pursues Podsnap, with his indignation rising high into those hair-brushes of his, "a factory girl?"

"Never. But she had some employment in a paper mill, I believe."

General sensation repeated. Brewer says, "Oh dear!" Boots says, "Oh dear!" Buffer says, "Oh dear!" All, in a rumbling tone of protest.

"Then all *I* have to say is," returns Podsnap, putting the thing away with his right arm, "that my gorge rises against such a marriage—that it offends and disgusts me—that it makes me sick—and that I desire to know no more about it."

("Now I wonder," thinks Mortimer, amused, "whether *you* are the voice of Society!")

"Hear, hear, hear!" cries Lady Tippins. "Your opinion of this *mésalliance*, honorable colleague of the honorable member who has just sat down?"

Mrs. Podsnap is of opinion that in these matters there should be an equality of station and fortune, and that a man accustomed to Society should look out for a woman accustomed to Society and capable of bearing her part in it with —an ease and elegance of carriage—that—" Mrs. Podsnap stops there, delicately intimating that every such man should look out for a fine woman as nearly resembling herself as he may hope to discover.

("Now I wonder," thinks Mortimer, "whether *you* are the Voice!")

Lady Tippins next canvasses the Contractor, of five hundred thousand power. It appears to this potentate, that what the man in question should have done, would have been, to buy the young woman a boat and a small annuity, and set her up for herself. These things are a question of beef-steaks and porter. You buy the young woman a boat. Very good. You buy her, at the same time, a small annuity. You speak of that annuity in pounds sterling, but it is in reality so many pounds of beef-steaks and so

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many pints of porter. On the one hand, the young woman has the boat. On the other hand, she consumes so many pounds of beef-steaks and so many pints of porter. Those beef-steaks and that porter are the fuel to that young woman's engine. She derives therefrom a certain amount of power to row the boat; that power will produce so much money; and thus you get at the young woman's income. That (it seems to the Contractor) is the way of looking at it.

The fair enslaver having fallen into one of her gentle sleeps during this last exposition, nobody likes to wake her. Fortunately, she comes awake of herself, and puts the question to the Wandering Chairman. The Wanderer can only speak of the case as if it were his own. If such a young woman as the young woman described, had saved his own life, he would have been very much obliged to her, wouldn't have married her, and would have got her a berth in an Electric Telegraph Office, where young women answer very well.

What does the Genius of the three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds, no shillings, and no pence, think? He can't say what he thinks, without asking: Had the young woman any money?

"No," says Lightwood, in an uncompromising voice; "no money."

"Madness and moonshine," is then the compressed verdict of the Genius. "A man may do any thing lawful, for money. But for no money?—Bosh!"

What does Boots say?

Boots says he wouldn't have done it under twenty thousand pound.

What does Brewer say?

Brewer says what Boots says.

What does Buffer say.

Buffer says he knows a man who married a bathing-woman, and bolted.

Lady Tippins fancies she has collected the suffrages of the whole Committee (nobody dreaming of asking the Veneerings for their opinion), when, looking round the table through her eyeglass, she perceives Mr. Twemlow with his hand to his forehead.

Good gracious! My Twemlow forgotten! My dearest! My own! What is his vote?

Twemlow has the air of being ill at ease, as he takes his hand from his forehead and replies.

"I am disposed to think," says he, "that this is a question of the feelings of a gentleman."

"A gentleman can have no feelings who contracts such a marriage," flushes Podsnap.

"Pardon me, Sir," says Twemlow, rather less mildly than usual, "I don't agree with you. If this gentleman's feelings of gratitude, of respect, of admiration, and affection, induced him (as I presume they did) to marry this lady—"

"This lady!" echoes Podsnap.

"Sir," returns Twemlow, with his wristbands bristling a little, "*you* repeat the word; *I* repeat the word. This lady. What else would you call her if the gentleman were present?"

This being something in the nature of a poser for Podsnap, he merely waves it away with a speechless wave.

"I say," resumes Twemlow, "if such feelings on the part of this gentleman induced this gentleman to marry this lady, I think he is the greater gentleman for the action, and makes her the greater lady. I beg to say, that when I use the word gentleman, I use it in the sense in which the degree may be attained by any man. The feelings of a gentleman I hold sacred, and I confess I am not comfortable when they are made the subject of sport or general discussion."

"I should like to know," sneers Podsnap, "whether your noble relation would be of your opinion."

"Mr. Podsnap," retorts Twemlow, "permit me. He might be, or he might not be. I can not say. But I could not allow even him to dictate to me on a point of great delicacy, on which I feel very strongly."

Somehow a canopy of wet blanket seems to descend upon the company, and Lady Tippins was never known to turn so very greedy or so very cross. Mortimer Lightwood alone brightens. He has been asking himself, as to every other member of the Committee in turn, "I wonder whether you are the Voice!" But he does not ask himself the question after Twemlow has spoken, and he glances in Twemlow's direction as if he were grateful. When the company disperse—by which time Mr. and Mrs. Veneering have had quite as much as they want of the honor, and the guests have had quite as much as *they* want of the other honor—Mortimer sees Twemlow home, shakes hands with him cordially at parting, and fares to the Temple, gayly.

POSTSCRIPT,

IN LIEU OF PREFACE.

When I devised this story, I foresaw the likelihood that a class of readers and commentators would suppose that I was at great pains to conceal exactly what I was at great pains to suggest: namely, that Mr. John Harmon was not slain, and that Mr. John Rokesmith was he. Pleasing myself with the idea that the supposition might in part arise out of some ingenuity in the story, and thinking it worth while, in the interests of art, to hint to an audience that an artist (of whatever denomination) may perhaps be trusted to know what he is about in his vocation, if they will concede him a little patience, I was not alarmed by the anticipation.

To keep for a long time unsuspected, yet always working itself out, another purpose originating in that leading incident, and turning it to a pleasant and useful account at last, was at once the most interesting and the most difficult part of my design. Its difficulty was much enhanced by the mode of publication; for it would be very unreasonable to expect that many read-

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ers, pursuing a story in portions from month to month through nineteen months, will, until they have it before them complete, perceive the relations of its finer threads to the whole pattern which is always before the eyes of the story-weaver at his loom. Yet, that I hold the advantages of the mode of publication to outweigh its disadvantages, may be easily believed of one who revived it in the Pickwick Papers after long disuse, and has pursued it ever since.

There is sometimes an odd disposition in this country to dispute as improbable in fiction what are the commonest experiences in fact. Therefore I note here, though it may not be at all necessary, that there are hundreds of Will Cases (as they are called) far more remarkable than that fancied in this book; and that the stores of the Prerogative Office teem with instances of testators who have made, changed, contradicted, hidden, forgotten, left canceled, and left uncanceled, each many more wills than were ever made by the elder Mr. Harmon of Harmony Jail.

In my social experience, since Mrs. Betty Higden came upon the scene and left it, I have found Circumlocutional authorities disposed to be warm with me on the subject of my view of the Poor Law. My friend Mr. Bounderby could never see any difference between leaving the Coketown "hands" exactly as they were, and requiring them to be fed with turtle soup and venison out of gold spoons. Idiotic propositions of a parallel nature have been freely offered for my acceptance, and I have been called upon to admit that I would give Poor Law relief to any body, any where, any how. Putting this nonsense aside, I have observed a suspicious tendency in the various authorities to divide into two parties; the one contending that there are no deserving Poor who prefer death by slow starvation and bitter weather to the mercies of some Relieving Officers and some Union Houses; the other admitting that there are such Poor, but denying that they have any cause or reason for what they do. The records in our newspapers, the late exposure by The Lancet, and the common sense and senses of common people, furnish too abundant evidence against both defenses. But that my view of the Poor Law may not be mistaken or misrepresented, I will state it. I believe there has been in England, since the days of the Stuarts, no law so often infamously administered, no law so often openly violated, no law habitually so ill-supervised. In the majority of the shameful cases of disease and death from destitution that shock the Public and disgrace the country, the illegality is quite equal to the inhumanity—and known language could say no more of their lawlessness.

On Friday the Ninth of June, in the present year, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin (in their manuscript dress of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Lammle at breakfast) were on the Southeastern Railway with me in a terribly destructive accident. When I had done what I could to help others, I climbed back into my carriage—nearly turned over a viaduct, and caught aslant upon the turn—to extricate the worthy couple. They were much soiled, but otherwise unhurt. The same happy result attended Miss Bella Wilfer on her wedding-day, and Mr. Riderhood inspecting Bradley Headstone's red neckerchief as he lay asleep. I remember with devout thankfulness that I can never be nearer parting company with my readers forever than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have this day closed this book—The End.

September 2, 1865.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

TO-NIGHT we gather round the hearth
While now the Christmas time is near,
The time we keep with song and mirth,
With noisy games and festal cheer.

Not quite twelve fleeting months have passed,
With rapid changes, through a year
Of shifting light and shade, since last
We kept our merry Christmas here.

Then War's fierce clarion sounded loud,
And faces that we see to-night,
Once veiled within the battle's cloud,
Shone in the camp-fire's lurid light.

And others, whom, no more we see,
Lie silent in Death's dreamless sleep,
Nor shocks of ages yet to be
Shall vex their slumbers long and deep.

To them we fill our glasses high,
We pledge them through all future years,
To them we drain the goblet dry
In spite of rising wells of tears.

What tears for them?—let sorrow cease
For those who know not grief or care;
Theirs is a deeper, holier peace—
They breathe a calmer, purer air!

Long ages since the dawn of day,
Gilding the edges of the morn,
Looked in athwart the gloom where lay
The Christ-child of the Virgin born.

And high o'er Bethlehem's halls and towers,
Through the long watches of the night,
Crowning the dark and silent hours,
One pale star shone with mystic light.

Oh happy morn, whose dawning gave
Hope to a lost and sinful race,
Thy influence reaches past the grave,
On through remotest time and space!

Ring bells of cheer, ring in the day
When cruel wrong at last shall cease;
When feud and hate shall pass away,
And bring the reign of Love and Peace!

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A VILLAGE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

OUR authority for so denominating a famous city is derived from one of those pert and peripatetic oracles—the news-boys. A gentleman (who waxed suddenly indignant), whose surtout, bandana handkerchief, visage, and bearing declared him an old-school recipient of the "moral sense of the community," inquired of one of those varlets, who rushed on to the crowded piazza of a fashionable watering-place hotel, vociferating, "Here's the '*Erald, Times*, and *Tribune!*" if he had a copy of the Boston *Journal?* "Don't sell village papers, *Siree!*" was the reply.

It was named Boston in honor of John Cotton, minister of St. Butolph's, at Boston, in Lincolnshire, England, where the descendants of some of the original emigrants may still read their ancestral name on the old grave-stones. But other appellatives more significantly designate the place; such as "the Cradle of Liberty," because there the people, by word and deed, initiated the war of American Independence; "the Athens of America," so called in token of literary pre-eminence and social culture; "the City of Notions," because of a normal propensity of the inhabitants to magnify and reiterate an idea, enterprise, or local fact with exclusive emphasis—such as the introduction of water from a neighboring pond, the advent of an eminent foreigner, a special reform, a personal scandal, the demise of a prominent citizen, a critical controversy, or the great organ at the Music Hall. The last of these facetious titles, bestowed by a medical wit, is "Hub of the Universe," in allusion to the provincial complacency of the people.

In a physical sense the "Hub," whence radiate the spokes of so many railways, is not a favorable point of the wheel of life for the preservation of original character, since the crowds of social aspirants thus drawn to the centre, added to the perpetual influx of Celts from beyond the sea, have overlaid the Boston dear to octogenarians, and neutralized all the traits and most of the aspects that individualize the memory of the town even thirty years ago. Municipal, Insurance, and Banking offices are rarely occupied by natives; the original head-quarters of liberal Protestantism in America are inhabited by a Roman Catholic majority; from the old and quaintly picturesque streets more ostentatious dwellings have spread into the Back Bay; churches are transplanted thither; tall massive blocks of stores fill avenues where the homes of the Bostonians once shed the warm glow of the domestic hearth on snow-clad, quiet paths, sacred to pleasant neighbors and playful boys, now choked up with barrels, bales, and boxes. The Hancock House—ancient shrine of hospitality and patriotism—has disappeared, and even the "old corner" is no longer the trysting-place of literati; Pearl, Summer, and Franklin streets are given up to traffic; and the old families, whose domiciles once clustered there in modest comfort, have migrated or passed away.

The old-fashioned mansions, indeed, do not suffer by comparison with the loftier dwellings which have superseded them, at least to the eye of conservative taste. The wide front yards with fine shade-trees and a flagged walk from the gate to the front-door, with its broad threshold and glistening brass knocker—the spacious paneled hall and wide, easy staircase with elaborate balusters—the parlor with its low ceiling and cross-beam, its turkey carpet, large mahogany side-board, hospitable punch-bowl or silver flagon, and cut-glass decanters—the deep-cushioned window-seats, snug and sunny—the family portraits by Stuart or Copley, the daintily-worked screen, the massive and shining andirons and genial wood-fire gleaming on Scripture tiles—all unite to form a picture in fond memories beside which the more convenient economies and more showy but far less cozy domestic arrangements of the present day, seem coldly elegant.

The returned native threads his unsaluted way through strange, and by no means gentle crowds, looking in vain for familiar faces. Many of the best people of the town of his youth are banished to the suburbs or lost in the throng; now and then he recognizes a well-known figure apparently as much out of place as himself. The courteous gentleman whose bow was a benediction, the venerable merchant whose word was a bond, the man of letters whose criticism was decisive, the fair woman whose beauty was a pride and pleasure to all—these dominant social elements are no more; nor are others substituted therefor; for the population is too large, too heterogeneous, and too busy to allow of pervasive individualities or a social nucleus around which lore and wisdom harmoniously crystallize. Cars filled with "all kinds of folks" usurp the thoroughfares; where the juveniles used to skate, is a public garden; English steam-packets land hundreds of passengers weekly at the docks. The old landmarks are rapidly disappearing, the old customs foregone, the old names forgotten; but strangers are still specially invited to pews, and when any eminent person dies his character is duly analyzed by the Historical Society and the *Daily Advertiser*.

Settled in 1640 by English emigrants, Boston long maintained a literary as well as civic individuality. In the old town records is the chirography of John Winthrop. That chronicle indicates weary vicissitudes of famine and Indian attacks, ecclesiastical tyranny and social despotism. The declivities on which the city is built have historical traditions; the winding and hilly streets mark the ancient cow-paths. There is the Province House, denuded of its dignity, long the scene of colonial rule; the church where Franklin was baptized; the old elm under which he played, the site of the chandler's shop where, at the sign of the blue-ball, his father worked, and the grave where the ashes of both his parents rest. There is Faneuil Hall, where for a century has echoed the eloquence of freemen; the adjacent University

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founded in the infancy of the colony, and near by the noble statue of James Otis to commemorate the early advocate of liberty; the obelisk on the neighboring Bunker Hill to mark the spot where occurred the first battle of the Revolution, and the cannon-ball, imbedded in an ancient wall, to typify the siege over which Washington kept ward. Chastellux and Warville, the Abbé Robin and Kohl have recorded its social prestige, and Copley painted its belles of old. The country around is like an English landscape. The old town architecture suggests its ancestral character. Built in the deepest curve of Massachusetts Bay, which is studded with islands, in the middle it rears its civic dome surrounded by steeples and roofs. Vane, Goffe, Whalley were once its honored guests. King's Chapel and Copp's Hill figure in the romance of Cooper. The flag of the Revolution was first reared there. Witches and Quakers were there persecuted unto death and slaves originally imported; the whipping-post and the pillory were municipal institutions. The Mystic and the Charles flow thither to the sea. There Cotton Mather indited his Magnalia, Whitfield preached to thousands in the open air, and a circumnavigator of the globe was escorted in breeches and buckles through the streets. Off the harbor was fought the naval battle wherein Lawrence fell; Shirley sent thence recruits to the old French war. There were memorable times of pestilence, of political feuds, and of maritime adventure. State Street, the mart of bankers and brokers, witnessed the "Boston Massacre" when British troops first fired on American citizens. Brattle, Pemberton, Wigglesworth, Bowdoin, Elliot, Dexter, Wendall, Lee, Sullivan, Phillips, Eckley, Otis, Minot, Lloyd, and a host of others, have left enduring memories among the descendants of the early Bostonians. Long Wharf and the Common are endeared landmarks to the native; the "North and South End" are rife with family traditions undreamed of by the new inhabitants. In the Old South's belfry was the study of Dr. Belknap, the first historian of New Hampshire, and the pigeon that haunted it is embalmed by the muse of Willis. Fisheries at first, distilleries afterward, East India trade later, and factories at last brought wealth to the coffers of the Bostonians. The jokes of Mather Byles, the songs of Robert Treat Paine, the geniality of Dr. Kirkland, the ghost-stories of Allston, the teaching of Dr. Park, the editorship of Buckingham, and the hospitalities of Cabot live in mature memories still.

Hawthorne has daguerreotyped the early persecutions and the primitive legends. A "hundred orators" keep alive the glory of the national anniversary. Long wooden bridges span river and estuary; and the last of the cocked hats lingered there. Thanksgiving, Fast-day, Election, as well as the Fourth of July, meet with due observance. Archbishop Cheverus is remembered with affection. The Handel and Hadyn societies perform oratorios. Public schools thrive. Tudor thence exported ice to the East Indies, and Timothy Dexter warming-pans to the West. Ostinelli long conducted orchestras, Bob New shaved, Eustaphieve was Russian consul, Maffit preached Methodism and Emmons patriotism, Dr. Gardiner taught the Classics, Selfridge shot Austin, and Manlius Sargent put it all in a note-book.* There solemn Reviews appear quarterly, a Public Library is thronged, Lowell lectures flourish; there Prescott wrote of Ferdinand and Isabella, Dr. Bowditch translated La Place, Ticknor chronicled Spanish literature, Lyell and Agassiz expounded the wonders of nature, Sprague composed "Curiosity," and Quincy built a market. There was born Motley, there once lived Bancroft, and there Spurzheim died. There is Stuart's original portrait of Washington, and Dr. Warren's skeleton. Cape Cod's hardy sons sailed thence on long voyages, and returned to become merchants of renown. There throve Puritanism of old and Transcendentalism in our day; there they threw the tea into the harbor and cut off General Jackson's head from the prow of the *Constitution*.

The place is famous for crackers and Cochituate, for poetry and mackerel, for snow-storms and lectures. Sleigh-rides are magnificent and greetings hasty; *litterateurs* hold colloquies at book-stores; chaises are still extant, and so are trucks; there is still a pudding-store at Dorchester; but Salem Turnpike has become a myth, deacons are grown obsolete, the *Transcript* still gives zest to tea; the General Court and Selectmen have given place to the Legislature and a Mayor. Charles Sumner is United States Senator, and John A. Andrew Governor of the State.

The number of private collections of rare books and curiosities in the possession of men whose vocations are the reverse of literary is a remarkable evidence of the social culture of the people. Two of the best of these choice libraries were the discriminate and expensive gleanings of a leather-dresser and a wool-merchant.

The spirit of intellectual emulation early possessed the brain and heart of the Boston boy; the school prize and declamation were followed by the collegian's essay, and this by the Review or Magazine article and the social prestige of wit; distinction therein is the goal of youth and the criterion of manhood; the process of "cramming" and rhetorical display become a kind of mental necessity; the reputation of smartness is coveted; literary anecdotes and apt quotations are garnered for the banquet; tropes and figures, repartees and aphorisms exercise the brain and tongue; by-and-by the shadow of personal eminence overlays the sunshine of unconscious being; a certain artificial manner and an absence of the spontaneous formalize intercourse; cliques rule; mutual admiration isolates: there is a sophomorical element which survives student-life; to be literary and respectable is the *sine qua non*.

* Dealings with the Dead, by an Old Sexton. 2 vols. Boston, 1855.

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All this, in its way, is legitimately allied to credit and culture; but it is a limited development, a one-sided aspect and influence. It is not that genuine play of the mind which lends vivacity to the Paris *Salon*, nor the intellectual content of the German *Conversazione*, but rather a provincial and egotistic phase of society and character; a partial and patent form of intercourse devoid of much that is rich and attractive in sympathy—much that is natural and human in life. It tends to sequestration of feeling, to parsimony in thought, to intolerance in opinion, to pedantry in expression. "Don't you dote upon Wordsworth?" asked a Boston belle of her astonished partner, as she crossed over in a quadrille. "I accuse T. Carlyle of inhospitality to my thought," wrote home a Boston philosopher, after pouring his views into the inattentive ear of the author of "Sartor Resartus" in the crowded Strand. Table-talk in the modern Athens is often cut and dried.

There are "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of" in the Bostonian philosophy. There is a genius of character, a geniality of manners which have quite as much to do with social pleasure and individual faith and freedom as any gift or discipline of mind; there is a daily beauty in life to which the soul ministers more than the intellect; there is an interest in men and women as such, which transcends the charm of wit and the power of knowledge; there is a freshness and an adaptation of nature which are more auspicious inlets to truth and soul than the keenest intelligence or the most psychological curiosity; there is a glow of temperament more humanizing than the most effective training, and a virtue in sentiment deeper than that of sense; the critical is secondary to the appreciative; to respond heartily is a more liberal function than to discriminate willfully. "A thing of beauty is a joy" as well as a subject of analysis; to enter into another's consciousness is nobler than to be absorbed in our own. Enlarged minds are broadly sympathetic. Our great artist declared himself "a wide liker;" the sweetest of English humorists, delicately keen in his literary insight, said that "Shaftesbury was not too high for him nor Jonathan Wild too low;" Burke, Franklin, and Webster found true companionship by the wayside of common life; and it was the proverbial philosophy of old that nothing *human* is alien. Michael Angelo reveled in the "harmless comedy of life;" and Sydney Smith fed his mind more from broad intercourse and observation than books. "Writing," said the Countess Hahn Hahn, "is but the surrogate of living." The "infinite variety" of nature is violated by a uniform local standard; and the provincial errors of the old Italian republics mar the full and free activity of individual endowments in the American Athens to-day.

"Nature ever,
Finding discordant fortune, like all seed
Out of its proper climate, thrives but ill,
And were the world below content to mark
And work on the foundation nature lays,
It would not lack supply of excellence.
But ye perversely to religion strain
Him who was born to gird on him the sword,
And of the fluent phraseman make your king;
Therefore your steps have wandered from the path."
Dante's Paradiso.

The result of this exclusive reliance on brain—this self-absorption to produce ideas, is to breed a perverse indifference to all but special intellectual objects—a want of natural human sympathy with any form of talent or kind of culture or phase of character outside of a prescriptive circle. To excel and not to coalesce with others is the aim. "I showed my Chess-Player," said the ingenious Maelzel, "to my countrymen the Germans, and they said, 'it is a wonder'—to the English, and they declared it 'a triumph'—to the French, and they exclaimed, '*superbe, magnifique!*'—to a Boston man, and he said, 'what you bet I no make one like him?'"

Even in those kinds of mental development which presuppose impulse and susceptibility there is a rigid adherence to the intellectual, a studied repudiation of the impassioned. Byron and Burns were not immaculate, but they were soulful; and an element of human as well as ethereal fire is needed to keep aglow even the thoughts of genius, and transmit them with vital force to the ages. The same traits limit and harden social intercourse, and magnify trifles of conduct. It was, and perhaps is still, as damaging to a youth's reputation to be seen with his collar turned down and driving a gig as if detected in a convivial row. Hence it is proverbial that dissipation in that latitude is excessive and fatal, or ignored wholly; there is rarely any medium. Few have the moral courage to recognize the natural claims of social candidates; for years the so-called *élite* will "pass by on the other side" some gifted fellow-creature "not of our set;" and then after the more cosmopolitan seal of approval has been given at Washington, Newport, or New York, make the first advances to a most desirable acquaintance, sedulously avoided for years from fear of Mrs. Grundy. Dr. Spurzheim warned the Bostonians, when their city was far more individual than at present, that their local intermarriages and provincial exclusiveness would cause the stock to deteriorate and the soul to famish; he even suggested that an invasion of Southern Europeans would prove the best remedy. But the exigencies of trade and the facilities of travel are fast undermining all local traits and fusing social tendencies.

A critic of the influence of this egotism and hardihood upon religious development, recognizes the same defect, limit, and perversity: "The higher faculties of the soul are disparaged in the interest of a fastidious intellectualism, a dainty taste, and a teasing criticism; the whole-hearted love for real men, women, and children in their ordinary relations, supplanted by a haughty preference for a cultivated clique or a mystical and transcendental communion, more exclusive than any aristocracy in the world;

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indifferentism, dilettanteism, and morbid criticism located in high places and making a dreary vacuity where should be a luminous centre of life."*

Saturday night is no longer a stated domestic reunion. On that day, of old, salt codfish, cider, and hickory-nuts formed the dinner, with a due admixture of beets, carrots, and pork-scraps; whereby an Italian traveler in 1790 records that he suffered the greatest indigestion of his life. On that night amusements were foregone, children underwent special ablutions, and were sent early to bed, in anticipation of the great day of the week, signalized by extraordinary solemnity of walk and visage, clean attire, exemplary church attendance; a sirloin of beef and an Indian pudding between the services, followed by Catechism and singing of hymns in the evening; which regimen produced a curious periodical infirmity, that, according to George Combe, also once characterized the same weekly anniversary in Scotland, and was there called the "Sunday Headache." "Do you know what day it is?" was the stern parental query to the frivolous urchins. What the talk of Longinus and Plato was to the neophytes of antiquity, the lectures of Abelard and Cousin to the Paris student, the discussions of the Medici gardens to the medieval Florentine scholar, such was the sermon to the Bostonian; for this his constitutional walk, his special toilet, his family procession to church were the careful preparatives: to listen, compare notes, discuss and criticise the Sunday discourse was the regular intellectual treat; "who is to preach?" the anxious inquiry in the temple-porch. From the days of John Cotton, Dr. Cooper, Elliot, and Bishop Parker to those of Buckminster and Channing the pulpit was to him what the forum, the stage, and the academy is to other communities: his most endeared literary traditions were those of local pulpit oratory; the "minister" of his youth was the saintly genius most fondly enshrined in his memory; the most refined legacy of Puritanism no form of literature then and there held such memorable sway as the Homily. "It will raise the price of pews," said a thrifty member of a congregation, moving down the crowded aisle after a great success of this kind; "I don't care to have his sermons published, if you can not print the *tone* with them," said an old lady when it was proposed to issue a volume of her deceased pastor's discourses. We once saw in the private study of an Episcopal divine, shelves filled with the writings of the remarkable men who, in classic style and with eloquent sentiment, thus ministered to the eager and critical demand for preaching in the American Athens; and when we expressed our surprise that he should thus cherish the works of theological opponents, his reply was: "They are the only books I know that attractively expatiate on the philosophy of Christianity; they warm me to my sermonizing though I repudiate the dogmas." Basil Hall considered the most noteworthy of his experiences in Boston the scene on a Sunday morning when Dr. Channing preached. Henry Ware's New-Year's Eve Sermon has a pensive charm in the recollection of those who used to linger thoughtfully with him on "the shoal of time." Judge Story, in his Consecration Address at Mount Auburn, could invoke no more touching memory wherewith to bring home to his audience the recollection of the departed, and its claim to sepulchral honor, than the silvery voice of Buckminster.

Out of the psychological tendencies and speculative beauties of these ethical teachings in the capital of New England sprang, in no small degree, the literary animus and the minor philosophies of her educated people; from the resistance of liberal Christians to Orthodox bigotry arose not a little of the independent thinking and intellectual self-assertion so characteristic of her children. The first ambition of the Harvard graduate, of cleverness and scholarship, nurtured in this atmosphere, was to excel as a pulpit orator; and when the fervor of youth began to cool and the function itself to become distasteful, he left the pulpit for the professor's chair; that for the political arena or diplomat's mission; and, in mature years, when the "weary honors of successful ambition weighed like lead on the wearer," reverting to his original literary instincts, resorted to History for a more permanent fame. Such, with more or less variation in detail, has been the career of some of the most intellectually ambitious Athenian men of letters, whose earliest aspiration was the sermon. Nor did the influence thereof end with the highly educated; laymen became eager for the honors of the homily, and in Sunday-schools and free chapels were heard the voices of tradesmen and mechanics. "What will the poor fellow do now?" asked the neighbor of a bankrupt of his friend; "fall back on the immortal soul," was the reply.

The lyceum and the periodical press still further stimulated the minds of the modern Athenians, and oratory gradually became subtilized into philosophy. There the Yankee intellect was sublimated, retaining its acuteness, its rhetoric, its local traits: these grew concise and ethereal under the inspiration of German literature and mystic colloquy. Then arose the transcendentalists, led off by Margaret Fuller: the origin, progress, and influence whereof are described in her Memoirs. With much eloquence, and no little insight, there was vast affectation in many of those philosophers: truly were some of them described as expositors of ideas, those of which that were *true* were not *new*, and those which were *new* were not *true*. Half the apparent originality was verbal. Aphoristic language covered imitative thought; a cant of philosophy concealed familiar convictions. In a word, the shrewdness which the Yankee trader applied to barter, the Yankee thinker applied to literature; there was no spontaneous overflow, but a studied ingenuity; his intellectual work was a mosaic composed of gems garnered from a wide

* Rev. A. H. Mayo.

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and often a little explored range of lore. "Orphic sayings" were often a quaint remoulding of "proverbial philosophy;" and the "Dial" measured the life-throbs of society with no more accurate index than the town-clock, only with a mysterious picturesqueness singularly winsome to a class of minds to which simplicity of diction and integrity of thought are less impressive than oracular vagueness. Some of these aspirants for a new philosophy hunted for ideas with the sagacity wherewith their less thoughtful brethren "poke about for pence;" and they made the most of their capital by cunning phraseology—seeing, or professing to see, so deeply and so far, that merely sensible mortals were baffled, and sometimes gained over into descrying something "very like a whale" in every cloud at which their oracular guides significantly gazed. "Margaret, this is poetry," said a transcendentalist to his companion, as Fanny Ellsler gave a miraculous twirl to her extended leg. "No, Waldo," was the reply, "it is religion." "Do you understand this?" asked an auditor of a transcendental lecturer of the most sagacious lawyer in Massachusetts. "No," he answered; "but my daughters do." There, indeed, was the true field wherein these mystic seeds of desultory and fantastic thought flourished; the young were bewitched with the "Ideal," with "a Mission" and "Affinities;" enchanted by "the depth of their own nature," disgusted with the material and conventional; "there is hope," they felt, "in extravagance, there is none in routine;" self-reliance was more grand than receptivity.

Yet time has wonderfully corrected and harmonized what was noxious in this "centusymusy." It was in the last analysis but an instinctive protest against the formality and coldness of the intellectual atmosphere and social limits wherein these fresh souls dwelt. Moreover, expression has become definite with the really gifted of those who were the recognized expositors of the new school; they have become more practical in theory, direct in utterance. Emerson's later writings are more legitimate specimens of the English essay; chaste as Addison, tolerant as Montaigne, and often as practically suggestive as Steele or Sydney Smith. We still, however, find the weird in opposition to the human spirit; the constant assertion of will and self-reliance as the essence of the true "Conduct of Life"—indicative of a temperament wherein "the blood and judgment are *not* so well commingled" as to make a representative thinker, but one whose clerical descent and New England discipline has concentrated into an intellectual, self-sufficing gleaner of ideas, rather than a comprehensive and sympathetic human interpreter—"a polished Puritan with the piety left out," as he has been cleverly described. Climate, culture, organization, and the prevailing kind of social life have much to do with all the erratic phenomena of Athenian development; they refine rather than expand, clarify rather than warm, individualize rather than harmonize the consciousness and the influences of intellectual life.

An English visitor, one bright day in autumn, was encountered by a native on one of the bridges near Boston, with a servant following loaded with a thick over-coat, a spencer, a shawl, a pair of over-shoes, and an umbrella. "I'm sorry you're leaving us," said the latter. "Oh, I'm only taking a walk," replied John Bull. "I expect to use all these things in turn before I get home to dinner, your climate is so infernally changeable." A youth, born abroad, when he first danced in a quadrille at a party in the environs of Boston, remarked that the way his fair partner touched hands reminded him of "a boy feeling for cucumbers in the dark." Is there not a connection between these two illustrations of climate and manners? A certain scientific alternation of heat and cold destroys the malleability of metals, and at the same time increases their incisive quality; and why, if half that philosophers tell us of the influence of climate on humanity is true, may not the prevalent alternation of winds modify character? Temperament has much to do with social manifestations, and temperature with temperament. A man or woman who has been accustomed for years to a sudden chill and glow, and has the physical vigor therefor, becomes reticent; the feelings, like the perspiration, are checked, and sensibility like the cuticle, grows impervious. The east wind, so grateful after sultriness, yet so bleakly penetrating and repulsive to delicate nerves, from its abrupt refrigerative effect has no little influence upon the social instincts of the Bostonian.

The denizen of New York in his Sunday walk in Fifth Avenue encounters such pleasurable greetings that he is assured the sight of him is a satisfaction on the mere ground of companionship, as a human being, not because he can gratify curiosity, exchange criticisms, or is a member of the Mutual Admiration Society; the social feeling there is normal, and irrespective of intellectual or financial distinction. Let him promenade Beacon Street between churches and the salutation will be curt or curious, rarely warmed by the zest of fellowship. "When did you come? How long are you going to stay? What are you about?" says the Bostonian to the occasional visitor. "How are you? I'm delighted to see you. Come in to dinner?" says the Gothamite.

Boston is a good place to have the conceit taken out of you, and just as good a one to have it made chronic; want of sympathy does the one, cliqueism the other. Most people there are bookish, few genial; men are esteemed as lions more than as brothers; and women as brilliant rather than lovable. "What does he know?" is the query regarding each new social candidate. "How did you like ——'s speech?" asked one of the auditors of his youthful friend. "I was thinking how much better I could do it myself," was the characteristic reply. You can find more fluent and suggestive talkers in Bos-

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ton in a day than you can in New York in a month; but among the latter there is a ready hospitality for your spontaneous self, while the former meets each idea with critical comment or argumentative challenge; the one may wake up your mind, but the other is far more likely to refresh your heart. Intellect is idolized in Boston; fellowship enjoyed in New York. Book-stores are the casinos, clubs the mental gymnasiums, reading the recreation of the genuine modern Athenian. You see scores of pale girls carrying home books from the public library; you hear perpetual criticism; a *bon mot* is a social victory, a literary dinner the fashionable desideratum—all of which is charming in its way. It promotes mental alacrity, it keeps people out of mischief, it leads to culture and to fame—but when exclusive, leads also to hardihood, to egotism, and to the abeyance of fresh, broad, and earnest social sympathies. It is not all of life; it does not embrace the soulful, the appreciative, the responsive, so vast and dear, that lies beyond the sphere of the academic and the grasp of the knowing faculty; yet is it complacently regarded as a universal test and triumph. The Boston Review is named for the American continent—the Boston Magazine for the Atlantic Ocean! Boston is an admirable place for a young man to go away from; it is also an admirable place to which to return—for a visit; provided that one knows how to improve his time and opportunities.

A dinner with the Atlantic Club, a visit to Cambridge, a chat in some lawyer's or editor's office, a rummage at the Antiquarian Book-Store, an hour at the City Library or the Athenæum, or a colloquy with Longfellow or Holmes, Dr. Walker or Dr. Hedge, Emerson, Parsons, Mrs. Howe, Henry James, William Hunt, or Whipple, will soon convince any one that the intellectual prestige of Boston is well founded, and its best social resources charmingly available. The names of Story, Channing, Quincy, and Everett are, alas! inscribed at Mount Auburn; Webster and Prescott are no more; Theodore Parker survives in his disciples.

A few of the solid and accomplished men of Boston lag behind the times, and are candidates for the diet recently prescribed by a wit for such perverse citizens—*Ketch-up*: there are evidences that some of them have already taken homeopathic doses of the same. Despite the encroachments of a foreign and rural population, the bereavements and transitions of society, and the local changes, there is fresh and noble proof that Boston is true to her birth-right and loyal to her patriotic inheritance. The list of her martyred sons in the war for the Union, inincludes the most honored of her family names on the heroic roll, so tenderly cherished and worthily commemorated—Dwight, Cary, Dehon, Revere, Putnam, Lowell, Shaw, and others; so that the returning native can solace his regrets for all that is passed away, by the hallowed memories that have newly crowned his birth-place with sacred fame.

HAPPY AND UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

IT is generally conceded that upon the institution of marriage turns the most vital interests of the civil condition of life. But the marriage tie comprises vastly more than this, inasmuch as it involves the holiest affections of which mankind is susceptible.

How is it, then, that the holiest condition in which the sexes can exist together, and which forms the very pivot of civilization—how is it that such a noble institution is at once the most sacred of human conditions, and the indirect origin of the gravest evils of this life?

Is it destiny that inflicts upon the human being all the torments which attend unmated mankind, or, as the alternative, offers this being a condition full of anxiety and tribulation—and perhaps woe? Does a perfection, seen in the anticipated future, so thoroughly fade in the reality in which it comes to be clothed? Or does society breathe the curse of *staleness* upon the very condition of life to which it owes its most cherishable privileges? To all these queries we must answer, No.

At least as regards marriage, it is not commonly true that we get too little for our pains. The trouble is, that we expect too much. Hence we are frequently astonished, and even mortified, that our partner for life does not possess the very desiderata which, in truth, we ourselves lack. Besides, it is not flattering to be charged with ignorance concerning self-imposed duties; and when the question turns upon conjugal obligations, there is a sort of self-justification in attributing to *incompatibility of disposition* the origin of numerous domestic troubles. Sweetness of disposition and the reverse, like courage, has been pretty evenly dispensed to the human family. And the average disposition of an individual is oftener governed by the view he takes of the common events of life than by an inherent peculiarity of character. But even though this fact be generally admitted, the practical application is rejected; because men and women are unwilling to believe that their domestic bliss or misery mainly results from inconsiderable acts involving neither marked harmony or contrariety of disposition, nor any deep-working of the moral nature.

Mr. and Mrs Jones possess a fair average of good disposition. Mrs. Jones finds her recreation in music or painting, or in both; or perhaps she evinces a lively interest in church matters during the week. Mr. Jones does not comprehend "four-quarter time," and can not appreciate Titian. Indeed, he does not wish to cultivate or admire either art—a very evident fact, because he rings his changes upon a stale old joke about "four-quarters" and "five-twenties" at the expense of the former; and he insists that, after all, the prettiest combination of color is *red*, *white*, and *blue*. And as for occasions of outburst of this questionable witticism, could there be a more appropriate time than upon the Wednesday and Friday evenings when he

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grumblingly calls to conduct his wife from the church door?

Mr. Thompson admires what is essentially termed "home music," while his wife finds no enjoyment in the art outside the opera-house. It is quite a fortuitous circumstance if she does not take lessons at $100 per quarter; and a positive mercy if poor Thompson's home be not invaded by a crowd of fiercely mustached vagabonds and dowdy, unwashed females. Enough is here disclosed to show that considerable material for unhappiness lies not in the deep recesses of married life, but at the surface of domestic existence. Thus, they who appear happy in the eye of society often fail to appreciate each other's pursuits through unwillingness to nourish a kindred sympathy, and the evil lays the ground-work of ultimate coldness—if not of unfaithfulness. It is a good thing to behave well in society; but it is a great deal better to act justly at home. Truly, a laudable desire for public esteem begetteth many a courteous action; but it is in the inner, the unseen, the sacred apartment of our home that the pride of goodness and truth gives birth to happiness.

Taking an average condition in life, man's contentment of mind is considerably according to his own making; and likewise, in his domestic relations, his happiness lies greatly in his hands. This *should* be a cheering reflection, though we fear it is not commonly nourished. But it is nevertheless a true one. Because, in the present case, if the married life be thoroughly analyzed, a majority of suffering will be found to originate in errors of omission rather than in those of commission; and in errors of omission frequently lies the evil in question. The truth is, that in doing a kindly act, did we but display one half the zeal which animates us in concealing the consequences of a bad deed, many of the pains and penalties of our earthly career would be avoided, and a peaceful death would be the closing scene of a life of truth and love.

Unfortunately, the errors of our partners reflect themselves in an undue degree upon our character, and stamp our reciprocative actions with a portion of the faultiness to which these actions owe their origin. It is so gratifying to be a corrector of error—an avenger of truth! We forget our own fallibility, and we increase to an indefinite degree the very ills which we had desired to dissipate.

The rare power of man to gaze undismayed upon the vicissitudes which beset his path through life, proclaims the exalted characteristics of his sex, and entitles him to love, to cherish, and to ennoble the being who is so necessary to his happiness. Yet, from its very nature, his noble equipoise is often lost in the petty vexations of the moment. It has been said that were mankind deprived of the notoriety attending a public death there would be no martyrs. Truly it were difficult to play martyr if none stood by to applaud; and for a similar reason, perhaps, it is a difficult thing to play hero in one's own house. There is nothing to be gained by it—the game does not pay. But we frequently grin and bear many little annoyances which a little thoughtfulness would overcome.

What if our husband grumbles a little over an indifferent breakfast? Why not suffer our wife to sing her doleful tale about the shortcomings of a delinquent servant? Poor as it is, the former would not sell his meal for twenty times its value. And for the rest, it is poor consolation to give sharp advice to a wife when all she desires from her husband is a little sympathetic grumble.

We greatly fear that men and women think too much *about one another*, and too little *for each other*. The love of a man may be actually enthralled by very humble means: the homely but ever ready slippers at the evening fireside; the dainty bit which his wife has prepared (with a ten minutes' labor) expressly for his evening meal; or the little display of her accomplishments, sweetly granted at the close of the day. And surely the love of woman were cheaply earned and secured by little deeds and even sacrifices. When alone, she dreams of us as wholly immersed in the business of the day. But the small basket of early or rare fruit, or the new ribbon, which we might so easily bring her now and then, would tell her its own little tale—that she is in our heart even when we are immersed in the duties and excitements of traffic.

What if we slat our things around now and then? Pray don't look sour. Remember that we are men; and men are rarely celebrated for the proper ordering of the clothes-press. And as for the things which our wife carries about whenever she travels—and truly their name is legion!—why be over-troubled about them? Pick up her parasol, throw her veil over your arm; carry her traps. Of course these things trouble you. Whom do they not trouble? But you would be far more sorely troubled were she gone forever, and if these very sources of annoyances were carefully packed away in some dark closet. She may not reward you on the spot for all your trouble, but there are ninety-nine chances in a hundred that she feels grateful for your aid, and she will soon learn to miss you when you are absent.

In the case of interested marriages it seems cruel that the lives of such couples should appear to give the lie, on the score of happiness, to their less sordid but more noisy neighbors. If, however, it prove a source of consolation to these latter, they should remember that

> "The jingling of the guinea helps
> The hurt that honor feels."

And, in the end, it is very questionable if the inconveniences of life attending disinterested marriages is not invariably to be preferred to the apparent harmony existing between individuals united solely through mercenary motives, who, by tacit consent, agree to disagree; and who consequently lead a life of mock tranquillity. One is almost tempted to believe that the world is *doomed* to teem with men and women who, amidst their petty bickerings, lose sight of the

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high mission for which they were created. And this state of affairs is often to be wondered at, because the woman, who thoroughly understands her power (one would suppose), will not abandon the little graces by which she gained the love of her liege lord. And he who fails to preserve his love in its early freshness abandons the respect and the duty which he owes to himself. For if the character of *Husband* be of an order at once creative, ennobling, and sacred, how noble and sacred must be the being of her who is his co-worker in holiness, the repository of his joys and sorrows, the keeper of his affections and his innocence, and the lovely modeler of the characters of his children!

And though the character of *Wife* entail a measure of subjectiveness, her many sacrifices are not only such as she would never sustain in devotion to her own sex, but they are frequently of a reciprocal nature, and find reward in the bosom alone of him for whom she suffers them —in the bosom alone of him for whose sake she bears the honorable title of wife and mother—his all in all—his heaven upon earth!

It was a saying replete with poetic imagery when our Saviour called the Church His Wife. But it was more than poetry—it was the poetry of truth! In the lives of Christ and His Bride is shadowed forth, in typical hues, the deep devotion that should crown the marriage vow.

Then, indeed, were solved the holy problem of this life; for man and woman would prepare each other for the true consummation of their love in the realms of Eternal Bliss!

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE year is closing peacefully after the wild storms of war, and the Christmas that is coming will be truly a festival of peace and good-will. The passions generated by civil war can not be rapidly quieted; and for many a month and year the country must toss and heave like the sea after a tempest.

Yet, what a North Carolinian said the other day is very true, that there is apparently no ill-feeling, no vindictive wish, in this part of the country. There is great sobriety, there is a profound conviction of the dangerous fallacy of the principle upon which the rebellion proceeded, but there is an equally sober wish that all trace of the difference may disappear as swiftly and as surely as possible.

The result of the war is a misfortune for nobody. It has consumed human life, it has wasted property, but the gains for each side are greater than the losses. The principles of national unity and of equal rights before the law have been vindicated in such a way that they are not likely to be again questioned, and the advantage of such a result to the peace of the country and the welfare of mankind is incalculable.

For the present, of course, some of those who heartily supported the rebellion do not admit the truth of these principles—they merely acquiesce in the superior force which has asserted them. Such persons may even maintain a sullen attitude of resistance, and cherish a secret hope of once more trying the issue by arms. But these are not the men who fought, they are those who were content to snuff the battle afar off. Soldiers are practical men. They depend upon force, and they know when they are overpowered. Soldiers submit, orators do not.

That there is a feeling of intense hostility at the South toward the men who are supposed especially to represent the principle which has prevailed in the contest is not to be denied. Those who denounce Slavery, for instance, are supposed, not unnaturally but untruly, to hate slaveholders. But they do not. They may deplore its effect upon public interests and private character, and expose them as plainly as words permit, but that is quite independent of any meaner feeling whatever. They may claim that all men have inherent rights, but that is not to be the enemies of any man or class, but the very reverse. In this country we demand equal rights for all men, because the denial of them imperils the peace and rights of every man. No man, or class, or community here can separate itself from any other. What is any man's business, so far as rights are concerned, is every man's. The factory system in New England, for instance, is the business of Georgia and Arkansas, as of every other community in the country. For if in that system fundamental rights should be disregarded and ignorance and crime fostered, there is not a citizen in the remotest corner of the land who would not only be justified, but morally bound, to protest and expose the iniquity. The mind-your-own-business kind of statesmanship is the best or the worst in the world. It is the worst, if you think that nothing but your own immediate personal benefit is your business. It is the best, if you understand that no man in a country can be isolated from any other, and that all go up or down together.

There is a necessary difference, but no necessary antagonism, between the various parts of this country. Climate and soil are subtle influences, affecting both character and commerce. The people of New England, of the northwest, of the Middle States, and of the South, will always have local characteristics; and what will be the task of a true statesmanship but to modify them as much as possible, and prevent their development into alienation?

The freest communication and the freest debate will level the lines and bring us all more closely and amicably together. Whatever tends to separate us, physically or mentally, prolongs jealousy and hostility. And, in this sense, railroads and telegraphs and newspapers become actual ministers of national peace. Neither side should ask silence or timidity of the other. What we all want is the truth stated as forcibly as the pen and tongue can utter it. The policy that each earnestly believes to be essential to the national welfare each must earnestly advocate, and perpetually appeal to the great final tribunal—the people at the polls.

If this could be the spirit on all sides, the pacification of the country, even with profound differences of opinion, would not be a very long or difficult process.

THE danger of ascribing a literal fulfillment to prophecies of any kind is strikingly illustrated in a

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manuscript which has come into our hands, and which was written in the Utica Lunatic Asylum by one of the patients in 1857. It is in the form of a letter to the writer's father. He says:

"That you may know what I have been doing, Satan the King, the Ark, the Christ (for the times are changed), will issue ten commandments which shall supersede Moses's law and Christ's law, *and in forty-two months destroy the temple of the United States Government and build it again.* These things will go into the contents of my Book of Revelations. This is not speculation, and is more than orthodox."

Forty-two months from the date of the letter is about the exact time of the fall of Sumter. The disagreeable part of the prophecy is, that Satan is not only to destroy but to rebuild the Government. But meanwhile our lunatic friend is proved a much better prophet than the excellent Mr. Joseph Miller—if that is any consolation to any body.

THE soldiers of the late war will have no reason to complain, as those of our Revolution did, that they are forgotten and disregarded by the people. There is no passport to popular favor so sure as the record of military service. The gates of political success are thrown wide open to the veterans, and no party feels even a hope of victory at the polls which does not head its ticket with a General. The chief candidates of all parties in all the States in the late Autumn elections were soldiers; and it is as true of the late rebel as of the loyal States. In Mississippi General Humphreys has been elected; and in South Carolina General Wade Hampton has been defeated—if defeated at all—by a very small majority: each of them being opposed by a civilian. The most effective speakers also have been soldiers. Whatever may be their other qualifications for oratory and political leadership, there is a popular instinct that men who have freely and constantly risked their lives in defense of the Government have a peculiar right to advise how it shall be conducted.

Then the personal presence of heroes is always inspiring. There is universal curiosity to see the man who has done great deeds, and won signal victories. If it has merely added renown to the national name the national gratitude is irrepressible. Nelson was the most popular man in England. But if the victory has been a clear gain for civilization and mankind as well as a national glory, the enthusiasm and feeling are not to be described. In the United States the most popular men—those whom more people would go a greater distance to see than any other—are Grant, Farragut, Sherman, and Sheridan.

The same kind of interest attends the story of their lives and achievements. When Southey wrote the Life of Nelson, which he did with singular skill, the poet of Thalaba and Madoc was the most popular author in England. So also the unpretending volume in which Major Nichols tells the Story of Sherman's March to the Sea has been eagerly sought and every where read, and already more than thirty editions have been sold. A similar sketch of Sheridan's scouring of the Shenandoah would have the same general charm.

It is this feeling which has prompted the sketches of the careers of our great Generals which have been published in this Magazine, and which have been read with such avidity and interest all over the land. That very interest has led to criticism of them, to objection as to some of the details, and to correction of some unavoidable misstatements. Of course in such narrations there will be descriptions of operations which will be challenged, and estimates of character which will seem to many unjust. And there may even be misrepresentations which arise from any thing but malevolence on the part of the writers. Thus we are sure the paper upon General Sheridan in our August number, while it vividly describes the resistless force with which the genius of that noble soldier magnetizes an army, leaves a wrong impression as to his general habit of speech. The reader would easily suppose that the General was habitually profane, and constantly swore, as General Grant constantly smokes. This is a mistake; for General Sheridan, though not a Puritan, is not a profane man. In the ardor of battle, when he sees men faltering or his plans miscarrying, like Washington at Monmouth, and like every General in our army, with few exceptions, Sheridan peals out a ringing oath, which has the force of an act, and in the wild tumult drives home his will upon every man around him. But the last offense of which such a man would be guilty is weakening his common conversation with the foolish rhetoric of oaths. We point what we are saying by this illustration because of a popular and not unnatural impression that so swift and impetuous a soldier must be always a liberal swearer; and because we regret that unintentionally the opinion should have been confirmed in these pages. "Sound swearing helps wonderfully in the field," said one of our most brilliant Major-Generals to the Easy Chair; "I swear myself then, and don't feel guilty." Yet in an acquaintance of many years we had never heard him use an oath.

The kind reader will not understand that we are justifying profanity; we are only defending the good name of men we all love and honor against misconception.

The popular admiration of the soldiers, which is the text of our little sermon, is farther shown in the generous way in which the political canvass was conducted. No orator of character sought to depreciate the service of the opposing military candidates, unless their failure were conspicuous and unchallenged. They were regarded as the representatives of a certain policy, and if personal criticism was made it was solely upon the ground of political sentiment or action. Every speaker felt that he wounded his own cause if he aimed a blow at the military career of the opponent.

From this kind of idolatry a very grave mischief may easily spring. A soldier is not of necessity a good civil magistrate. Indeed there are reasons why he should be a peculiarly poor one. The law in which he has been trained is military law, and military law is despotic. But the security has been, and is, in the fact that so many of our military heroes are only civilians after all, and even if they were bred soldiers they had been reabsorbed into civil life when the war began. Grant had been at West Point, but he was a tanner in the spring of 1861. Sherman had been in a banking-office in California. The war found Burnside upon a railroad, and Hooker upon a farm. And it was not found that the soldiers who had become civilians were the least efficient when the trial came.

There was indeed a strong prejudice against West Point when the war began; not because it was doubted that young men there received a good military education, but because the political influence of the school was believed to be unfavorable to the

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National Government. The influence was thought to have helped foster the silly notion that it was gentlemanly to be a rebel and indifferent to human rights. It was the vice of much of our city society, and was perhaps not a little encouraged by many at the Point. The consequence was a very general feeling that the Military Academy was almost a hotbed for treason, and great injustice was done to the West Pointers. But the war has vindicated the value and influence of the Academy; while it has shown also how rapidly the exigency will turn a civilian into a soldier, for some of the volunteer officers are among the best in the service. To take a man whose name is in the newspaper upon the table, there is General John A. Logan.

A man like General Logan is a typical American citizen. Of strong native sense, of great natural knowledge of men, and long and familiar experience of affairs, one of the shrewdest of Western politicians, an earnest and effective representative in Congress, with lion-like spirit opposing the beginnings of rebellion and uttering the famous prophecy which four years made history; one of the earliest soldiers of the war, and one of the most efficient and successful, General Logan respects his double stars enough to give his tongue where he has given his sword, and to maintain by eloquence the principles which he defends in battle.

Such men are the strength of the country. And the country knows it. A nation which has done what we have in the last few years may well be trusted. The intelligence which saved it from forcible overthrow will secure it against being outwitted. The spirit which defeated Charles First in the field baffled Guy Fawkes in the cellar. The strong sense that was deaf to Lee's cannon will hardly be persuaded by the tongues of his soldiers turned Representatives and Senators.

THE holiday season brings the annual feast of beautiful books; and it is curious to remark the difference between the "Tokens" and "Souvenirs" and "Keepsakes" of our fathers and mothers and the books of a similar intention in our time. The most successful and popular holiday books are the works of the best authors illustrated by the best artists. A pleasant type of this taste was the songs of Shakespeare, illustrated by a London club, a few years since; and among the classics of the holiday season is "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century," published by the Harpers, a work which must be always attractive as a body of beautiful poetry superbly illustrated.

Among the present "gems of the season" the "Songs of Seven," by Jean Ingelow, charmingly illustrated, is one of the most shining. This series of tender and melodious poems is already familiar; for since Mrs. Browning no verse has been accepted by the popular heart as more truly womanly than Jean Ingelow's. The "Songs of Seven" are the songs of the various epochs of a woman's life measured by intervals of seven years. The child, the girl, the maid, the lover, the wife, the mother, the widow, all sing their characteristic experience in exquisite and pathetic music. It is a singularly felicitous selection for the purpose, by Roberts and Brothers.

Then the "Gems from Tennyson," by Ticknor and Fields, gives us his most popular poems copiously illustrated by many hands. When Tennyson's first thin volume was published, more than thirty years ago, a copy floated over the ocean into the hands of a young enthusiast and scholar in Boston, and he wrote an ardent word of recognition of the new poet, which he took to the editor of an influential Review. The grave and reverend editor read the article and returned it to the writer, saying, kindly, that such stuff could not be considered poetry by any sane man. Now in the same Boston there are some fifteen different editions of Tennyson's poetry published by Ticknor and Fields, and there is no more popular author in England or America.

The Easy Chair adds to these two sumptuous books a plain, slight volume published by Bunce and Huntington, "Walt Whitman's Drum Taps." If any reader is appalled by seeing that name in so choice a society, let us not argue the matter nor express any opinion, but ask whether there is no poetry in this wail upon the death of Lincoln, and in the "Song of the Drum" which follows:

"O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
Leave you not the little spot,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

"O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up, for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
O Captain! dear father!
This arm I push beneath you:
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

"My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
But the ship, the ship is anchor'd safe, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with silent tread,
Walk the spot my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead."

In the song of the Drum there is a terrible persistence which perfectly expresses the resolution of the first days of the war:

"Beat, beat, drums! Blow! bugles, blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a force of ruthless men,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation;
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride;
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace plowing his field or gathering his grain;
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you bugles blow!

"Beat, drums, beat! Blow, bugles, blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? No sleepers must sleep in those beds:
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—Would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? Would the singer attempt to sing?

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Would the lawyer rise in court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles, wilder blow!

"Beat, beat, drums! Blow, bugles, blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation;
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer;
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man;
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties;
Make even the trestles to shake the dead, where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump, O terrible drums!—so loud you bugles blow!"

At the end of the year 1854 the allied army in the Crimea found itself separated from its base by several miles of mud. Starvation seemed to threaten it. It held up imploring hands to Heaven, Allah, and Downing Street. But no help came. In similar circumstances, when the Union army in this country was impeded, the colonels found in their regiments men of every faculty who could build a railroad, drive a locomotive, print a newspaper and edit it, and in general do nimbly and successfully whatever was to be done. It was the Yankee genius, apt for every thing.

Meanwhile the allied army was, plainly, stuck in the mud. Heaven, mindful of its old methods, waited to help those who helped themselves; Allah was obdurate, and Downing Street impotent. But the Yankee genius is universal, and does not disdain to inspire a Briton as well as a Briton's cousin. So one morning Mr. Peto, of the famous firm of Peto and Grissell, which had built the Hungerford Market, and the Reform and Oxford and Cambridge Club-houses in London, and which had contracted for building the new Houses of Parliament, called upon the Duke of Newcastle, then Minister at War, and proposed, without prospect of profit, to step over the Crimea and lift the army out of the mud by laying down a railroad to its bread and butter base. The Duke was delighted with Mr. Peto, and sent him with more than a thousand navvies, or laborers, to the Crimea; and there he laid a few miles of level road, and the baffling mud was conquered. The Government shared the delight of the Minister at War, and grateful as Queen Elizabeth to the man who had enabled her to step over the mud, she touched him on the shoulder, and Mr. Peto rose from his knees Sir Morton Peto, Baronet.

His recent visit to this country was so celebrated in the daily papers as to be almost a national event. Sir Morton is the greatest railway contractor in the world. He built the Norwegian Grand Trunk line and the Royal Danish line, a large part of the chief British roads and the great Canadian line; and as the epoch of peace dawned again in this country no man saw more clearly the immense works that must be undertaken for internal communication; and he came at once to see for himself and to do what might be wisely and profitably done.

He has been over our chief lateral lines, received at every point with the most friendly hospitality and sympathy, and he and his party responding with the utmost cordiality of admiration for the wonderful theatre which this country opened for roads, and of the genius and spirit of the people and their institutions. With our usual ardor, it has not been enough that he should visit mines and exchanges and offices of every kind, but he must see the schools and speak to the scholars, he must talk to the Sunday-schools, he must take part with the Bible Union. Certainly we get the most out of our visitors of every kind. Our capacity for lionizing is Continental.

Sir Morton and his party have not been wanting. They were friendly to us during the war, and they had earned the welcome they received. Always prompt, affable, and generous, they spoke freely and enthusiastically; and as their departure approached Sir Morton invited to a banquet at Delmonico's two hundred and fifty guests, who vicariously received his magnificent gratitude and farewell.

It was not unfortunate that this remarkable exchange of civilities was proceeding simultaneously with the correspondence between Lord Russell and Mr. Adams. The true interests of the two nations do not demand war, and certainly those of mankind do not. We swell and rage at an England typified by a dull, blundering, and obstinate old Poz of a John Bull; but there is quite another England—humane, generous, and progressive. We are apt to forget the latter in the former. We forget Sir Morton Peto in John Laird, and Goldwin Smith and John Bright in Roebuck and Beresford Hope. It will be no mean service if the pleasant trip of Sir Morton Peto shall bring us into closer and more friendly relations with those who love what we love and honestly work with us for the greatest good of the greatest number.

Among such Englishmen we could hardly count Lord Palmerston, who died in October, after a long life of fourscore years, threescore of which had been passed in the public service. He was not identified with any great principle or measure. He can neither be called a great man nor a great Englishman. He was an adroit politician, shrewd, unscrupulous, and popularly successful, who had seen a long series of wonderful events, and had been a part of British and even of European history at a remarkable period.

The more earnest liberals in England undoubtedly feared and condemned the Voltairean spirit in which Lord Palmerston managed the government of England. They felt that he did not see the deeper tendencies of the time; that he tided England along from day to day, but that grave perils increased at which he merely jauntily smiled or sneered. Technically in the party divisions of England a Whig, he had, like the great Whig Lords who seated William Third upon the throne, a Tory heart. He kept the peace and amused the people. He was a Parliamentary pet of that England which is typified by John Bull. But the England of Milton, of Hampden, of Horner, of Mackintosh, of Mill and Cobden and Bright, was one which he did not understand nor care to understand.

The old man, who never seemed old, and who probably stood in the general imagination of his countrymen as he was always depicted in *Punch*—a spruce and debonnaire *ci-devant jeune homme*, with a sprig in his mouth—was returned to Parliament at the last general election, and died in the highest position which a British subject can attain. His death will probably be hereafter seen to have marked the end of an epoch. The strict Whig policy has long ceased to be a liberal movement. The party raises an old cry of reform as the election approaches, but its reforms are apples of Sodom. The hope and faith and progressive civilization of England require other leaders, and they will be

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found. The Palmerstonian era of smiling, sneering do-nothing must give way to a real movement. A land in which the rich are constantly growing richer and the poor poorer is a pyramid standing more and more upon its apex. It will inevitably topple over if it can not be adjusted according to the law of gravity.

THE Easy Chair has borne frequent testimony in the matter of railroad manners, and hears with sympathy the words of its friend "A Disappointed Man." He tells a frequent tale. But we must all denounce the managers of railroads for not providing cars enough. It is often difficult to find any seat whatever upon the great lines.

"DEAR MR. EASY CHAIR,—When we quietly submitted to be ruled by our late erring sisters we had a great deal to say about plantation manners. We found fault with the insufferable insolence and assumption of peculiar rights and privileges they arrogated to themselves, and, cravens though we were, indignantly protested against it, which was all very right and proper. I would like to ask, however, if plantation manners are any worse than railroad manners? We have railroad manners now, and very bad ones at that. I ride often upon the rail, and there is scarcely a day that I do not blush for my countrymen (and women) or feel indignant at the want of common courtesy displayed.

"Courtesy, Mr. Easy Chair, is the divine right of every one.

"Suppose that I live in Yonkers—I do not, however, but in New Jersey, which is a much nicer place—I am tired with my hard day's work, and I am no sooner seated in the cars than enter Adlhead and three ladies in waterfalls. At the further end of the cars there are other seats which would comfortably accommodate the whole party. This is of no moment, however, for Adlhead has taken a fancy to my seat and says, not blandly, 'Will you please take another seat to accommodate these ladies?'

"It does not strike this individual that he is taking an unwarrantable liberty with a stranger, that he has no shadow of right in thus asking me to vacate my place. I have paid for it, I have pre-empted it by squatting on it; but he brings a battery of waterfalls to bear on me, and obliges me to succumb—to meekly gather up my impedimenta and take another corner, if haply there is one left by this time, for the crowd rush in so fast that they are soon taken. I once had the moral courage, Mr. Easy Chair, to refuse a request like the one recorded above. I said, 'I preferred to remain where I was.' Do you think that Adlhead bowed politely and sought some other place? Not he. He made an audible remark to the effect that 'boors who did not know what good manners were ought to be put in cars by themselves,' and marched off in a huff. I agree with his conclusion. I fully admit the claims of dress. I know that if there are more threads in one inch of Dives's linen than there are in mine Dives is the better man, and I know that broadcloth has a soothing effect where kerseymere is simply exasperating; that silk has claims that delaines can not dream of; but I do not think that Adlhead ought to claim my seat merely because he and his friends fancy it.

"Quite recently I sat in a car rattling homeward, and two ladies behind me began one of those conversations on personal character which are so interesting to the general public. Not with subdued voices they spake, but loud and shrill, to rise above the clatter of the wheels. One of the speakers was fair to view, and the other was a catamaran. Said the fair one with the golden waterfall:

"'Oh, they say she is dreadfully afraid of him!'

"'He's a brute!' said the old lady.

"'I can't abide him!' re-echoed her companion. 'He treats her shockingly; his children, too. The other day they were at our house, and she wanted to put a shawl on the child (in August), and he would not permit her, saying the child did not need it. Did you ever hear of any thing so cruel?'

"The old lady responded with uplifted hands: speech was too poor to do justice to this act of barbarity. They went on at a rapid rate much longer to show how ill-bred this person was, when the train slacked to stop at a station. In the seat just opposite an individual arose and bowed politely to these dissectors of character, and said, simply, 'Ladies, I am much obliged to you!' and walked away. It was a righteous retribution, for it was the dissected individual himself!

"Can plantation manners show any thing ruder than this? Railroad manners of the present day are equal to any emergency. I have seen persons who no doubt move in respectable society cover the space around them far and near with saliva. On some lines of road there seems to be a manly competition as to who shall spit the most in the shortest space of time, and every passenger is obliged to wade through to the dry side.

"At Newark, New Jersey, there got into the cars one day a person who looked like a gentleman externally; that is to say, he had nice clothes, fine linen, and peculiar sleeve-buttons, and he shortly began to give his political opinions in a loud, domineering tone, abusing every one who differed from him by personalities. His line of argument consisted in comparing 'a nigger' to a goat. By his side sat a lady—a passenger—who endured the coarse language with evident disgust, and longed for some means of escape, but none presented. Was not this too bad? and is it not a shame for any person to countenance such acts by listening to the speaker? We laugh at Englishmen for being so reserved when traveling; but would it not be an improvement on railroad manners of the present time if we were to imitate the English in this respect? I desire to see every insolent passenger, every tobacco-spitting passenger, every indecent passenger put out by the conductor or frowned down by the traveling public, and I hereby do my share of the frowning.

"A DISAPPOINTED MAN."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 3d of November.—On the 11th of October the President directed the release, on parole, of Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, late Vice-President; George A. Trenholm, of South Carolina, Secretary of the Treasury; John H. Reagan, of Texas, Postmaster-General of the late Confederacy; and John A. Campbell, of Alabama, and Charles Clark, of Mississippi, who were in custody at Fort Warren. The order says that, whereas these persons

"Have made their submission to the authority of the United States, and applied to the President for pardon under his Proclamation; and whereas the authority of the Federal Government is sufficiently restored in the aforesaid States to admit of the enlargement of said persons from close custody, it is ordered that they be released on giving their respective paroles to appear at such time and place as the President may designate to answer any charge that he may direct to be preferred against them; and also that they will respectively abide until further orders in the places herein designated, and not depart therefrom; and if the President shall grant his pardon to any of said persons such person's parole will thereby be discharged."

The places of residence designated in this order are the States of which the persons respectively are citizens. Mr. Reagan, shortly before his release, issued an address to the people of Texas, from which we extract, with some abridgment, a few paragraphs. He says:

"Your condition as a people is one of novelty and experiment, involving the necessity of political, social, and

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industrial reconstruction; and this has to be done in opposition to your education, traditional policy, and prejudices. You must recognize the necessity of making the most you can out of your present condition, without the hope of doing all you might desire. The State occupies the position of a conquered nation. In order to secure to yourselves again the blessings of local self-government, and to avoid military rule and the danger of running into military despotism, you must agree:

"*First*, To recognize the supreme authority of the Government of the United States within the sphere of its power, and its right to protect itself against disintegration by the secession of the States. And *Second*, You must recognize the abolition of slavery, and the right of those who have been slaves to the privileges and protection of the laws of the land.

"But even this may fail in the attainment of these ends, unless provision shall be made by the new State Government for conferring the elective franchise on the former slaves. And present appearances indicate that this will be required by Northern public sentiment and by Congress; and our people are in no condition to disregard that opinion or power with safety. But I am persuaded you may satisfy both without further injuries to yourselves than has already occurred. If you can do this and secure to yourselves liberty, the protection of the Constitution and laws of the United States, and the right of local self-government, you will be more fortunate than many other conquered people have been."

Mr. Reagan anticipates a stubborn and sincere resistance to conferring the elective franchise upon the former slaves, but thinks the difficulties in the way of this are not insuperable. He suggests that this can be done with safety by,

"*First*, extending the privileges and protection of the laws over the negroes as they are over the whites, and allowing them to testify in the courts on the same conditions; leaving their testimony subject to the rules relating to its credibility, but not objecting to its admissibility. *Second*, fixing an intellectual and moral, and, if thought necessary, a property test, for the admission of all persons to the exercise of the elective franchise, without reference to race or color, which would secure its intelligent exercise. My own view would be: *First*, That no person now entitled to the privilege of voting should be deprived of it because of any new test. *Second*, That to authorize the admission of persons hereafter to the exercise of the elective franchise, they should be males, twenty-one years of age, citizens of the United States; should have resided in the State one year, and in the district, county, or precinct six months next preceding any election at which they propose to vote; should be able to read in the English language understandingly; and must have paid taxes for the last year preceding for which such taxes were due and payable; subject to any disqualification for crime, of which the person may have been duly convicted, which may be prescribed by law."

After discussing at length several topics of local importance, Mr. Reagan concludes:

"And we must bury past animosities with those of our fellow-citizens with whom we have been at war, and cultivate with them feelings of mutual charity and fraternal good-will. And it will be greatly to your advantage, in many ways which I can not trespass on you to mention now, to hold out inducements to them, and to emigrants from other countries, to come and settle among you with their labor and skill and capital, to assist in the diffusion of employments, the increase of your population, and the development of your vast resources into new creations of wealth and power."

On the 13th of October an interview was held between the President and a committee appointed by the South Carolina Convention to solicit the pardon of Messrs. Davis, Stephens, and others. The President said, in reply to the request: That all could not be pardoned at once; that discrimination must be exercised, depending much upon locality and circumstances; if treason was committed, there ought to be some test to determine the power of the Government to punish the crime; the fact ought to be determined by the highest tribunal of the land, and declared, even if clemency should come afterward. In the course of informal conversation the President urged that the South ought to pass laws protecting the colored people in their persons and property, and enabling them to collect their debts. Persons of color should be admitted as witnesses, the value of their testimony, as in the case of all others, to be taken for what it is worth.—Another conversation between the President and Mr. Stearns is specially notable from the fact that the report of it is certified by the President to be accurate. The President said that it was desirable that the work of reconstruction should be performed by the action of the States themselves, that he was equally opposed to State Supremacy and to National Consolidation; that it was better to leave the question of the elective franchise to each State, subject to National control in case of palpably wrong action. If he were in Tennessee he should be in favor of Negro Suffrage, with certain conditions; but he thought that universal suffrage in the late rebel States would produce serious difficulties. He was, however, in favor of ultimately apportioning representation according to the number of qualified voters, which would afford strong reasons for the re-constructed States to extend the basis of suffrage so as not to exclude persons of color.—The general policy of the President, although it has never been formally announced, may be gathered from a careful examination of his separate acts and declarations. This policy meets the approval of the entire people of the country, with the exception of a few men of extreme views upon either side. Its leading features are these:

The National Government, in its sphere, as defined by the Constitution, is paramount to the respective State Governments.—No State can lawfully secede from the Union: consequently all the so-called ordinances of secession are, *ipso facto*, null and void, and must be so considered and formally acknowledged; therefore, all debts and obligations purported to be contracted by any State to aid the rebellion are of no force, and must be formally pronounced so to be.—Slavery is lawfully abolished in all of the States formerly in rebellion; and this fact must be recognized and affirmed in their Constitutions.—The freedmen must be protected in their civil and personal rights.—The question of the extension to them of the right of suffrage should be left to the several States, each acting for itself; but the policy of the General Government, so far as it can properly act in the matter, should favor the extension of this right to such of the freedmen as are capable of properly exercising it.—The general amnesty to persons engaged in the late rebellion should be as broad as possible; and pardons, in special cases not embraced in the general amnesty, should be granted whenever consistent with the public welfare.

The *North Carolina* Convention assembled at Raleigh on the 2d of October. Mr. Holden, the Provisional Governor, sent in a brief message stating that the duties of that body were too plain to require any suggestions from him. North Carolina, he said, attempted, in May, 1861, to separate herself from the Federal Union. The attempt involved her in a disastrous war. She entered the rebellion a slaveholding State, and she emerged from it a non-slaveholding State; in other respects, "so far as her existence as a State, and her rights as a State are concerned, she has undergone no change." He takes it for granted that the Convention would insert in the Constitution a provision forever abolishing slavery in the State.—The most important business before the Convention was the form in which the ordinance of secession should be abro-

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gated; the form in which the ordinance for the abolition of slavery should be couched; and the action to be taken upon the war-debt of the State. The repealing ordinance was passed unanimously in the following terms:

"The ordinance of the Convention of the State of North Carolina, ratified on the 21st day of November, 1789, which adopted and ratified the Constitution of the United States, and also all acts, and parts of acts of the General Assembly, ratifying and adopting amendments to said Constitution, are now, and at all times since the adoption and ratification thereof, have been in full force and effect, notwithstanding the supposed ordinance of the 20th of May, 1861, declaring the same to be repealed, rescinded, and abrogated; and the said supposed ordinance is now, and at all times hath been, null and void."

The ordinance for the abrogation of Slavery reads simply as follows:

"Be it declared and ordained by the delegates of the State of North Carolina, in Convention assembled, and it is hereby declared and ordained, That Slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than for crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall be, and is hereby forever prohibited in the State."

An ordinance was passed, the precise form of which has not reached us, prohibiting any future Legislature from assuming or paying any State debt created directly or indirectly for the purpose of aiding the rebellion. There appears to have been a strong disposition in the Convention to avoid the passage of such an ordinance, or at all events to refer it to the popular vote. The action of the Convention seems to have been determined by a telegram from President Johnson to Governor Holden, in which he says:

"Every dollar of the State debt created to aid the rebellion against the United States should be repudiated finally and forever. The great mass of the people should not be taxed to pay a debt to aid in carrying on a rebellion to which they, in fact, if left to themselves, were opposed. Let those who have given their means for the obligations of the State look to that power they tried to establish in violation of law, Constitution, and the will of the people. They must meet their fate. It is their misfortune, and can not be recognized by the people of any State professing themselves loyal to the Government of the United States and to the Union."

The Convention adjourned on the 19th of October, Judge Reade, the President, delivering a farewell address, in which he said:

"Our work is finished. The breach in the Government, as far as the same was by force, has been overcome by force; and so far as the same has had the sanction of legislation, the legislation has been declared to be null and void. So that there remains nothing to be done except the withdrawal of military power when all our governmental relations will be restored, without further asking, on the part of the United States. The element of slavery, which has so long distracted and divided the sections, has by a unanimous vote been abolished. Every man in the State is free. The reluctance which for a while was felt to the sudden and radical change in our domestic relations—a reluctance which was made oppressive to us by our kind feelings for the slave, and by our apprehensions of the evils which were to follow him—has yielded to the determination to be to him, as we always have been, his best friends; to advise, protect, educate, and elevate him; to seek his confidence, and to give him ours, each occupying appropriate positions to the other.....It remains for us to return to our constituents and engage with them in the great work of restoring our beloved State to order and prosperity."

An election has been ordered by Governor Holden, to be held on the 9th of November, to vote upon the ratification or rejection of the ordinance abrogating the ordinance of secession, and of the ordinance abolishing and prohibiting slavery; and for the choice of Governor, members of the General Assembly, county officers, and members of Congress. The ordinance prohibiting the assumption of the rebel State debt is absolute, and is not referred to the people.

The *Georgia* State Convention assembled at Milledgeville on the 25th of October. Herschell V. Johnson, in 1860 the Democratic nominee for Vice-President of the United States upon the Douglas ticket, was elected President of the Convention. We have as yet only brief telegraphic dispatches of the proceedings of this Convention, and defer to a future Number an account of its proceedings, merely noting that the repeal of the ordinance of secession and the prohibition of slavery seem to have been assumed as matters of course; and that the main subject of discussion appears to have been whether the rebel war debt, amounting to about $18,000,000, should be recognized. The Provisional Governor had been officially notified through the Secretary of State that

"The President of the United States can not recognize the people of any State as having resumed the relations of loyalty to the Union that admits as legal obligations or debts contracted in their names to promote the war of the rebellion."

General Humphreys, formerly of the Confederate army, has been elected Governor of Mississippi. In his inaugural address he says that he himself had "always believed that no one or more States could constitutionally sever the ties that unite the people of the several States into one people:" yet "a different doctrine was taught in the early stages of our Government, and was maintained by some of the brightest intellects and most illustrious patriots that adorn our political history. It is to be regretted that this school of politicians could not have found a better mode for solving the question than by the arbitrament of war. But," continues Governor Humphreys (we quote textually a few of the most important passages in his address):

"The question was thus referred, and has been decided against us by a tribunal from which there is no appeal. The people of the State of Mississippi, acknowledging the decision, desire to return to the Union and renew their fealty to the Constitution of the United States....If unflinching fidelity in war gives evidence of reliable fidelity in peace, the people of the South may be safely trusted when they profess more than willingness to return to their allegiance. The South, having ventured all on the arbitrament of the sword, has lost all save her honor, and now accepts the result in good faith. It is our duty to address ourselves to the promotion of peace and order, to the restoration of law, the faith of the Constitution, and the stability of the Union; to cultivate amicable relations with our sister States, and establish our agricultural and commercial prosperity upon more durable foundations, trusting that the lessons taught by the rebellion will not be lost either to the North or the South....The State of Mississippi has already, under the pressure of the result of the war, by her own solemn act, abolished slavery. It would be hypocritical and unprofitable to attempt to persuade the world that she has done so willingly. It is due, however, to her honor to show by her future course that she has done so in good faith, and that slavery shall never again exist within her borders, under whatever name or guise it may be attempted. The sudden emancipation of her slaves has devolved upon her the highest responsibilities and duties. Several hundred thousand of the negro race, unfitted for political equality with the white race, have been turned loose upon society; and in the guardianship she may assume over this race she must deal justly with them, and protect them in all their rights of person and property. The highest degree of elevation in the scale of civilization of which they are capable, morally and intellectually, must be secured to them by their education and religious training; but they can not be admitted to political or social equality with the white race. It is due to ourselves, to the white emigrant invited to our shores, to maintain the fact that ours is and shall ever be a government of white men."

Governor Humphreys goes on to say that the negro is peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of the great staples of the South; that he should be encouraged to work by being protected against injus-

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tice from his employer; that he should be free to choose his own labor and make his own bargains; but he must choose some employment that will support himself and his family. The employer also should be assured that the work agreed upon shall be performed; and if the laborer attempts to escape he should "be returned to his employer and be forced to work until the time for which he contracted has expired." The Governor urges that the State should make provision for the disabled soldiers of the Confederacy, for their families, and for the families of those who have fallen. He says: "To Mississippi alone can they look for assistance. Whether it was right or wrong to call the soldiers to arms, it can not be wrong to make such provision for them as will relieve them and their families from want and suffering, and secure to their children the benefits of education. Justice and gratitude demand it; honor and magnanimity will bestow it."

An important question will come up for decision at the assembling of Congress on the first Monday of December. A number, perhaps all, of the Southern States will have elected members of Congress. By the Constitution each House is "the judge of the elections, qualifications, and returns of its own members;" and, by law, the clerk of the preceding House of Representatives is to make out the roll of persons elected to that body, and only those whose names are on that roll can act until the House has been organized. On the 2d of July, 1862, an Act of Congress prescribed that every member should take an oath containing this clause:

"I do solemnly swear that I have never voluntarily borne arms against the United States since I have been a citizen thereof; that I have voluntarily given no aid, countenance, counsel, or encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility thereto;....that I have never yielded a voluntary support to any pretended Government, Authority, Power, or Constitution within the United States, hostile or inimical thereto."

Very few, if any, of the members elected from the Southern States can truthfully take this oath. The case is fairly stated by Mr. Alexander H. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior in Mr. Fillmore's Administration, and recently elected to Congress from Virginia. He states that for two years before the rupture he devoted all his energies to the work of preserving the Union; that in 1861, as member of the Senate of that State and of the Convention, he spoke and voted to the last against the ordinance of secession; that after it was passed and ratified by the people, he signed it, not because he approved it, but because he felt it his duty to authenticate the act of his constituents; but that he refused to change his negative vote; and after the close of the Convention retired to private life, and neither sought nor held any public position during the war; and after the surrender of General Lee he was among the first to take measures for the restoration of the relations of Virginia to the Union. "But," says Mr. Stuart, "after all my counsels had been overruled, and all my kindred had become involved in the death-struggle, my sympathies were with my own people, and in common with the large majority of the men of character and respectability in the South, I gave aid, countenance, and encouragement in every way I could to my gallant though misguided countrymen." He goes on to say that during the war every able-bodied male between the ages of seventeen and fifty was declared by the Conscription Act to be in the Confederate army, and that those who were disqualified by bodily infirmity were not exempt, but assigned to light duty; so that the entire male population of the South, between those ages, was "engaged in armed hostility against the United States," and thus incurred the penalty of disfranchisement. "Under the Conscription law," he says, "my eldest son, five of my nephews, three brothers-in-law, and probably thirty other relatives were required to go into the army, and were thus 'in armed hostility to the United States.'" To these and their comrades he had given food, shelter, clothing, and other necessaries, and had thus placed himself beyond the exclusion prescribed by the words and letter of the law. If this law is carried out to the letter he says, "there are few in Virginia who are qualified—I will not say to *represent* her people—but to fill her places in Congress or any other position under the Government." Assuming—the elaborate argument of Mr. Stuart to the contrary notwithstanding—that this test oath is constitutional, it is a grave question whether it should now be exacted. He urges that it was "a war measure, intended to keep out disaffected persons during the war, not to establish a basis of reconstruction after the war;" and that now, the war being over, the Southern States having given in their adhesion to the Union, accepted the results of the war, and "upon the invitation of the Republican Administration," having conformed, or being about to conform, their Legislation and their State Constitutions to the new state of affairs, with the "understanding that the Southern States were to be restored to their ancient relations of fraternity and equality in the Union," it would not be "fair dealing with the Southern States to meet them at the threshold of Congress, and at every department of the Government, with a disfranchisement which would exclude from every public trust probably nineteen-twentieths of the Southern population." He says that:

"When the South accepted the proposition for reunion, it was for reunion under the Constitution. No other reunion ought to be desired by a magnanimous victor, and no other would be productive of that permanent harmony and of those substantial benefits which we all hope to attain by it. I think, therefore, that justice and sound policy require that this test oath should be put aside as other portions of the machinery of the war have been put aside."

The questions to be decided are, whether, in the outset, Mr. M'Pherson, the Clerk of the last House, has the legal right—and, if having the right, whether he shall exercise it—of deciding upon the validity of the credentials of members elected from the States lately in rebellion, and so admitting them to or excluding them from taking part in organizing the House; and then, supposing them to be admitted, whether the inability of men like Mr. Stuart to take the test oath shall vacate their seats; or whether this oath shall be rescinded or modified. In case they are admitted by the decision of the Clerk, or otherwise, at the outset, these members will have the right to vote upon the subsequent question of the oath, upon which will depend their right to the seats occupied by them.

The recent State elections at the North, as far as yet held, have been favorable to the Union party. In *Pennsylvania* their majority reaches nearly 30,000, the prominent office to be filled being that of State Auditor. In *Ohio* the Union candidate for Governor had nearly 25,000; and in *Iowa* about 16,000 majority.—In *Mississippi* General B. G. Humphreys, late of the Confederate army, has been elected Governor. We have given extracts from his inaugural address. Immediately upon his election

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he was pardoned by the President. In *South Carolina* the contest for Governor between Mr. Orr and General Wade Hampton was very close. By the latest accounts it appears that the former has been elected by a small majority.

Mr. M'Culloch, Secretary of the Treasury, made, October 11, an elaborate speech at Fort Wayne, Indiana, in which he advocated a reduction in the currency and a speedy return to specie payments. The October return of the condition of the national debt, as compared with that for September, is as follows:

	Total Debt.	Interest.
September 31.	$2,744,947,726	$137,529,216
October 31 ...	2,740,854,758	138,938,078
Decrease....	$4,092,968	*Increase*.. $1,408,862

There is now in the Treasury $34,554,987 in coin, and $33,800,591 in currency. The amount of legal-tender notes in circulation is $633,709,591.

The Fenian movement continues to attract considerable attention. A Congress composed of 600 delegates from the "Brotherhood" assembled at Philadelphia, October 16. The proceedings of the body were mainly conducted with closed doors. It is clear that considerable quantities of arms and sums of money are accumulating in the hands of the leaders of the Order. In Canada grave apprehensions are entertained that an attempt will be made by the Fenians upon the British Provinces. In what manner this organization proposes to carry out its purposes, and the means at its command, are still, to a great extent, matters of conjecture.

An elaborate discussion has taken place between the Government of the United States and that of Great Britain, involving the most important relations between the two nations growing out of the late rebellion. This correspondence, conducted by Mr. Adams, our Minister to Great Britain, and Earl Russell, the British Foreign Secretary, covers a space of more than five months, Mr. Adams's first letter being dated April 7, and his last September 18, 1865. The possible importance of this correspondence warrants us in giving at some length the principal points brought forward on each side:

April 7.—Mr. Adams wrote to Earl Russell setting forth the depredations "committed upon the commerce of the United States by the vessel known in the port of London as the *Sea King*, but since transformed into the *Shenadoah*." He therefore announces that his "*Government can not avoid entailing upon the Government of Great Britain the responsibility of this damage.*" He then alludes to the fact that the British steamer *City of Richmond* has been suffered to transport men and supplies from London to the French-built ram *Olinthe*, subsequently by fraud transformed into the Confederate *Stonewall*. He acknowledges that the British Government has endeavored to put a stop to these outrages, but maintains that "the hostile policy which it has been the object of all this labor to prevent, has not only not been checked, but is even now going into execution with more and more complete success." This policy, being substantially "*the destruction of the whole mercantile navigation belonging to the people of the United States*," has so far succeeded that "*the United States commerce is rapidly vanishing from the face of the ocean, and that of Great Britain is multiplying in nearly the same ratio*," and "*this process is going on by reason of the action of British subjects in co-operation with emissaries of the insurgents*," who have supplied vessels, armaments, and men. There is, says Mr. Adams, in "*the history of the world no parallel case to this of endurance of one nation of injury done to it by another without bringing on the gravest complications;*" and that no such event has followed has been owing to the conviction that the British Government has been animated by no aggressive disposition toward the United States, but has endeavored "to prevent the malevolent operations of many of its subjects."

While doing "full justice to the amicable intentions of Her Majesty's Ministers," Mr. Adams declares his belief that "*practically this evil had its origin* in the first step taken *which can never be regarded by my Government in any other light than as precipitate*, of acknowledging persons as a belligerent Power on the ocean, before they had a single vessel of their own to show floating upon it;" and thus that this Power, as a belligerent upon the ocean, "*was actually created in consequence of this recognition, and not before;*" and all the success which it has attained on the ocean has been owing to British aid; so that "*the Kingdom of Great Britain can not but be regarded as not only having given birth to this naval belligerent, but also of having nursed and maintained it to the present hour.*"

Mr. Adams then goes on to say that whatever may be the validity of the grounds upon which the British Government have hitherto rested their defense against any responsibility for the evils, these are now invalid by the practical reduction of all the ports heretofore held by the insurgents; and that therefore "the President looks with confidence to Her Majesty's Government for an early and effectual removal of all existing causes of complaint on this score," and that the foreign commerce of the United States may be freed "*from annoyance from the injurious acts of any of Her Majesty's subjects, perpetrated under the semblance of belligerent rights.*"

Mr. Adams closes this letter by stating that during the whole war British vessels have had free pratique in the waters of the United States; and says that in the opinion of the President the time has come when the reciprocity in these hospitalities should be restored. The navy of the United States will probably soon be augmented, and he is directed to ask "*as to the reception which these vessels may expect in the ports of the British Kingdom.*"

May 4.—Earl Russell replied to this note of Mr. Adams. He states in the outset that he "*can never admit that the duties of Great Britain toward the United States are to be measured by the losses which the United States have sustained.*" The only question was whether "the Government of Her Majesty have performed faithfully and honestly the duties which international law and their own municipal law imposed upon them."

He then goes on to say that the war, "in the preparation of which Great Britain had no share, caused nothing but detriment to Her Majesty's subjects," who had previously carried on a profitable commerce with the Southern States of the Union. Had there been no war the treaties with the United States would have secured the existence of this lucrative commerce. But the President of the United States proclaimed a blockade of the ports of seven States of the Union; and, argues Earl Russell, "*he could lawfully interrupt the trade of neutrals with the Southern States upon one ground only, namely, that the Southern States were carrying on war against the Government of the United States; in other words, that they were belligerents.*" The British Government must then pursue one of two courses: acknowledge the blockade, and proclaim neutrality; or refuse to acknowledge it, and insist upon the right of British subjects to trade with the ports of the South. They chose the former course as at once the most just and friendly to the United States. "*It was*," Earl Russell affirms, "*your own Government which, in assuming the belligerent right of blockade, recognized the Southern States as belligerents.*"

Earl Russell then goes on to discuss the complaints against the British Government for permitting the egress of "vessels built in English ports, and afterward equipped with an armament sent from the British coasts." In the case of the *Alabama* he says that Mr. Adams furnished on the 22d, and more fully on the 24th of May, 1862, some evidence that this vessel was being equipped for the Confederate service. This evidence was reported upon on the 29th by the law officers; but on that very morning the vessel "was taken to sea on the false pretense of a trial-trip;" and although the evidence "furnished a sufficient ground for detaining the *Alabama*, it was yet doubtful whether it would have been found sufficient to procure a conviction from a jury, or even a charge in favor of condemnation of the vessel from a judge." The *Shenandoah* had been, under the name of the *Sea King*, a merchant-vessel; was sold to a merchant, and cleared for China as a merchant-ship; no evidence was produced that she was intended for Confederate service. Earl Russell refers to the action of the British Government in detaining the vessels *El Tousson* and *El Monassir:* for this they were charged, upon high authority, with having acted illegally, unjustifiably, and without excuse. Though that charge was unfounded, "nothing but the intimate conviction that those vessels were intended for Confederate vessels of war, that unless detained they would attempt to break the blockade of the United States squadrons, and that such an act might have produced the gravest complications, could have sustained the Government under the weight of the charges thus urged." In these cases, and in all others, Earl Russell contends that "*Her Majesty's Government faithfully performed their obligations as neutrals.*"

Earl Russell enters upon an elaborate historical argu-

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ment to show that in 1815–1820, the Government of the United States, especially in the case of Portugal, took the same ground as that which it now condemns in the case of Great Britain. The essential points of this statement are that at this period privateers fitted out in the United States depredated upon the commerce and territory of Portugal, and that in answer to demands of reparation by the Portuguese Government, John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, replied in substance that the Government of the United States having used all means to prevent the fitting out of such vessels in their ports, "can not consider itself bound to indemnify individual foreigners for losses by capture over which the United States have neither control or jurisdiction;" and, "For any acts of the citizens of the United States, committed out of their jurisdiction and beyond their control, the Government of the United States is not responsible." That the United States are pledged to this view, which is claimed to be identical with that now held by the British Government, is further supported by other cases—this of Portugal being, however, the most important. Earl Russell asks—the form of the question implying a negative answer: "*Is her Majesty's Government to assume or be liable to a responsibility for conduct which her Majesty's Government did all in their power to prevent and to punish?*—a responsibility which Mr. Adams, on the part of the United States Government, in the case of Portugal, positively and firmly declined."

To the question whether American vessels-of-war should be treated in British ports as British vessels-of-war are in American ports, Earl Russell replies that this shall be done "*with the single exception that if an enemy's vessel-of-war should come into the same port, the vessel which shall first leave shall not be pursued by the enemy till twenty-four hours shall have elapsed.*" Before answering the question "whether Confederates are still to be treated as belligerents," Earl Russell "wishes to know whether the United States are prepared to put an end to the belligerent rights of search and capture of British vessels on the high seas. *Upon the answer to this question depends the course which her Majesty's Government will pursue.*"

May 20.—Mr. Adams replied to the foregoing letter. After recapitulating the points in his former note of April 7, he shows that at the time of the American revolution the British Government, taking the precise opposite of its present position, made it a ground of war against Holland and France that they had done just what the British Government had done in the present case. Then passing to the question of the *Alabama*, Mr. Adams shows that this vessel was suffered to escape to sea in spite of promises, express and implied, that this should not be permitted, and under circumstances which "*look almost as if it were intended as a positive insult;*" and moreover afterward she was in British ports "*every where hailed with joy, and treated with hospitality as a legitimate cruiser.*" Mr. Adams therefore reaffirms the validity of the claims of the Government of the United States "*for all the damage done by this vessel during her career, and asks reparation therefor.*"

In answer to the argument of Earl Russell, drawn from the case of Portugal and the United States, Mr. Adams shows that the United States not only did all in its power to execute the laws already existing to prevent the aggressions complained of, but passed new ones, amply sufficient, and satisfactory to the Portuguese Government, to remedy the defects of the old ones. This action is contrasted with that of the British Government, which formally declared that it had "finally determined to rely upon the existing statutes as quite effective to answer the desired purpose."

Mr. Adams concludes this long and elaborate dispatch by affirming the conclusion that, "*The nation that recognized a Power as a belligerent before it had built a vessel, and became itself the source of all the belligerent character it has ever possessed on the ocean, must be regarded as responsible for all the damage that has ensued from that cause to the commerce of a Power with which it was under the most sacred obligations to preserve amity and peace.*"

Aug. 30.—Earl Russell "purposely," as he says, took almost three and a half months to reply to the foregoing note of Mr. Adams. Then, after much diplomatic complimenting and controversy, he refers to a proposition made by Mr. Adams almost two years before (October 23, 1863), that the matters in question should be referred to the arbitration of some neutral Power. The final answer is clear and decisive: "*Her Majesty's Government must decline either to make reparation and compensation for the captures made by the* Alabama, *or to refer the question to any foreign state;*" but, it is added, the British Government "*is ready to consent to the appointment of a Commission to which will be referred all claims arising during the late civil war which the two Powers shall agree to refer to the Commissioners.*" This letter contains an abundance of complimentary remark upon the success of the United States (then achieved), congratulations upon the overthrow of slavery, "of which the British nation have always entertained and still entertain the deepest abhorrence;" and refers to the assurances frequently given by Mr. Adams that he has "never permitted himself to doubt the favorable disposition of the Queen's Ministers to maintain amicable relations with the Government of the United States....and that it has steadily endeavored to discountenance, and in a measure to check, the injurious operations of many of Her Majesty's subjects," notwithstanding the efforts "with which public writers and speakers have endeavored to poison the public mind in the United States, and to produce ill-will and hatred between the two nations."

Sept. 18.—Mr. Adams replied, reiterating his belief in the friendly intentions of the British Government. But he adds, significantly: "Inasmuch as the relations between nations, not less than between individuals, must depend upon the mode in which they *fulfill their obligations* toward each other, rather than upon their *motives*, the questions which have grown out of the events of the late war *appear to lose little of their gravity from any reciprocal disavowal, however complete, of any ill-will on the part of the respective governments.*" He then proceeds, at great length, to re-argue the points in controversy, declaring that upon the correct decision of them "*may depend the security which the commerce of belligerents will hereafter enjoy upon the high seas against the hazard of being swept from them through the acts of nations professing to be neutral, and bound to be friendly.*" He asks the British Foreign Secretary to "consider *which of the nations of the world present on every sea around the globe the most tempting prizes*" in the event of a war. He says that if the principles maintained by the British Government should be adopted as a part of the code of international law, "a new era in the relations of neutrals to belligerents on the high seas will open. *Neutral ports will before long become the true centres from which the most effective and dangerous enterprises against the commerce of belligerents may be contrived, fitted out, and executed.* .....Ships, men, and money will always be at hand for the service of any Power sufficiently strong to hold forth the probability of repayment in any form.....New *Floridas, Alabamas,* and *Shenandoahs* will appear on every sea;" and, adds Mr. Adams, "*if such be the recognized law, I will not undertake to affirm that the country which I have the honor to represent would not, in the end, be as able to accommodate itself to the new circumstances as Great Britain.*"

In regard to the proposal of Earl Russell for a Commission to adjudicate upon such questions as may be submitted to them, Mr. Adams simply says that it will be laid before the Government of the United States, whose instructions he awaits before returning a reply. Mr. Adams, after briefly alluding to the general tone and current of British feeling and action during the war of four years, concludes by saying, "*With my Government, as with my countrymen at large, there is still left a strong sense of injured feeling which only time, and the hopes of a better understanding in future held out by the conciliatory strain of your Lordship's note are likely to correct.*"

Two of the questions involved in this discussion have been settled by the logic of events: the overthrow of the Confederacy involves the abrogation of the belligerent rights accorded to its vessels; and also removes the reasons alleged for the restrictions imposed upon American men-of-war in British ports; and this removal has been formally announced. But the main question remains unsettled. The correspondence is eminently courteous in tone; but divested of all formal, complimentary, and argumentative matter, the case stands thus: The Government of the United States formally claims that Great Britain is responsible for all damages inflicted upon our commerce by vessels claiming to be Confederate, yet built, equipped, and manned in and from Great Britain. The British Government as formally refuses to admit the validity of this claim, or to submit it to the arbitration of any foreign Power. And in proposing to submit certain questions to the decision of a Commission, the British Government formally excludes the main question at issue. The British Government, it says, in effect, can not submit to any other authority the decision of the propriety of its own acts.

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SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Hayti* the attempted revolution against the Government of President Geffrard appears to have been suppressed; Cape Haytien, the only point really held by the insurgents, having been surrendered.

From *Mexico* the accounts are, as usual, contradictory, and only partially reliable. The indications are that the balance of success is still largely in favor of the Imperialists, and that the Juarez Government is practically put down. The Imperial Government of Maximilian, it is equally clear, is kept in place only by foreign force. The contest is now simply a guerrilla warfare, marked by the utmost atrocities on both sides. The Imperial Government has inaugurated measures to invite foreign emigration into Mexico, and has confided the management of the business to Matthew F. Maury, once Superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington, and J. B. Magruder, both lately in the Confederate service.

In the region of the River *Plata* the Paraguayans appear to have suffered considerable reverses; but the details are too vague to be noted at length. It is said that at Yatay (18th of August) 3000 Paraguayans were "literally annihilated" by the allied Brazilians and Argentines; and that 7000 more, surrounded by 20,000 enemies, were momentarily expected to surrender. On the other hand, the Brazilian fleet is said to have suffered severely in an attempt to pass batteries erected by the enemy to prevent their descent down the river.

EUROPE.

Lord Palmerston (Henry John Temple), the British Premier, died on the 18th of October. He was born October 20, 1784, and so lacked but two days of having completed his 81st year. Although born in England he was of a family long established in Ireland, where most of their estates lay. His title, to which he succeeded in 1802, was an Irish one, not constituting him a peer of the realm. He was strictly a Commoner. His political life covers nearly sixty years, he having been elected to Parliament in 1806. We enumerate the principal posts which he held during this long period, without attempting to present the party changes with which they were connected. In 1807 he was a Junior Lord of the Admiralty; from 1809 to 1828 Secretary at War; from 1830 to 1841, with few intervals, and afterward from 1845 to 1852, Foreign Secretary; from 1853 to 1855 Home Secretary; from 1855 to 1857 Premier, and again on the downfall of the Derby Administration in June, 1859, Premier until the time of his death. His general political character has been briefly sketched in another part of this Magazine.—Earl Russell was called upon to fill the place of Lord Palmerston and to construct a new Cabinet. This appears to be a mere temporary measure, since, apart from other considerations, the Earl is nearly 75 years old. As far as we can judge, it appears to be an almost foregone conclusion that Mr. Gladstone will soon be called upon to fill the post of British Premier.

A disease among cattle, designated as the *Rinderpest* ("Cattle-Plague"), has broken out in portions of Europe, especially in Great Britain.—The cholera is slowly advancing in various directions. In and about Paris many deaths have occurred. But beyond the immediate basin of the Mediterranean it has not as yet assumed a very virulent form. Gibraltar has suffered severely. All intercourse between that British strong-hold and the adjacent Spanish main land having been prohibited, the people have endured much from famine as well as from pestilence. In Turkey the disease has subsided. The season has so far advanced that little danger is apprehended from the further advance of the disease at present. But grave fears are entertained for the approaching spring and summer.

Editor's Drawer.

BEGINNING a new Volume, the Drawer remembers with pleasure all the years, the many merry years it has had with the readers of *Harper's Monthly*. Through the long and weary war the Drawer ever kept up good heart, and many a soldier's hearty laugh and cheerful smile were due to the good things he found in these bright pages. And now, in these "piping times of peace," the Drawer rejoices with all the rest of mankind, and keeps on in the even tenor of its good old way—one of the "institutions" of the land.

TOM MARSHALL'S putting down the man at Buffalo who cried "louder" while Tom was speaking is often told, but the following is as new as true:

At a great political meeting Tom began his speech, and had made but little progress until he was assailed with a torrent of abuse by a man from the Bull Run District. Not at all disconcerted, Tom sung out at the top of his voice, "Be jabers that's me fren' Patrick Murphy—the man that spells God with a *little* G, and Murphy with a *big* M!"

If Pat had any elevated ideas of his smartness, the roars of laughter that greeted this shot must have caused him to doubt the propriety of giving words to more.

THE following comes to us from Dobb's Ferry, on the Hudson:

At Atlanta, Georgia, where I was recently, an elderly colored woman of the true Southern type thus addressed me: "Can you tell me, Sah, whar the Freedman's Bureau Co. is?" I answered in the affirmative, and as I was going to the same place told her to accompany me. On our arrival she inquired of the officer in charge "if this was the Freedman's Bureau Co.?" He said "Yes," and asked, "What can I do for you?" She said: "Well, I want a bureau: none of your common pine ones. I want a mahogany bureau, with a looking-glass." She could not be persuaded but that this was the legitimate business of the office—to furnish bureaus to freedmen—but was finally satisfied by an assurance that from the first lot received a mahogany bureau with a looking-glass would be reserved for her.

THE County Courts of Virginia, composed of Justices of the Peace who never studied law, furnish many amusing incidents. Five honest farmers in the County of M—— were convened as an Examining Court to determine by the evidence whether a mere boy who was arrested upon a grave charge of

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felony should be "sent on" to the Circuit Court for trial. The evidence furnished the Court by the Prosecuting Attorney was very conclusive against the prisoner. The Justices heard the evidence, and then held a consultation how they would dispose of the case. After some time the Court determined that as the prisoner was quite young and might reform they would, through the oldest member of the Court, give the young man a severe lecture and then discharge him. Accordingly old Squire H——, who talked through his nose, arose, and looking fiercely at the prisoner, ordered him to stand up, and then commenced his lecture:

"Young man, it's awful, awful, I say;" and then remembering the points of the evidence his indignation reached the highest point as he exclaimed, in thunder tones, "*Clear out of my sight, you ornary scamp!*"

Thus closed the lecture, amidst roars of laughter from the spectators.

"Popping the Question" is one of the fine arts undoubtedly, and few attain great skill in it. Indeed a happy hit is better than a studied effort. Jones has put his experience into verse, and sings it when he feels bad:

I pressed my beating heart,
  I smoothed my ruffled hair,
I stepped into the room,
  I found Lorinda there.

I seized her lily hand,
  I squeezed it o'er and o'er,
I bent my well-turned legs,
  I knelt upon the floor.

I told my tale of woe,
  I whispered all my fears,
Then, what d'ye think she did?
  Why, coolly boxed my ears!

A piquant poet of the softer sex insists that ladies ought to have the privilege of popping the question:

O! what a shocking thing, indeed,
  O! what a stupid fashion,
That when a woman falls in love
  She may not breathe her passion.
As though she could not make as well
  The needful declaration,
That she intends to make with "Miss"
  A final separation;

And could not just as well present
  The thrilling, sweet proposal,
That she would like to give herself
  To Hymen's blest disposal.
Or, to be more explicit e'en,
  And save my readers trouble,
That she intends to change herself—
  Her single self to double.

To think a woman could not say,
  "I love you more, my Harry,
Than all the world—except myself—
  Dear, would you like to marry?
Jim wants me, but I don't want him,
  Consider what you utter,
Because my heart, you see—you see—
  Is in a dreadful flutter!"

The ladies are not very much down-trodden in this matter, though. They are very proficient in urging men to ask the questions which by etiquette they are not allowed to ask themselves.

A lover, vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair inamorata, said, "The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clear." "Suppose you pop it," whispered the blushing damsel.

"Miss Brown," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette, "I have been to learn to tell fortunes. Just let me have your hand, if you please." "La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go and ask father!"

That reminds us of a story of Professor Wilson. A young man who had gained the affections of his daughter, waited upon "papa" and stated his case, of which the Professor had a previous inkling. The young gentleman was directed to desire the lady to come to her father, and, doubtless, her obedience was prompt. Professor Wilson had before him, in review, some work, on the fly-leaf of which was duly inscribed, "With the author's compliments." He tore this out, pinned it to his daughter's dress, solemnly led her to the young lover, and went back to his work.

Hon. W. T. Willey, United States Senator from West Virginia, commenced the practice of law before the County Court of M——. He was retained by a prisoner to defend him at an Examining Court. The evidence closed. Young Willey watched the Court closely to ascertain if possible the feeling of the Justices toward his client; but no ray of light could he discover. After the Prosecuting Attorney had opened the argument Mr. Willey advocated the cause of his client. Suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, he made a most eloquent appeal to the Court, and asked, "Can it be possible from the evidence that my client is guilty?" Old Squire K——, a member of the Court, wiped a tear from his cheek, and, much to the young advocate's surprise, answered, promptly, "*No, I'll be switched if it is!*" Mr. Willey was sure of at least one member of the Court. His client was acquitted.

A Kentucky contributor sends greeting:

Near the town of D——, in the Blue-grass region of Kentucky, lives the family of a gentleman who represented Missouri in the late rebel Senate. George and Charley are the pets of the household: the former a golden-haired, bright-eyed scamp, full of mischief, and always cunning enough to attempt to shield himself by some device; the latter his opposite in disposition—amiable, yielding, and easily tyrannized over. George is always ready to take advantage of this weakness. Shortly after the father's return from Dixie he interfered with George's overbearing conduct toward his brother Charley, and reproved him severely. George was very young when his father left, and since his return had not become reconciled to a calm submission to parental authority, and when reproved by his father on the occasion mentioned he boldly said: "You let me alone; I don't know what you come here for any how, always making a fuss. If you don't quit I'll tell General Fry, and he'll hang you for a *webel!*"

An Irish dragoon, on hearing that his widowed mother had married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, "Murther! I hope she won't have a son oulder than me; if she does, I shall lose the estate."

Here are two anecdotes from Kansas:

During the last political campaign Colonel Lawrence was making a very humorous speech in Representative Hall, in the course of which he ridiculed those Republicans who had fused with old Border-ruffian Democrats in order to control the election and divide the spoils. Asa Hairgrove, a noted

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character in the State, considering himself assaulted, and having imbibed rather freely, arose in the audience and asked the speaker if he was "throwing importunities at him." Colonel L. remarked that he was not conscious of having thrown any such an article, and in fact he did not know what they were. This raised the laugh at Asa's expense, and it is thought by some that this incident led to his reform, for he has since joined the "Sons," and is a consistent member

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E. C. K. Garvey, formerly of Meadville, Pennsylvania, resides now at Tecumseh, where he lives in good style, gives fine entertainments, has hosts of visitors, and keeps fast horses. His *forte* consists in contracting debts, giving his note in consideration, with the honest purpose of letting the holder keep the note if it is not paid at maturity. The incident I wish to relate of him is as follows: Before Kansas had arisen to the dignity of a State E. C. K. G. was the proprietor of a newspaper at Topeka. The editorial management of the paper was in the hands of his friends. An old acquaintance of Mr. G.'s in Illinois, a Methodist preacher, having died, he wished a good notice to accompany the announcement of his death, which was written at his request, the closing words of which were, "Let us drop a tear to his memory." This was placed on the "hook" ready for the compositor. Soon after Garvey came into the office, and reading the "puff" of his deceased friend demurred to the last sentence as exhibiting a rather niggardly flow of sympathy—only dropping one tear to the memory of so good a man. A wag present suggested that it would appear better to read a "tear or two," and another thought "or perhaps three" should be added, so that the sentence would read: "Let us drop a tear or two, or perhaps three, to his memory." This satisfied Garvey, and so the notice appeared.

Jones buys wheat at a railroad station not a hundred miles away. He is sharp, but did overreach himself once. In buying a load he placed a heavy plank upon the scales for convenience in weighing. After he had paid, he whispered to a crony, "Say nothin'; I shaved that fellow; I never deducted the plank but once—keep steady!" It took some time to convince him, but he finally *did* see that he had bought thirty pounds of plank twenty-one times. Jones don't like to be asked the price of pine plank by his best friends.

A friend in La Grange, New York, writes to the Drawer.

Judge Fine, of Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence County, is well known as an able lawyer, an excellent judge, and an accomplished gentleman, and withal a fine scholar and interesting public speaker. In the exciting Presidential canvass of 1840 the Judge and two or three of his lawyer friends were out stumping it, when there fell in with them one of the numerous political bores of the country who had far more zeal than knowledge, and who insisted on going the rounds of the Judge's appointments with the party. Every where the fellow made himself noisily conspicuous, to the infinite annoyance of the Judge and his friends, and to the great disgust of the more intelligent among the audiences. After endurance had ceased to be a virtue the Judge determined to get rid of him. The party had stopped at the little village of De Kalb for refreshments; and when the wine was being passed Bore, who had seated himself next to the Judge, demanded that each of the party should in turn tell a story or sing a song—beginning with the Judge. The Judge remarked that he never sang, but he would tell a story. Then, addressing himself particularly to Bore, he proceeded: It was in the good old times, such as Æsop tells of, when all the animals as well as man had the gift of speech, that a fox in his rambles came to a deserted church, which he determined to explore in quest of game or information. In wandering over the building he came at length into the belfry, when, seeing the bell, his curiosity was greatly excited, and he resolved to find out what it was. So he climbed up on the timbers till he could reach the bell, and finding it would swing, he continued to move it till the clapper struck the side, when the noise caused him to start back in alarm, but finding himself unhurt he approached it again and swung it till it rung repeatedly, when at last he withdrew in great disgust, and, shaking his paw at it, exclaimed—(and here the Judge rose, keeping his eye on Bore)—"You long-tongued, hollow-headed, noisy fool, you!" And the Judge left the room. Bore had business home that night.

Our little Stella had been sitting for some time very quietly by her aunt, when suddenly looking up from her work, she remarked, "Aunty, if all the folks in the world should think out aloud what a racket there would be!"

A Pennsylvania seven-year-old was reproved lately for playing outdoor with boys: she was "too big for that now." But with all imaginable innocence she replied, "Why, grandma, the bigger we grow the better we like 'em!" . Grandma took time to think.

A Pennsylvania contributor writes:

In these out-of-the-way regions there dwells a stub of the law who is possessed of august presence and imposing physical structure, having judicial impartiality depicted in every lineament of his benevolent face, but is nevertheless slow to see the point—in fact, "thick" otherwise than crosswise. This uncommon peculiarity is the occasional cause of a little fun.

He had an attack of catarrh not long ago, and it happened, as J. Billings would say, "thusly:" Loitering in a store one evening he accidentally saw the clerk take a mouse from the trap to throw into the street. Thinking it would be a nice morsel for his cat, the sole companion of his solitude, he took the little animal and tucked it into his vest pocket as the handiest receptacle. Before he reached home he forgot all about it. The weather was warm, and by the next day it was forcibly impressed upon his mind that something "smelt"—in fact, that there was something rotten in Denmark—but what it was he could not divine. The second day the odor was powerful, and not of the Frangipanni order either. Something must be done; so, after some reflection and a good deal of sniffing, he reached the conclusion that the cause of his *bad breath* was the catarrh, and that he had it bad. On the advice of, and in company with, three or four officious friends (?), the "case" was stated to the Doctor. Now this particular Doctor likes a good thing, and accordingly investigated the matter with professional dignity. After a series of sly and exceedingly impertinent interrogatories, he gave the following "opinion:"

"Mr. S——, that you are a well-read man is in-

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disputable; that you are also red-olent of mephitic odors is not a matter of controversy. I have diagnosed your case with care. There are two suppositions possible—one isn't, the other is. The first, that something has crawled into you and died; the second, that you have the catarrh. As the proper remedial agency to be employed in alleviating your distressing condition allow me to offer you these pills. Take three every half hour for the next ten days. Your case is critical. No laughing!—[This to the grinning friends.]—Put the pills in your vest pocket and observe the directions."

Our unfortunate complied, and in so doing struck the cause of all his woes. With a long, low whistle and amazed eyes he carefully drew forth the decayed corpus by the tail. The roar that ensued baffles description, while poor S—— walked slowly away, gazing contemplatively upon the little animal that dangled from his thumb and forefinger, evidently utterly incapable of expressing his emotions.

An anecdote given in your October Number suggests the following:

R——, an officer of our navy, well known for his gallant and heroic conduct during the late rebellion, is a man of exceedingly fastidious tastes, manifesting due consideration and delicacy in his relations with his fellow men and women. Subject to human frailties, he is an inveterate smoker, and very dependent upon a particular brand of cigars, which usually forms no inconsiderable part of his luggage when traveling. During a stage-coach ride in the Southwest his stock of Havanas had become exceedingly limited, being reduced to but *two*, which state of exhaustion he fully realized, especially in view of being unable to replenish until reaching a point a day's journey distant, where he barely hoped to obtain a fresh supply.

Breakfast having been accomplished and the starting of the coach announced, he took a legitimate "light," in accordance with the rules laid down by connoisseurs, then seated himself somewhat luxuriously in the vehicle, half-audibly soliloquizing, "Only two cigars left. Well, I must fully enjoy them!" Having but one compagnon du voyage, who made no objection to his indulgence, he reclined lazily against the cushion, watching the floating wreaths of smoke, and wondering if some of the "Spanish" had not surreptitiously escaped unenjoyed, when suddenly the *stage* of proceedings was interrupted by a halt at the door of a neat cottage, from which emerged a respectable-looking female, attired *à la mode*, *cap-à-pie*. "Well," thought R——, "my dream of temporary bliss has, I fear, been summarily abbreviated! Perhaps, though, as the day is fine and the coach is open, I may, by making due apologies, be permitted to enjoy my cigar, as I can not surely think of throwing it away!"

Waiting until the new companion had fairly ensconced herself, avoiding any apparent obtrusion upon her delicate sensibilities, he ventured to make the hackneyed inquiry, "Madam, do you object to a cigar?" To which she readily replied, much to his surprise and consternation, "Well, Mister, I don't care if I do take one, if you've got some handy; I left my pipe to home this morning!"

Out here in Oregon, between Boise City and Happy Camp, on the south fork of the Boise River, there is a toll-road owned and kept by a Jew, who having no charter for his road, of course can only collect toll when travelers please to pay it. Among the numerous teamsters who had passed over this road was a Down Easter by the name of Dunn, who made the common excuse, as he went into Happy Camp with his six large freight teams that he was "*strapped*," and promising to settle as he came back. On coming back he found that the son of Abraham had him charged with three hundred dollars! and, Jew like, remarked that that was little enough; but, said he, "I be's liberal, and I trows off half." Whereupon Jonathan straightened himself up to full six feet high, and, said he, "I never allow myself to be outdone in liberality, and so I'll throw off the *other half*, and we'll call it square!"

A writer suggests in the New York *Saturday Times* that every railroad should be provided with its private grave-yard, where its victims might be interred at the company's expense—a simple act of justice to surviving relatives. Appropriate epitaphs could be placed over the remains of the sufferers from each accident, stating that nobody was to blame, etc., as the following, for instance:

COW ON TRACK.

A bovine waif from the adjoining field
The track invaded and my fate she sealed;
By the cow-catcher caught, she flew sky-hig
And so, dear friends, I hope at last shall I.

MISPLACED SWITCH.

A son of Erin, to the duty new,
And slightly tipsy, the wrong lever drew.
Thirty were killed, and here, in sweet repose,
They wait till Gabriel's warning whistle blows.
The Smashtown Railroad Company with a sigh
Records their fate—but ah! we all must die;
And as life's tracks all end in Death's abode,
Much those escape who take the shortest road.

OPEN DRAWBRIDGE.

"Drawbridge shut!" the signal said.
'Twasn't shut. Alas! how solemn!
Such is life! See list of dead
On the other side this column.

A Western correspondent says: In a district in the Far West we had a gentleman teacher who thought it advisable to give some lessons in politeness. Among other things he told the boys in addressing a gentleman they should always say "Sir," and gave them examples, and made quite a lesson of it. One boy was particularly delighted, and took occasion to speak to his teacher often, to show he profited by his teachings. When he went home to dinner his father said:

"Tom, have some meat?"

"Yes, Sir, I thank you."

The next thing the child knew his father's hand came whack on his ear, and his father's voice thundered forth, "I'll teach you to sass your dad!" Tom gave up being polite.

Last year a soldier of one of our infantry regiments at Nashville being in need of a pair of boots, and not being able to draw them from the Quarter-Master, went into the shop of a Jew dealer, and immediately priced some that were lying on the counter.

"Dese poots ish nine dollars," said the dealer.

"Can't give it; they are too dear," said the soldier.

"My grashus!" says the Jew, "dey costs me shust eight dollar and seventy-five cents in New York. You must let a potty make a leetle some-

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tings. Here, Shon" (to a boy), "pring de invoice of dese fine poots, and I show de shentlemans de price."

The *invoice* was immediately produced, and after some higgling, which brought down the price considerably, the soldier bought a pair and started off. He had walked only one or two squares, however, when the soles came off! Of course he at once made tracks for the Jew store, and on entering accosted him with—"Look here, you scoundrel, you've swindled me. These boots ain't worth a cent!" The Jew looked up in amazement at his customer, and putting on an air of well-feigned astonishment, replied: "Oh, dem ish not infantry poots: I thought you vas a cavalry man."

All the way from Fort Abercrombie, Dacotah Territory, this comes to the Drawer:

The "Old Cap," as he is familiarly called hereabout, weighs two hundred and sixty pounds avoirdupois, is a huge embodiment of fun, and the dryest of jokers. No opportunity escapes him for getting a good sell upon any of his friends, while it is but seldom that the "tables are turned" upon him. By-the-way, he is Assistant Quarter-Master at this post, and a thorough-going officer. Frank, his most intimate friend, is also something of a jester, and succeeded, not long since, in perpetrating a sell upon him. The Captain took it all in good part, merely intimating that he "owed the gentleman one," which he would endeavor to cancel at sight. An opportunity soon offered. A dinner was being given by the officers of the post to some thirty strangers (officers of an expedition which was passing at the time). "Old Cap" and Frank were both on hand, in their liveliest moods; and the latter, thinking it a good opportunity for perpetrating joke No. 2 upon the former, called upon him for a speech, and was accommodated in the following style:

"My Friends and Fellow-Officers,—'I feel that it is good to be here.' My heart leaps with joy at being permitted to share in the festivities of this happy occasion. It tends, as it were, to lift one for the moment above the cares of business, and infuses into the mind a something that is elevating and ennobling. And, my friends, as you now behold me, all glee, hilarity, and eloquence, you will scarcely credit my words when I tell you that it is not always thus with me. 'All's not gold that glitters.' Perhaps 'tis well. Without first tasting the bitter we could not fully appreciate that which is sweet; and without being born naked, how, I ask, should we ever have found out the necessity for clothes? Ay, gentlemen, my fortitude and forbearance are often sorely tried, as, with your kind indulgence, I will endeavor to illustrate in a very few words. [Cries of 'Go ahead!'] Well, then, to begin: I am running a saw-mill at this post for 'Uncle Sam,' which is propelled by a ten-horse power, but at times I have so much other work for the horses to do that I run it with a less number. Last week I was required to forward a concise statement of the amount and kinds of transportation on hand to the head-quarters of the department, and being in doubt as to the exact number of horses employed in the mill at the time I sent Frank to ascertain, with directions to report the facts to me as soon as possible. At my desk I sat and sat, like 'Patience on a monument,' with pen in hand, awaiting his speedy return. Two long hours elapsed, and no Frank! If ever I *did* feel like swearing, that was the time; and it makes the blood boil in my veins at this very moment as I think of it! Finally my patience, for which I am proverbial, 'went back on me,' and seizing my hat I rushed out to the mill in order to learn the cause of delay. On arriving there I found Frank looking into the inclosure where the horses were going round on the machine, and seizing him by the collar (for I *was* mad, though!) I demanded to know what he stood there all this while for gaping at the horses, when he knew I was waiting to learn how many there were! At this apparently rough treatment Frank immediately 'about faced,' and, with a look of the most ineffable scorn and indignation depicted upon his usually smiling countenance, exclaimed, in tones of thunder, 'Why, I have already counted five hundred and sixty-three, and am waiting for the rest to pass by. The Lord only knows how many *more* there are!'"

The three that follow come fresh from Texas to the Drawer, from a correspondent who is always welcome as of old:

Bill Triplett, a son of "old Kentucky," many years ago emigrated to Arkansas, and lived in a kind of hand-to-mouth sort of way, till finally he was reduced to the extremity of borrowing all the ready cash he got hold of. One day he went to Fred Trapnall—of whom he boasted as an old friend, and who was a whole-souled fellow—and asked the loan of ten dollars. Fred was a candidate for the Legislature on the Whig ticket; but Bill was an inveterate Democrat. When he asked the loan on this occasion, Fred said, "Bill, how does it happen that when you want money you always come to me, but when I'm a candidate you are always opposed to me?" This ought to have been a poser, but Bill was smart. Said he: "Fred, look at me right good! I'll tell you: Politically I'm opposed to you, but financially I'm your friend!"

Hedge Triplett was known in the olden times of Arkansas as a lawyer that traveled the circuit, and famous for his marvelous stories. He was original, courageous, and witty. On one occasion, when a creek that was very high had to be crossed, he, together with the Judge and lawyers, were compelled to cross the stream on a fallen tree and swim their horses. Hedge was the first to cross. He had just begun when he heard an unusual noise at the other end of the log, on the opposite side: he discovered a huge bear in the act of coming over toward him. Both could not cross on the same log, in opposite directions, at the same time; and he thus addressed his Bruinship: "Mr. Bar! do you intend to cross this log before I do? Make up your mind quick!" The bear showed his teeth and growled terribly. Hedge began to show a disposition to retire, but before doing so he said, "If you will come first, I'll show you a fine specimen of falling off a log!" and off he dropped.

In the good old times before railroads in Arkansas, when the lawyers had to travel afoot or on horseback, Fred Trapnall, who, besides being a most excellent lawyer was a capital good fellow, was in company with three others on his way to Chicot Court. The road was chiefly through the river bottoms; the waters were extremely low, and groceries accordingly scarce. Fred had a singularly sweet tooth, and his coffee almost universally had to be sweetened over again. On this occasion, at dinner, he sent his cup back to the presiding mis-

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tress of the cabin, with—"If you please, madam, I like my coffee very sweet, and I'll thank you for a little more sugar." He was helped, but returned it with a similar request, even to the third time of asking; when the lady, "her eyes in a fine frenzy rolling," seized the delinquent sugar-dish, and stepping rapidly to Fred plumped it down before him on the table, and said, "There! take it all!"

THE prospectus of the "Union Sosiety against profane language and the use of tobaco," in the Drawer for October, brought to my mind several "spells" I have encountered in my peregrinations; one or two of which I will relate:

The late Doctor P——, for some years a Member of Congress from Ohio, was one of a large class of educated men with whom I have come in contact who could readily detect an error of orthography in print, but was unable to write correctly one word in five. On one occasion the Doctor sent a speech to the *Globe* office, written out by himself, to prevent misrepresentation by the reporters, and while it was being put in type he called in to assist in reading the proof-sheets. Before it was completed Harry W——r (a very modest but intelligent compositor) had occasion to call the Doctor's attention to a word which, he said, he couldn't "exactly comprehend." The Doctor glanced at the word, and then gave Harry a look of mingled incredulity and astonishment; and finally, as if desirous that the whole office should take cognizance of the compositor's stupidity, in a loud and distinct voice spelled and syllabled the word, thus: "p-r-u, pru, c-h-e, she—*pruche*: it's the plainest word on the page!" The roar of laughter which at that point broke forth from every quarter of the room left the Doctor in doubt for a moment whether it was at his own or Harry's expense; but when it was succeeded by, "What's that, Doctor?—something good to eat?" "No, it must mean something good to drink!" etc., he began to "see it." "Well!" he exclaimed, "if you are all so d——d smart, let us hear one of *you* spell it!" Harry modestly suggested that it should be spelled P-r-u-s-s-i-a, commencing with a capital P, and not with a small p, as the Doctor had written it. The Doctor "caved," and calling George (the office boy), gave him a silver dollar and told him to go into Powell's and get a *bottle of whisky*.

"There!" exclaimed the individual who had suggested that it might be "something good to drink," "I knew it was a *beverage* of some sort!"

DOCTOR N——, of North Carolina, represented his district in Congress some twenty years ago. He was in the habit every session of "getting up" an eight-page speech for the edification of his constituents. He usually employed some one to put them "in shape" before sending the manuscripts to the printer. If the Doctor ever had been on speaking terms with either Webster or Murray, it was pretty evident he had "cut their acquaintance" long since. On one occasion he took his speech to the printer in his "own handrite," as he expressed it, adding that he was a "powerful pore writer, but asiden from the handrite he reckoned they'd find it all correct." The foreman glanced at it, pronounced the writing plain enough (as it was), and gave the whole of the copy to one of the compositors. The first paragraph contained a large number of agricultural curiosities—such as "hey," "otes," "taters," "beens," "wheet," "korn," etc., etc.—which served to amuse without perplexing him. He could correct the orthography, but what license should he take with the grammar? That point he submitted to the foreman, who told him to "give it a free translation into English!" He did so—retaining the leading ideas, but so modifying the construction of the whole speech that the proof-reader found it impossible to read it by copy. After he had given it a silent reading, comparing it with the original to see "that the true intent and meaning thereof" had been retained, he inquired for "the man who set up Doctor N——'s speech," remarking: "Whoever did it has made quite a respectable speech out of very poor material; and I don't believe the Doctor will recognize it as his own." The Doctor called in to read the proof, and after he had perused the speech carefully, he exclaimed, "Well, I do declare it is astonishing to me how you printers can do these things without making mistakes! I don't find a single one in the whole of this yer speech. *It is jest exactly as I rit it, word for word!*"

AN old gentleman named *Gould* having married a young lady of nineteen, thus addressed his friend, Doctor T——, at the wedding festival:

"So you see, my dear Sir, though eighty years old,
A girl of nineteen falls in love with *old Gould*."

To which the Doctor replied:

"A girl of nineteen may love *Gould*, it is true,
But believe me, dear Sir, it is Gold without U."

BARTY WILLARD, who formerly lived in the northern part of Vermont, was noted for his careless, vagabond habits, ready wit, and remarkable facility at extempore rhyming. Sitting one day in a village store, among a crowd of idlers, the merchant asked him why he always wore that shocking bad hat. Barty replied that it was simply because he was unable to buy a better.

"Come, now," said the store-keeper, "make me a good rhyme on the old hat immediately, and I'll give you a new hat, the best one in the store."

Instantly Barty threw the old one on the floor, and began:

"Here lies my old hat,
And pray what of that?
'Tis as good as the rest of my raiment;
If I buy me a better,
You'll make me your debtor,
And send me to jail for the payment."

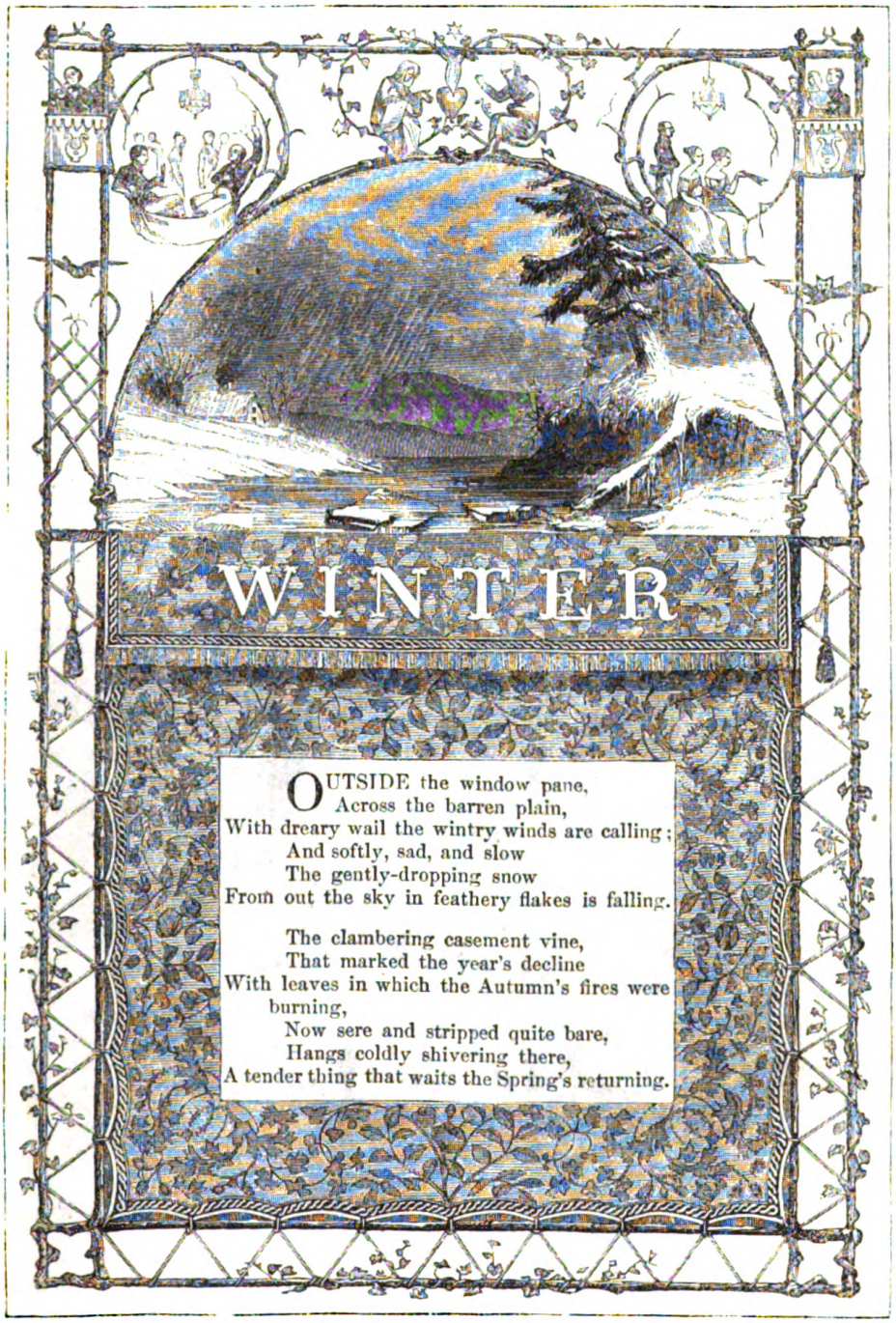
The new hat was voted to be fairly won, and Barty bore it off in triumph, saying, "It's a poor head that can't take care of itself!"

ALEXANDER, fourth Earl of Kellie, was rather a hard liver. He married Anne, daughter of the third Earl of Balcarras, and, in the first confidence of married love, intrusted to her keeping the key of the wine-cellar. Lady Kellie, on the first occasion that he invited his boon companions to dinner and drink, gave out as much wine as she thought good for them, and walked quietly up to Carnnee with the key of the wine-cellar in her pocket, to talk her four hours with the minister's wife. The party soon discussed the modicum she had left out for their consumption, and on his lordship sending for more he learned how matters stood. He had the cellar-door forced forthwith from its hinges, and desired the servants to take it to the manse, with his compliments to her ladyship, and, if she asked any questions, to say that "it was the cellar-door come to look for the key."

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No CLXXXVIII.—JANUARY, 1866.—Vol. XXXII.



OUTSIDE the window pane,
Across the barren plain,
With dreary wail the wintry winds are calling;
And softly, sad, and slow
The gently-dropping snow
From out the sky in feathery flakes is falling.

The clambering casement vine,
That marked the year's decline
With leaves in which the Autumn's fires were burning,
Now sere and stripped quite bare,
Hangs coldly shivering there,
A tender thing that waits the Spring's returning.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Vol. XXXII.—No. 188.—K

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The fields are white below
Their covering of snow
That o'er the earth, a chilly shroud, is lying;
And through the elm's huge limbs
The wind is chanting hymns,
Like soft, sad dirges for some poor soul dying.

Mute are the frozen rills
That course adown the hills
With babbling voices in the Summer weather;
And mute the meadow brook,
Where oft with line and hook
I've angled from the bank for hours together.

Within the solemn woods,
Where ghostly silence broods,
No Summer bird her heart beguiles with singing;
But in the Winter night,
Beneath the pale moon's light,
Are heard the merry sleigh-bells blithely ringing.

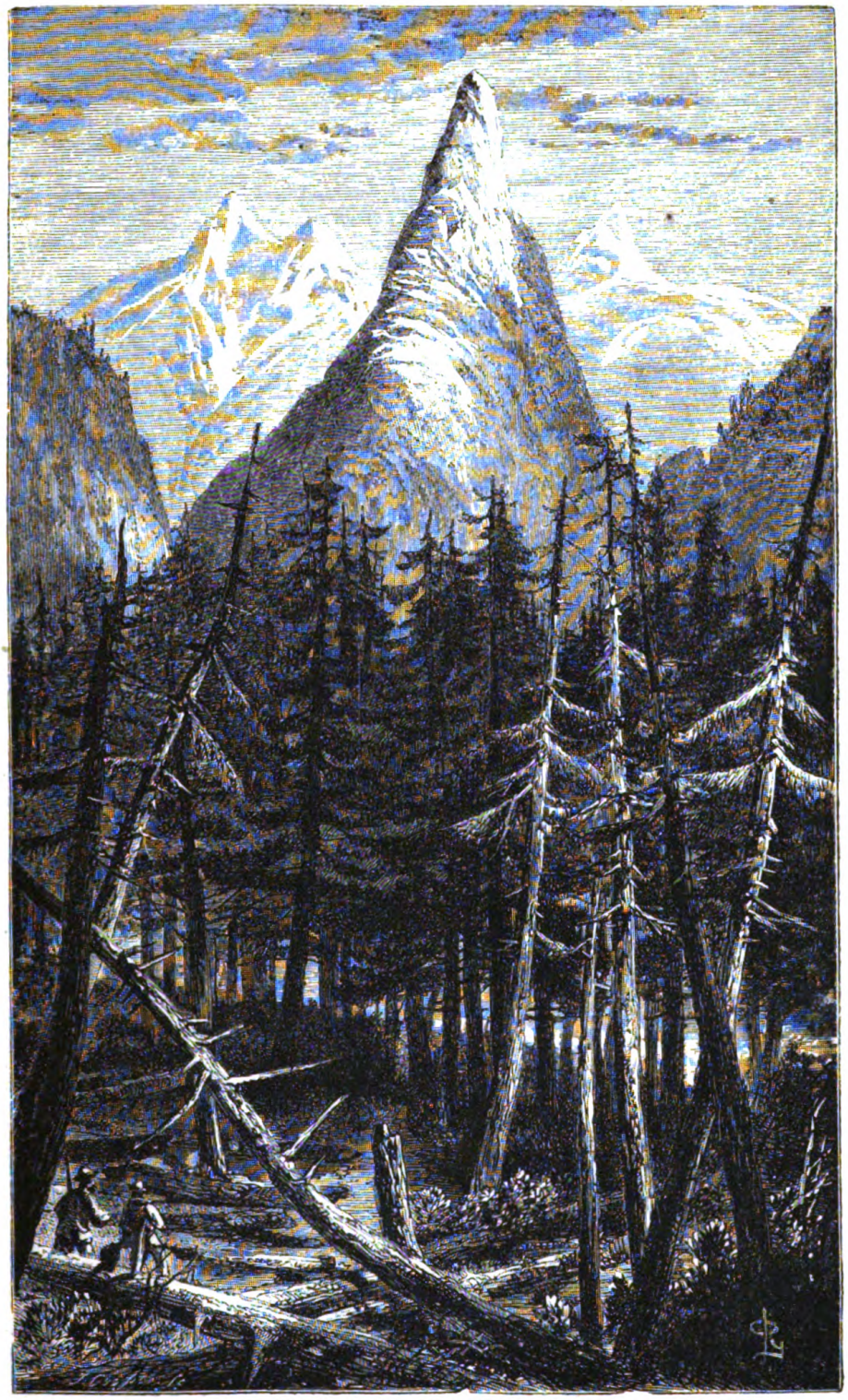
Or from the frozen stream,
Where the gray willows gleam,
On either side the cheerless shore abounding,
Armed with its blade of steel,
The shadowy skater's heel
Spurns the stout ice with shrilly echoes sounding.

At home beside the hearth,
With jest and song of mirth,
And ringing chorus to the rafters pealing,
The long dark evening goes,
The cider, circling, flows,
And lights the eye with sparks of kindly feeling.

And so with song and cheer
The winter, cold and drear,
Flits lightly by on Time's swift pinions flying;
And in our hearts the flower
Of gladness blooms each hour,
Although outside the winds are sadly sighing.



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NORTH THOMPSON RIVER, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE BRITISH ROUTE FOR A PACIFIC RAILROAD.

IN an article published in this Magazine nine years ago (in October, 1856), some account was given of the most northerly settlement of men of the Anglo-Saxon race on the continent of America—namely, the settlement of Red River; a colony so far apart from the rest of the world that one only hears of it once in a generation; yet a settlement self-supporting,

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prosperous, increasing in numbers with little or no immigration, and enjoying a home where doctors starve, and the soil yields 50 @ 60 bushels of wheat to the acre.

Since that article was written the discovery of gold in British Columbia, and the impending collapse of the Hudson's Bay Company, have suggested the scheme of a Northern Pacific Railway to be constructed wholly on British Territory. The notion is a favorite one with our Canadian neighbors. Canadian explorers have traced the course of the road. It would start from their new capital, Ottawa; run over the mountains and lakes to Fort Garry, on Red River; thence along the Assiniboine to the Saskatchewan; along the Saskatchewan Valley to the Rocky Mountains; over them, and down the Thompson or Fraser to New Westminster, British Columbia.

This is no mere newspaper scheme. Men of science and practical knowledge openly advocate its accomplishment. True, during the first and last two stages of the proposed route the railroad would run through mountains, lakes, morasses, and unpassable thickets—a country which experienced woodsmen and Indians can only traverse at the rate of two or three miles a day. But the word impossible has been struck out of the modern dictionary. Professor Hind, a learned Englishman, and Fellow of no end of Scientific Societies, has been over the ground and declares that the road can be built. It would probably cost a hundred million pounds sterling, and thirty years of time; and care would have to be taken to prevent the workmen perishing of cold and hunger during the winter season, when work would have to be suspended. Our Canadian neighbors, however, regard these matters as minutiæ. The line of road having been discovered, and the feasibility of its construction admitted by a learned Professor, it is held in Canada that nothing now remains for the British Government, if it values its transatlantic possessions, but to vote the hundred millions at once, and send out a few ship-loads of laborers to begin grading.

It is remarked, with perfect accuracy, that the Pacific shore of America trends eastward from Vancouver's Island to California, and that the British port of Victoria is considerably nearer Hakodadi and Shanghai than San Francisco. If therefore the British American Railroad were built, and no other, all the trade of Asia would pass over it, beating the overland route *via* Suez to London by a fortnight. It is true that the operation of this road might be interfered with during seven months of the year by the snow, which falls to a depth of forty and sixty feet over a considerable part of the country through which the proposed line would run. But this again is a minor matter. The snow-drifts might be tunneled, or Brobdignagian snow-plows might be introduced, or some brother Professor of the learned Hind might be tempted to invent a chemical apparatus for melting the snow on the rails. Our Canadian friends are positive that if the British Government will only build the road, some contrivance will be devised to keep it open during winter.

We sincerely hope the British Government will respond favorably to the request of the colonists. The more railroads the better; and the longer they are the better still. Though this country is not "dismembered, and plunged into the vortex of never-ending civil war," as a colonial advocate of a British American Pacific Railroad eloquently urged, in support of his appeal to England to take the new route to Asia into her own hands, we are none the less anxious to see our neighbors on every side developing their resources, opening up new territory, and marking out new paths for trade. It is to the interest of every American to see every part of American soil producing food, and supporting industrious men.

Two enterprising Englishmen, Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle, have lately gone over the country through which the proposed British American Pacific Railroad would pass. Both were men of extraordinary physical power, of resolute mind, of experience in woodcraft, and of shrewdness and courage. They started fully prepared for danger and hardship. There was no cockney snobbery about them. The Lord was as ready to cook, cut fuel, lead a horse, carry a load, or mend his moccasins as if he had been to the manner born. The Doctor, a man of gigantic strength, was equally indefatigable in body and imperturbable in temper. Both were essentially English in the resolute obstinacy with which they pursued their task in the teeth of the most formidable obstacles. They left England with the intention of traversing British America to the Pacific. That intention they fulfilled, at what cost of suffering and privation this article will endeavor briefly to show.

One small inconsistency in starting may be forgiven them. Instead of undertaking to work their way through the trackless forests and mountains lying between Ottawa and the Red River settlement, they wisely pushed as far west as they could over our railroads and in our steamers, passing through Chicago, thence to La Crosse, thence up the Mississippi to St. Paul, and thence by stage to Georgetown, Minnesota. This was not exactly "exploring a track for a Pacific Railroad wholly on British soil;" but it saved 22° of travel through the wilderness, and placed the travelers in 97° west longitude without hardship or loss of time. From Georgetown a little stern-wheel steamer runs down the Red River to Fort Garry; but the steamer not being in port when our travelers wanted her, they chartered two bark canoes, and undertook the voyage in them. It was not a successful experiment. The travelers fell among storms, which are severe in that region; lost their food and part of their clothing; were repeatedly in danger of drowning; narrowly escaped the Sioux, who were just

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NIGHT CAMP—WATCHING FOR CREE.

then engaged in massacring all whites in Minnesota; and at last were glad enough to be picked up by the steamer, which came along in due course, with plenty of pork and beans in her cabin—a rare treat for the famished Englishmen.

At Fort Garry horses were bought, and four guides—French Canadian half-breeds—hired; and though it was obviously too late in the season to attempt to cross the continent that year, it was determined to push forward well into the Saskatchewan country that fall, in order to reach the Rocky Mountains—the most perilous part of the journey—early in the ensuing

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spring or summer. Accordingly, on 23d of August, 1862, our travelers, equipped in cariboo shirts and moccasins, mounted on sound horses, and provided with well-stocked packs, double-barreled smooth-bores, and plenty of ammunition, sallied forth from Fort Garry and turned their faces westward.

The first stage of their journey lay through a fair country, abounding in grass for the cattle, and fairly supplied with birds in the covers, and fish in the streams. In thirty-four days this first stage, five hundred miles long, was accomplished without mishap, and the party encamped at Carlton House, on the south side of Saskatchewan. Like most Hudson Bay forts, Carlton House is a square fort, with towers at the angles, well-adapted to stand a siege against Indians; for the rest, more famous as a place of trade than as a place of war, and well-stocked within with Indian gewgaws, and all manner of creature comforts. Its chief attraction to travelers consists in its being the best point on the continent from which to hunt the buffalo.

The Englishmen had not been many hours there before a hunt was arranged. Early in the morning the hunters, mounted on the best of their horses, and each armed with a double-barrel, loaded with ball, sallied forth in high spirits. They took with them carts to carry home the buffalo meat. After traveling a few miles their advance skirmishers came galloping back to the main body, shouting:

"*Les bœufs! Les bœufs sont proches!*" (The bulls! The bulls are near!)

It was a thrilling moment. Girths were tightened; caps examined; nerves braced for the encounter. At the word of command from the half-breed who officiated as captain the hunters advanced in line. Presently a herd of nine bulls, quietly feeding on the prairie, became visible, and soon after five or six similar herds. At a fast walk, or slow trot, the hunters approached, the half-breed imitating the lowing of a cow to deceive the buffalo. They looked up at their enemy, and not liking his appearance, proceeded to move off at a leisurely pace—so leisurely that the hunters rapidly gained on them. They were not more than 200 yards distant when the stupid buffalo realized the situation, and all the herds together began to run away at the top of their speed. At this La Ronde, the half-breed, gave the signal·

"Hurrah! hurrah! allez! allez!"

And dashing spurs into the horses the hunters charged into the herd as if they had been rebel infantry. In a minute they were among them tumbling over them, the horses, as enthusiastic in the chase as their masters, almost leaping on the uncouth beasts as they tore through the herd. It always happens in such cases that a hunter chooses his victim. The first shot, unless fired by an old hand, seldom kills; the wounded brute gallops off, and must be run down and hit again. Thus, in less time than it takes to describe the encounter, the herd was scattered, and so were the hunters, each in chase of his own beast. The chase was not long, however. In most cases the second shot was fatal. And in less than one hour the hunters were together again counting their spoils. It is etiquette, in the Saskatchewan country, when you kill a man to take his scalp: when you kill a buffalo to take his tongue. The Englishmen went home each with a tongue at his saddle-bow, and the more expert half-breed had two.

Other hunters of a meaner species made their appearance on the field almost as soon as the smoke of the conflict cleared away. These were the wolves, who crowned every hillock, and seemed to spring from every tuft of grass. No sooner had the hunters turned their backs on their game than these marauders were at work, tearing great strips of warm meat from the dead buffaloes' sides, and picking their bones clean in an incredibly short space of time. It does not do in this country to leave your game even for ten minutes if you ever wish to see it again.

Winter was now at hand. Snow had already fallen, and in the mornings the pools were covered with a coating of ice. Our travelers resolved to go into winter-quarters at once, and selected for their residence a spot some 70 miles northwest of Carlton House, on the border of a meadow called The Beautiful Prairie. This spot they reached by the middle of October, and proceeded to build a log-house. A rude kind of mortar—familiar enough to some of our frontiersmen—consisting of mud and chopped grass, calked the interstices between the logs; a roof of dry pine sticks, covered with marsh grass and mud, proved water-tight or nearly so; a sheet of parchment fastened over a hole sawn in the logs answered the purpose of a window, and another hole, closed with boards taken from the carts, did duty as door. A comfortable winter residence for a climate in which the mercury falls to 35° below zero was thus constructed; and when a chimney was built of square stones and clay, supported by a frame-work of green wood to prevent its falling down, our travelers seemed to have nothing to desire. Later in the winter they found themselves inconvenienced by the *débris* of civilized life—bones, chips, and other "litter," which threatened to rise to the roof of their dwelling; but this evil they remedied by digging downward and lowering their floor a couple of feet.

Having achieved a home the travelers now proceeded to hunt. There were some buffalo not far distant. These were followed, and a few fine animals killed, not without much suffering from cold by the hunters, who were more than once obliged to camp out without covering near their game to protect it from the wolves. But the chief object of the Englishmen was to catch the valuable furred animals—the white fox, the fisher, the marten, and the

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THE WINTER HUT.

mink. The marten and the fisher, as every body knows, are clothed in the fur which goes by the name of sable. The ermine abounds in this region, but is not considered worth hunting. All these furred animals are caught in traps. When the hunter perceives the track of a marten or a fisher in the snow, he builds a small palisade in the shape of half an oval, with stakes of about three feet in length. In this palisade a bait is set on the end of a stick. Above the bait a heavy tree lies, supported by a prop. When we add that the stick which holds the bait connects with the prop, we merely anticipate our juvenile readers, many of

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whom have made traps of this very pattern. Hunters call them "dead falls." Mr. Marten, scouting around in search of a breakfast, discovers the bait, generally a piece of squirrel or partridge. Eager to get at it he crawls under the big tree and snaps. Down goes the prop, falls the tree, poor Mr. Marten has his back broken, and Mrs. Peter O'Leum will presently take his place inside of his soft fur.

The silver fox is generally caught in a steel trap, similar to the traps used for catching rats, but so large that it often requires two men to set them. He is generally caught by the leg, and when the accident happens his first impulse is to step off. Unhappily his progress is impeded by a strong stake which the hunters chain to the trap, and which, of course, catches in the underwood, and hooks itself every where. If the fox be an old brute of a determined character, he seldom hesitates in this emergency. With his teeth and the claws of his other three feet he amputates the imprisoned limb, and leaving this meagre trophy for his hunters goes off into hospital in some secure retreat. But few foxes have the nerve for this operation. Many are so exhausted by their fruitless efforts to escape that when the hunters come up with them they submit like lambs to be knocked on the head. It doubtless consoles them in this supreme moment to reflect that their skins will be worth $200 or $250 in the London market.

The great enemy of the fur hunter of the Saskatchewan is the wolverine or *carcajou*. This brute possesses an intellect superior to that of many men, and is reported, on good Indian authority, to bear a close relationship to the Prince of Darkness. It is, in general terms, impossible to catch, trap, shoot, or deceive him. He knows mankind, and sees through them. He knows all about traps. When a hunter sets his traps, thirty and forty in a day, for marten and fisher, the carcajou watches him grimly, and sucking his paws, mentions to Mrs. Carcajou that another of those fools—men—is going to provide them with breakfast. At an early hour next morning the hunter starts to examine his traps. Just an hour before him Mr. Carcajou has started on the same errand. Wherever marten or fisher or mink or other furry creature has been caught, carcajou releases him and eats him up. He is a provident creature, too. When he has eaten his fill, he does not stop work, if any traps remain unexamined, but continues his rounds faithfully, and hides all further plunder in a *cache* or store-room.

Young hunters set traps for the carcajou. Their seniors know better. The "dead fall" he laughs at. Squatting on his haunches he studies it out, finds out its weak place, and attacking it on that side, carries off the bait in safety. Once in a long time a hasty carcajou is snared in a steel saw trap. As soon as he realizes the accident he proceeds to detach the trap from any stake or tree to which it may be tied, then hastens off to a secluded spot with the trap on his leg. A fox in the like case, as we have seen, proceeds to amputate the limb. The carcajou dislikes surgery, and is a master of the mechanical forces. He goes to work with wedge and lever, and with incredible perseverance labors away until he has pried the trap far enough open to extricate his leg.

Indians often set a gun on full cock in spots where he is expected, and fasten the bait with a string to the trigger. But the carcajou generally examines the contrivance before he bites, and concludes to attack the bait from the rear. If the gun goes off he is generally found nearer the stock than the muzzle.

An old half-breed, driven to fury by the depredations of a carcajou, placed a gun in a tree, with muzzle downward, and exposed on the ground beneath a tempting bait, which was fastened to the trigger. There was no attacking this trap in the rear. As the hunter expected, the carcajou came to the spot and inspected the bait. But his attention was attracted by that curious phenomenon in the tree above. What could that mean? Master Carcajou did not know. He had never seen in all his experience a tree bearing fruit of that kind. But he thought he would be on the safe side. So he climbed the tree, gnawed away the fastenings of the gun, saw it fall harmlessly in the snow, and then—but not till then—helped himself to the bait.

Our English hunters tried the plan of exposing poisoned baits for the special benefit of the carcajou. Of twenty traps all alike ten were baited with meat containing strychnine. It was of no avail. On going to examine their traps they found that the sagacious brute had eaten all the wholesome baits, while he had bitten in two and thrown aside those which were poisoned.

When pressed by hunger the carcajou will eat almost any thing—old boots, saddles, and all kind of groceries. A hunting party which had built a convenient log-hut with parchment windows, found, on returning from a hunt, that one of these animals had devoured their windows. It will not, however, attack mankind; its invariable sagacity teaching it that such meals would, on the average, cost more than they are worth. Were it otherwise minded, it would prove a formidable enemy, its strength being superior to that of any animal of these latitudes, the grizzly bear alone excepted.

The long winter was spent by the travelers in hunting these animals, making excursions to the lakes in the neighborhood, and forming acquaintance with the Indians. The smaller lakes freeze solid to the bottom, and hence in the spring are found destitute of life. In some of the larger the fish seem to flock to air-holes, in obedience to a law with which ichthyology is yet unacquainted. At one place visited by the hunters an air-hole was found, to which fish thronged in such numbers that the water was thick with them: the snow in the neigh-

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FORT EDMONTON, ON THE NORTH SASKATCHEWAN.

hood was beaten hard by the wolverine, the fisher, and the marten, which had evidently lived on the fish, and scores of fat crows roosting in the trees adjacent gave proof that they too knew the spot. Yet the fish could not at any time have been more numerous than they were when our travelers saw the place.

The Indians were of the race known as Wood Crees, as contradistinguished from Plain Crees. The former are simply bores; the latter are murderers. A Plain Cree smokes the pipe of peace with you, eats your pemmican, and sleeps under your blanket; next morning he steals your horse, and about dusk he tomahawks and

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scalps you. The Wood Crees are not given to tomahawking and scalping. They merely sit with you on a visit for three days and nights, and sing you songs all night, to which it is the height of ill-breeding, and occasionally death, not to listen patiently. On the third evening you generally consider the Plain Cree the better creature of the two.

"If I were a Plain Cree—" said an angry Wood Cree to Dr. Cheadle, drawing his knife, and feeling with the point for a soft place in the Doctor's anatomy.

"But you are not," replied the Doctor with perfect equanimity, "and so you'd better keep that tool to cut up buffalo."

And the savage, arrested in his purpose by the firmness of the white man, slunk away discomfited.

It does not do to let an Indian, be he Wood Indian or Plain Indian, smell spirits. It operates on them like oil of rhodium on rats. Spill a wine-glassful of rum or whisky on the snow, and Indians ten miles away will scent it, and come swarming to the place demanding liquor.

"Why does not our good mother," said a chief to Lord Milton, alluding to Queen Victoria, "send her red children fire-water? We want and must have it."

More than once, even among friendly Indians, the exhibition of spirits had well-nigh cost the party their lives. Once, at least, a band of Indians, after exhausting entreaty and menace, resorted to actual violence, and the Englishmen were only saved from murder by the courage and strength of a half-breed, who, Ajax-like, seized the leading chief, a corpulent man, in his arms, raised him in air, dashed him senseless and bleeding on the ground, and threatened to do the like to the next disturber of the peace. The Indian is now what he was two centuries since. The passion for drink is the strongest in his nature, and when gratified he becomes the wildest of wild beasts.

A touching story of Indian heroism is told by Lord Milton. An Indian hunter had come to the hut with his son, a boy of thirteen, and had obtained liquor enough to stupefy him. The two "savages" started homeward at nightfall. Overcome by the liquor he had drunk, and benumbed by the cold winter air, the father fell on his hands and knees in crossing a lake, and soon lay down to sleep. The boy, terribly frightened, but with complete presence of mind, dragged his father off the ice into a thicket, built a fire and laid him alongside, covering him with every blanket and skin he had. All night long—a terrible night, with the thermometer 20° below zero—that boy tended the fire, and watched over his drunken father, never once thinking of himself or attempting to take his share of the blankets. When morning came the father awoke well and unharmed, and the pair pursued their journey homeward.

Indian dogs are about as curious animals as their masters. In the far north they do the work of horses, haul packs, draw sleighs, and drag their owners over many a mile of snow-drift, living themselves on the merest pittance. Our travelers generally found the dogs ill-bred, ill-tempered, and prone to give as much trouble as they could. At every difficult point in the road they would either lose the trail and upset the packs, or they would lie down and refuse to move until kicked and beaten within an inch of their lives. When well-trained and well-managed, however, they do wonders. It is known that, in Northern Michigan, much of the mail service is done, and done well and regularly, by dogs. A pack of Carlton House dogs traveled seventy miles in twenty-four hours without food or water, drawing a sleigh in which lay their owner wrapped in buffalo robes. This is as good as can be told of the best horses.

Both dogs and men suffer frightfully during the long winter of the Saskatchewan country. Every hunting-party meets Indians bent double from the emptiness of their stomachs. Even in the region where the buffalo most abounds it seems that the natives can not, as a rule, collect food enough in the fall to supply them during winter. Our travelers more than once experienced the pangs of hunger, and they saw Indians who, to the best of their belief, perished afterward of actual starvation.

Spring came at last, and in the first week of April the travelers bade adieu, not without regrets, to La Belle Prairie, and crossing the Saskatchewan journeyed slowly to Fort Pitt, where they arrived in the course of a fortnight without adventures of any kind Fort Pitt is the middle-ground between the Blackfeet and Plain Crees, and is usually chosen as the place for negotiations whenever these warlike tribes project a truce. Many stories are told of the wars between the two races. On one occasion a Cree Indian, belated in a hunt, arrived at the Fort and begged for shelter, which could not be refused. Close after him arrived a party of Blackfeet on horseback, who had tracked their enemy, and now demanded that he be surrendered to them. After reflection and some preparations for a fight, the Hudson's Bay Company's factor refused to surrender the Cree, but proposed to compromise. He agreed to keep the Cree safely within the Fort for a month. If at the end of that time the war continued between the two tribes the Blackfeet might come for him. But the Cree was to have one hundred yards start of his pursuers, and the latter were to be armed with nothing but their knives. The compromise was accepted.

The Blackfeet had no sooner taken their departure than the Cree was put into training. He was fed on semi-raw buffalo meat, and made to run every day from two to three miles. All luxuries and smoking were denied him. At the end of the month the Blackfeet appeared in strong force, demanding their pound of flesh. The factor and his men turned out well-

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SWAMP FORMED BY BEAVERS, WITH ANCIENT HOUSE AND DAM.

armed. From the Blackfeet all weapons except their knives were taken and stored in the fort. A distance of one hundred yards was staked out, and the Cree was stationed at his post. At the signal both parties started to run. The Cree, overcome by the prospect of sudden and violent death, lost his nerve at first, and his pursuers gained rapidly upon him. The spectators began to shudder at the prospect. But after a minute or two he began to recover. Instead of gaining on him the Blackfeet lost ground, and the intelligent training of the previous month beginning to tell, the Cree soon left his pursuers behind, and at last

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outran them altogether and escaped safely into the woods.

From Fort Pitt an easy journey of a few days through a beautiful rolling country brought the travelers to Edmonton, in 113° 30′. The only feature of interest on the way was the sight of several deserted beaver dams. The beaver, which a few years ago was almost exterminated in the service of the hatters, still exists, though in small numbers, on tributaries of the Saskatchewan. Instead of establishing powerful camps, which could hold their own against fox or wolverine, and making nothing of felling the largest trees to dam up mountain torrents, the beaver nowadays is a feeble, timorous creature, consorting with half a dozen of its own species, afraid of every other furred animal, and unable to saw through any tree thicker than a twig. By way of completing its disgrace the hunters despise it. Silk-worms have superseded it in the service of the hatters, and it has not even the poor satisfaction of knowing that it is an object of envy among hunters. It is a creature of the past. As such, however, it has left an indelible mark on the country in which it lived. It was the creator of most of the marshes existing in the Saskatchewan country. Streams which flowed pure and steady into the great lakes of that region were so often and so thoroughly dammed by beavers that they have never since found their old beds, and now empty into great bogs spreading over miles of once fertile country. Nearly every stream between the Pembina and the Athabasca, with the single exception of the M'Leod, has been destroyed by beavers, and nothing but vast pine swamps remain to mark their place.

All this country between the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca is fertile. It will grow wheat, potatoes, and all the coarser grains in abundance. It contains large quantities of coal, of which wide seams are laid bare by the water-courses; but the coal is probably a late formation, burning with an earthy appearance and much smoke. Here, as throughout British North America, the great trouble is the length and severity of the winter A priest, settled near Edmonton, had occasion to make a winter journey over the snow. Caught by a snow-storm he cut down trees and built a fire. Next summer, happening to pass the place where he had encamped, he noticed that the trees which he had cut down were still thirty feet high. The snow had fallen so thickly that it was hard enough to travel over at a height of thirty feet from the ground. What can ever be done with a country so cursed by nature?

At Edmonton the Englishmen made their final preparations for crossing the country to the Pacific. They secured the services of a half-breed, who soon deserted them, an Indian who was known as "the Assiniboine," his wife, and boy of thirteen; and an Irishman named O'Brien forced himself upon them and became not the least of their sufferings. The seven had twelve horses, 100 pounds per man of flour and pemmican, an ample supply of ammunition, and a modest quantity of salt, tea, and tobacco. Thus provided, in the first week in June they set out to find their way, through trackless wilds and over the Rocky Mountains, to the nearest port in British Columbia—some 750 miles distant.

It took them three weeks to reach the base of the mountains. Thus far the journey was not perilous or arduous. The country was fine, there was ample forage for the cattle, and pigeons, partridge, and trout for the travelers. Once, in the evening, the Assiniboine, who had sallied from camp in search of game, stumbled on three grizzly bears, and his gun missing fire he ran some risk of parting forever from his companions. But being an old hunter he threw up his arms, stood his ground manfully, and shouted when Bruin advanced to the attack; which mode of procedure disconcerted the brute, and after a time led to his retreat. On another occasion the travelers incautiously lit a fire in a pine thicket. As the flames increased they spread noiselessly through the moss and dry leaves to the trees, and almost before the travelers could look round they were in the midst of a frightful conflagration which threatened the destruction of all their stores and horses. By good luck and energy, however, they overcame these perils, and on the last day of June began to ascend the great mountains of North America.

So far as scenery went they were now fully rewarded for their labors. The view from the mountain ridges which they climbed—grim, bald-headed cliffs, smooth lakes, silent valleys, long stretches of seemingly fertile champaign, though unconscious of human husbandry—was unequaled in their experience. We who have seen Bierstadt's chef-d'œuvre can realize the scene. But the travelers had too many cares to dwell on landscapes. To get the pack-horses up the steep mountain sides; to prevent their slipping over the rocks, and not only killing themselves but losing their inestimable burden of pemmican, tea, and tobacco, to get them and the packs safely across innumerable mountain torrents, swollen by spring rains, to provide them with food in mountain passes where not even a weed or a shrub can find room to grow; to ford streams running with the velocity of mill-races; to cross lakes too deep to be forded and not easily navigated by rafts; worst of all, to keep the Irishman, who was always in trouble and could neither help the party nor even take care of his horse or himself, from coming to sore grief, were toils quite sufficient to engross the minds of even such energetic travelers as our Englishmen.

About the 12th July the summit of the mountains was reached, and the party began to descend the Pacific slope. They had, as they supposed, achieved the most difficult portion of their task. They were not over two or

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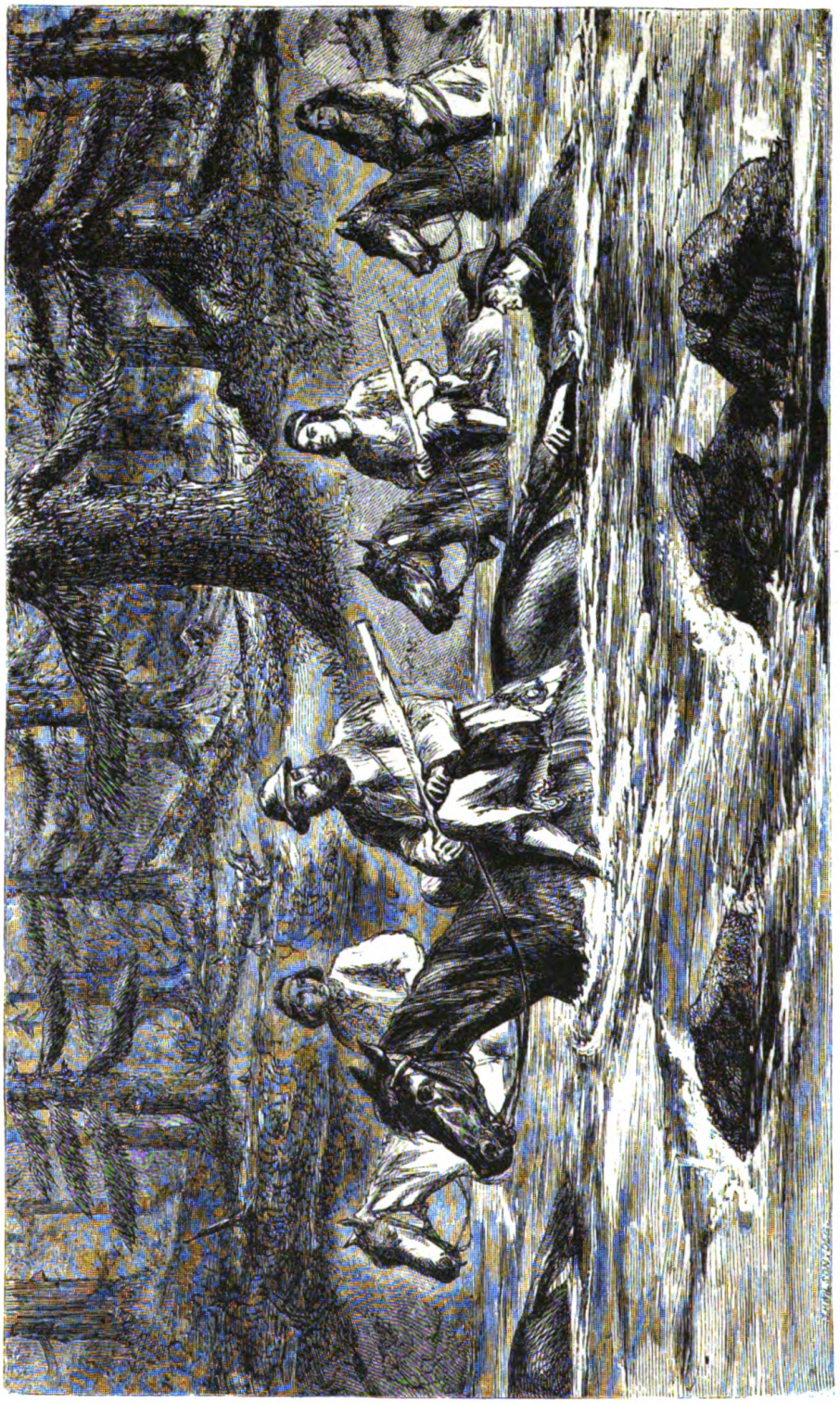


THE FOREST ON FIRE.

three hundred miles from Kamloops, in British Columbia. A month's hard travel they reckoned would bring them out once more into a semi-civilized country. So they pushed on bravely.

Their first great misfortune was the loss of a pack-horse which strayed into a mountain torrent, and, too stupid to find his way to shore, was carried down stream and lost. With him perished all the tea, salt, and tobacco; all the ammunition except what the travelers had on their persons; all their spare clothes, buffalo robes, and what was of least value, their money and letters of credit. At first this seemed a

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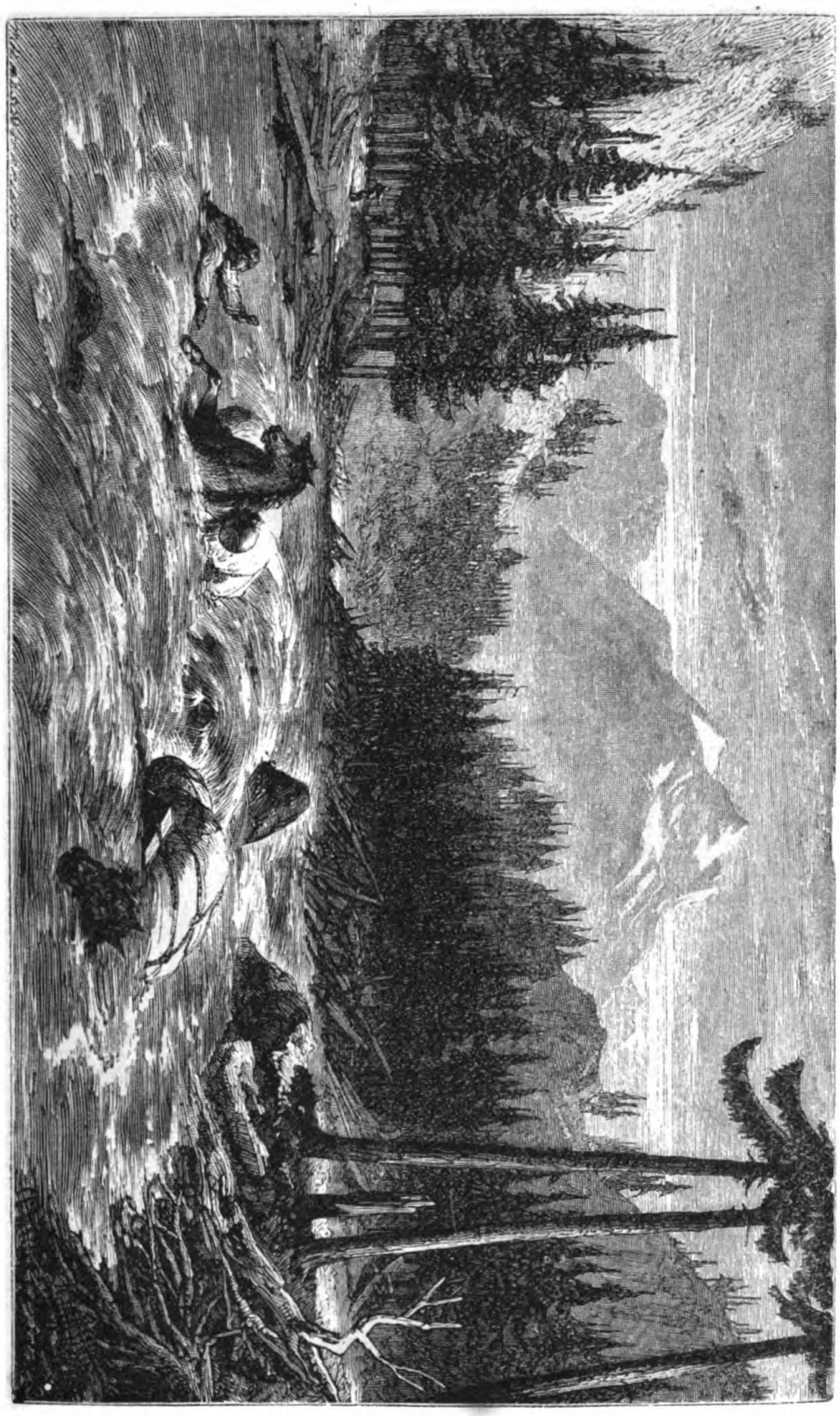


MR. O'BRIEN TRIUMPHANTLY CROSSES THE RIVER.

stunning blow. No more pipes, no more tea, no more dry clothes. Nothing to eat besides what game might be met but a little pemmican and flour. At the same time another pack-horse, known as "Bucephalus," had fallen into the stream and was swept down; but after having been carried two miles down the rapid current was caught and saved by the faithful Assiniboine.

Resigning themselves to this privation the travelers made a raft and began to float down one of the mountain streams. Very shortly the stream became a torrent, the raft was hurried along with the velocity of a cataract, and,

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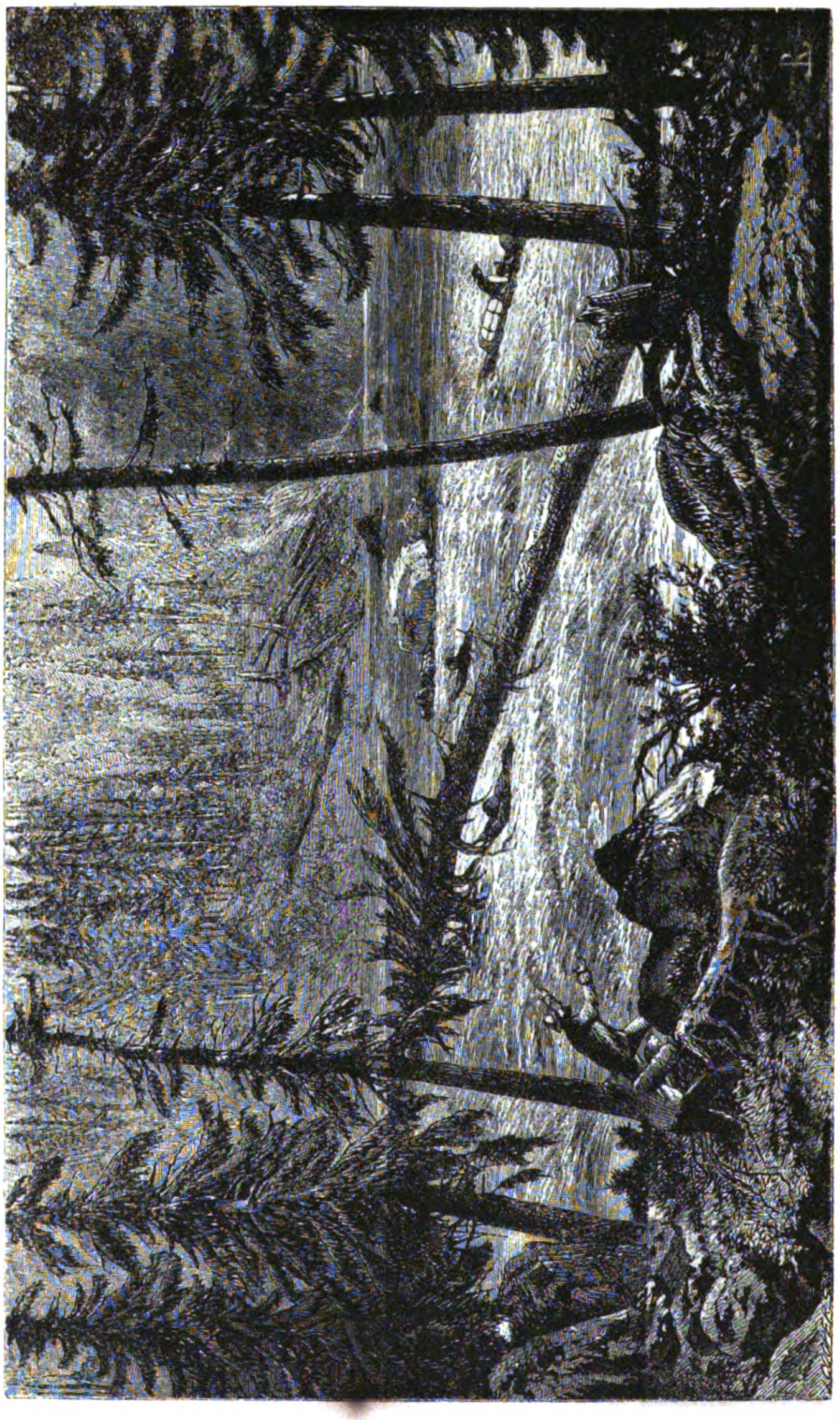


THE ASSINIBOINE RESCUES BUCKSKIN JACK.

striking against a fallen tree, was swept under with its freight, leaving Lord Milton and the Assiniboine woman hanging to the branches. They were rescued with difficulty, and the party then abandoned the plan of floating down stream and followed an old trail, which soon came to a sudden end.

They were in a disheartening position. Explorations on every side reported dense thickets through which neither man nor horse could pass without great exertion. Their provisions were reduced to three days' supply for the party. No game or fowl were in sight. No Indians lived in the neighborhood. The travelers'

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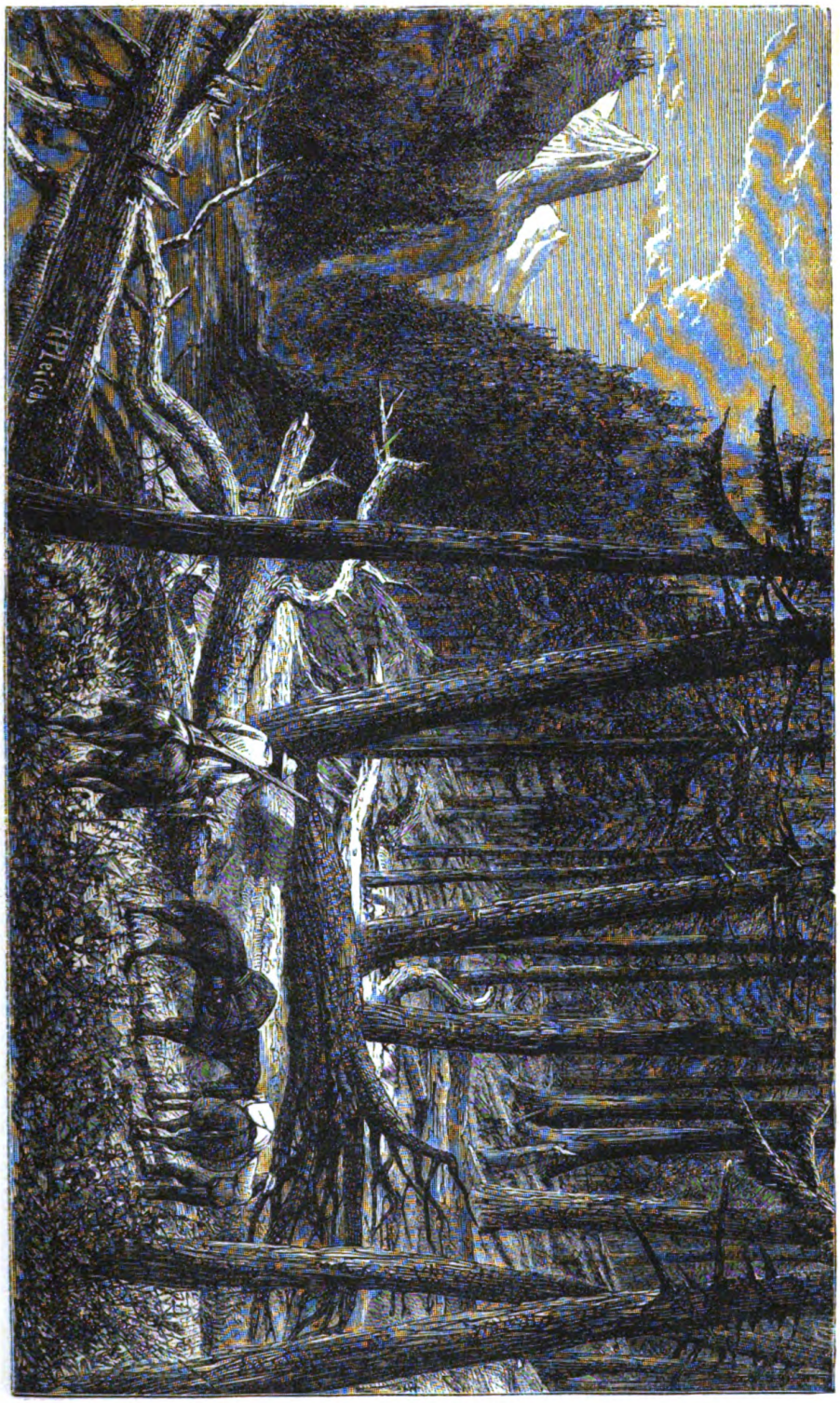


THE MISADVENTURE OF THE RAFT.

clothes and moccasins were in rags. The horses were half-starved and so weak that they could barely walk; having no other forage than twigs and leaves. It was nearly the first of August. To add to all, the Englishmen had lost their axe, and had nothing left to fell trees with but a small hatchet; and their guide, the Assiniboine, who had lost one hand many years before by the explosion of a gun, was now crippled in the other.

They had to choose between taking their chances on a raft on the Thompson River, and cutting a path for themselves through the forest to Kamloops, then some 130 miles dis-

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THE TRAIL AT AN END.

tant. The first plan involved such imminent risk of life that it was abandoned for the latter. But to traverse that forest was no holiday pastime. Fallen trees lay piled around in barriers six to eight feet high; living trunks, dead trunks, rotten trunks; prostrate, reclining, propped up at every possible angle; trees of every size and every shape, entangled in every possible combination. Around these fallen trees grew thickets of prickly shrub, whose leaves and twigs are armed with sharp spines, strong enough to pierce a moccasin, and sharp enough to draw the blood from hand or arm. Through this country our travelers undertook to march.

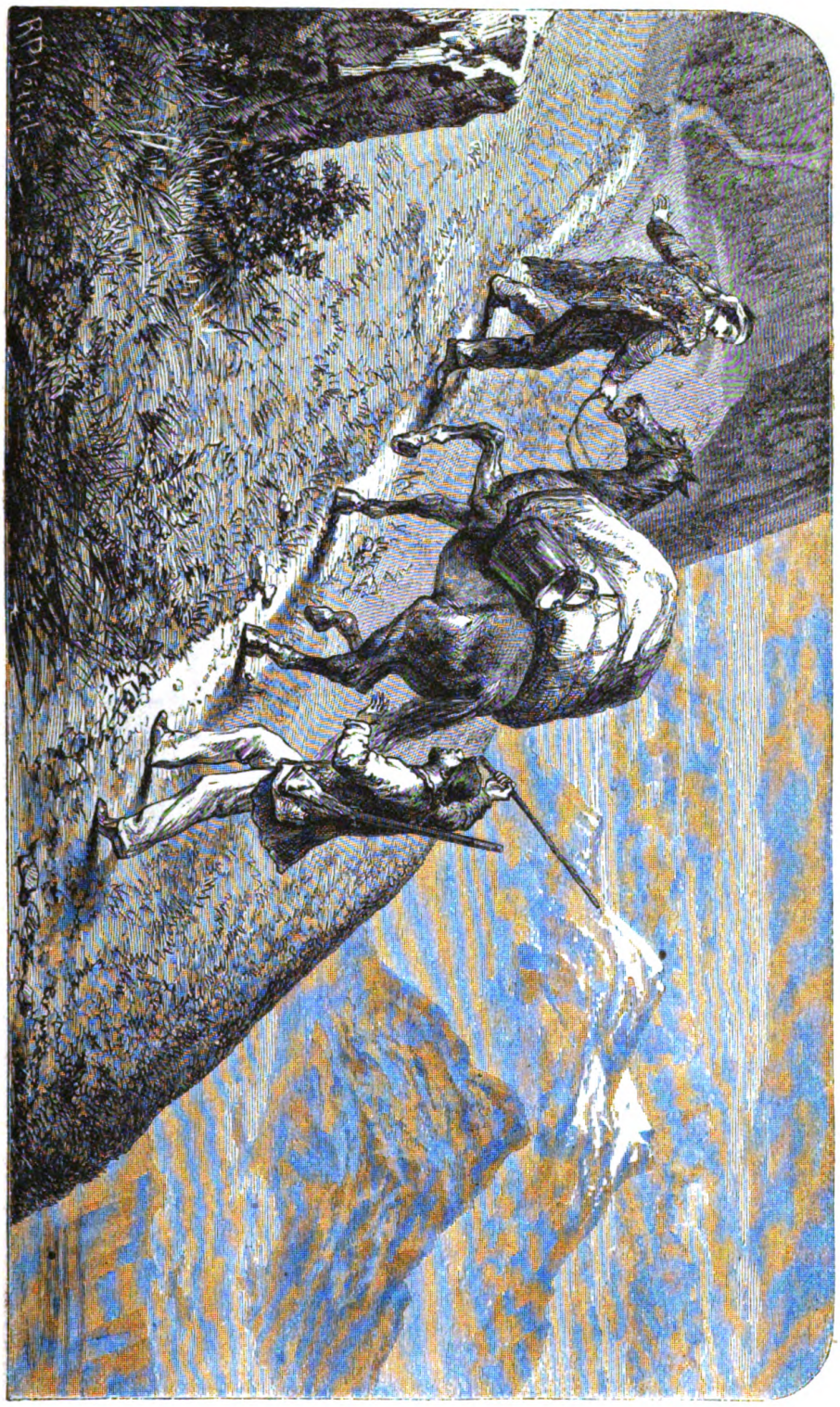
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CROSSING THE ATHABASCA RIVER, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The Assiniboine led the way, with the hatchet cutting a trail; the rest of the party followed leading the horses. In the course of a day or two the Indian was disabled by incessant contact with the thorns, and Dr. Cheadle took his place.. He too being disabled, the party were in a quandary. But the Indian woman, wiry and vigorous, volunteered to take her husband's place, and led the party with a steadiness and perseverance worthy of the stronger sex. So difficult was the country that they made but five to six miles a day; and on 7th August it was calculated that they were still 100 miles from Kamloops.

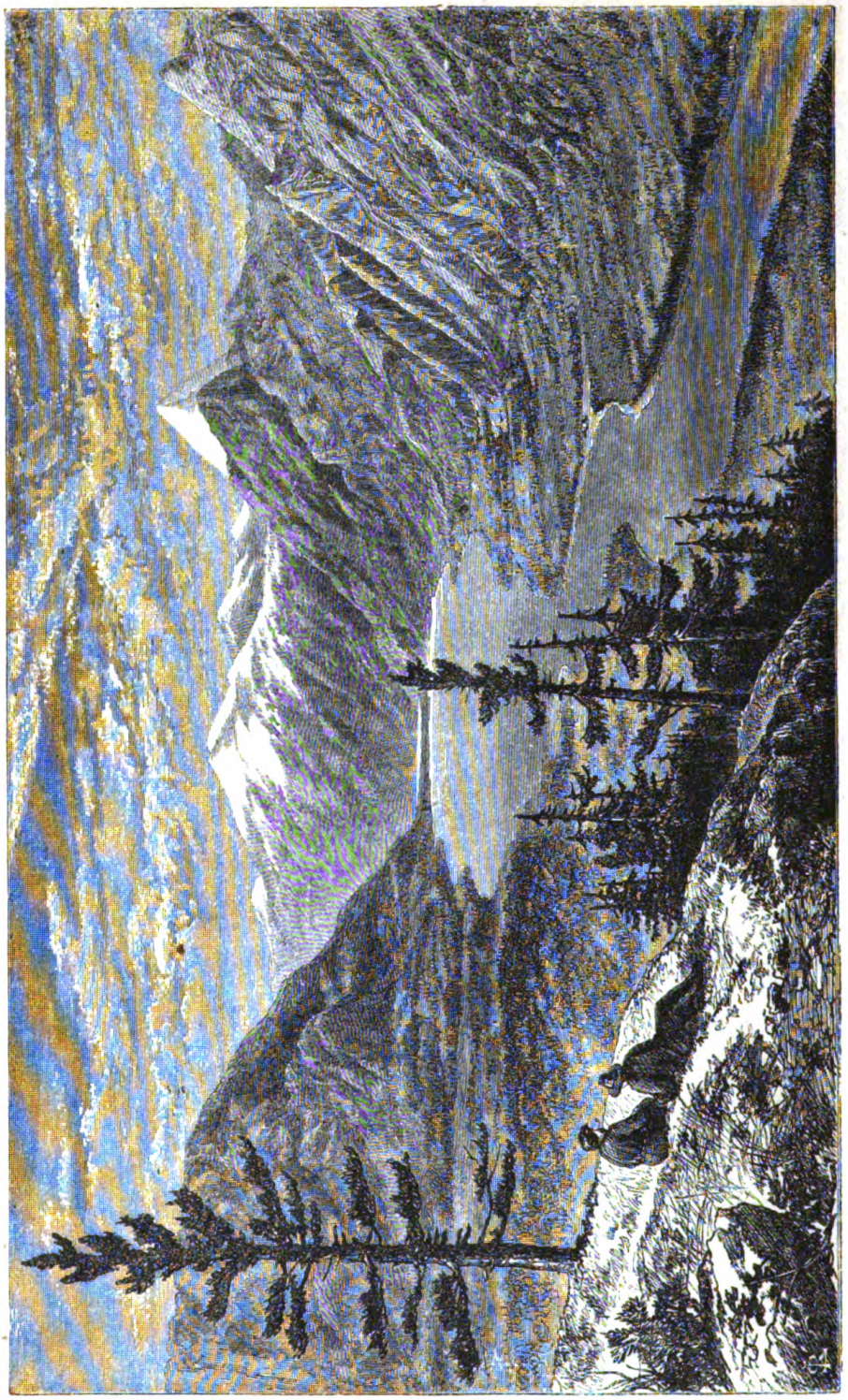
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GOING UP HILL.

They had put themselves on short rations, and lived exclusively on a sort of soup made of pemmican and flour, and strengthened by an occasional skunk or partridge shot by the way-side. The pemmican being nearly exhausted they killed a horse, dried his flesh—poor brute! there wasn't much of it—and doled it into the soup-kettle with a sparing hand. One evening, almost in despair, they resolved to send the Assiniboine out next morning on a voyage of discovery, to see if there might not be some settlement, or Indian camp, or open country within reach. He returned at evening bearing a marten, and saying:

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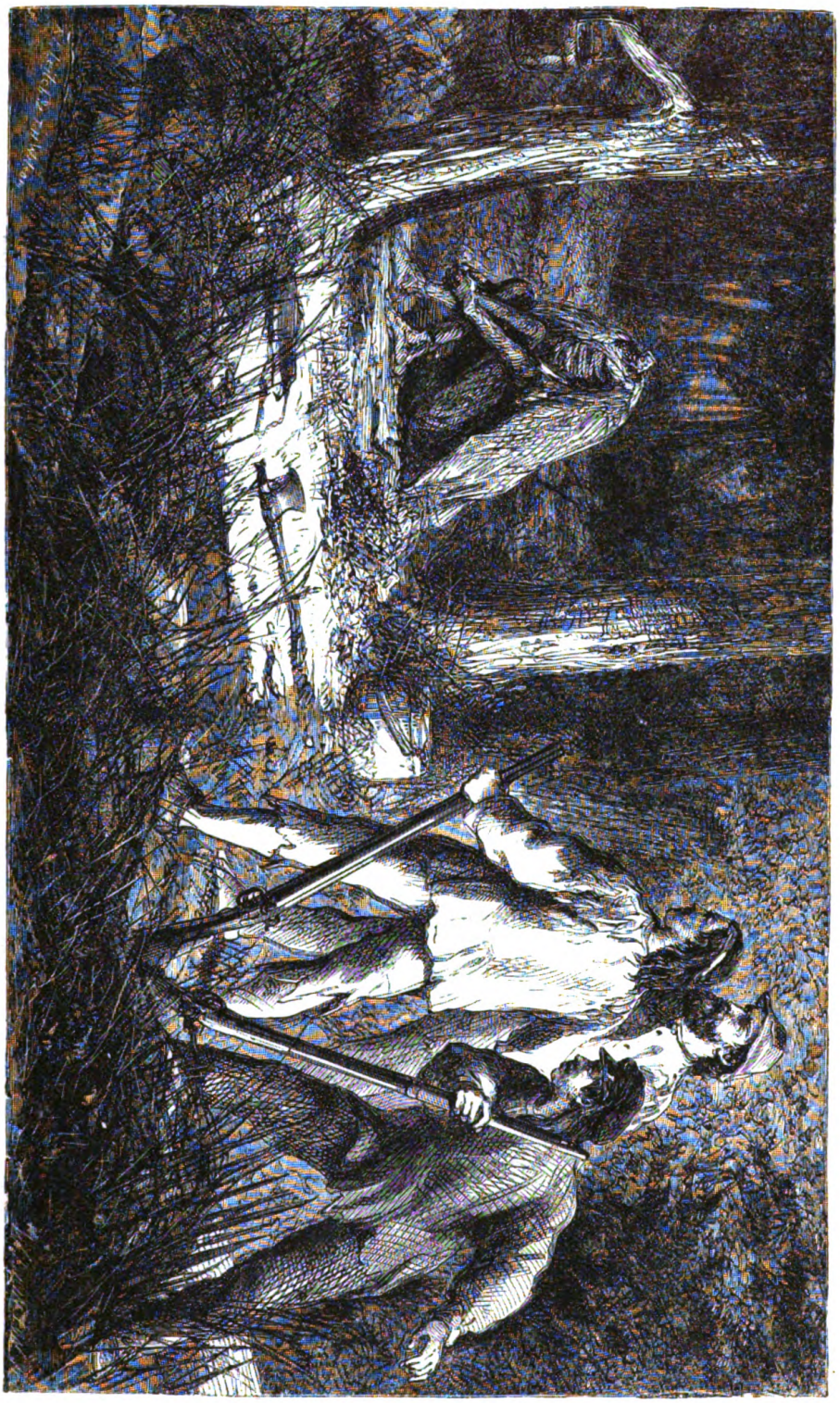


UPPER LAKE ON THE ATHABASCA.

"*J'ai trouvé ceci, et un mort*"—[I found this, and a dead man].

The dead man was soon visited by the party. He was in a sitting posture, with the legs crossed and the arms clasped over the knees, bending forward over the ashes of a miserable fire of pine sticks. The skin was stretched like parchment over the bony frame. The head was gone—whither and how none could tell. By the side of the corpse were an axe, flint and steel, tinder, fish-hooks and line, and a heap of bones bitten and crunched to the smallest pieces. The wretched creature had evidently died of starvation.

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THE HEADLESS INDIAN.

This was not encouraging. The chances were fair that the travelers would share the dead Indian's fate. Even the Assiniboine began to despair, and at a difficult ford actually sat down and declared he would go no further. But the Englishmen had more nerve, or more sense. Perish they might, but it would not be for want of trying to save themselves. Day after day, with empty stomachs and weak limbs, they toiled through the forest, comforting each other, and calculating, day by day and hour by hour, how much nearer they were getting to Kamloops.

At last, on 18th August, their ears were

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THE PARTY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

greeted by a strange sound—the caw of a crow. With one accord all shouted with joy and thankfulness. The crow meant open country at hand; and sure enough, on 22d, after three days more heavy labor among the fallen timber, the half-starved party emerged on a plain covered with grass, on which the emaciated cattle luxuriated. A trail, well marked and beaten, was soon found; the weather brightened up, and despair gave way to exuberant delight. They knew that they were not far now from civilization.

On the following day the travelers discovered a human footprint in the sand, and re-

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joiced over it as wildly as Robinson Crusoe was terrified by the same phenomenon. Next day Indians appeared, one of whom offered for sale potatoes, which our ravenous Englishmen devoured raw, being too hungry to wait to cook them. But it was not till five days afterward that the party caught sight of a civilized dwelling. Of their rush to reach it; of the supper of bacon and cabbage and cakes, washed down with vast bowls of tea; of the amazement with which the Indians and dwellers at the place watched the gastronomical performance of the wasted and ragged wanderers; of the stony sleep which followed under a sound roof—what traveler needs to be told?

Through what peril they had safely passed they hardly knew till they heard the sad story of five Canadians who had attempted the same journey the year previous. They were three brothers named Rennie, and two men named Helstone and Wright. Deeming it impossible to work their way through the woods, they had lashed two canoes together, and committed themselves to the mercies of the Fraser River. In a rapid their canoes were overturned, their provisions lost, and, while two of the Rennies succeeded in gaining the shore, the other three travelers were left on a rock in the stream. There they remained forty-eight hours, without food, and with the water freezing all round them. When they were taken off they were too badly frost-bitten to move. The two Rennies collected for them a stock of fire-wood, and leaving them nearly all their provisions started for help to Fort Kamloops, which they reckoned was six days distant. They little knew the delays of travel in these virgin forests. They were twenty-eight days, and nearly starved to death, when they reached the fort, and it was many weeks before a party of Indians, wandering through the wild in search of game, came upon the spot where the three Canadians had been left. They afterward reported that they saw not *three*, but *two* men, wild and savage, who were eating the legs of a dead man; and who, when the Indians approached, drew their revolvers and frightened them away. In the following spring the place was revisited. The bones of *two* men were found piled in a heap; one skull had been split open with an axe, and many of the other bones showed the mark of teeth. The body of the third man was found, stripped of clothing, in the neighborhood. He had evidently murdered and eaten his comrades, and in his turn had been killed by the Indians for the sake of his clothes and gun.

Kamloops presented no points of interest to travelers who had seen the Hudson's Bay Company's stations all the way from Red River; so after obtaining new clothing, and repairing the damage done by continued fasts, our travelers hastened down the country to Yale, New Westminster, the capital of the colony, and the sea. A few days were spent in a visit to the Fraser River diggings, and the gold-hunter was duly examined in his native purity—without, however, developing any characteristics which Californian story has not made familiar to us all.

Our authors* thus compare the British Colonies with California:

"British Columbia, rich beyond conception in many ways, is *not* an agricultural country. Vancouver Island, too, is merely a huge rock, in the hollows of which vegetable mould has collected. But this is often too shallow to be worked with the plow, and these fertile oases are generally of small extent—fit for gardens rather than farms.

"'In consequence, therefore, of the deficiency of the two colonies in this respect, their population is still supplied with provisions from California, and their gold goes into the pockets of Americans. California is probably the richest country in the world. Possessing every valuable mineral in inexhaustible abundance—except coal, which has not been yet found in any quantity—she has also a soil of extraordinary fertility. Her mountains are of gold and silver, and her valleys as the land of Goshen. Wheat grows so luxuriantly that "volunteer crops"—the produce of the second and even third year from the seed shaken out in the gathering of the previous harvest—spring up without the labor of man. Fruits of every kind—from the apples, pears, and grapes of temperate climes, to the pine-apples and bananas of the tropics—come to perfection within her limits. Oats grow wild on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada; and in the alluvial plains, besides the ordinary cereals, flourish maize, tobacco, and cotton.

"It is far otherwise with British Columbia. She probably equals California in mineral wealth, but, being as it were a mere continuation of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, a sea of hills, a land of mountains and forests, or shingly swells and terraces covered with bunch-grass, the farmer looks in vain for rich alluvial valleys."

These travelers—men competent to judge, and decidedly British in their prejudices—confirm an impression previously entertained by many in this country, that the northern limit of productive country on the Pacific shore lies south of the Boundary Line. Oregon and Washington will have to feed all the miners on Fraser's River.

* *The Northwest Passage by Land;* being the Narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific, undertaken with the view of Exploring a Route across the Continent to British Columbia through British Territory, by one of the Northern Passes in the Rocky Mountains. By Viscount MILTON, F.R.G.S., F.G.S., etc., and W. B. CHEADLE, M.A., M.D. Cantab., F.R.G.S. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. In press by Harper and Brothers.

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A SPOT REVISITED.

THOU hast not fallen to decay,
O ever-buoyant Nature!
The streams have kept their wonted way,
The trees their olden stature.
The same sweet-singing waterfall
Through the green valley leaping,
The same calm sunshine over all
In benediction sleeping.

For Nature keeps her olden course
As something fixed and holy;
Her streams, with all their ceaseless force,
Wear their new channels slowly.
While in the rock she cuts one groove
For passage of a river,
Our life slips down the whole remove
From Time to the Forever.

The acorn cone she hides in earth
Long dews and suns must cherish;
And all her things of highest worth
Grow slowly, slowly perish.
Only this human life of ours,
So full of wondrous promise,
Dies quickly as the summer flowers
That evening taketh from us.

And *I* am changed since when I stood
In this eternal shadow,
And saw beneath me field and wood,
The river and the meadow.
Not all the same I come to thee,
Dear spot by memory haunted;
Unchanged in this, that still to me
Thou art a land enchanted.

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THE WITNESS WHO CAUSED AMUSEMENT IN COURT.

MORE "WITNESSES."

IN discoursing concerning witnesses in a recent Number of this Magazine, the theory was broached, that the givers of evidence in the courts of justice were so far like true poets as that they are born, not made. *Testis nascitur, non fit.*

The first person who steps into the box on the present occasion is a remarkable example in point. He is "the witness who causes considerable amusement in court." Some persons may be disposed to find fault with the reporter for his uniform adherence to the use of the word "considerable." Why not "much," or "great?" No; the reporter is right. Other persons might cause "much," or "great," or "little" amusement; but "considerable" is the exact measure of this person's power of exciting risibility combined with perplexity and wonder. He does not do it intentionally; he does not know that he is doing it, and his fun is of a very dubious kind. Therefore the amazement which it causes is "considerable." Some laugh at him, others think him a fool; and the counsel who is cross-examining him is probably a little out of temper. This witness is not a complete success one way or another. He is neither a triumph to his own party, nor a defeat to the opposite side. All that he does in a definite way is to "cause considerable amusement in court."

The odd, unique, and almost paradoxical thing about this witness is that he never causes amusement in any degree, considerable or otherwise, any where else. At home he is simply lumpy and stupid; abroad in the world, he is a heavy impediment in every body's way. He is a very unlikely flint indeed, and no one thinks of attempting to strike fire out of him. He is about as likely a medium for that purpose as a slice of Dutch cheese. It is only when you pen him in a witness-box, and strike him stupid with your legal eye, in presence of judge and jury, that you can make him yield any thing that is at all calculated to afford either amusement or instruction.

He produces his considerable amusement (not with any design on his part, however) by means well known to the two end men in a band of nigger serenaders.

Counsel screwing his glass in his eye, and putting on his most searching expression, says:

"Now, Sir; on your oath, did you not know that the deceased had made a will?" The witness hesitates, and looks idiotic.

"Answer me, Sir," roars the counsel, "and remember you are on your oath. Did you not know that the deceased had made a will?"

The witness answers at last, "Well, Sir, I was;" which "causes considerable amusement in court," and greatly provokes the examining counsel.

"Now, Sir, since I have been able to screw so much out of you, perhaps you will answer me this question: 'What did the deceased die of?'"

The witness does not appear to understand.

"What did the deceased die of?" the counsel repeats.

"He died of a Tuesday, Sir," says the witness, with the utmost gravity. And of course the audience go into convulsions, and the crier has to restore order in court.

This witness is never of the slightest service in elucidating a case, and counsel are generally glad to get rid of him, except when the proceedings are getting flat and want enlivening. Some counsel like a butt of this kind to shoot the arrows of their wit at; just as wanton street-boys like to tease and make sport of an idiot.



THE "MEDICAL STUDENT."

The next witness who steps into the box is a charge sheet in himself, so expressive is he in every feature, and in his whole style, of a tipsy row in the Bowery, with beating of the police, and attempts to rescue from custody. It is quite unnecessary for the active

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and intelligent officer to enter into details. We see the case at a glance. Mr. Slapbang has been making free. He has visited a music hall or two, where he has joined in the chorus; he has danced at a casino; he has partaken of deviled kidneys at a night supper-room; and visiting all these places in a jovial and reckless humor, he has disregarded that wholesome convivial maxim which says that you should never mix your liquors. Mr. Slapbang *has* mixed his liquors, the consequence being a disposition to beat his stick against lamp-posts, to wake the midnight echoes with "lul-li-e-ty," and to show his independence by resisting the authority of the police, and perhaps offering them that most unpardonable of all insults, known to the force—"*voi*lence."

When Mr. Slapbang appears in the dock he makes a great effort, conscious of the presence of his *friends*, to keep his courage up. The gloss and glory of his attire have been somewhat dimmed by a night's durance in the cells; but what he has lost in this respect he endeavors to make up for by a jaunty devil-may-care manner. He says he was "fresh," or "sprung," and "didn't know what he was doing," with quite a grand air, as if it were a high privilege of his order to get drunk and resist the police. His manner almost implies that it is quite a condescension on his part to come there and allow the magistrate to have any thing to say in the matter. There is not such a very great difference between the conduct of this gentlemanly offender and that of the hardened criminal who throws his shoe at the judge, or declares, when sentence is pronounced, that he "could do that little lot on his head." Mr. Slapbang throws insolent glances at the bench, and when he is fined, instantly brings out a handful of money with an air that says plainly —"Fine away; make it double if you like: it's nothing to me." When Mr. Slapbang "leaves the court with his friends," he is the centre of a sort of triumphal procession: you would not think that he had been subjugated to the authority of the law, but rather that he had triumphed over it. His "friends" are very like himself. In most cases they are the companions of his revelry, who have been more fortunate than Mr. Slapbang in eluding the clutches of the police. When Mr. Slapbang leaves the court with his friends, he usually proceeds direct to the first public house, where the company sarcastically drink to the jolly good health of the "M. P." In the police reports next morning he is described as "A young gentleman, a medical student, who paid the fine, and immediately left the court with his friends."

The witness who insists that black is white is one of those self-conceited persons, who, when they once say a thing, stick to it at all hazards. He has no intention of being dishonest, or of saying that which is not true; but he has a great idea of his own infallibility, and a nervous dread of being thought the weak-minded person that he really is. He is



THE WITNESS WHO SWEARS THAT BLACK IS WHITE.

the sort of person who likes to be an authority in a public-house parlor; who can not bear to be contradicted, and who will not allow any authority to overweigh his own. I have heard him in the pride of his knowledge—for he pretends to know every thing—and in the fullness of his conceit, make a bet that "between you and I" is correct, and refuse to be convinced of his error, even when the decision has been given against him by a referee of his own choosing.

This witness always enters the box with the fond idea that he will prove "too much" for the counsel, but in the end it generally happens that counsel prove too much for him. Conceit is like pride—liable to have a fall; but, unlike pride, it does not always feel the smart. It has a thick skin.



THE ASTONISHED AND INDIGNANT WITNESS.

The witness who expresses astonishment and indignation at the doubts which counsel throw upon his accuracy and veracity is a variety of the same type. He is also conceited, but he has, at the same time, an inordinate idea of his own importance. He is a man who studies

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appearances, and "makes up" for the character which he delights to enact through life. He loves to be grumpy and testy, and in his own sphere he is a sort of Scotch thistle who allows no one to meddle with him with impunity. Naturally when an audacious hand, gloved with the protection of the law, rudely seizes hold of him, and blunts the point of his bristles, he doesn't like it. He is an easy prey to counsel, as every witness is who stands upon his dignity or importance, and gets upset from that high pedestal.

The young lady whose affections the defendant has trifled with and blighted is generally of the order of female known as "interesting." And when she is interesting she always gains the day. A judge recently stated—almost complained—that there is no getting juries to find a young and interesting female guilty of any thing—even when guilt is brought home to her without the possibility of a doubt. Counsel know this well, and, I am told, always instruct a young and interesting female how to comport herself so as to make an impression upon the jury.

The stage directions, I believe, are something like this. "Enter the box (or the dock, as the case may be) with your veil down. This gives me occasion to tell you to raise your veil and show your face to the jury. When you do this burst into tears and use your white cambric pocket-handkerchief. Then let the jury see your pretty eyes red with weeping, and your damask cheek blanched with anguish and coursed with bitter tears. When you are hard pressed by the opposing counsel begin to sob, and grasp the rail as if for support. You will then be accommodated with a scent-bottle and a chair; and the jury will think the cross-examining counsel a brute, and you an injured angel."

Observance of these directions by a young and interesting female never fails. She will get clear off, even if she have murdered her grandmother.

In a simple case of blighted affection there is no need to take so much trouble. Only let the lady be well dressed, and look pretty, and it is obvious at once (to the jury) that the defendant is not only heartless and cruel in the last degree, but utterly insensible to the charms of youth and innocence. Yet in nine cases out of ten this interesting female who weeps and sobs, and uses her smelling-bottle, is an artful schemer. Look at the gentleman who trifled with her affections. Is that the sort of person to kindle in any female breast the devouring flame of love? Is he the sort of person to love any one but himself, or to cherish any thing but his whiskers. He is a trifler, it is true, but he has not trifled with that interesting and artful female's heart, because she has no heart to trifle with. She might sue him for wasting her time, but not for breaking her heart.



YOUNG LADY WHOSE AFFECTIONS HAVE BEEN TRIFLED WITH.



THE GENTLEMAN WHO TRIFLED WITH THEM.

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THE HOLIDAYS.

I.—CHRISTMAS TO NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

ALFRED, the wisest and best of English kings, who first reigned over all England, and who truly deserved the title of "Great," with a view to the welfare and happiness of his subjects, established a decree that thenceforth the holidays should begin with Christmas and end with Twelfth-Night, or the Epiphany. Although the laws of King Alfred were not as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, his decree has remained operative longer than any of theirs; for even at the present time, when nearly ten centuries have glided by, thousands regard the twelve days included within the prescribed limits as *par excellence* THE HOLIDAYS. Habit, which soon establishes its authority, and exerts a strong influence over the ways of man in every nation, has doubtless rendered the posterity of King Alfred ready to "honor" the custom of the Saxon Monarch "in the observance;" and who have thus become "to the manner born." It was a right good decree, however, of King Alfred, one well worthy to be honored among the noble laws which will be ever dear to Merrie England.

In viewing the holidays and their associations the first day which naturally attracts our attention is Christmas. If it be true, as remarked by Cicero, that "the days of our preservation are not less illustrious than the days of our birth," with what unfeigned joy and gratitude should not the inhabitants of a Christian land hail the anniversary of the Nativity, the Birthday of the great Redeemer who came to

> Restore us and regain the blissful seat!

When the foundations of the earth were laid the "morning stars sang together," and when the Saviour Christ was born the host of heaven joined in "angelic symphony." Christmas is a day in which all have a share, in which all can rejoice. Yet the emotions which it excites are peculiar. Surrounded by nothing that is attractive in nature, when

> No mark of vegetable life is seen,
> Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,

it comes in the "Wintermonath"—a dreary month—of all the months the gloomiest of the year. There is, however, a joy within, inspired by the thoughts and associations to which the season gives birth, that triumphs over external nature, and often brings a ray of gladness even to those whose hearts are weary. Yes, on this festival we would all join in saying with honest George Wither:

> Without the door let sorrow lie;
> And if for cold it hap to die,
> We'll bury't in Christmas pie,
> And evermore be merry.

Reader, you have heard of the Magi,* those wise men of the East, who, nightly watching the courses of the stars through an atmosphere so pure that the little moons of Jupiter are visible to the unassisted eye, gather imaginary knowledge from the heavens, and calculate the horoscopes of men. Three of these sages—known in legendary lore as Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar—warned by the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, which occurred upon the 20th of May, in the year of the world 4004,* and no doubt otherwise divinely instructed, left their distant homes to seek him who should be born King of the Jews, whose star they had seen in the East. They traveled toward the Holy City, and on their way, during the 27th of October, witnessed again the conjunction of the great planets. Reaching Jerusalem probably some time in November, they asked: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" It is worthy of note that the Magi did not inquire after the King of *Israel*—the theocratic name which our Saviour was afterward challenged to prove his right to by coming down from the cross—but after the King of the *Jews*, thereby showing that they were Gentiles and ignorant of Israel.

Herod the Great, who then reigned over Judea, being a usurper, was naturally alarmed at the question of the Magi: "Where is he who is *born* King of the Jews?" He immediately investigated the matter, and, in order that he might the more readily effect the destruction of the child, pretended to take a deep interest in the approaching monarch, and even expressed a desire to join in worshiping him. The Magi having ascertained that Bethlehem —"The House of Bread"—was the City of David where Christ, the "Bread which cometh down from heaven," should be born, resumed their journey. On the 12th of November a third conjunction of the two great planets occurred, and as no conjunction in the science of astrology is of deeper import, they were confirmed in their previous convictions of the dignity and honor which must attach to the child whose house of life was thus singularly distinguished. They had seen his star in the East, and like Pharaoh's dream, a vision of it had been doubled to them by the way.

On the 25th of December† the Saviour, "which is Christ the Lord," was born into the world. His mother while at Bethlehem was enrolled, and the record of her enrollment, as preserved in the Roman archives—"*Mary of whom Christ was born*"—has fortunately been handed down to us by Tertullian.

The exact time of the arrival of the Magi at Bethlehem is unknown. In all probability it

* See ALFORD'S *Greek Testament* and TRENCH'S *Wise Men*. We are indebted to them and Mrs. Jameson for most of our information in regard to the Magi.

* This is the vulgar date. The true date, according to the latest chronological investigation, was A.M. 3098.

† After an exhaustive investigation Dr. Jarvis has proven that the Nativity took place on the 25th of December, A.M. 3098. We may say, therefore, in the words of the old carol:

> God rest you, merry gentlemen!
> Let nothing you dismay;
> Remember Christ our Saviour
> Was *born* on Christmas-day.

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took place shortly after the 25th of December. As soon as they reached the abode of Joseph and Mary they announced the object of their journey; and adoring the "heaven-born child" after the manner of the East, they presented their threefold offerings: *gold*, in homage to His Majesty as King; *myrrh*, as an anointing of Him who was appointed to die; *frankincense*, as an odor of sweet savor. We are indebted to tradition for this interpretation of the gifts of the Wise Men; it may be fanciful, but it is not the less beautiful, and certainly contains some truth. Their office performed and their duty discharged, the Magi returned to their distant homes, and thus escaped the snare which Herod had laid.

Who these Magi were is a question which has always excited a great deal of interest. "The most probable opinion is," says Doctor Jarvis, "that they were Persian priests, of the religion of Zoroaster, who combined with their worship the knowledge of medical botany and astronomy. Why they were chosen, among all the Gentiles, to have the first knowledge of the new-born Messiah, and how they came to connect his birth with that extraordinary appearance in the heavens, are questions which can not be fully solved. The prophecy of Balaam (Numbers, xxiv. 17), "There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel," may have been widely known in the East, and from age to age perpetuated. It bears an obvious relation to the prophecy, ascribed to Zoroaster by the Persians, concerning *Oshanderbegha*, or the MAN OF THE WORLD, who should be born of a virgin; should cause the law of his Father to be received; and should confirm it by his miracles and the eloquence of his preaching. Another, but a Christian historian of the East, the celebrated Abulpharagi, relates that Zoroaster taught the Persians concerning the manifestation of Christ, and ordered them to bring gifts to him in token of their reverence and submission. He declared that in the latter days a pure virgin would conceive, and that as soon as the child was born a star would appear above the splendor of day. "*You, my sons, will perceive its rising before all other nations.* When, therefore, you shall see the star, go whithersoever it shall direct you. Adore that child, offering him your gifts. He is the Word which created the heavens."

Whatever may be thought of these prophecies, which possibly come down to us through a distorting medium, it is certain, from the representations of Suetonius, and Tacitus, and the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil, that a very surprising and general expectation prevailed among the heathen of a great benefactor of the human race who was then to be made manifest.

Tradition informs us that the Magi passed the residue of their lives in India, where they were baptized, at an advanced age, by St. Thomas, the apostle of the far East. The same authority likewise tells us that their bones were removed to Milan by the Empress Helena, whence they were transferred by Barbarossa to Cologne, and enshrined in gold. In Germany they were long honored and distinguished as "The Three Kings of Cologne;" and during the Dark Ages pilgrimages were constantly made to their tombs, which were held in equal estimation with those of the saints.

We have alluded to the threefold conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn which synchronized with the then approaching birth of Christ, and the journey of the Wise Men from the East. The latter had "seen his star in the East." The coincidence is singular, especially as the Magi were both astrologists and astronomers, and must therefore have been cognizant of whatever portents appeared in the heavens, and certainly would have been influenced by them. We do not mean, however, to affirm that a supernatural star did not exhibit itself at that time. Our Lord's birth was miraculous, and may well have been attended by miraculous signs. We simply state the facts as curious and interesting.

Immediately in connection with the birth of Christ occurred another sign too wonderful to be forgotten—the manifestation to the shepherds of the "heavenly host" heralding the advent of the Saviour. As St. Matthew, alone of the Evangelists, has recorded the visit of the Magi, so St. Luke is the only one who gives an account of that extraordinary scene "by night" on the hills of Judea. The story is too familiar to need repetition. Milton has included it in his sublime "Ode on the Nativity"—the stately preluding of the Paradise.

In the early days of the Church the Nativity was not observed as a regular festival. According to Origen the great yearly festivals celebrated at that time were the Passover or Easter, and Pentecost or Whitsuntide. "The fundamental notion of the whole Christian life, which," says Neander, "referred every thing to the suffering, the resurrection, and the glorification of Christ," may, in some degree, furnish an explanation of this. We can not think, however, that the primitive Christians, who were so prompt to commemorate the weekly recurrence of the day on which the Lord arose by a festival, which, analogously observed, entirely supplanted the Sabbath, were indifferent to the Birthday of the Lord. Indeed Neander admits that we do "find one trace of Christmas as a festival. Its history is intimately connected with the history of a kindred festival: the festival of the *Manifestation of Jesus* in his character of Messiah, his consecration to the office of Messiah by the baptism of John, and the beginning of his public ministry, as the Messiah, which was afterward called the Feast of the Epiphany. We find in later times that these festivals extended themselves in opposite directions—that of Christmas spreading from the west to east, and that of the Epiphany from east to west."

Mrs. Howitt informs us that the first church-

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man who makes any mention of Christmas is Theophilus, Bishop of Antioch, who refers to it in a paschal letter written about A.D. 170. A regular observance, however, of the day did not obtain among Christians until the fourth century. Yet the early Church could not have been, and, as we have shown, was not, regardless of a day so intimately connected with its life. Among the eastern Christians it first received the appellation of the *Epiphany*, or "Manifestation of Light;" the true Light having on that day been born into the world. Afterward the latter name was transferred to Twelfth-Night.

As soon as Christmas was fully recognized in the Church as one of its leading festivals the celebration of it rapidly spread. The influence of the Church and its own natural claims secured for it the affections of all of every degree. It became the "gentle and joyeuse day." In the north of Europe reminiscences of old ceremonies are still found, and even make part of the customs of the present day; while the Yule-tide legends have lost none of their attractions. Doubtless the Christmas-trees of Germany, now grown too familiar to need description, have been handed down through many generations.

The Anglo-Saxons began the year with Christmas, or "Yule," as they called it, and ushered in the day by burning on Christmas-eve, or "Mother Night," the Yule-log and candles. The log was selected with much care, and a procession having been formed, it was drawn from its place, generally in some wood, and placed in the capacious chimney, where it was duly burned. At the same time candles, often of great size, were lighted. The whole ceremony was supposed to typify the "Manifestation of Light." There is a primitive character, however, about it which clearly indicates that it is the relic of some Druid rite. Herrick thus refers to the custom in his "Hesperides:"

Come bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free
And drink to your heart's desiring.

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending
On your psalteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is teending.*

The advent of Christmas was joyfully hailed by the *Waites*—bands of persons who paraded the streets at midnight, playing upon instruments of music and chanting hymns and carols. "The practice of singing canticles or carols in the vulgar tongue on Christmas-eve, and thence called *noels* in France, had its origin," Dr. Burney tells us, "about the time that the common people ceased to understand Latin. The word 'noel' is derived from *natalis*, and signified originally a cry of joy at Christmas." There was of course a great variety of these carols, and some of them were singular enough.

In the churches the *Angelic Chorus* and the *Gloria in Excelsis* were doubtless always chanted. One of the hymns of the Waites, Mr. Howitt says, the modern "Methodists have adopted for their early morning service:"

Christians awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born.

A variety of modes of celebrating Christmas may be traced in different parts of England. Some customs, however, seem to have been nearly universal, especially the one of ornamenting the churches and houses with evergreens and bright berries. Ivy, holly, and laurel were generally employed to adorn the churches, while the mistletoe, having been esteemed sacred by the Druids, was confined, except at York, to the houses. The game in which the mistletoe formed a particular feature was among the most amusing and exciting of the Christmas festivities, and is still in vogue in the rural parts of England. We copy the following lines from Hone:

THE MISTLETOE.

Stout emblem of returning peace,
The heart's full gush, and love's release;
Spirits in human fondness flow,
And greet the pearly *Mistletoe*.

Many a maiden's cheek is red
By lips and laughter thither led;
And flutt'ring bosoms come and go
Under the Druid *Mistletoe*.

Dear is the memory of a theft
When love and youth and joy are left;
The passion's blush, the roses glow,
Accept the Cupid *Mistletoe*.

Oh! happy, tricksome time of mirth,
Giv'n to the stars of sky and earth!
May all the best of feeling know,
The custom of the *Mistletoe!*

Spread out the laurel and the bay,
For chimney-piece and window gay:
Scour the brass gear—a shining row,
And Holly place with *Mistletoe*.

Married and single, proud and free,
Yield to the season, trim with glee,
Time will not stay—he cheats us, so—
A kiss?—'tis gone!—*the Mistletoe*.

We must not forget to mention the furmenty—made of spiced milk and barley—the Yule-gifts, the Yule-cakes, the wassailing, and the mumming, which formed part of the Christmas gambols, and added so much to the general merriment. Some of these ancient customs may still be seen in different parts of England.

"In Yorkshire, Staffordshire, Cornwall, and Devon," says Mr. Howitt, "the old spirit of Christmas seems to be kept up more earnestly than in most other counties. In Cornwall they still exhibit the old dance of St. George and the Dragon. A young friend of ours happening to be at Calden-Low, in the Staffordshire hills, at Christmas, in came the band of bedizened actors, and performed the whole an-

* *Teend*, obsolete, "to light" or "to burn."

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cient drama, personating St. George, the King of Egypt, the fair Sabra (the King's daughter), the Doctor, and other characters, with great energy and in rude verse. In Devon they still bless the orchards of Christmas-eve, according to the old verses:

Wassail the trees, that they may beare
You many a plum, and many a peare:
For more or less fruits they will bring
As you do give them wassailing.

In some places they walk in procession to the principal orchards in the parish. In each orchard one tree is selected as the representative of the rest, and is saluted with a certain form of words. They then sprinkle the tree with cider, or dash a bowl of cider against it. In other places only the farmer and his servants assemble on the occasion, and after immersing cakes in cider hang them on the apple-trees. They then sprinkle the trees with cider, pronounce their incantation, and then go home to feast."

George Wither, who lived in the seventeenth century, very pleasantly describes the manner in which Christmas was observed in his time. We give a part of the poem:

CHRISTMAS.

So now is come our joyful'st feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked-meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labor;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor.
Young men and maids, and girls and boys
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.....

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errants;
And if they hap to fall of these,
They plague them with their warrants:
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer;
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.....

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased,
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.....

Then wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller:
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring
Woods and hills and every thing
Bear witness we are merry.

Sir Walter Scott has also in "Marmion" given a fine picture of Christmas. The passage is too familiar to most readers to be reproduced here. It begins:

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved, when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night:
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung;
That only night of all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassals, tenants, serf, and all.

And closes:

England was merry England then—
Old Christmas brought his sports again;
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

We have already alluded to the chanting of the "Waites" on Christmas-eve. The caroling, however, was not confined to the eve or morn of Christmas, but sometimes lasted for a number of days. In connection with this custom Mr. Howitt recalls to the minds of his readers the quaint old carol, which was sung by bands of little children at Christmas, and which brings fairly before us the paintings of the old masters, where Joseph is always represented as so old a man, and Mary sits in the "oxen's stall" with her crown on her head.

Joseph was an old man, and an old man was he,
And he married Mary, the Queen of Galilee.

It goes on to describe how they went into the garden, and Queen Mary asked Joseph to gather her some cherries, on which he turned very crabbed, made Mary weep, and then all the cherry-trees made their obeisance,

And bowed down to Mary's knee—
And she gathered cherries by one, two, and three.

These are in the spirit of the legend which relates that Jesus, when a boy, was playing with other boys, when they made sparrows of clay, and he made a sparrow too; but his sparrow became instantly alive and flew away.

Simple were the times when such rude rhymes as these were framed, to be sung before the doors and by the blazing Yule-logs of gentle and simple. They are not calculated to stand the test of these days—the schoolmaster will root them all out; but it is to be hoped that he will leave untouched the cordial spirit of piety and affection so fitted to make happy this desolate period of the year.

The pens of Irving and of Dickens have made our readers familiar with the English

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Christmas in all its features. They have illustrated it from the holly and the mistletoe to the brown October and the hearty cheer. What have they left unsaid, or what have they touched which they have not adorned? To add to their descriptions would be

> ——with taper light
> To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish.

So fascinating are their accounts of the holiday life of old England that no one can read them without feeling that a corresponding chord has been touched in his own breast, and wishing that he might share in such glorious scenes of jollity and happiness. It is a feeling to be indulged—

> Mirth is the medicine of life,
> It cures its ills, it calms its strife,
> It softly smooths the brow of care
> And writes a thousand graces there.

It is a feeling to be cherished; it springs from the genial nature of man, and tells of a common humanity—a humanity which, though it has been defiled by the "trail of the serpent," has yet been redeemed by a common Saviour.

> Hark! the herald angels sing
> Glory to the new-born King,
> Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
> God and sinners reconciled.

The American Christmas is a modification of the English. Puritanism long resisted its observance, but a better influence has at last triumphed. "The festival is very generally remembered now in this country," writes Miss Cooper, "though more as a social than a religious holiday, by all those who are opposed to such observances on principle. In large towns it is almost universally kept. In the villages, however, but few shops are closed, and only one or two of the half-dozen places of worship are opened for service. Still every body recollects that it is Christmas; presents are made in families; the children go from house to house wishing Merry Christmas; and probably few who call themselves Christians allow the day to pass without giving a thought to the sacred event it commemorates as they wish their friends a Merry Christmas."

There is only one sport in which the people engage on Christmas which can be called peculiarly American. We refer to turkey-shooting; but as that is pursued upon other days it can hardly be regarded as a Christmas sport. We need not describe it. As an amusement it is cruel and unworthy of Christian men. Would that they who indulge in it could read the "Hart Leap Well," that they might learn

> Never to blend their pleasure or their pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

On Christmas-day at least the thought of the poet should find an echo in every heart.

"Our ancestry," Gouverneur Morris writes, "may be traced to four nations—the Dutch, the British, the French, and the Germans. We are, if I may be allowed to say so, born cosmopolite." Hence, as might be expected, we have inherited various customs. This is quite apparent on Christmas. Thus the descendants of the Mynheers pay due honor to St. Nicholas or Santa Claus; the English adorn their houses with evergreens; the French attend mass and chant *noels;* the Germans deck their Christmas-trees as of old in *Vaterland;* and all are right merry, for it is "Merry Christmas to all."

We will not enlarge upon any of the modes in which Christmas is kept in our own country, for they are too well known to need comment. The influence of the Church has made the day familiar; and the sweet sound of the choral song annually announces the return of the Nativity to gladden the hearts and charm the ears of thousands.

"Merry Christmas!" exclaims Miss Cooper, "Merry Christmas, indeed! Every beautiful festival we hold in religious reverence is connected with this greater festival; they all, laden with graces and blessings, follow in the train of this holy day. Ay, it is the rising of the Sun of Righteousness on Christmas morn, which has ever softened the Jewish Sabbath, and given us, with every successive week, the milder, purer light of the Lord's Day. What better joy have we, indeed, from the first to the last hour of every passing year of life, which does not flow from the event we this day bear in fervent, thankful remembrance? Every mercy of the past dates from the advent we joyfully celebrate to-day. Every hope for the future looks to the same great mystery. Every prayer offered to Heaven becomes an acceptable prayer only through faith in the same ineffable Name. Every exalted anticipation of final release from sin and sorrow, of attainment to the unspeakable joys of purity and wisdom, obedience, and peace, is utterly groundless, save as it is connected with the Nativity, hymned this day by the Christian Church Catholic."

Apart from the feelings which the sacred relations of the festival awaken, and the religious duties which it involves, Christmas is a day peculiarly connected with the associations, the pleasures, and the obligations of social and domestic life. It is a day when every plant of bitterness, which sin may have sown and selfishness may have fostered, should be carefully rooted out, that there may be "peace on earth and good will among men." It is a day when the "peace-makers" may realize that they are "blessed" indeed. It is a day that should be enlivened by the free and hearty interchange of the best feelings of family and friends. It is a time to enlarge the heart by a gentle sympathy with the sorrowful, and to extend the hand of gratulation to those whom God hath gladdened—"to weep with them that weep, and to rejoice with them that rejoice." It is a time, too, to remember the poor.

Christmas comes to all, but it comes not to all alike. The contrast between reality and what it should be often renders the day one of sadness rather than of mirth. It is true that

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all have an interest in the common joy—that all who will can "joy in the God of their salvation;" yet Christmas seems to call for something more—something which will satisfy the human want which makes itself imperatively felt on a day in which all the world appears to exclaim—

"Bear witness we are merry!"

Alas! some have no homes to be merry in; some have no relatives to greet them; some have neither homes nor friends; and many are chilled by the cold hand of poverty. But a warm heart, a gentle look, a kind word, and an open hand will do much to alleviate, to cheer even those whose lot has fallen in the shadow. Christmas is a day, therefore, to develop sympathy; a day, by its genial character, to draw out man's better nature, and to give warmth and coloring to life. Yes, though the wind be cold, the white mantle of winter enshroud the earth, and the gray sky look sad, a right good day is Christmas, merry Christmas! "Oh speak good of the Lord" for "this joyous period of the year!"

Any notice of Christmas would be quite imperfect without some account of the manner in which the Church celebrates the Birthday of her Lord. The following beautiful description is by Bishop Coxe. It would be vain to attempt to add to it:

"It is a good custom to divide the solemnities of this glorious feast, when it can be done conveniently, so as to have Morning Prayer at sunrise; the Holy Communion, with sermon, at ten or eleven o'clock; and the Evening Prayer at sunset. In treating of the solemnities of the day we shall suppose such to be their arrangement.

"How beautifully breaks the morning sun on the snowy landscape, enlivening the cold air and dispelling the darkness! so shines forth the Sun of Righteousness upon the winter of man's ruined estate, and gives light to his eyes and gladness to his heart. Well may Christians salute each other with congratulations, and by acts of kindness and tenderness to the poor proclaim the universal brotherhood of mankind in Jesus Christ.

"The proper psalms for the morning illustrate the spirit of the feast in strains of rapture and adoration, indited by the Spirit, and descriptive of the only begotten Son of the Father. His Gospel 'goes forth into all lands,' and 'there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.' To Him, in the 45th Psalm, the Father addresses the salutation: 'Thou art fairer than the children of men.....Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty! .....Good luck have thou with thine honor..... Thy seat, O God, endureth forever.' In this connection, too, the Church is introduced as the bride of Christ, coming before Him in her glorious attire, and worshiping him as her Lord God. St. Cyprian regards this Psalm not less as a special prophecy of the Incarnation, but refers it primarily to the eternal generation of the Son, reading the first verse of it, 'My heart hath generated a blessed Word,' and considering it the language of the Father to the Son rather than that of the Psalmist to the Messiah.

"The first lesson is very short, but perhaps it is the sublimest passage in the Prophets: '*The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.*' What follows, say the critics, should be read as an interrogation, as if it were, '*Hast thou multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy?*' To which the prophet responds, in view of the union of all nations in exulting over a Redeemer's birth: '*They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.*' He then makes a bold lyrical transition to another view of the first Advent, as '*a battle of the warrior*' with the powers of darkness: and its terrible results to the Jewish nation are presignified by the warning, '*This shall be with burning and fuel of fire.*' The conflagration of the Temple under Titus was the terrible consequence of Jewish unbelief in their promised Messiah; and while exulting in the prophecy of Gentile converts the inspired lyrist makes this apostrophe to the sad reverse of Gentile joy exhibited among his own people. Then follows that magnificent burst of adoration and faith: '*For unto us a child is born; unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.*'

"It is impossible that any thing should be added to this to heighten its effect, except after the *Te Deum*, the Lesson from the Gospel which narrates the fulfillment of the prophecy in strains scarcely less elevated. How simple, yet how sublime, the narrative of the Virgin's arrival at Bethlehem; of the pastoral scenes in the neighboring fields; of the great light that shined upon them, and of the message of the Angel! Who can look upon a Christian congregation gathered together, here in distant America, on Christmas-day, without feeling the fidelity of the promise, '*I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.*'

"But the service still culminates; for the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel take up the worship at this point, and carry it on to the elevated stage of devotion, where the Holy Eucharist becomes our only sufficient expression of gratitude and praise. The 110th Psalm is a majestic introit: '*The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.*' From beginning to end it is full of 'Messiah the Prince,' and of the blessings of his Covenant; and hence it is one of the appointed Psalms for Evening Prayer. The Collect not only celebrates our Saviour's birth 'of a pure virgin,' but, recognizing the exceeding great 'love bestowed on us,' that we also should be 'called the sons of God,' it supplicates for that daily renewal of grace, by which our sonship may be preserved, and we may be made eternally 'heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.'

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"The Epistle is not only appropriate for its majestic proclamation of the Advent of the Son of God, fulfilling the Law and the Prophets, but also for the sequel to this proclamation, which defines His glory and divinity. Christ is not an angel, but by inheritance far better: He is 'the Son of the Father'—and where was this title given to any angel? or when did God say of any created being, 'Let all the angels of God worship him?' Of the angels God saith certain things, defining their character and office; but the Son of God He addresses as God, the copartner of His own throne and sceptre. Yes, continues the Apostle, to the same Jesus is addressed the language which defines Him as alike the Creator and the Judge of the world: '*Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thine hands!*' Again: '*As a vesture Thou shalt fold them up, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail.*' Such, then, is the little Babe whom we have seen 'wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.' His name is Lord and God: the stars of heaven are the work of His fingers; and He shall dispose of them at the last. Now follows the Gospel, and the jubilant shout, 'Glory be to Thee, O Lord!' may well precede it. '*In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.*' Thus the Evangelist declares his generation before the world was, His creative power, and His Godhead. How is it that the eternal God is born of a woman? The great mystery of the Incarnation is finally asserted in these divine words: '*The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and we beheld His glory; the Glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of Grace and Truth.*' Here the Nicene Creed is introduced (where Morning Prayer has been said at the early hour), and there is no moment in the worship of the entire year when its lofty strains of confession and worship come in with equal effect. The Gospel, which immediately precedes it, seems to prolong itself in this creed as in a sublime hymn, in which the Church responsively salutes Christ as what the Gospel proclaims Him, and lays her tribute at His feet.

"It is important to observe the Preface, which introduces the Trisagion, in the Holy Sacrifice, as of like significance with the creed, and as blending all angels with the Church Catholic in the ascription of this festal homage to the blessed Trinity, in view of the great humility of God the Son. From the Holy Feast that follows who can turn away without sharing the emotions of the shepherds of Bethlehem, 'who returned praising and blessing God for the things they had seen and heard?'

"At the Evening Prayer which closes this blessed day the Psalms are again admirably selected. In the 89th, the covenant of God with David, and with the greater son of David, is the burden of the Psalmist's 'song of mercy and of judgment.' Of the 110th, what has been said of the Introit may suffice; only let it be noted that in the last verse Christ is exhibited in His power and His resurrection as a mighty victor, who lifts up his head, indeed, at the end of the fight, but not without stooping, in the heat of the battle, 'to drink of the brook in the way'—or, in other words, to feel the suffering and to share the nourishment of the poorest of human beings. In the 132d Psalm, 'Ephratah,' it must be remembered, is Bethlehem; and 'the Anointed' is the Messiah, or Christ. Viewing Him as the Son of David, born in Bethlehem, the city of David, it will be seen that the whole Psalm is appropriate to the day, and speaks of the blessings promised to the Church in the oath which was confirmed to the Royal Prophet—'of the fruit of thy body shall I set upon thy seat.'

"The feast of Christmas," adds Bishop Coxe, "reigns over the whole time till Twelfth-Night, or the Epiphany. Let the day itself, then, be sacred to the house of God, and to the joys of Home; and let such restrained festivity as is innocent in itself be reserved for other days of this holy tide."

Christmas, in the succession of the holidays, is followed immediately by St. Stephen's Day on the 26th, St. John the Evangelist's Day on the 27th, and the Innocents' Day on the 28th of December.

Ecclesiastical writers divide the holy company of martyrs into three classes, viz., martyrs in deed, but not in will—such were the Innocents; martyrs in will, but not in deed—such was St. John the Evangelist; martyrs in will and deed—such was St. Stephen. Thus is exemplified at this season the martyrdom of all that have been slain for the Word of God, and whose souls John beheld under the altar in the prophetic vision of the Fifth Seal. A strange incident for the holidays! But joy and sorrow are nearly connected, and it may serve to moderate an excess of the former. "Let outragious ioyousnes be chaunged to holsoe sadnes," says Udal.

The name of Stephen, whose memory is celebrated on the 26th, stands first upon the list of the seven persons whom the Apostles ordained deacons to aid them in the labors of the Church. He is described as a "man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost;" and he soon gave evidence of it. Besides the works that he did, his speech before the council, as a specimen of terse and rapid generalization, is unrivaled, and for fervor and eloquence has only been equaled by the finest efforts of St. Paul himself. It can hardly be doubted that the translation of it given by St. Luke was verified by the "young man" who heard it delivered, and was "consenting to his death." All that we know of Stephen is contained in the sixth and seventh chapters of the Acts, and need not be enlarged upon.

St. Stephen's Day, in old times in England, was called Boxing Day—not for pugilistic reasons, but because on that day it was the cus-

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tom for persons in the humbler walks of life to go the rounds with a box and solicit pecuniary gifts from patrons and employers. Humphrey intimates that the boxes were "earthen," and adapted to take in money, but not to let it out until they were "broken like a potter's vessel into many shares." From this custom sprang the phrase "Christmas-box," which is now generally applied to presents of a somewhat similar character made upon Christmas-day.

On St. Stephen's Day it was the fashion, many years ago, to exhibit a "merry disport," or pageant, which perhaps had something to do with the Reformation, in the hall of the Inner Temple. Mr. Hone describes it in his "Year Book." Reveling appears to have formed an important part of the scene, if we may judge from one of the stanzas chanted by the "ancientest of masters:"

Bring hither the bowle,
The brimming brown bowle,
And quaff the rich juice right merrilie;
Let the wine-cup go round
Till the solid ground
Shall quake at the noise of our revelrie.
Let wassail and wine
Their pleasures combine,
While we quaff the rich juice right merrilie;
Let us drink till we die,
When the saints we relie
Will mingle their songs with our revelrie.

This savors of the "Abbot of Unreason." We will not detain our readers with further descriptions of the mumming and masking which took place in old times on St. Stephen's Day—they were but continuations of the Christmas gambols—but will pass on.

St. John the Evangelist's Day, the 27th, apart from the Apostle himself and the service of the festival, offers but little that is interesting. Indeed we find only one custom peculiar to it, and that is well described in some verses which Mr. Hone says Barnaby Googe has translated from the "Popish Kingdome," a Latin poem, written in 1553, by Naogeorgus. Doubtless the said Naogeorgus was a man of parts; but as to where he lived, or who he was, we are quite as much in the dark as we doubt not our readers are. All that we can say, too, of Barnaby is that he was a poet of the sixteenth century. We give his lines, however:

Nexte John, the sonne of Zebedee,
hath his appointed day,
Who once by cruell tyraunt's will
constrayned was, they say,
Strong poyson up to drinke, therefore
the papistes doe beleeve
That whoso puts their trust in him
no poyson them can greeve.
The wine beside that halowed is
in worship of his name,
The priestes doe give the people
that bring money for the same.
And after, with the selfe same wine,
are little manchets made
Agaynst the boystrous winter stormes,
and sundry such like trade.
The men upon this solemne day
do take this holy wine
To make them strong, so do the maydes
to make them faire and fine.

Innocents' Day, or Childermas, the 28th.—We have related Herod's design upon the life of the young Child, and the frustration of his first attempt to destroy Him. Exasperated at being mocked, as he supposed, by the Magi, he immediately directed a general massacre of the children at Bethlehem to be made; thus hoping to effect his object. The flight, however, of Joseph and Mary with the infant Jesus into Egypt completely foiled him a second time, and secured the Child forever from all attempts of a similar nature. Objections to the narrative of Matthew have been raised by skeptics. "They may be answered best," says Alford, "by remembering the monstrous character of this tyrant. Herod had marked his way to his throne, and his reign itself, with blood; had murdered his wife (the beautiful Mariamne) and three sons, the last just about this time; and was likely enough, in his blind fury, to have made no inquiries, but given the savage order at once." Of the extent of the massacre we are not informed; but, as Alford remarks, "it is not probable that a great number of children perished in so small a place as Bethlehem and its neighborhood."

It was once the habit in the Roman Church to say masses on Innocents' Day for the souls of the victims who perished in Herod's massacre. Hence the day received the appellation of Childermas. We are indebted to Mr. Hone for the following:

"It was formerly a custom to whip up the children on Innocents'-day morning, in order 'that the memorial of Herod's murder of the Innocents might stick the closer, and so, in a moderate proportion, to act over the crueltie again in kinde.' The day was deemed itself of especial ill omen; and hence the superstitious never married on Childermas-day. Neither upon this day was it 'lucky' to put on new clothes, or pare the nails, or begin any thing of moment. In the play of 'Sir John Oldcastle' the prevalence of this belief is instanced by an objection urged to an expedition proposed on a Friday: 'Friday, quoth'a, a dismal day.' This vulgar superstition reached the throne; the coronation of King Edward IV. (according to Jenn) was put off till the Monday, because the preceding Sunday was Childermas-day. Lastly, a mother in the 'Spectator' is made to say at that time: 'No, child, if it please God you shall not go into join-hand on Childermas-day.'"

Something, nevertheless, may be said in favor of the day. The lawyers selected it as a period for relaxation, and the "King of the Cockneys" received especial honor on Childermas-day. In fact it was a holiday to all except those from whom it derived part of its name.

St. Thomas à Becket's Day, the 29th.—Becket is only recognized as a saint and martyr by the Church of Rome. The Roman Pontiffs have devoted the 29th not only to him but to some other saints, of whom it is unnecessary to speak.

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We believe that they canonized so many that they could not furnish each one with a day to himself.

St. Sabinus's Day, the 30th.—This day, like the former, belongs to several saints, of whom St. Sabinus is the principal. None, however, is of any importance. We can not find that either of the days last mentioned was marked by any particular usages, or had any thing particular connected with it. We merely mention them because they have a place in the Calendar.

New-Year's Eve, the 31st.—We would premise that the phrase "eve" or "even," though an abbreviation of the word evening, in its present acceptation applies to the whole day which precedes a festival. Formerly, Christians were in the habit of keeping "vigils" on the evenings prior to certain festivals, and by extraordinary devotions preparing for the better celebration of the feast on the following day. The words "eve" and "vigil" thus grew to be almost synonymous. New-Year's Eve, however, is not a vigil; for none of the festivals which occur between Christmas and Candlemas, the Feast of the Purification, February 2d, is preceded by a vigil; the period being regarded as one of joy and not proper for fasting. The same is true of the days which intervene between Easter and Whitsuntide. The eves of Christmas and of Easter were always esteemed the most important vigils of the year, and were observed with the greatest strictness by the devotional. The Christmas and Easter seasons were likewise considered periods for especial rejoicing, and were honored accordingly.

New-Year's Eve—

> Yes, the year is growing old,
> And his eye is pale and bleared!
> Death with frosty hand and cold
> Plucks the old man by the beard,
> Sorely—sorely!

Yes, the year is hastening to a close; soon it will be united to those which preceded it, and save by the influence it must exercise upon time to come, it will be known no more. *No more!* How touching is the expression! It is peculiar to our own language. To what sad thoughts it gives rise; what melancholy feelings it awakens! No more! Yes, the year has grown old. Time pursues its stealthy, steady, unfaltering progress; soon, too, we will grow old like the year. Jamieson supposes the name, says Mrs. Howitt, "to be derived from the carols sung on this day." The last stanza of one of those chanted on Christmas would seem to be appropriate to Singing E'en. It forms part of the collection presented to Mrs. Howitt by Mrs. Fletcher:

> God bless the master of this house
> And mistress also;
> And all the little children
> That round the table go
> With their pockets full of money,
> And their cellars full of beer;
> And God send you a Happy New Year.

Again:

> God bless the master of this house,
> Mistress and children dear;
> Joyful may their Christmas be,
> And happy their New Year.

"To this day also belongs," adds Mrs. Howitt, "the *Hogmanay*, or *Hogmena*, which has been supposed, and not without some appearance of reason, to be a corruption of a Druid rite, while the word itself would seem to have come to us from Normandy. *Gue*, or *Guy*, is the Celtic name for 'oak;' and Keysler tells us that on the 31st of December the boys and youths go about the towns and villages begging for gifts, while, by way of wishing a happy New Year, they say '*Au Guy L'An Neuf*—To the Mistletoe, the New-Year's come;' by which word they designate not only the season but the gift received.

"In Scotland the custom prevailed until very lately, if indeed it has ever ceased entirely to exist, of distributing sweet cakes and a particular kind of sugared bread for several days before and after the new year; and on the last night of the old year, especially called Hogmenai, the social meetings made a point of remaining together till the clock struck twelve, when they all rose up, kissed each other, and wished a Happy New Year around. Children and others went about for several nights from house to house in *guisarts*, or *guisards*, that is to say, in masquerade disguises, singing at the same time:

> 'Rise up, good wife, and be no awier
> To deale your bread as long's you're here;
> The time will come when you'll be dead,
> And neither want nor meal nor bread.'"

What can be said of a year? Of what one shall we speak? Each year differs from every other; and to every person each year presents quite a different aspect. The thoughts naturally dwell most upon that which is passing away. Let those to whom it has been illumined by the favoring smiles of a kind Heaven rejoice and be thankful; and let those to whom it has been sad and weary take heart of grace, and be strong in hope for the future.

Edwin Lee's "Christmas and New Year" concludes thus:

The clock strikes twelve, and the Old Year dies. Boys raise his body on a bier, and maidens sing the following Dirge:

> Bring the last December rose,
> Frosted o'er with wintry snows;
> Let the fading petals fall
> O'er the Year's funereal pall.
>
> From the wood some oak leaves bring
> That were green in early spring;
> Scatter them about the bier
> Of the now departing Year.
>
> Let the bells upon their wheels,
> While our fond ideas veer,
> Ring the solemn midnight peals,
> Ling'ring for the dying Year.
>
> Hark! the peal has ceased to roll;
> Silence reigns; but now a toll
> Breaks upon the startled ear—
> Gone forever is the Year!

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AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.

IN EIGHT SECTIONS.

§ 1.—CHOLOOKÉ.

MR. FITZ PATRICK, a friend of mine in the south of Ireland, had invited me, then in London, to spend the month of July with him; and much as I dislike exposing a favorite horse to the risks of sea-travel, I took Cholooké with me.

I have always had a jealousy of grooms. To abandon a valuable animal to their influence and care is a kindred fault to that, even oftener seen, of substituting the nurse for the mother. Looked at merely as property, no kind of it thrives better than the horse for the constant use of the master's eye. Regarded in the light of a friend—as I considered Cholooké—the horse is not only happier for the attention of his master, but confers a happiness on him by his gratitude shown in affectionate manners and redoubled service, which no indolent horseman need ever expect to experience. I have never felt easy unless I visited my horse at least once a day. This has been particularly the case since Cholooké saved my life for the sixth time, although when I took steamer from Liverpool he had only obliged me to that extent five times; yet I could not persuade myself to leave him in the London stables. I had indeed gone so far as to send my luggage to the train for Liverpool before I made up my mind to take him across the Channel. I had half an hour for lunch and lounging—picked up "Charley O'Malley" to amuse me between stout and sandwich—got struck with a fit of horse-enthusiasm—thought how proud I should be of Cholooké in Lever's country—saw a groom in the street whipping some other man's favorite horse unmercifully—and jumping into a cab reached the station in time to detain the train. When I *did* set out Cholooké was with me. And with me, not much the worse for wear, he landed in Ireland.

That change of mind was for me the luckiest turn of fortune's wheel. How Cholooké saved my life for the sixth time, together with his own, his master's, and, what is still more, his country's reputation, it is my intention herein to relate.

Cholooké is a strange name for a horse—I don't deny it. He was named after the loftiest waterfall in the known world—the greatest of the Great Yo-Semite falls, in California. There was a manifest propriety in thus naming him, since his earliest christenings were in the spray flung by that fierce priest of Nature, old Cholooké, who was baptizer, font, and sponsor all in one. Then, too, the namesakes resembled each other in temperament. My horse had his spurts and plunges like Cholooké. Neither of them would satisfy people who like mill-dams.

I never liked them. If any enterprising speculator in the picturesque should go about New York contracting to introduce a waterfall, on reasonable terms, into every body's back-yard, he should not put one in mine. I would not have a waterfall that could go into a back-yard. For the same reason I would not, at any figure, buy that animated spring-board known popularly as "the kind family horse." Niagara would please me no better were its roar warranted not to disturb the most delicate invalid. I would not comb Ben Lomond; nor would I twice look at a horse who had not enough spirit in him to behave as savagely as Cholooké did under the circumstances surrounding my first introduction to him.

Our meeting occurred at a San Francisco sales-stable, where I had gone to buy horses for a party consisting of myself and several other gentlemen about setting out for a tour of exploration in the Sierra.

I had selected for the examination of my friends the animals which I thought particularly to the taste of each, when I found I had left but scanty choice for myself. I was looking discontentedly at an amiable, large-legged piebald, who, to believe his proprietor, had all the wisdom of Balaam's ass, and, to believe his ears, might have possessed the same pedigree. I had just made up my mind to look elsewhere, when a bright blood-bay of sixteen hands rushed up the front ramp, and nearly through the stable, out of the back-door again.

"Oh! here's one you haven't seen," said the proprietor, getting out of his way with all dispatch.

"Humph!" insubordinately growled the groom. "Who wants that divil?"

I fixed my eyes on the subject of the conversation. He was frothing at the mouth like a case of demoniacal possession. He had torn the girth of a trotting-harness from his back, and every now and then snapped at the remainder viciously as a wild-cat, meanwhile uttering sounds unlike any previous horse uttterance I ever heard, and, in my mind, comparable only to the panting way in which men abuse each other in the breathless stage of a rough-and-tumble fight—a sort of O-O-O! terminating in a gasp of concentrated spite. It was only to be wondered that he had not smashed the thills and skeleton of the buggy which some unreasoning person had ventured to strap to his indignant sides.

He was a born saddle-horse. That was as plain as day. He knew it as well as I did; and when he saw me looking at him he stopped biting at his harness, and regarded me from his blood-shot, bulged-out eyes for several seconds, with an expression like the query:

"Stranger! can *you* understand why I rebel?"

I answered the question by walking up to him and patting his neck. The groom direfully muttered, "Ye'd better lave that alone;" but Cholooké did not seem to be of his opinion. He nipped at me once, but seeing that I did not start he paused, reflected, and then put his head around gently in play. I felt my way down his

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checks and nose, talking to him in that low petting voice to which a horse is as susceptible as a woman. Before long he was permitting me to examine his mouth and his feet, as if I had been the family farrier for generations up his pedigree.

My examination resulted in the knowledge that he was sound of wind and limb; in age rising six; well put together; capable of being trained both to speed and to endurance; a good eater and of healthy habit, as indicated by a skin the most beautiful I ever saw over horse-flesh—soft and pliant as a woman's, with silky hair of that lustrous bay shade which is iridescent in the sun. As I afterward found, not even a month's "picketing out" could make it lie roughly.

The frank confession of both proprietor and groom finally informed me that, as a drawback to the above excellences, Cholooké (then called "Scarem-much," as a stable-yard corruption of the name *Scaramouche*, under which a terrified lady-owner had sold him) was an animal of most uncertain and unfortunate temper, and gifted with all the vices under the sun. I saw, moreover, for myself that he was perceptibly ewe-necked; but experience had taught me that, however much of a defect this trait may be in point of looks, it is any thing else but that as regards speed and endurance. In fact, it would be hard to quote from the calendars of the turf any first-class animals which *curbed* to a degree entitling him to a position among fashionable parade horses. All pasturing animals are apt to acquire the ewe-neck, and few peculiarities sooner become permanent.

As to Cholooké's moral defects I reasoned in this wise: "Here is a misunderstood intellect. I can not suppose that all the fury I have witnessed could be aroused by the mere heat and worry of a light trotting-harness. There is some common-sense in a horse. He has adequate motives if one can but find them. He is enraged because he is entirely mismanaged. And he has the very shape for a saddle!"

Here—as the physical strayed into the moral field—I asked the proprietor if he had ever tried him under saddle. The groom grinned, and answered for his superior that the last time a gentleman tried that the beast threw him and broke his arm.

I asked if the sufferer had been using a Mexican bit. The man said, "Yes," and I replied that I had supposed so. The conference ended in my saddling him myself, bridling him with a plain snaffle, and riding away upon him, after the payment of seventy dollars in gold of the realm. But for his reputation I certainly could not have bought him under $600.

My acquisition, like most of those desperate characters which philanthropy undertakes to educate up to the normal standard, was no case for sudden conversion, and gave me a tussle before he consented to reform. He was full of blood—three-quarters Morgan, and the rest belonging to a tribe of Mustangs famous for speed and endurance. He had the spirit and the obstinacy of both his sources. He liked me from the outset, but he was by no means disposed to accept me as his master until I had proved myself so. I felt all the fonder of him for that—a fondness growing out of respect—and set about presenting him the evidence necessary to complete conviction.

During the ten days which were to elapse before my party started for the Sierra I daily took Cholooké out for drill. In a very short time I found that he wanted nothing for wind and condition but a wise daily increase of exercise, his well-known ferocity having given him little to do but eat and drink during his stay at the sales-stable. He was presently able to make the distance between Point Lobas and the stables—eight miles—in twenty-six minutes. For a green horse I thought this satisfactory, especially as he only broke twice in the entire distance.

Regarding his spiritual state there still remained much ground for concern. On consulting my diary of that period I find—

1. Cholooké *bucked*.—The thing itself is dreadful enough without permitting ideal minds to make it worse than it is by pondering upon the mystery of the still more fearful word. I hasten, then, to define "bucking" as a violent perpendicular leaping to the height of several feet, the animal landing perfectly stiff-legged, with an effect jarring to the nerves of the most rugged constitution, and producing in the most hermetically sealed countenance what refined doctors nowadays call "nasal hemorrhagia."

For this vice one good prescription is to let the horse "buck himself out." To accomplish this with ease to the rider every frontiersman's spur has a little iron bell dangling from the rowel. This, which in peaceful times jingles for cheerfulness, in times of tempest (*i.e.*, "bucking") is, by an adroit movement of the foot, thrown between the rays of the iron star. This brings the spur to a dead-lock. One of its points is thrust on each side of the horse into the hair-cloth meshes of the *cincle* (Californian for girth), and by this firm elastic foothold, with his feet entirely out of the stirrups, the horseman raises himself just sufficiently to avoid the shock as his animal strikes the ground. By this process a patient man can tire out the worst horse that ever bucked.

In my diary I find here:

"MEM.—*A good method to show the antagonist that you can stand it as long as he can.*—When your horse has tired of bucking, you quietly let yourself down on his saddle; allow him a little while to recover his breath, feel you tranquilly on his back, and realize that he has accomplished nothing but his own unnecessary exhaustion, and that perhaps this new man may be his master after all. If, then, you proceed to breathe him for a mile or two, a little over the usual pace, it will do him no harm. Its effect will be to expend much of the extra nervous irritation remaining from his fit of sulks, and will show him at once that you have only waited for him to return to reason that you might resume your own predetermined way."

But the grand constitutional remedy for Cho-

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looké's bucking (and how many sprigs and blossoms of evil fall off when that is applied at the roots!) I found to be *making him love me.* If he did *that*, he would like to have me on his back, and, of his own accord, would stop bucking as a proceeding imperfectly calculated to keep me there. To my surprise (for it is usually one of the most obstinate of vices) this bucking ceased to trouble me sooner than any defect in his character.

And that I might still see by what uncertain tenure I held his aristocratic favor he indulged in an eccentricity none the less painful, because, so far as I can learn, it was purely original with himself.

2. This consists of a sudden blow delivered backward with the hardest part of the skull. It is not difficult to imagine that a horse's brain-case coming without the slightest premonition, with the velocity of a prize-fighter's fist against a rider's thorax, is a dose which may unfit the strongest pair of lungs for their normal use for at least five minutes.

Regarding this vice too murderous to dally with I undertook to cure it immediately. It was the only mean, treacherous fault which Cholooké had; all the more reason, then, why I should at once give him my opinion of it. The third time that he exhibited it I had been an hour watching for him, and was ready. As his head came up my fist went down. They met just back of his ears along the crease. He reeled and staggered like a drunkard. A little child could have led him away. I looked to see him fall, and cleared my feet of the stirrups, but he presently recovered himself, went forward at a brisk rate sneezing, and never more attempted the trip-hammer trick on me.

3. Cholooké *bit.*—I cured this vice by getting his mouth healthy, partly by a wash, of which myrrh and alum were the chief ingredients, and, still more, by the use of a rational bit. I never approached him without holding out some little tid-bit that associated my gestures toward his mouth with pleasurable impressions; and finally he permitted examination of it with as much confidence as a baby shows in letting you feel its gums. Though his skin was so sensitive that he was constantly compelled to nip at insects, he never showed his teeth at a human acquaintance after the first six weeks of his service with me.

4. An insane propensity to break into the premises of private citizens.—In the outskirts of San Francisco Cholooké was a terror to the inhabitants of shanties. He despised their humble inclosures, and undertook on every favorable occasion to flank their rails or tear down their pickets. He was fond of old straw-hats, and did not scruple to take them from the heads of children belonging to suburban foreign parents. Within the city limits he behaved like Attila. Civilization had no boundaries for him. I have known him stop at a flight of freestone steps, and fill with dismay a refined family looking out of the parlor windows by a suddenly yet sternly conceived resolution to ascend to the porch and enter the front-door. If we were far enough in the country to encounter rancho or barn-yard gates I invariably had a fight with him before I could persuade him to pass them. He was as obstinate upon the right of visit as an English Admiralty Lord, and took as long to be convinced that his freak could not be indulged. Firmness beyond his own, exerted with steady gentleness, was the remedy which proved finally successful; but at first I lived in constant uncertainty as to the exact line where society ceased to tolerate horse-training on the public highway; where misfortune shaded into a legal offense; and where my tribulations with Cholooké might amount to a cause for the action "*Quare clausum fregit.*"

5. I will not further "peach" upon him to the public than to mention that he sometimes *balked*, and on such occasions was a Gibraltar in horse-flesh. More properly I should call him a Tarpeian Rock, because many an unhappy wretch had been thrown from his precipitous front when the notion of stopping short in a three-minute dash suddenly occurred to him. I sickened him of this terrific pleasantry by bringing his nose around close against my left knee, and keeping him in that position with my hand held low, while I spurred him upon the right flank so mercilessly that if I had worn any thing but the blunt Mexican apparatus the blood would have streamed from my rowels. After turning him like a peg-top as long as I could stand it I again gave him his head. For the first minute that receptacle of mischief was not of much use to him. While he was still thoroughly bewildered, and feeling wildly with his feet to keep himself from falling, I launched him forward at the top of his speed, halting him only when he was out of breath. This is not the way to deal with most balky horses. In harness a horse usually balks because his load is too heavy, or because inconsistent orders and general ignorant management have perplexed him. But Cholooké had no such excuses. *His* balking with me was the purest perversity, though mismanagement had doubtless originated the vice with him.

I shall have been followed thus far by horsemen. If any other readers have accompanied them I will make the rest of the way as interesting, in other technical respects, as I know how.

After I had reformed Cholooké I found, just as I had expected, that I had a horse in every respect superior to the six-hundred-dollar animal who had never needed reformation, or whose character had been formed by some other hand than his rider and previous to his purchase. No dog ever possessed more attachment to his master, or a higher degree of intelligence. Cholooké was fast; I trotted him in three minutes without the spur. He was versatile; breaking into the gallop at word of command; falling into the pace by a mere touch on the shoulder; leaping any obstruction over which one could take a first-class English hunter; dancing in

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excellent time to music, or even to drum-tap. He was so obedient that he would fight rather than leave the place to which I had assigned him without "rein-strap" or hitch of any kind; and his endurance was proportional to his other virtues. As the crowning excellence of all he had "*nous*"—was the animal for an emergency, and not only knew how to shift for himself, but on occasion for his rider also.

Having abundance of time I sent on my luggage by the common conveyance, and, on the back of Cholooké, pursued my own journey from the coast to my friend's estate.

§ 2.—THREE NATIONALITIES.

It was seven o'clock of an early July evening when I trotted up the fine old avenue of elms and European lindens leading from the porter's lodge to Nestledown—Mr. Fitz Patrick's hospitable country house. During the afternoon I had been compelled to turn in to a road-side "shebeen" by one of those almost daily summer showers which preserve to this beautiful island its Emerald reputation, and now every refreshed leaf of boughs above or blade of grass beneath was tipped with its pendent orb of crystal turning to ruby, amethyst, sapphire, and carbuncle in the slant flame of the setting sun. The house, as I saw the moment I passed the lodge, occupied a commanding position on the edge of what we in America should call "a bluff." This natural formation was artificially terraced down each flank toward the north and south, but left in its original shape on the eastern slope where the house fronted. This slope was luxuriantly sodded to its foot, where it met the lawn proper. Through this lawn wound the avenue, graveled hard as a pavement, and reaching the base of the southern terraces, ascended in a roundabout but picturesque series of lines to a broad and lofty carriage arch in front of the porch, built of creamy tufa, supported by corbeled pillars, and bearing the Fitz Patrick arms carved on the keystones.

I was met by my host with a hearty Irish welcome, half-way between the lodge and the terraces. He was mounted on a brisk little Galloway, and accompanied me directly to his stables, where I saw Cholooké put up for the night. This attended to he led me to the house by a shrubby foot-path, showed me my room and asked me to excuse further ceremony till the bell rang for dinner, as his family had just come in from a day at the Assize races, and were dressing, as I much needed to do myself. My baggage having reached Nestledown before me, I was able to acquit myself of a very satisfactory toilet; and being a young man at that time, put on my prettiest white tie as well as my most winning manners. Upon whom my impression was to be made I had no idea; Mr. Fitz Patrick's eldest child being a son then at Trinity College; his wife dead a number of years previously; and the pet daughter of whom I had often heard him speak, invariably mentioned as "my little girl" or "the baby."

To my surprise I discovered on descending to the great west parlor a charming young lady of eighteen, with dreamy brown eyes and *riante* mouth; golden hair (most beautiful of all contrasts for dark eyes); a figure developed by horsewomanship and other outdoor exercise into the very perfection of womanhood; a delicate little hand that looked like rose-leaves, and when she gave it to me with innocent confidence in indorsement of her father's welcome, felt like rose-leaves too. Her voice was an instrument of many keys—all of them so sweet that I could not decide which I liked best. Just as I made up my mind in favor of the liquid undertone which took me home to American sunsets and the vesper gurgle of our wood-robin, Daisy laughed a silvery little laugh like a June waterfall, and again I was undecided.

I might have considered the question with more equanimity had I not discovered, even before we went in to dinner, that another person was interested in its solution equally with myself.

That person was an insufferable Englishman!

Algernon Maurice Sidney Trevannion was captain of a company in Her Majesty's Guards. *He* was introduced to *me* by that name and title; *I* was presented *to* him as plain Mr. Von Haarlem, the American traveler, hunter, and horseman. Mr. Fitz Patrick, though the farthest in the world removed from snobbery, could not help the feeling common to every man under British rule that I needed a little pedigree to put me right before the Captain, and that as a mere private citizen I should have but little picking on my bones for a dainty young aristocrat, none of whose London acquaintances had less names, blood, or titles than himself. Accordingly, in introducing me he added, by way of appendix, that I belonged to a very old New York family.

The Captain cast upon me one of those superior smiles which make their recipient forever the enemy of the donor. As Mr. Fitz Patrick and I turned away from the bow-window in which Miss Fitz Patrick and the Captain were standing I heard that mellow English voice say to the beautiful Daisy:

"Aw really! Quite a delightful paradox! Then they *do* have *old* families in *New* York? How long does it take to make them? Pray when *was* New York founded? George Third—somewhere about that time, if I recollect. I say! how jolly it must be for an ancient historian in that country—so close to his facts, you know."

Mr. Fitz Patrick and I were crossing the parlor to a table strewn in elegant carelessness with bog-oak ornaments of every description, carved by a tenant of his, in whose genius (like most Irish landlords at this day, unless their veins are tainted with absenteeism) he took a just pride. I knew that the veriest snob in the United Kingdom would scarcely have ventured on such pleasantry as the Captain's with a gentleman to whom he had just been introduced. I therefore ex-

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cused his language on the ground that he did not mean to have it reach my ears. Throwing a quick glance over my shoulder I perceived that Miss Fitz Patrick did not even smile at the wit of Mr. Trevannion. Woe to him if she had smiled! Since she had not, I put him down in my mind for a conditional amnesty.

I felt still more like forgiving him when the footman announced dinner, and in virtue of my being the latest guest I was assigned the pleasurable service of handing Miss Fitz Patrick in to the table. We formed a *partie carrée* at the first homelike dinner I had enjoyed since I left my own bachelor ménage in New York. The father and daughter sat vis-à-vis. The Captain sat on the father's right, I on the daughter's. The superior smile was in point-blank range with my soup, which it cooled, and my salmon, which it made watery; it dried the juice out of my slice of sirloin and flattened my Champagne.

"Father hoped to see you here last evening, Mr. Von Haarlem," said Miss Fitz Patrick.

"And I should have been here then if I had not come from the harbor on horseback."

"You have missed something which I should have been much pleased to have you see—the county races"—said Mr. Fitz Patrick. "Something he would have liked to see; eh, Trevannion?"

"Aw—yes—that is aw—I suppose—I should say aw—quite a novelty to an American gentleman—when he got acquainted with it, you know—we do those things so differently to our friends on the other side." (Superior smile again.)

"Yes; I believe as a general thing we *do* make a little better time than you do. But I can see a great improvement in you since we sent over Rarey and Ten Broeck."

"'Pon me honor! I say, Mr. Fitz Patrick, Mr. Von Haarlem seems to regard us as a missionary field!"

"Yes, so I observe. He looks at you with one Tattersall's eye and another from Exeter Hall."

"Aw! *You*, did you say? Why not *us?*"

"Because I'm an Irishman, I suppose, and being open to any valuable knowledge that presents itself, don't need evangelization quite as much as you across the Channel. Besides," added my host with a twinkle in his eye, "was there ever an Irishman who didn't know every thing about horses already? Stop the veriest bog-trotter any where on our tight little island, and a hundred to one he'll tell you that he was brought up with them 'from the time I was the height of a bee's knee.' Isn't that your experience, Von Haarlem?"

"Yes, among Irishmen in America. That is one reason why I feel it a disappointment not to have been here at the races. I should like to see the horsemanship on which they pride themselves so much."

"Ever attended the *Darby*, Mr. Von Haarlem?" asked the Captain, in a charitable tone, as if he pitied the mortification he was compelled to cause an American by referring to that subject.

"I was present at the last races, Sir."

"Aw."

The Boston *yes*, the German *so*, and the *aw* of Young England, mean unspeakable things. The Captain's "aw" meant my entire extinction. The mere mention of the "Darby" was my final rebuke, and I saw beneath the exterior puppyism of the Englishman the true generosity of the man. He would not crow over me; the "Darby" had been recalled to my mind, my American pretensions were floored, and he would not strike them after they were down. But he evidently expected me to say something. When he saw me silent he cast a puzzled glance at me and continued:

"Very well, Sir; what, aw, was your impression, aw?"

"I saw many beautiful animals, some which under the training of my countryman, Hiram Woodruff, might be made an honor to any American race-course."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Captain, looking piteously to Mr. Fitz Patrick. "Why, this is prodigious!"

My host laughed, and Miss Fitz Patrick smiled in spite of herself.

"In fairness I should have told you," said the former, addressing Captain Trevannion, "that my friend here is no mere theorist in horse matters, but a most obstinate and experienced opponent. By-the-way, Von Haarlem, that horse of yours has a splendid head. I never saw cleaner lines nor a more spirited eye. Where did you get him? There's evident blood in him, though for the life of me I couldn't tell where it comes from."

"I'll tell you, then. His father was a full Morgan, his mother half Morgan and half Mustang. In the English sense neither of these races is 'blood.' The Mustang is a reclaimed animal, belonging for the last hundred and fifty years to the wild herds of the American plains. His remote ancestors were two stallions and four mares turned loose on the Pampas by early Spanish adventurers. Whence were descended the half-dozen animals which colonized the New World of course nobody can say, though they probably had some Arab or rather Moresco stock in them."

"Isn't that *blood?*" asked Miss Daisy. "*My* pet horse is an Arabian, and if any horse was ever blooded he is."

She looked so beautiful in her enthusiasm that if her pet had been a Suffolk punch I believe I should have risked my reputation by saying "Yes," even before the man of the superior smile.

"Yes, it was blood once; but the twelve or fifteen generations of savagery which have elapsed since the first stock were turned loose on the plains have obliterated nearly all the external characteristics of whatever Arab blood the Mustangs possess. Their great speed and power of endurance may perhaps be relied on to prove the pedigree; they also resemble the Arabian in size, being considerably smaller than the En-

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glish thorough-bred. So much for the Mustang half of *my* pet's mother. The rest of her and the whole of Cholooké's sire—the Morgan blood, though not as far from its European source as the Mustang, is still sufficiently remote to have allowed time for acclimation and other modifying influences to produce an entirely distinct variety. The original Morgan horse was born in 1793, in Springfield, Massachusetts, and at the age of two years was taken to Vermont, where indeed most people supposed him to have originated, multitudes of excellent horses there claiming descent from him."

"Where is Vermont?" asked Miss Daisy.

"It's the capital of the State of Charleston," said Captain Trevannion. "If I remember rightly it's not very far from New Orleans."

"His nearest relations with European stock are derived through his paternal grandfather, imported 'Traveler.' Among his foreign ancestors are included English Eclipse, Childers, and the Godolphin Arabian."

"Aw!" said the Captain, "then it's easy enough to see where his *blood* comes from."

"Excuse me, Captain Trevannion, but you are not ignorant that the mother is of vital importance in the formation of race-characteristics. The mother of the original Morgan was three generations off from the nearest British thorough-bred, and is described by her contemporaries as unusually heavy-chested, with long shaggy hair upon her legs, almost like a 'Shelty;' of medium size, and of a color approaching the sorrel. An animal less like the typical English thorough-bred in external respects can scarcely be imagined. There has been an unsuccessful attempt to derive her pedigree on both sides from the same *Wild-air* blood to which it is believed she may trace her sire. At the best her origin is very uncertain; only less so than that of the greatest trotter which ever lived—*Flora Temple*. So you see that the famous 'Morgan' was an equine Rodolph of Hapsburgh—the founder of his own family. Though Flora is the most remarkable instance of a first-class (indeed *the* first-class) race-horse, she is not the only one."

"How about your Lady Suffolk?" asked Mr. Fitz Patrick.

"She comes from a strain entirely unknown beyond her sire 'Engineer.' 'Dutchman' is even obscurer in his pedigree, and on our side of the water there are numerous celebrated animals besides, who in their veins have not one well-authenticated drop of any fluid which Captain Trevannion would call *blood*. In the matter of all pure trotting horses, I indorse, without the least hesitation, Mr. Wheelan's assertion, that he knows in the city of New York above a score of roadsters in common use, which could successfully enter the lists against the fastest trotters on the English turf. So, Mr. Fitz Patrick, your discovery that my horse had 'blood' in him is a great compliment to your intuition, since there is nothing in him which Captain Trevannion would consider such, or which would be so regarded at Tattersall's.

By this time the Captain had recovered from the stupor of amazement into which he had been plunged by my stolid refusal to be crushed out by the "Darby."

"Oh, Mr. Von Haarlem!" said he, returning to the charge. "I say! What, aw, did you see, aw, to dissatisfy you in the Darby?"

"Nothing, Captain Trevannion; for, as your Dissenters say, English horsemen 'live up to their light:' and I believe that in process of time they will abandon their false conservatism and their bad school in riding heartily to adopt a better style."

Captain Trevannion had asked my objections to the English school of horsemanship very much as he would inquire the reason why I wished to change the British form of government, burn down St. Paul's, or substitute Methodism for the Established Church. That any institution of the country in whose service he wore epaulets could be changed for the better struck him very much as I should have been affected by a proposal to dig up Bunker Hill Monument and reset it point downward.

Feeling that the conversation was becoming too argumentative for a dinner-table, we dropped the issue by mutual consent, the Captain and myself having promised each other to compare horses at the stable on the following day.

§ 3.—THE AFFAIR PROPOSED.

A fine drizzle set in during the night and lasted for the next twenty-four hours, spoiling all our calculations. Mr. Fitz Patrick was obliged to pass the day in his library, auditing the accounts of his model estate with Donohue the steward. The Captain and I were accordingly turned over for entertainment to Miss Fitz Patrick. The manner in which she acquitted herself of her burdensome trust greatly enhanced my admiration for her. If I was one-tenth as heavy a load as the Captain, Miss Fitz Patrick deserved a crown of martyrdom. I had often read with wonder passages in English novels describing the *ennui* of a party of gentlemen weather-bound among the ladies at a country seat; how they yawned and dawdled; how they wandered from the grate to the window, from the sofa to the piano; now listlessly reading a new story; now sketching a little; now cleaning their guns; now picking the bones of the poor old *Times* down to its very advertisements. Though the domestic novelists of Great Britain are almost unanimous in their testimony upon this point, I used to leave a large margin for exaggeration on the ground that almost all writers feel authorized to set their own country in ridiculous lights which they would exclaim against as the most shameful injustice were the burlesque perpetrated by a foreigner. I could not believe that the real life of any country could afford examples of such imbecile helplessness, such absence of aim, such extinction of all resources, among well-educated, and in some respects, eminently capable men, as the modern English novel (among magazinists especially)

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portrays in every description of a "nasty day" at a British country seat.

No novel could exaggerate Captain Trevannion. I felt, in beholding him, like a man who had read of the dodo without compromising himself by a belief in that bird, but who had at length lighted on an unmistakable survivor of the species in a trackless wild of some tropic island.

Trevannion was one of those anomalous men who exist elsewhere as curiosities, but whom the philosopher must visit England to see in their full development and possessing a normal status among mankind—not wondered at because they are universal. Nobody is surprised at elephants in Africa; nobody would look twice at Captain Trevannion in England.

With us ignorance of every thing beyond the blissful scope of one's own clique stands the outward and visible sign of thorough meanness of nature; enormous self-complacency, without the slightest effort to hide it or the least suspicion that it is a perpetual challenge to ridicule, is, *prima facie*, inconsistent with one's being an accomplished man of the world. But the average high-born Englishman lives in a portable and impenetrable Grosvenor Square. Its railing is not cracked by the summit frosts of Mount Blanc nor melted by the sun of the equator; the Grand Lama himself, without an introduction, can not speak to him through its bars. He goes down in a diving-bell and wonders what "our fellows" would say if they were there. He would be ashamed if he could not be waked up at any hour of the night and give the name of any shire-town in England before he had opened his eyes; but he considers it rather praiseworthy than otherwise to be ignorant of all remaining mundane geography. In this respect none but the Chinaman can be his parallel; and I am not sure but the Chinaman would by this time have abdicated in his favor, had he not drugged that pagan off the track of enlightenment by cramming opium down his throat at the point of the bayonet. Yet this Englishman, if you seek his best key, and touch it adroitly, is one of the most benevolent men in the world. He is a good, broad creature, tortured to death in a tight surtout inherited from Tudor dwarfs and Stuart starvelings. In warm sympathetic countries, where he takes off his body and sits in his soul, you can see where our own superior race of Anglo-Saxons got some of its best qualities.

The Englishman is an exception to all laws of moral classification. He may be an exquisite without being effeminate; a bully yet not a coward; a braggart with foundation for his self-complacency. He is unjust, selfish, arrogant in private life, yet there are no hands I had rather fall into than his as a prisoner, if I have only shown pluck enough and done him the damage that makes him respect me. Trollop begins his "Bertrams" with the exclamation "*Væ Victis!*" It is awful *not to succeed* in England. But if one's conquest has put England to her trumps she sets him on her right hand at Guildhall feasts, and the "Væ" refers only to those turtle which bleed for his honor. Englishmen need a great deal of study—but to the patient they become intelligible at last. Like vice, they are

> "Monsters of such hideous mien
> That to be hated need but to be seen;
> Yet when we grow familiar with their face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

All this seems episodical, but is not; for it has amounted to a generic description of the typical Englishman Trevannion, and leaves me nothing to describe save his *personnel*.

He was six feet high. His hair was a handsome wavy blonde, parted in the middle. His mustache was yellower than his hair, his military whiskers a modulatory tone between the two. His manners were those of a great, green, conceited boy, "brought up by hand" by the relentless Mrs. Joe Gargery, of British tradition. His life was one long chronic sin against the canons of natural good-breeding; but he would sooner have been unjointed alive than to have offended against those artificial regulations which proved his blood, gave him his entrée at Almack's, made him liked in his club, or secured his position in his regiment. He was twenty-four years old; I was twenty-eight, and on his social level—so I could be much patienter with him than if I had held in any respect "the junior hand." His father had once owned the estate adjoining Nestledown; which fact accounted for his intimacy with the family, and his invitation to pass a summer's furlough with them. He had the long upper lip and the short nose of his race which make so many Englishmen look like a gutta-percha head of Antinous pulled out lengthwise; his eyes were a handsome blue, opened into a perpetual stare of astonishment the moment he got out of England. As we have seen, he said "Aw!" and thought things "prodigious," under circumstances whose tendency on our veriest American Hoosier would have been only to make him more cosmopolitan. A man whom one would gladly have had at his back in an Inkermann charge; but oh! what a dreadful comrade for any minor emergency like a rainy day at Nestledown!

While he stood, backing the peat fire after the British fashion, glowering into suicidal vacancy, and answering every attempt to amuse him in curt but not rudely intended monosyllables, I sat down before Miss Fitz Patrick and converted myself into a reel from which her deft fingers wound ounce after ounce of double zephyr into those gold and crimson fruits containing the gems of some resplendent future Afghan.

I was already in love with my host's daughter. I did not know it at the time, though I could see that the Captain was desperately enamored—so much easier is observation than introversion to a man not past his prime. The Captain was "a laggard in love," though far enough from "a dastard in war." The moment I took the skein on my extended hands I could perceive that the Captain was groaning

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inwardly above the fire rug, to think that *he* had not snatched the halcyon opportunity and himself become the reel. That *arrière pensée* was the final drop in a cup already brimming bitterly enough with Irish drizzle.

"I'm afraid that you gentlemen will have a dull time," said Miss Fitz Patrick, with a glance at the unpromising sky.

"I assure you I'm enjoying myself very much," I answered maliciously, looking straight at the fair speaker.

The Captain smiled another of his superior smiles, and told Miss Fitz Patrick that he feared she was likely to have the worst of it. Saying this he looked directly at me.

"Oh no!" said Daisy, "I don't dislike rainy weather; I think it makes me enjoy sunshine, and riding, and all the outdoor pleasures all the more when it's over."

"I confess to the same feeling," said I, "when I'm imprisoned in pleasant company."

The Captain bit his lip, being in a state of mind where he found it easy to interpret my remark as meaning that he did not fall under that head.

"Aw! you Yankees are celebrated for your adaptability. Now, as for me, d'ye see I'd much rather join Miss Fitz Patrick in a dash over the country on horseback than to hold all the yarn for her that was ever spun. I wish I'd learned to crochet or work fauteuil-cushions, or something of that kind; then, d'ye know I'd sit down and play Sardanapalus myself. But I never could learn—fact is, my early education has been neglected."

"I believe you, Captain," I replied, "if the true education is as I regard it—the education that gives a man the largest number of resources. I don't know what you'll think of 'us Yankees,' as you call Americans, when I tell you that I can knit, sew, crochet, wash and iron—indeed have actually performed those feats when camping out in the wilderness a hundred miles from the nearest feminine assistance."

"Aw! that may be explained by delicate health in early youth. We chaps have too much rough-and-tumble in our childhood to get time for those things; but Americans usually, I imagine, haven't the strength of constitution to stand our athletic sports—and I can conceive of a frail boy devoting himself to fancy work as a very laudable—aw, in fact, a very useful occupation. The line between men and women is drawn much more sharply with us than it is with you."

"But I also know how to ride, box, fence, sail, row, swim, fish, and *shoot*."

There was a certain significance in the tone of this italicized assertion, thoroughly reciprocated in the voice and smile of the Captain as he once more pronounced that protean monosyllable "*Aw!*"

With the tact of a first-class woman Miss Fitz Patrick changed the subject to one of less dangerous ground. I seconded her efforts to draw the Captain into a conversation on the subject of his travels—he with several other gentlemen having made a yacht-excursion two years before to see the midnight sun and hunt walrus among the Scandinavians. But Duke Frederick would never have been foolish enough to say to Celia and Rosalind, "Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him," had Orlando been an Englishman. British sulks rest on a base broad as Magna Charta; "they sit on no precarious throne nor borrow leave to be." The Captain was not to be coaxed back into good-nature by strategy. He hated America with all the stout rancor of a Tory; Lord Manners was his model statesman; Roebuck would have been but for his lack of pedigree. In me he saw not a man but an American; and even that *ex-officio* courtesy which an Englishman of the upper classes must at least exhibit to a lady only moderated the form of his expressions, not their animus, their tone, or the look which accompanied them. To see that democratic Yankee holding skeins for the woman he loved, and to know that every thing he did or said only compromised him before her by reason of its evident motive, almost drove him to madness, and he became more impolite than it is possible for any other than an Englishman to be, all through sheer desperation.

The North-Cape excursion suggested to him the immense fun which had been made of his party when Ross Browne met them on one occasion at the Geysers. Our witty countryman, on his return to America, published an illustrated article, including a picture of the party just on the verge of burlesque, and an account of their baggage, which embraced every luxury purchasable at Cross and Blackwells, together with all manner of patent garments or shooting and cooking apparatus. When Browne asked them why they hadn't brought a bath-tub one of them replied with charming naïveté:

"Oh, moi deah fellaw! you know a man must put up with *some* privations when he's traveling in a wild country!" To this article, as miserably fallacious, the Captain referred with great indignation, acknowledging the anchovy paste but denying the gooseberry jam.

By the time Miss Fitz Patrick's last skein was wound she and I had turned the conversation a dozen times; but the Captain invariably led it back to his anti-American grievance. We were unable to agree upon any question whatever. Miss Fitz Patrick's position was so evidently uncomfortable that at last, under pretense of paying a visit to Cholooké, I excused myself to the young lady and left the parlor. When I returned to my own room an hour afterward I found pinned against my door a note sealed with the Trevannion arms. Opening it I discovered it to read thus:

Mr. Schuyler Von Haarlem:

"Sir,—During this morning's interview you took occasion to make several offensive remarks regarding both my country and myself, also to indicate by your manner a state of mind even more offensive than your words. I am a British officer; your invitation to the house of my friend

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in the absence of other proof secures your position as a gentleman. Therefore I assume that you understand the satisfaction which this morning's scene compels me to demand of you. Permit me to hear from you at your earliest convenience, mentioning the name of the friend upon whose services you intend to rely—your weapons, and the time and place you prefer for our meeting.

"I am yours respectfully,

"ALGERNON M. S. TREVANNION."

My first impulse was to accept the challenge. A few minutes' reflection, however, showed me that the murder of one of Mr. Fitz Patrick's guests would be an ill recompense for his own and his daughter's warm-hearted hospitality; and I knew that this was exactly what our affair would amount to if I chose, as I had the right, my own familiar and favorite weapon, the breech-loading Ballard rifle at 100 yards. There was another obstacle in the way of my accepting Trevannion's challenge, though I was only partially conscious of it at the time. Within the last twenty-four hours I had become "dearer to myself," because I hoped some day to be "dear to some one else." After fifteen minutes' sober reflection I resolved on my method of dealing with Trevannion, and, wrapping myself in my aqua-scutum, went in search of him to put it in instant operation.

I found him at the stables smoking a stolid, fat regalia while he superintended the groom, who was currying his English thorough-bred. I invited him to walk with me, and, defying the drizzle, struck out across the fields to the back of the estate. I began the conversation.

"I have read your note, Captain Trevannion, and am perfectly willing to accept your method of settling our affairs. The weapon is the rifle—distance one hundred yards. As I am acquainted with nobody in this neighborhood but Mr. Fitz Patrick, and can not think of abusing his hospitality by selecting him as the second for one of his guests about to shoot another, I propose that we should adopt a method not unusual in the Western States of my own country and dispense with seconds altogether."

"Aw, really, but that's a most unprecedented thing, you know.

"Yes, on this side of the world. But I see no need of compromising any one else in our dispute. At any rate my proposition is the only practicable one. If you are too attached to precedent to fight without seconds, I see nothing but to leave the matter just as it stands. In that case you will remember that I was not the one who threw obstacles in the way of our meeting."

"Aw, well, dispense with the seconds then."

"Bear in mind that I will fight if you wish, while you listen to another plan which has occurred to me equally honorable to both of us. For the sake of our whole-souled host and his lovely daughter I frankly confess that I should prefer not to fight you. It would be a source of great vexation to both of them were two of their guests to fight a duel at Nestledown. If one of us were brought back to the house—bloody, dead, and disagreeable, while the other were compelled to save his own life by fleeing from the police, the pleasure of the whole summer would be destroyed for both father and daughter."

"Aw! Well, if you are so delicate for their sake I'll accept an apology, and consider the matter concluded."

"Pardon me! not so fast, Captain Trevannion. I have not the remotest idea of apologizing. I think that your behavior has been very bad; that you have been the aggressor; that you have permitted your insular prejudices to overcome your good-breeding. I believe that cool reflection will show you this, and that the moment you give your native generosity a chance you will be readier to give than to ask an apology. We are men, don't let us act like a pair of sulky boys. My second proposal is this: Our unpleasant difference springs from the subject of horses and riding; as we have begun let us conclude; each of us has with him his favorite saddle-horse and his national accoutrements; both ourselves and our animals represent diametrically opposite schools; each of us has the fullest confidence in his own; accordingly let us settle our quarrel by a race. Let us spend the rest of this week in training for the encounter. On the first fair day next week we will select any good piece of road in the neighborhood and invite Mr. and Miss Fitz Patrick to take the judge's stand. The matter will thus be settled by the arbitrament of skill as truly as if we matched our shooting instead of our riding against each other. Not only shall we settle our personal dispute in this way but the question at issue between our horses and our schools of riding. This method will, moreover, possess the pre-eminent advantage of saving our generous friends here all the distress and mortification consequent on our 'going out' in the usual sense."

We walked silently for a quarter of a mile—the Captain smoking his cigar in short rapid puffs, which revealed the high-pressure condition of his mind. At length he broke out:

"Egad! the idea's not a bad one. Agreed."

I handed the challenge back to him. He tore it into small bits, and we returned to the house. After taking off our damp wraps and walking-shoes we met in the parlor, and Miss Daisy sang us back to good-nature with Moore's sweet melodies and a voice that sweetly matched them.

§ 4.—HORSE TALK BY THE WAY.

The sun next morning rose in a cloudless sky, and each of the four faces which met at breakfast reflected him in the shape of contentment and good-nature.

"Isn't it splendid, papa?" said Miss Fitz Patrick. "I don't know what we should have done if there were no more getting outdoors than we had yesterday."

The Captain looked ruefully at this speech. His conscience made him interpret it as a delicate rebuke for the discomfort he had caused us

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yesterday. I laughed and asked Miss Daisy if this were a naïve way of telling us how stupid she found us indoors.

"Oh no, indeed! If it had been stupid (which I didn't think) I should have laid all the blame on myself, for I was responsible and you were my wards in—what do they call the place where they punish the widow and the fatherless?"

"Chancery?"

"Yes, Chancery. You see, to-morrow is papa's birthday. Hold up your head, dear, and tell the gentlemen how old you are."

"Twenty-two."

"So you are, you little papa—not a day over—and you'll stay there till I catch up with you, won't you? As I was just about saying, I'm very indulgent to him, and always give him the nicest birthday party that can be constructed out of our wild Irish materials. I never let him have any thing to do with it himself, and as I wanted one whole day to prepare the out-door part of it, I am delighted to see the weather so fine. Among other things we're going to have a barbecue in a meadow a mile from here, all the tenantry will be invited to it, and both you gentlemen will have an opportunity to see regular Irish jigs danced by fifty couples at a time; and to hear the harp that once on Tara's walls the soul of music shed, with bagpipe obligato. Brother will arrive here from Trinity to-night, and in the mean time I shall have to leave you gentlemen in care of the eminent beneficiary, as they say when they present services of plate."

"Why not let me—the Captain and me—attend you as your faithful henchman?" (The Captain cast a grateful glance at me which seemed to say, "I sha'n't forget your magnanimity in including *me!*" Poor fellow! He would have solicited the privilege for himself two minutes later. His intellect always ignited with a damp fuse.)

"Let you? To be sure! I should have asked you at first, only I thought it might be stupid for you to go ambling about the estate with a woman of business like me. If you would like to go, my Hadji will be at the porch by ten o'clock. Brien, send word to the stables to have these gentlemen's horses saddled and brought up at the same time, and send Shaugh ahead of us on his pony to open the gates between here and Kelpie Hill. I'm going there first, gentlemen, to select the ox for to-morrow's barbecue. Mr. Von Haarlem will almost fancy that he's among the Mexican vaqueros again when he sees our wild herd."

A thought struck me. "If you're willing, Miss Fitz Patrick, I'll almost make you fancy so yourself. I have a genuine lariat in my saddle-bags, and though it's two years since I've used it for any other purpose than as a picket-rope, my right hand has not, I'm sure, so far lost its cunning, that I can not, by the assistance of Cholooké, bring down any giant of the herd you may select, and thus give you a miniature representation of the way the thing is done in California."

"Good! Capital!" cried Daisy, clapping her little hands. "Only—please don't hurt the poor beast, if he is going to be barbecued to-morrow."

"Not in the least!" I replied. "I'll be as gentle as Rarey."

Papa Fitz Patrick folded his hands whimsically and implored Daisy for once to relax the rigor of the birthday ceremonials and let him accompany the party. He'd *so* much like to see a lasso thrown, and never might have such a good chance again. Well, if he'd be a very good boy Daisy would consent; and the footman was sent out to order still another horse. Though the Captain saw that I was to be the inevitable celebrity of the occasion, I must do him the justice to say that he manfully denied himself the luxury of the superior smile.

When we rose from the table we found our animals at the door. Mr. Fitz Patrick rode the same sturdy little Galloway upon which he had met me the evening of my arrival. A beautiful black Arabian of fourteen hands bore Daisy's saddle. The Captain's horse was a large chestnut gelding, containing undoubted Eclipse blood, full of fire, without a superfluous ounce of fat on him; but with that convex neck and perpendicular action of the fore-legs which could not fail to set at ease any American horseman who proposed to match him with a first-class animal capable of *keeping down* to his work. Beautiful as Inkermann was in all his outlines he was only a parade horse after all, for he had never learned to economize his time and strength by sticking close to the ground. The Captain's face brightened as he looked at my Cholooké. He said nothing; but I could see that he had as little fear of my animal as I of his. Even Miss Fitz Patrick could not entirely conceal her disappointment at the looks of my horse. I laughed inwardly to witness the impression produced by poor Cholooké's ewe-neck and general democratic bearing. I saw that if I had been a betting man, and chosen to take advantage of the Captain's inexperience, I could have booked my horse against his for a race of any description, taking odds of one hundred to one. Both he and I carefully avoided any reference to each other's beasts, and devoted ourselves to the praise of Miss Fitz Patrick's Arabian. We were equally reticent regarding each other's accoutrements. My own was a modification of the Mexican saddle, relieved of all the weight necessary on the rugged mountain roads of the Pacific coast, but superfluous in older and smoother countries. The Captain's saddle was the slippery little pad universally used in England, with stirrups hung two inches forward of their proper position, and those polished irons which seem constructed for the special purpose of insecurity both to foot and seat. The Captain's head-gear was complicated as the rigging of a man-of-war, comprising snaffle, curb, and martingale. I had neither of these but the first.

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Through a splendid avenue of old oaks, whose foliage was so luxuriant that the sun had not yet kissed the dew off the grass beneath, our cavalcade set off from the porch, preceded by the red-headed urchin Shaugh, riding a ragged little pony, with all the sense of importance shown by a drum-major or a brigadier of home-guards. The royal breadth of our road permitted us to ride abreast, Miss Fitz Patrick going between the Captain and myself, while her father occupied the place on my left hand. The elder gentleman took a great interest in my accoutrements, and I found real pleasure in explaining them to a veteran horseman whose long experience had only made him more tolerant of unfamiliar things.

MR. F. P. "Doesn't your horse fret under the weight of that saddle?"

MYSELF. "Not at all. The saddle I used in Mexico weighs at least ten pounds heavier than this, but my horse never suffered from a chafe. It's entirely a matter of training and good care. If you never allow your horse to stand for an hour without taking off his saddle, and watch your blanket to see that it don't wrinkle—if on stopping for the night you sponge his back with tepid water and a trifle of Castile soap, a well-trained animal will average his thirty miles a day over our roughest California roads for six successive weeks without the least abrasion of the skin or any loss of condition through fretting."

MR. F. P. "But what advantage does your saddle offer to compensate for *any* greater weight?"

MYSELF. "The extra weight is a mere concomitant of greater comfort and safety to the rider. The American saddle is the invention of a people who *live* in the saddle, and its characteristics are simply on the principle of making home happy. Nothing could be more tiresome than an English saddle on a long march. The back of my saddle, as you see, rises so high and preserves such correct anatomical curves that all strain on the sacral vertebræ is done away with. This high pommel is not only the most convenient peg on which to hang the coil of my lariat (as you now observe), but in climbing the steeper passes of the Sierra I found the greatest relief to my horse and myself result from leaning far forward with this pommel as a support. I have slept on it, in safe districts, for three miles at a time. When we come to your miniature pampas you will see another important use for it as soon as I have thrown my lasso."

THE CAPTAIN. "But how about those grotesque stirrups?"

MYSELF. "They are the *only* stirrup. Look at them while I demonstrate." (I drew my foot out of the nigh-stirrup and raised the latter for inspection.) "The frame, you see, is a tough hoop of young hickory bent into the proper shape. This is elastic—no shock can break it; it is so roomy that the least touch releases the foot from it; yet the surface in contact with my boot-sole is either artificially corrugated or left so rough in the making that the wildest horse on earth could not dislodge my foot from it. For still further security this short shoe, or toe, constructed of the stoutest hide, is firmly attached to the hickory. With such a shoe no experienced horseman could by any possibility foul his ankle."

THE CAPTAIN. "Experienced horsemen in England are not in the habit of fouling their ankles with our stirrup."

DAISY. "Yet you remember how brother sprained himself by getting his foot quite through. Poor fellow! he could not leave the house for a month afterward; and he was always called one of the finest horsemen in the country."

THE CAPTAIN. "Oh, aw, yes; I do know that there are exceptions to every rule. But I must believe that the security of our stirrup is just about absolute where the rider knows his business."

MYSELF. "For a short pleasure-ride I will acknowledge it comparatively secure. Even in the Park there is great danger. I've known numerous people thrown, or slipped off, to be dragged several miles by their stirrup. I've seen one person instantly killed by having his horse fall under an attack of staggers. Not being able to release his foot he was crushed like an egg-shell."

DAISY. "Your stirrups hang very differently from Captain Trevannion's. At first I thought they had got awry by accident."

MYSELF. "Yes; mine hang exactly from the middle of the saddle; the Captain's are about two inches forward of that line."

MR. F. P. "What's the advantage of your arrangement?"

MYSELF. "It is one of the fundamental matters which distinguish our New World school of horsemanship. Without our stirrup neither this method of suspension nor our American riding-school would be practicable. All our English cousins laugh at the idea of their stirrup not being secure, though none of us need rummage his memory any great length of time to recall cases where it has killed or maimed the skillfulest riders. Now see the mutual dependence of all the pieces of our accoutrements, and of these with the school. The slippery little disk of the English stirrup iron is so difficult to keep in constant *rapport* with the foot that you are obliged to remedy the matter by throwing it forward out of the line of the rider's body, and shortening the stirrup-leather until his leg acts like an oblique brace. This arrangement, by increasing the pressure of the foot, renders the stirrup somewhat safer, but at the expense of grace and ease. When a rider rises in the stirrup he must be perpendicular over his centre of gravity. To recover this position the English rider is compelled to bend so far forward that he looks like a man in pain, crouched over to such a degree that a shrewd Yankee boy whom I brought over with me to attend to Cholooké used to compare him to 'a monkey on the top

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of a meetin'-house.' Now look at the effect of these individual errors upon the school of the horseman. Every time that his horse rises the rider makes a voluntary down-stroke with his feet, giving people who see him a painful, a sympathetic, or a ludicrous impression. If ever a man worked his passage it is he. Beholding him I am possessed of all the emotions I was just referring to—*plus* another of indignation at the people who are willing to tire out both their own and their horse's backs by doing for themselves the work which would be purely automatic if they would only study nature and common-sense. Who can see the race-pictures of this country without a sort of mirthful anger at the people who *talk* horse more elaborately and constantly than any on earth, yet ride with their knees tucked up under their chins and their bodies bent double?"

THE CAPTAIN. "Aw! I say, Mr. Fitz Patrick, what a pity that it has never occurred to her Majesty to employ Mr. Von Haarlem as private tutor for the Horse Guards, eh?"

MYSELF. "'What shall he do who cometh after the king?' I'm afraid that another American not long ago got the inside track for that position." I now smiled a superior smile myself, as I added, "I suppose you have heard of Mr. Rarey?"

MISS F. P. "Do you disapprove of rising in the saddle, then? I have always supposed that it was the true scientific method—indeed, greatly superior to the style of sitting close, both in point of grace and of relief to horse and rider."

THE CAPTAIN. "Aw! Americans are generally dyspeptic, and their doctors advise them, I've been told, to let themselves be jolted like a sack of corn."

MYSELF. "*I* invariably rise in my stirrups, but not in the English fashion. My method is purely automatic: I make my stirrups lift me instead of giving them a separate kick at each lift of my horse. You see that my stirrups hang perpendicularly in the line of my body. I let the leathers out until they lack only about an inch and a half of the length of my leg. If they were of exactly that length I should be literally standing in my stirrups, as upright as if I were on the ground; indeed, as you may notice, that is my apparent posture now. In fact, however, were I now to stand in my stirrups there would be about one hand-thickness between me and the saddle. This inch and a half discrepancy I distribute through the three joints of the ankle, the knee, and the hip, bending each of them half an inch out of the rectilinear, and putting a slight but permanent tension into the flexor muscles of each. My foothold being as secure as if my sole were nailed to the stirrup, furnishes a point of attachment to a triple series of delicate springs. Nothing in the useful arts is so perfect for its purpose as this arrangement provided by nature for him who knows how to use it. As my horse lifts, his momentum communicates itself upward in the line of my body. Were the stirrup *in front* of me it would either merely flex my knee, leaving my body to receive the full jolt; put a most inordinate strain on my knee if I stiffened that joint sufficiently to lift my body—a strain quite unendurable for any protracted period, and analogous to holding out one's own weight at arm's-length; or compel me to restore my relations to the centre of gravity by throwing my trunk forward into the ungraceful attitude I referred to a little while ago, and rise by a separate impulse at every lift of my horse. According to the American arrangement the jolt is absorbed by three successive springs meeting it in the line of their greatest elasticity; and thus by the time it reaches my body it is practically annihilated. I exaggerated when I spoke of the distance between me and my saddle as a hand's thickness. A man in constant practice, even with the hardest trotting horse, need not make the slightest perceptible rise. He only *anticipates* his saddle, does not get away from it. But I am ashamed of myself! I have been giving you a sermon where I only meant an explanation. You must know that reformers and lecturers are an indigenous growth in my country. Besides, if I have an enthusiasm in the world it's for a trotting horse."

MISS F. P. "I'm sure nobody's tired of your sermon. I could be preached to about horses all day long—couldn't I, Hadji?" And she patted the neck of her beautiful black Arab, who turned his head around to rub against her hand like a petted cat.

MR. F. P. "But why cultivate trotting horses? Is there any reason beyond the preservation of a fancy stock, like pouter pigeons, or half-lop rabbits?"

THE CAPTAIN. "Just what I was going to ask myself—aw!"

MYSELF. "In America a gentleman is expected to ride a trotting horse—at least *to know how*; and the comparative difficulty of acquiring the art to sit a trotter gracefully no doubt makes it the fashion. But I also believe that it is easier for the horse on long stretches to trot than to canter or gallop. In the latter gaits a great deal of the animal's energy is wasted in perpendicular motion, which does not help his journey forward a particle. Of course a horse can run much faster than he can trot, but he can trot much longer than he can run. The closer he sticks to the ground the less muscular energy does he throw away, and the less does he pound his fore-feet. It seems to me that style and economy are both on the side of the trotting horse."

§ 5.—THE LARIAT.

We now passed Shaugh, his broad face, after the Page system of painting, "laid in" with one uniform ground of freckle, and glazed over that with an equally uniform grin. He had dismounted, and stood by his pony's head, cap in hand, holding open for us the gate of the wild-cattle park.

The herd was a magnificent one, chiefly com-

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posed of black Highlanders, numbering several hundred, and gamy as buffaloes. We could not approach a group of them nearer than forty yards before their heads and tails began playing see-saw, and they scurried away at a speed which would have delighted the most enthusiastic of Mexican vaqueros. Miss Fitz Patrick's horse had such confidence in his mistress that he did not attempt to shy, but as the veins throbbed faster, *beading out* his delicate skin, as his legs trembled and his small ears twitched nervously, it was easily to be seen that he did not like the looks of our game. My host's little Galloway stood stolidly indifferent as a saw-horse. The Captain's thorough-bred behaved so that his master was overwhelmed with mortification—standing on his hind legs, prancing, swelling as if he would burst his girths, and jumping sideways as every new group stampeded in front of us. The Captain rose many pegs in my estimation; for he kept both his seat and his temper with a skill that showed the real man and horseman underneath the glaze of Young Englandism which had made him so intolerable on a rainy day indoors.

"I say, Von Haarlem! Don't judge him or me by this beastly behavior! He wouldn't act so if he heard a whole park of artillery going off behind him, but he's new to this kind of thing, d'ye see?"

"It's not such a bad time to judge his rider as to judge him. I must congratulate you on your seat. I don't see how it could be improved except by a change of saddles." I said this in a tone which Miss Fitz Patrick could hear, and Trevannion gave me an unconscious look of exceeding gratitude.

As for my Cholooké, he alone of all the horses exhibited positive delight. His ewe-neck went up like a stag's; he pricked his ears forward, he danced, he pawed, he pulled at the snaffle, he snorted in a tone of almost human significance; triumph and impatience bulged his eyes; the rekindled memories of many an ancient buffalo hunt filled them with fire. I was both proud and amused to hear Miss Fitz Patrick say to her father, in what was intended for an aside, "Dear me, papa, who would ever imagine that was the same horse?"

Knowing that she could not with safety get much nearer the cattle than we had succeeded in doing already, I unslung my field-glass and handed it to her, with a request that she would use it to select my quarry from a group feeding on a grassy knoll about a hundred yards from the spot where we had halted. She chose a splendid fat ox, crossed between the native and Durham. The herd was browsing with heads turned from us, and this particular ox was at the head of the herd. I resolved to flank him by going round the other side of the knoll, and then to take him in front. To avoid the danger which the rest might incur by remaining where they were if I stampeded the cattle toward them, I requested them to accompany me until I broke cover, afterward accompanying me or ascending the knoll to see the hunt at their leisure, as might please them best. Cholooké understood the manœuvre as well as if I had been able to communicate with him in the Mustang dialect of Morgan, and stopped fretting the moment I let him go, although I kept his gait down to a walk. Miss Fitz Patrick was astonished at him.

"See," she said, "he creeps like a cat! Is there any thing he can't be taught?"

"He does that by instinct—compliment him, not his trainer," said I, as I took the coil of my lariat from the pommel and cleared it for the throw.

Three minutes after this I broke cover. The ox was within forty yards of me when he saw me, wheeled and started off on a lumbering gallop. This species of chase was so novel to Miss Fitz Patrick that although I could have finished the job immediately I prolonged it for several minutes by holding Cholooké in and accommodating his pace to that of the game. The young girl, satisfied that I would keep my promise and cause our victim no pain further than that of exerting himself beyond his usual custom on a warm day, gave herself up so entirely to the enthusiasm of the chase that I was in danger of being distracted from the object of my pursuit to look at and admire her. She rode with the grace of a flying swallow and the fearlessness of a Cossack. Her golden hair had shaken loose from its net and was streaming back from her jockey (she had not been so corrupted by fashion as to wear that universal English and all too common American crime, a man's "stove-pipe"), like wind-driven spray from a fountain of sunshine; her cheeks were warmed into that exquisitely shaded tint which has no like on earth unless it be hinted by the inner pink of some Indian conch-shell; her eyes that I once called a dreamy brown were full of joyful fire; her lips were slightly parted by childlike eagerness and quickened breath; and I frankly said to myself that she was the most beautiful woman I had ever in my life seen on horseback in either hemisphere. Is it remarkable that I was able to note and chronicle all these particulars in so short a time? Just remember, if you please, the oft-recorded phenomenon of people seeing a whole lifetime flash by them in a second when they discovered that "it was all up with them." *It was all up with me!*

I can imagine how my old chums of the plains and the pampas will laugh when they picture the man who so lately hunted buffaloes and mustangs by their side dashing recklessly with lasso in hand at a fat domestic steer on an Irish pasture-field. Let those laugh who win! To make such a comrade so beautifully happy as Daisy I would, *faute de mieux*, have imitated our old colossal field-sports by tilting at cats in a garret astride of a walking-cane!

An ox is not a buffalo, though a wild Irish ox is liker one than most animals within civilized fence or hedge, and it was not long before the pace of the herd perceptibly slackened.

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Mindful of my promise, and of the fact that a long run would greatly deteriorate the quality of my game, regarded from the point of barbecue, I pressed forward and broke into the herd to select and separate the particular animal I wanted. I knew it would be dangerous for Daisy to follow me here, her horse being of course entirely untrained for *vaquero* purposes, and told her so. She replied: "Oh! I'm not in the least afraid! I've perfect control over Hadji!" I leaned over toward her saddle and whispered: "May I ask it as a particular favor to *me*, that you won't risk yourself?" This was a very simple thing to say, but the melting sea-shell pink of her cheeks deepened in hue as she heard it, and halting her Arab, replied: "Yes." The Captain, who had not yet succeeded in getting his nervous thorough-bred within ten rods of us, and Mr. Fitz Patrick, who had staid back with him for courtesy's sake, now rejoined her. The former smiled like the famous Spartan boy—or as that heroic boy probably would have smiled had there been a horse instead of a fox gnawing at his vitals—smiled and swore not. I so admired his fortitude and gallantry that I wished that there were ten different things which he knew how to do better than I, that I might compete with him in each and get beaten in all. I do not wish to diminish the glory of his self-control, but, as he afterward confessed to me, he had got through all his swearing before Miss Daisy returned to her father and himself. It consisted principally of ingenious imprecations on his own head, to take effect if he did not send his brute to Tattersall's the very day he got back to London.

Five minutes more and I had separated my ox from the herd. My lasso whizzed as deftly as if it felt a pride in its national reputation, and "ringed" both horns of the steer. These were very broad, so I regarded that throw as the best and most difficult I ever made. There was a brown-eyed inspiration behind me! Though I had no time to bow my acknowledgment, I could distinguish a lady's voice in the cheers with which my fortunate cast was recognized. Feeling this novel fillet about his brow, the ox put forth fresh energies. I let Cholooké press him closer, and gathered in several yards of slack, my end being held by half a dozen turns round the saddle-horn. Pressing still closer I came upon his flank, and dropped a bight of the lariat near his fore-feet. As he fouled one of them I reined Cholooké in. The horse had not forgotten his American training; "*cælum non animos*," etc.—you know the rest—and instantly went down almost on his haunches, like a bird-dog, planting his four hoofs deep in the turf. The ox gave one tug—his very best—but could not break the lariat nor pull Cholooké head over heels—the only way in which any good vaquero-horse can be upset. Of course my game was not aware of this last fact, so started to run sideways. Cholooké, without a hint from me, wheeled at once as on a pivot, and again put himself in exact line with the strain. This time the ox got inextricably fouled, and went down on his knees. Before he could consider himself and make an attempt to come up again Cholooké and I had thrice made his circuit, winding the lariat around him as long as it would last. I then dismounted, and leaving Cholooké without fastening of any kind (a confidence which he never betrayed by stampeding), proceeded to tie the steer's legs with little hopples of braided leather-rope, extemporized by myself that morning. Last, I got my lariat clear of him, coiled it once more around my pommel, and returned to the knoll, where I received welcome from the brightest pair of eyes that ever rewarded a man for doing something so perfectly easy to him that he feels ashamed to be praised for it, and looks around nervously to see if somebody who knows what a humbug he is is not laughing at him. Because that somebody *will*, in all likelihood, read these pages, I skip all the congratulations I received and (with my habitual modesty) handed over to Cholooké, coming at once to our ride homeward.

FIVE MINUTES LATE!

FOR my love I've waited long while, as often I've done before;
He's behind his appointed time, a minute, or two, or more.

I'll up and see if he's coming, o'er the garden wall I'll peep;
If I sit any longer here, I'll dream myself to sleep.

He's coming! I see him! heigh-ho! I dote on being in love,
One feels so consequential when called an Angel or a Dove.

Oh! doesn't he seem in a flutter, as he hastes across the field:
Now, he stops to look at his watch—my heart's beginning to yield.

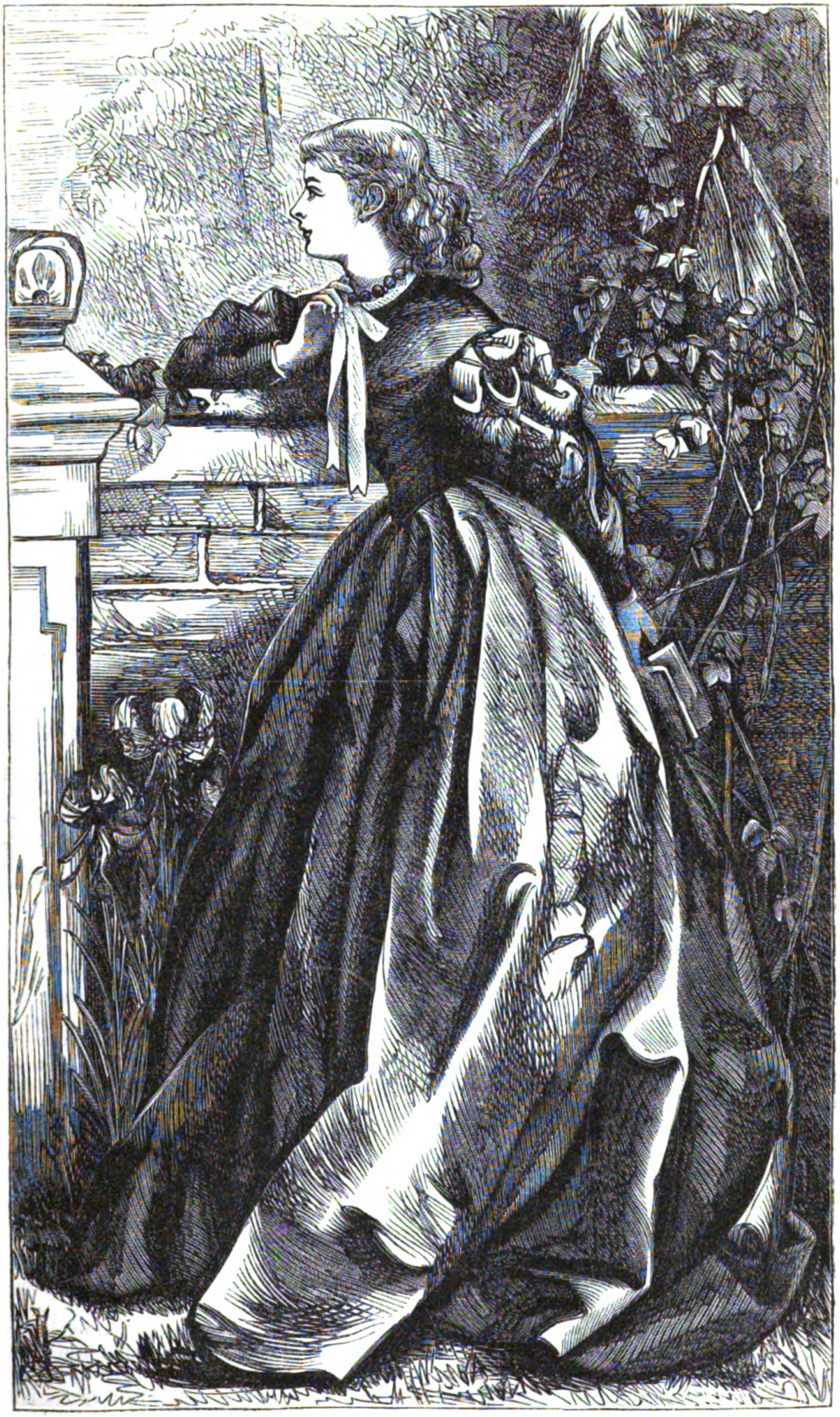
No! my brows I'll knit in anger, though I've ne'er done so before;
But I'll do it this time—I will, he's five minutes late, or more.

Perchance, the fault of delaying may not be a fault of thine;
I'll change my mind, and wear a smile, and with it my face shall shine.

We've sworn to be true to each other, and vowed to love till we die;
He sees me now—I know he does by the smile that's in his eye.

I've no time to be scolding now, I'll go and open the gate,
And shall whisper in Vincent's ear, "Five minutes, or more, you're late!"

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FIVE MINUTES LATE!

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ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER X.

MISS GWILT'S DIARY.

"*.....July 21st, Monday night, eleven o'clock.*—He has just left me. We parted by my desire at the path out of the coppice; he going his way to the hotel, and I going mine to my lodgings.

"I have managed to avoid making another appointment with him by arranging to write to him to-morrow morning. This gives me the night's interval to compose myself, and to coax my mind back (if I can) to my own affairs. I say, 'if I can,' for I feel as if his story had taken possession of me, never to leave me again. Will the night pass, and the morning find me still thinking of the Letter that came to him from his father's death-bed? of the night he watched through, on the Wrecked Ship; and, more than all, of the first breathless moment when he told me his real Name?

"Would it help me to shake off these impressions, I wonder, if I made the effort of writing them down? There would be no danger, in that case, of my forgetting any thing important. And perhaps, after all, it may be the fear of forgetting something which I ought to remember that keeps this story of Midwinter's weighing as it does on my mind. At any rate, the experiment is worth trying. In my present situation I *must* be free to think of other things, or I shall never find my way through all the difficulties of Thorpe-Ambrose that are still to come.

"Let me think. What *haunts* me, to begin with?

"The Names haunt me. I keep saying and saying to myself: Both alike! Christian name and surname, both alike! A light-haired Allan Armadale, whom I have long since known of, and who is the son of my old mistress. A dark-haired Allan Armadale, whom I only know of now, and who is only known to others under the name of Ozias Midwinter. Stranger still; it is not relationship, it is not chance, that has made them namesakes. The father of the light Armadale was the man who was *born* to the family name, and who lost the family inheritance. The father of the dark Armadale was the man who *took* the name, on condition of getting the inheritance—and who got it.

"So there are two of them—I can't help thinking of it—both unmarried. The light-haired Armadale, who offers to the woman who can secure him eight thousand a year while he lives; who leaves her twelve hundred a year when he dies; who must and shall marry me for those two golden reasons; and whom I hate and loath as I never hated and loathed a man yet. And the dark-haired Armadale, who has a poor little income which might perhaps pay his wife's milliner, if his wife was careful; who has just left me, persuaded that I mean to marry him; and whom—well, whom I *might* have loved once, before I was the woman I am now.

"And Allan the Fair doesn't know he has a namesake. And Allan the Dark has kept the secret from every body but the Somersetshire clergyman (whose discretion he can depend on) and myself.

"And there are two Allan Armadales—two Allan Armadales—two Allan Armadales. There! three is a lucky number. Haunt me again, after that, if you can!

"What next? The murder in the timber ship? No; the murder is a good reason why the dark Armadale, whose father committed it, should keep his secret from the fair Armadale, whose father was killed; but it doesn't concern *me*. I remember there was a suspicion in Madeira at the time of something wrong. *Was* it wrong? Was the man who had been tricked out of his wife to blame for shutting the cabin-door and leaving the man who had tricked him to drown in the wreck? Yes—the woman wasn't worth it.

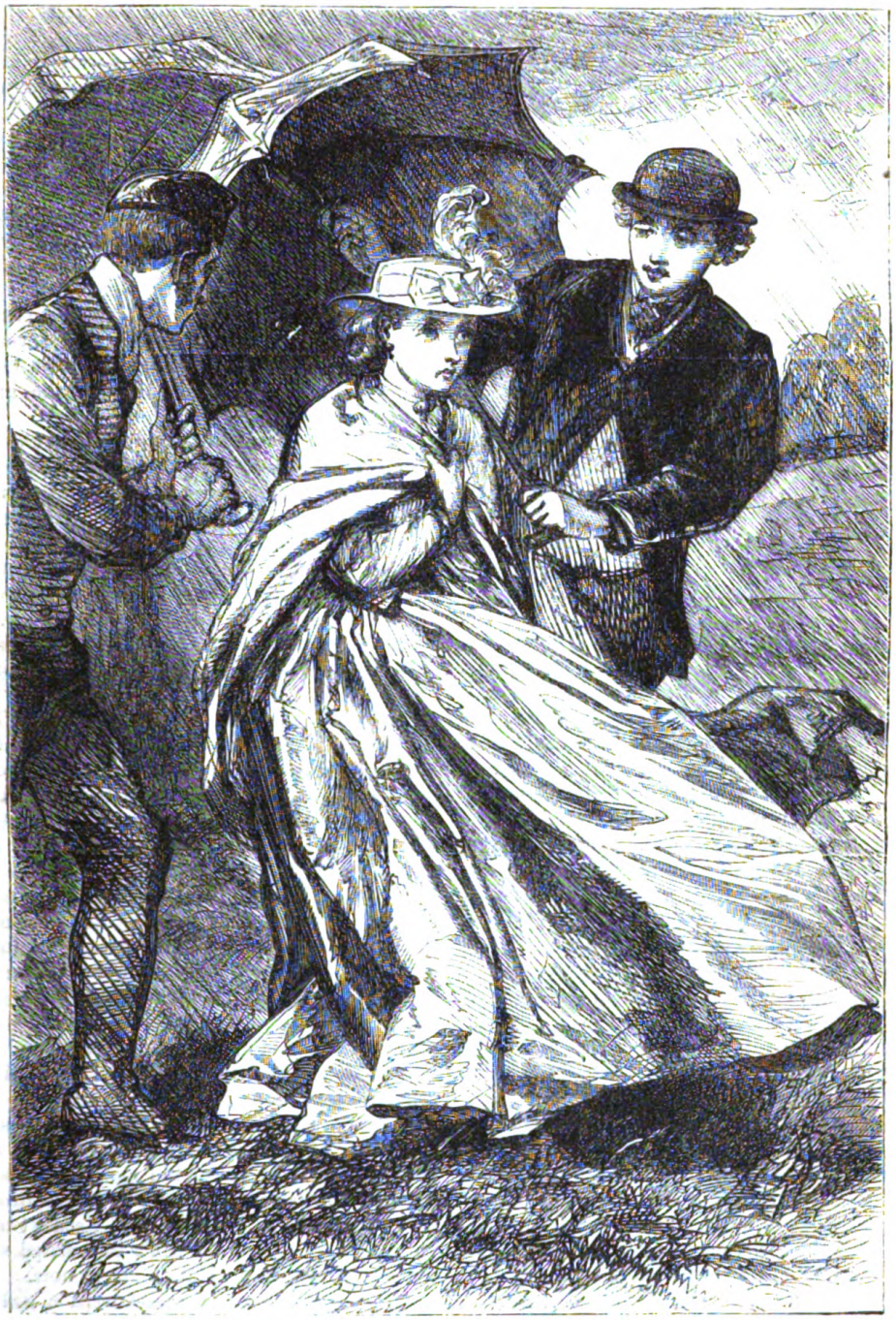
"What am I sure of that really concerns myself?

"I am sure of one very important thing. I am sure that Midwinter—I must call him by his ugly false name or I may confuse the two Armadales before I have done—I am sure that Midwinter is perfectly ignorant that I and the little imp of twelve years old who waited on Mrs. Armadale in Madeira, and copied the letters that were supposed to arrive from the West Indies, are one and the same. There are not many girls of twelve who could have imitated a man's handwriting and held their tongues about it afterward, as I did—but that doesn't matter now. What does matter is, that Midwinter's belief in the Dream is Midwinter's only reason for trying to connect me with Allan Armadale by associating me with Allan Armadale's father and mother. I asked him if he actually thought me old enough to have known either of them. And he said No, poor fellow, in the most innocent, bewildered way. Would he say No, if he saw me now? Shall I turn to the glass and see if I look my five-and-thirty years? or shall I go on writing? I will go on writing.

"There is one thing more that haunts me almost as obstinately as the Names.

"I wonder whether I am right in relying on Midwinter's superstition (as I do) to help me in keeping him at arm's-length. After having let the excitement of the moment hurry me into saying more than I need have said, he is certain to press me; he is certain to come back, with

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THANKS TO THE THUNDER.—[SEE DECEMBER NUMBER, PAGE 72.]

a man's hateful selfishness and impatience in such things, to the question of marrying me. Will the Dream help me to check him? After alternately believing and disbelieving in it, he has got, by his own confession, to believing in it again. Can I say I believe in it too? I have better reasons for doing so than he knows of. I am not only the person who helped Mrs. Armadale's marriage by helping her to impose on her own father—I am the woman who tried to drown herself; the woman who started the series of accidents which put young Armadale in possession of his fortune; the woman who has come to Thorpe-Ambrose to marry him for his fortune now he has got it; and more extraordinary still, the woman who stood in the Shadow's place at the pool! These may be coincidences, but they are strange coincidences. I declare I begin to fancy that *I* believe in the Dream too!

"Suppose I say to him, 'I think as you think. I say, what you said in your letter to me, Let us part before the harm is done. Leave me before the third Vision of the Dream comes true. Leave

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me; and put the mountains and the seas between you and the man who bears your name!'

"Suppose, on the other side, that his love for me makes him reckless of every thing else? Suppose he says those desperate words again, which I understand now—'What *is* to be, *will* be. What have I to do with it, and what has she?' Suppose—suppose—

"I won't write any more. I hate writing! It doesn't relieve me—it makes me worse. I'm farther from being able to think of all that I *must* think of, than I was when I sat down. It is past midnight. To-morrow has come already—and here I am as helpless as the stupidest woman living! Bed is the only fit place for me.

"Bed? If it was ten years since, instead of to-day; and if I had married Midwinter for love, I might be going to bed now with nothing heavier on my mind than a visit on tip-toe to the nursery, and a last look at night to see if my children were sleeping quietly in their cribs. I wonder whether I should have loved my children if I had ever had any? Perhaps, yes—perhaps, no. It doesn't matter.

"*Tuesday morning, ten o'clock.*—Who was the man who invented laudanum? I thank him from the bottom of my heart, whoever he was. If all the miserable wretches in pain of body and mind, whose comforter he has been, could meet together to sing his praises, what a chorus it would be! I have had six delicious hours of oblivion; I have woke up with my mind composed; I have written a perfect little letter to Midwinter; I have drunk my nice cup of tea, with a real relish of it; I have dawdled over my morning toilet with an exquisite sense of relief—and all through the modest little bottle of Drops which I see on my bedroom chimney-piece at this moment. 'Drops,' you are a darling! If I love nothing else, I love *you*.

"My letter to Midwinter has been sent through the post; and I have told him to reply to me in the same manner.

"I feel no anxiety about his answer—he can only answer in one way. I have asked for a little time to consider, because my family circumstances require some consideration, in his interests as well as in mine. I have engaged to tell him what those circumstances are (what shall I say, I wonder?) when we next meet; and I have requested him in the mean time to keep all that has passed between us a secret for the present. As to what he is to do himself in the interval while I am supposed to be considering, I have left it to his own discretion—merely reminding him that, in our present situation, his remaining at Thorpe-Ambrose might lead to inquiry into his motives, and that his attempting to see me again (while our positions toward each other can not be openly avowed) might injure my reputation. I have offered to write to him if he wishes it; and I have ended by promising to make the interval of our necessary separation as short as I can.

"This sort of plain unaffected letter—which I might have written to him last night, if his story had not been running in my head as it did—has one defect, I know. It certainly keeps him out of the way, while I am casting my net, and catching my gold fish at the great house for the second time—but it also leaves an awkward day of reckoning to come with Midwinter if I succeed. How am I to manage him? What am I to do? I ought to face those two questions as boldly as usual—but somehow my courage seems to fail me; and I don't quite fancy meeting *that* difficulty till the time comes when it *must* be met. Shall I confess to my diary that I am sorry for Midwinter, and that I shrink a little from thinking of the day when he hears that I am going to be mistress at the great house?

"But I am not mistress yet—and I can't take a step in the direction of the great house till I have got the answer to my letter, and till I know that Midwinter is out of the way. Patience! patience! I must go and forget myself at my piano. There is the 'Moonlight Sonata' open, and tempting me, on the music-stand. Have I nerve enough to play it, I wonder? Or will it set me shuddering with the mystery and terror of it, as it did the other day?

"*Five o'clock.*—I have got his answer. The slightest request I can make is a command to him. He has gone—and he sends me his address in London. 'There are two considerations' (he says) 'which help to reconcile me to leaving you. The first is, that *you* wish it, and that it is only to be for a little while. The second is, that I think I can make some arrangements in London for adding to my income by my own labor. I have never cared for money for myself—but you don't know how I am beginning already to prize the luxuries and refinements that money can provide, for my wife's sake.' Poor fellow! I almost wish I had not written to him as I did; I almost wish I had not sent him away from me.

"Fancy, if mother Oldershaw saw this page in my diary! I have had a letter from her this morning—a letter to remind me of my obligations, and to tell me she suspects things are all going wrong. Let her suspect! I sha'n't trouble myself to answer—I can't be worried with that old wretch in the state I am in now.

"It is a lovely afternoon—I want a walk—I mustn't think of Midwinter. Suppose I put on my bonnet, and try my experiment at once at the great house? Every thing is in my favor. There is no spy to follow me, and no lawyer to keep me out this time. Am I handsome enough to-day? Well, yes—handsome enough to be a match for a little dowdy, awkward, freckled creature, who ought to be perched on a form at school, and strapped to a back-board to straighten her crooked shoulders.

"'The nursery lisps out in all they utter;
Besides, they always smell of bread and butter'

"How admirably Byron has described girls in their teens!

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"*Eight o'clock.*—I have just got back from Armadale's house. I have seen him, and spoken to him; and the end of it may be set down in three plain words. I have failed. There is no more chance of my being Mrs. Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose than there is of my being Queen of England.

"Shall I write and tell Oldershaw? Shall I go back to London? Not till I have had time to think a little. Not just yet.

"Let me think; I have failed completely—failed, with all the circumstances in favor of success. I caught him alone on the drive in front of the house. He was excessively disconcerted, but at the same time quite willing to hear me. I tried him, first quietly—then with tears, and the rest of it. I introduced myself in the character of the poor innocent woman whom he had been the means of injuring. I confused, I interested, I convinced him. I went on to the purely Christian part of my errand, and spoke with such feeling of his separation from his friend, for which I was innocently responsible, that I turned his odious rosy face quite pale, and made him beg me at last not to distress him. But, whatever other feelings I roused in him, I never once roused his old feeling for *me*. I saw it in his eyes when he looked at me; I felt it in his fingers when we shook hands. We parted friends and nothing more.

"It is for this, is it, Miss Milroy, that I resisted temptation, morning after morning, when I knew you were out alone in the park? I have just left you time to slip in and take my place in Armadale's good graces, have I? I never resisted temptation yet without suffering for it in some such way as this! If I had only followed my first thoughts, on the day when I took leave of you, my young lady—well, well, never mind that now. I have got the future before me; you are not Mrs. Armadale yet! And I can tell you one other thing—who ever else he marries, he will never marry *you*. If I am even with you in no other way, trust me, whatever comes of it, to be even with you there!

"I am not, to my own surprise, in one of my furious passions. The last time I was in this perfectly cool state, under serious provocation, something came of it, which I daren't write down, even in my own private diary. I shouldn't be surprised if something comes of it now.

"On my way back I called at Mr. Bashwood's lodgings in the town. He was not at home, and I left a message telling him to come here to-night and speak to me. I mean to relieve him at once of the duty of looking after Armadale and Miss Milroy. I may not see my way yet to ruining her prospects at Thorpe-Ambrose as completely as she has ruined mine. But when the time comes, and I do see it, I don't know to what lengths my sense of injury may take me; and there may be inconvenience, and possibly danger, in having such a chicken-hearted creature as Mr. Bashwood in my confidence.

"I suspect I am more upset by all this than I supposed. Midwinter's story is beginning to haunt me again, without rhyme or reason.

"A soft, quick, trembling knock at the street door! I know who it is. No hand but old Bashwood's could knock in that way.

"*Nine o'clock.*—I have just got rid of him. He has surprised me by coming out in a new character.

"It seems (though I didn't detect him) that he was at the great house while I was in company with Armadale. He saw us talking on the drive; and he afterward heard what the servants said, who saw us too. The wise opinion below stairs is that we have 'made it up,' and that the master is likely to marry me after all. 'He's sweet on her red hair,' was the elegant expression they used in the kitchen. 'Little Missie can't match her there—and little Missie will get the worst of it.' How I hate the coarse ways of the lower orders!

"While old Bashwood was telling me this I thought he looked even more confused and nervous than usual. But I failed to see what was really the matter until after I had told him that he was to leave all further observation of Mr. Armadale and Miss Milroy to me. Every drop of the little blood there is in the feeble old creature's body seemed to fly up into his face. He made quite an overpowering effort; he really looked as if he would drop down dead of fright at his own boldness; but he forced out the question, for all that, stammering, and stuttering, and kneading desperately with both hands at the brim of his hideous great hat. 'I beg your pardon, Miss Gwi-Gwi-Gwilt! You are not really go go-going to marry Mr. Armadale, are you?' Jealous—if ever I saw it in a man's face yet, I saw it in his—actually jealous of Armadale, at his age! If I had been in the humor for it I should have burst out laughing in his face. As it was, I was angry, and lost all patience with him. I told him he was an old fool, and ordered him to go on quietly with his usual business until I sent him word that he was wanted again. He submitted as usual; but there was an indescribable something in his watery old eyes, when he took leave of me, which I have never noticed in them before. Love has the credit of working all sorts of strange transformations. Can it be really possible that Love has made Mr. Bashwood man enough to be angry with me?

"*Wednesday.*—My experience of Miss Milroy's habits suggested a suspicion to me last night which I thought it desirable to clear up this morning.

"It was always her way, when I was at the cottage, to take a walk early in the morning before breakfast. Considering that I used often to choose that very time for *my* private meetings with Armadale, it struck me as likely that my former pupil might be taking a leaf out of my book, and that I might make some desirable discoveries if I turned my steps in the direc-

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tion of the major's garden at the right hour. I deprived myself of my Drops to make sure of waking; passed a miserable night in consequence; and was ready enough to get up at six o'clock, and walk the distance from my lodgings to the cottage in the fresh morning air.

"I had not been five minutes on the park-side of the garden inclosure before I saw her come out. *She* seemed to have had a bad night too; her eyes were heavy and red, and her lips and cheeks looked swollen, as if she had been crying. There was something on her mind, evidently; something, as it soon appeared, to take her out of the garden into the park. She walked (if one can call it walking with such legs as hers!) straight to the summer-house, and opened the door, and crossed the bridge, and went on quicker and quicker toward the low ground in the park, where the trees are thickest. I followed her over the open space with perfect impunity, in the preoccupied state she was in; and when she began to slacken her pace among the trees I was among the trees too, and was not afraid of her seeing me.

"Before long there was a crackling and trampling of heavy feet coming up toward us through the underwood in a deep dip of the ground. I knew that step as well as she knew it. 'Here I am,' she said, in a faint little voice. I kept behind the trees a few yards off, in some doubt on which side Armadale would come out of the underwood to join her. He came out up the side of the dell opposite to the tree behind which I was standing. They sat down together on the bank. I sat down behind the tree, and looked at them through the underwood, and heard without the slightest difficulty every word that they said.

"The talk began by his noticing that she looked out of spirits, and asking if any thing had gone wrong at the cottage. The artful little minx lost no time in making the necessary impression on him; she began to cry. He took her hand, of course, and tried, in his brutishly straightforward way, to comfort her. No; she was not to be comforted. A miserable prospect was before her; she had not slept the whole night for thinking of it. Her father had called her into his room the previous evening, had spoken about the state of her education, and had told her, in so many words, that she was to go to school. The place had been found, and the terms had been settled; and as soon as her clothes could be got ready Miss was to go. 'While that hateful Miss Gwilt was in the house,' says this model young person, 'I would have gone to school willingly—I wanted to go. But it's all different now; I don't think of it in the same way; I feel too old for school. I'm quite heart-broken, Mr. Armadale.' There she stopped, as if she had meant to say more, and gave him a look which finished the sentence plainly—'I'm quite heart-broken, Mr. Armadale, now we are friendly again, at going away from *you!*' For downright brazen impudence, which a grown woman would be ashamed of, give me the young girls whose 'modesty' is so pertinaciously insisted on by the nauseous domestic sentimentalists of the present day!

"Even Armadale, booby as he is, understood her. After bewildering himself in a labyrinth of words that led nowhere, he took her—one can hardly say round the waist, for she hasn't got one—he took her round the last hook-and-eye of her dress, and, by way of offering her a refuge from the indignity of being sent to school at her age, made her a proposal of marriage in so many words.

"If I could have killed them both at that moment by lifting up my little finger, I have not the least doubt I should have lifted it. As things were, I only waited to see what Miss Milroy would do.

"She appeared to think it necessary—feeling, I suppose, that she had met him without her father's knowledge, and not forgetting that I had had the start of her as the favored object of Mr. Armadale's good opinion—to assert herself by an explosion of virtuous indignation. She wondered how he could think of such a thing after his conduct with Miss Gwilt, and after her father had forbidden him the house! Did he want to make her feel how inexcusably she had forgotten what was due to herself? Was it worthy of a gentleman to propose what he knew as well as she did was impossible? and so on, and so on. Any man with brains in his head would have known what all this rhodomontade really meant. Armadale took it so seriously that he actually attempted to justify himself. He declared, in his headlong, blundering way, that he was quite in earnest; he and her father might make it up, and be friends again; and if the major persisted in treating him as a stranger, young ladies and gentlemen in their situation had made runaway marriages before now, and fathers and mothers who would not forgive them before had forgiven them afterward. Such outrageously straightforward love-making as this left Miss Milroy, of course, but two alternatives—to confess that she had been saying No when she meant Yes, or to take refuge in another explosion. She was hypocrite enough to prefer another explosion. 'How dare you, Mr. Armadale? Go away directly! It's inconsiderate, it's heartless, it's perfectly disgraceful to say such things to me!' and so on, and so on. It seems incredible, but it is not the less true, that he was positively fool enough to take her at her word. He begged her pardon, and went away like a child that is put in the corner—the most contemptible object in the form of man that eyes ever looked on!

"She waited, after he had gone, to compose herself, and I waited behind the trees to see how she would succeed. Her eyes wandered round slyly to the path by which he had left her. She smiled (grinned would be the truer way of putting it, with such a mouth as hers); took a few steps on tip-toe to look after him; turned back again, and suddenly burst into a violent fit of crying. I am not quite so easily

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taken in as Armadale, and I saw what it all meant plainly enough.

"'To-morrow,' I thought to myself, 'you will be in the park again, miss, by pure accident. The next day, you will lead him on into proposing to you for the second time. The day after he will venture back to the subject of runaway marriages, and you will only be becomingly confused. And the day after that, if he has got a plan to propose, and if your clothes are ready to be packed for school, you will listen to him.' Yes, yes; Time is always on the man's side, where a woman is concerned, if the man is only patient enough to let Time help him.

"I let her leave the place and go back to the cottage, quite unconscious that I had been looking at her. I waited among the trees thinking. The truth is, I was impressed by what I had heard and seen, in a manner that it is not very easy to describe. It put the whole thing before me in a new light. It showed me—what I had never even suspected till this morning—that she is really fond of him.

"Heavy as my debt of obligation is to her, there is no fear *now* of my failing to pay it to the last farthing. It would have been no small triumph for me to stand between Miss Milroy and her ambition to be one of the leading ladies of the county. But it is infinitely more, where her first love is concerned, to stand between Miss Milroy and her heart's desire. Shall I remember my own youth and spare her? No! She has deprived me of the one chance I had of breaking the chain that binds me to a past life too horrible to be thought of. I am thrown back into a position, compared to which the position of an outcast who walks the streets is endurable and enviable. No, Miss Milroy—no, Mr. Armadale; I will spare neither of you.

"I have been back some hours. I have been thinking, and nothing has come of it. Ever since I got that strange letter of Midwinter's last Sunday, my usual readiness in emergencies has deserted me. When I am not thinking of him or of his story, my mind feels quite stupefied. I who have always known what to do on other occasions, don't know what to do now. It would be easy enough, of course, to warn Major Milroy of his daughter's proceedings. But the major is fond of his daughter; Armadale is anxious to be reconciled with him; Armadale is rich and prosperous, and ready to submit to the elder man—and sooner or later they will be friends again, and the marriage will follow. Warning Major Milroy is only the way to embarrass them for the present; it is not the way to part them for good and all.

"What *is* the way? I can't see it. I could tear my own hair off my head! I could burn the house down! If there was a train of gunpowder under the whole world, I could light it, and blow the whole world to destruction—I am in such a rage, such a frenzy with myself for not seeing it!

"Poor dear Midwinter! Yes, '*dear*.' I don't care. I'm lonely and helpless. I want somebody who is gentle and loving, to make much of me; I wish I had his head on my bosom again; I have a good mind to go to London and marry him. Am I mad? Yes; all people who are as miserable as I am are mad. I must go to the window and get some air. Shall I jump out? No; it disfigures one so, and the coroner's inquest lets so many people see it.

"The air has revived me. I begin to remember that I have Time on my side, at any rate. Nobody knows but me of their secret meetings in the park the first thing in the morning. If jealous old Bashwood, who is slinking and sly enough for any thing, tries to look privately after Armadale, in his own interests, he will try at the usual time when he goes to the steward's office. He knows nothing of Miss Milroy's early habits; and he won't be on the spot till Armadale has got back to the house. For another week to come I may wait and watch them, and choose my own time and way of interfering the moment I see a chance of his getting the better of her hesitation, and making her say, Yes.

"So here I wait, without knowing how things will end with Midwinter in London; with my purse getting emptier and emptier, and no appearance so far of any new pupils to fill it; with Mother Oldershaw certain to insist on having her money back the moment she knows I have failed; without prospects, friends, or hopes of any kind—a lost woman, if ever there was a lost woman yet. Well! I say it again and again and again—I don't care! Here I stop, if I sell the clothes off my back, if I hire myself at the public house to play to the brutes in the tap-room; here I stop till the time comes, and I see the way to parting Armadale and Miss Milroy forever!

"*Seven o'clock.*—Any signs that the time is coming yet? I hardly know—there are signs of a change, at any rate, in my position in the neighborhood.

"Two of the oldest and ugliest of the many old and ugly ladies who took up my case when I left Major Milroy's service, have just called, announcing themselves with the insufferable impudence of charitable Englishwomen, as a deputation from my patronesses. It seems that the news of my reconciliation with Armadale has spread from the servants' offices at the great house, and has reached the town, with this result. It is the unanimous opinion of my 'patronesses' (and the opinion of Major Milroy also, who has been consulted), that I have acted with the most inexcusable imprudence in going to Armadale's house, and in there speaking on friendly terms with a man whose conduct toward myself has made his name a by-word in the neighborhood. My total want of self-respect in this matter has given rise to a report that I am trading as cleverly as ever on my good looks, and that I am as likely as not to

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end in making Armadale marry me after all. My 'patronesses' are, of course, too charitable to believe this. They merely feel it necessary to remonstrate with me in a Christian spirit, and to warn me that any second and similar imprudence on my part would force all my best friends in the place to withdraw the countenance and protection which I now enjoy.

"Having addressed me, turn and turn about, in these terms (evidently all rehearsed beforehand), my two Gorgon-visitors straightened themselves in their chairs, and looked at me as much as to say, 'You may often have heard of Virtue, Miss Gwilt, but we don't believe you ever really saw it in full bloom till we came and called on you.'

"Seeing they were bent on provoking me, I kept my temper, and answered them in my smoothest, sweetest, and most lady-like manner. I have noticed that the Christianity of a certain class of respectable people begins when they open their prayer-books at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, and ends when they shut them up again at one o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Nothing so astonishes and insults Christians of this sort as reminding them of their Christianity on a week-day. On this hint, as the man says in the play, I spoke.

"'What have I done that is wrong?' I asked, innocently. 'Mr. Armadale has injured me; and I have been to his house and forgiven him the injury. Surely there must be some mistake, ladies? You can't have really come here to remonstrate with me in a Christian spirit for performing an act of Christianity?'

"The two Gorgons got up. I firmly believe some women have cats' tails as well as cats' faces. I firmly believe the tails of those two particular cats wagged slowly under their petticoats, and swelled to four times their proper size.

"'Temper we were prepared for, Miss Gwilt,' they said, 'but not Profanity. We wish you good-evening.'

"So they left me, and so 'Miss Gwilt' sinks out of the patronizing notice of the neighborhood.

"I wonder what will come of this trumpery little quarrel? One thing will come of it which I can see already. The report will reach Miss Milroy's ears. She will insist on Armadale's justifying himself—and Armadale will end in satisfying her of his innocence by making another proposal. This will be quite likely to hasten matters between them—at least it would with me. If I was in her place I should say to myself, 'I will make sure of him while I can.' Supposing it doesn't rain to-morrow morning, I think I will take another early walk in the direction of the park.

"*Midnight.*—As I can't take my drops, with a morning walk before me, I may as well give up all hope of sleeping, and go on with my diary. Even *with* my drops, I doubt if my head would be very quiet on my pillow to-night. Since the little excitement of the scene with my 'lady patronesses' has worn off I have been troubled with misgivings which would leave me but a poor chance, under any circumstances, of getting much rest.

"I can't imagine why, but the parting words spoken to Armadale by that old brute of a lawyer have come back to my mind! Here they are, as reported in Mr. Bashwood's letter: 'Some other person's curiosity may go on from the point where you (and I) have stopped, and some other person's hand may let the broad daylight in yet on Miss Gwilt.'

"What does he mean by that? And what did he mean afterward when he overtook old Bashwood in the drive, by telling him to gratify his curiosity? Does this hateful Pedgift actually suppose there is any chance—? Ridiculous! Why, I have only to *look* at the feeble old creature, and he daren't lift his little finger unless I tell him. *He* try to pry into my past life indeed! Why, people with ten times his brains and a hundred times his courage have tried—and have left off as wise as they began.

"I don't know, though—it might have been better if I had kept my temper when Bashwood was here the other night. And it might be better still if I saw him to-morrow, and took him back into my good graces by giving him something to do for me. Suppose I tell him to look after the two Pedgifts, and to discover whether there is any chance of their attempting to renew their connection with Armadale? No such thing is at all likely; but if I gave old Bashwood this commission it would flatter his sense of his own importance to me, and would at the same time serve the excellent purpose of keeping him out of my way.

"*Thursday morning, nine o'clock.*—I have just got back from the park.

"For once I have proved a true prophet. There they were together, at the same early hour, in the same secluded situation among the trees; and there was Miss in full possession of the report of my visit to the great house, and taking her tone accordingly.

"After saying one or two things about me, which I promise him not to forget, Armadale took the way to convince her of his constancy which I felt beforehand he would be driven to take. He repeated his proposal of marriage, with excellent effect this time. Tears and kisses and protestations followed; and my late pupil opened her heart at last in the most innocent manner. Home, she confessed, was getting so miserable to her now that it was only less miserable than going to school. Her mother's temper was becoming more violent and unmanageable every day. The nurse, who was the only person with any influence over her, had gone away in disgust. Her father was becoming more and more immersed in his clock, and was made more and more resolute to send her away from home by the distressing scenes

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which now took place with her mother almost day by day. I waited through these domestic disclosures on the chance of hearing any plans they might have for the future discussed between them; and my patience, after no small exercise of it, was rewarded at last.

"The first suggestion (as was only natural where such a fool as Armadale was concerned) came from the girl. She started an idea, which I own I had not anticipated. She proposed that Armadale should write to her father; and, cleverer still, she prevented all fear of his blundering by telling him what he was to say. He was to express himself as deeply distressed at his estrangement from the major, and to request permission to call at the cottage and say a few words in his own justification. That was all. The letter was not to be sent that day, for the applicants for the vacant place of Mrs. Milroy's nurse were coming, and seeing them and questioning them would put her father, with his dislike of such things, in no humor to receive Armadale's application indulgently. The Friday would be the day to send the letter, and on the Saturday morning, if the answer was unfortunately not favorable, they might meet again. 'I don't like deceiving my father; he has always been so kind to me. And there will be no need to deceive him, Allan, if we can only make you friends again.' Those were the last words the little hypocrite said, when I left them.

"What will the major do? Saturday morning will show I won't think of it till Saturday morning has come and gone. They are not man and wife yet; and again and again I say it, though my brains are still as helpless as ever, man and wife they shall never be.

"On my way home again I caught Bashwood at his breakfast, with his poor old black tea-pot, and his little penny loaf, and his one cheap morsel of oily butter, and his darned dirty table-cloth. It sickens me to think of it.

"I coaxed and comforted the miserable old creature till the tears stood in his eyes, and he quite blushed with pleasure. He undertakes to look after the Pedgifts with the utmost alacrity. Pedgift the elder he describes, when once roused, as the most obstinate man living; nothing will induce him to give way unless Armadale gives way also on his side. Pedgift the younger is much the more likely of the two to make attempts at a reconciliation. Such at least is Bashwood's opinion. It is of very little consequence now what happens either way. The only important thing is to tie my elderly admirer safely again to my apron-string. And this is done.

"The post is late this morning. It has only just come in, and has brought me a letter from Midwinter.

"It is a charming letter; it flatters me and flutters me as if I was a young girl again. No reproaches for my never having written to him; no hateful hurrying of me, in plain words, to marry him. He only writes to tell me a piece of news. He has obtained, through his lawyers, a prospect of being employed as occasional correspondent to a newspaper which is about to be started in London. The employment will require him to leave England for the Continent, which would exactly meet his own wishes for the future, but he can not consider the proposal seriously until he has first ascertained whether it would meet my wishes too. He knows no will but mine, and he leaves me to decide, after first mentioning the time allowed him before his answer must be sent in. It is the time of course (if I agree to his going abroad) in which I must marry him. But there is not a word about this in his letter. He asks for nothing but a sight of my handwriting to help him through the interval, while we are separated from each other.

"That is the letter; not very long, but so prettily expressed.

"I think I can penetrate the secret of his fancy for going abroad. That wild idea of putting the mountains and the seas between Armadale and himself is still in his mind. As if either he or I could escape doing what we are fated to do—supposing we really are fated—by putting a few hundred, or a few thousand miles, between Armadale and ourselves! What strange absurdity and inconsistency! And yet how I like him for being absurd and inconsistent; for don't I see plainly that I am at the bottom of it all? Who leads this clever man astray in spite of himself? Who makes him too blind to see the contradiction in his own conduct which he would see plainly in the conduct of another person? How interested I do feel in him! How dangerously near I am to shutting my eyes on the past and letting myself love him! Was Eve fonder of Adam than ever, I wonder, after she had coaxed him into eating the apple? I should have quite doted on him if I had been in her place. (Memorandum: To write Midwinter a charming little letter on my side, with a kiss in it; and as time is allowed him before he sends in his answer to ask for time too before I tell him whether I will or will not go abroad.)

"*Five o'clock.*—A tiresome visit from my landlady; eager for a little gossip, and full of news, which she thinks will interest me.

"She is acquainted, I find, with Mrs. Milroy's late nurse; and she has been seeing her friend off at the station this afternoon. They talked of course of affairs at the cottage, and my name turned up in the course of conversation. I am quite wrong, it seems, if the nurse's authority is to be trusted in believing Miss Milroy to be responsible for sending Mr. Armadale to my reference in London. Miss Milroy really knew nothing about it, and it all originated in her mother's mad jealousy of me. The present wretched state of things at the cottage is due entirely to the same cause. Mrs. Milroy is firmly persuaded that my remaining at Thorpe-Ambrose is referable to my having some private

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means of communicating with the major which it is impossible for her to discover. With this conviction in her mind she has become so unmanageable that no person, with any chance of bettering herself, could possibly remain in attendance on her; and, sooner or later, the major, object to it as he may, will be obliged to place her under proper medical care.

"That is the sum and substance of what the wearisome landlady had to tell me. Unnecessary to say that I was not in the least interested by it. Even if the nurse's assertion is to be depended on—which I persist in doubting—it is of no importance now. I know that Miss Milroy, and nobody *but* Miss Milroy, has utterly ruined my prospect of becoming Mrs. Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose—and I care to know nothing more. If her mother was really alone in the attempt to expose my false reference, her mother seems to be suffering for it, at any rate. And so good-by to Mrs. Milroy—and Heaven defend me from any more last glimpses at the cottage, seen through the medium of my landlady's spectacles!

"*Nine o'clock.*—Bashwood has just left me, having come with news from the great house. Pedgift the younger has made his attempt at bringing about a reconciliation this very day, and has failed. I am the sole cause of the failure. Armadale is quite willing to be reconciled, if Pedgift the elder will avoid all future occasion of disagreement between them, by never recurring to the subject of Miss Gwilt. This, however, happens to be exactly the condition which Pedgift's father—with his opinion of me and my doings—would consider it his duty to Armadale *not* to accept. So lawyer and client remain as far apart as ever, and the obstacle of the Pedgifts is cleared out of my way.

"It might have been a very awkward obstacle, so far as Pedgift the elder is concerned, if one of his suggestions had been carried out—I mean, if an officer of the London police had been brought down here to look at me. It is a question, even now, whether I had better not take to the thick veil again, which I always wear in London and other large places. The only difficulty is, that it would excite remark in this inquisitive little town to see me wearing a thick veil, for the first time, in the summer weather.

"It is close on ten o'clock—I have been dawdling over my diary longer than I supposed. No words can describe how weary and languid I feel. Why don't I take my sleeping drops and go to bed? There is no meeting between Armadale and Miss Milroy to force me into early rising to-morrow morning. Am I trying, for the hundredth time, to see my way clearly into the future—trying, in my present state of fatigue, to be the quick-witted woman I once was, before all these anxieties came together and overpowered me? or am I perversely afraid of my bed when I want it most? I don't know—I am tired and miserable; I am looking wretchedly haggard and old. With a little encouragement I might be fool enough to burst out crying. Luckily, there is no one to encourage me. What sort of night is it, I wonder?

"A cloudy night, with the moon showing at intervals, and the wind rising. I can just hear it moaning among the ins and outs of the unfinished cottages at the end of the street. My nerves must be a little shaken, I think. I was startled just now by a shadow on the wall. It was only after a moment or two that I mustered sense enough to notice where the candle was, and to see that the shadow was my own.

"Shadows remind me of Midwinter—or, if the shadows don't, something else does. I must have another look at his letter, and then I will positively go to bed.

"I shall end in getting fond of him. If I remain much longer in this lonely uncertain state—so irresolute, so unlike my usual self—I shall end in getting fond of him. What madness! As if *I* could ever be really fond of a man again!

"Suppose I took one of my sudden resolutions and married him. Poor as he is, he would give me a name and a position, if I became his wife. Let me see how the name—his own name—would look, if I really did consent to take it for mine.

"'Mrs. Armadale!' Pretty.

"'Mrs. Allan Armadale!' Prettier still.

"My nerves *must* be shaken. Here is my own handwriting startling me now! It is so strange—it is enough to startle any body. The similarity in the two names never struck me in this light before. Marry which of the two I might my name would of course be the same. I should have been Mrs. Armadale, if I had married the light-haired Allan at the great house. And I can be Mrs. Armadale still, if I marry the dark-haired Allan in London. It's almost maddening to write it down—to feel that something ought to come of it—and to find nothing come.

"How *can* any thing come of it? If I did go to London and marry him (as of course I must marry him) under his real name, would he let me be known by it afterward? With all his reasons for concealing his real name he would insist—no, he is too fond of me to do that—he would entreat me to take the name which he has assumed. Mrs. Midwinter. Hideous! Ozias, too, when I wanted to address him familiarly as his wife should. Worse than hideous!

"And yet, there would be some reason for humoring him in this, if he asked me. Suppose the brute at the great house happened to leave this neighborhood as a single man; and suppose, in his absence, any of the people who know him heard of a Mrs. Allan Armadale, they would set her down at once as his wife. Even if they actually saw me—if I actually came among them with that name, and if he was not present to contradict it—his own servants would be the first to say, 'We knew she would marry him after all!' And my lady-patronesses, who will be ready to believe any thing of me now we have

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quarreled, would join the chorus *sotto voce:* 'Only think, my dear, the report that so shocked us actually turns out to be true!' No. If I marry Midwinter, I must either be perpetually putting my husband and myself in a false position—or I must leave his real name, his pretty, romantic name, behind me at the church-door.

"My husband! As if I was really going to marry him! I am *not* going to marry him, and there's an end of it.

"*Half past ten.*—Oh dear! oh dear! how my temples throb, and how hot my weary eyes feel! There is the moon looking at me through the window. How fast the little scattered clouds are flying before the wind! Now they let the moon in; and now they shut the moon out. What strange shapes the patches of yellow light take and lose again all in a moment! No peace and quiet for me look where I may. The candle keeps flickering, and the very sky itself is restless to-night.

"'To bed! to bed!' as Lady Macbeth says. I wonder, by-the-by, what Lady Macbeth would have done in my position? She would have killed somebody when her difficulties first began. Probably Armadale.

"*Friday morning.*—A night's rest, thanks again to my Drops. I went to breakfast in better spirits, and received a morning welcome in the shape of a letter from Mrs. Oldershaw.

"My silence has produced its effect on Mother Jezabel. She attributes it to the right cause, and she shows her claws at last. If I am not in a position to pay my note-of-hand for thirty pounds, which is due on Tuesday next, her lawyer is instructed to 'take the usual course.' *If* I am not in a position to pay it! Why, when I have settled to-day with my landlord, I shall have barely five pounds left! There is not the shadow of a prospect between now and Tuesday of my earning any money; and I don't possess a friend in this place who would trust me with sixpence. The difficulties that are swarming round me wanted but one more to complete them, and that one has come.

"Midwinter would assist me, of course, if I could bring myself to ask him for assistance. But *that* means marrying him. Am I really desperate enough and helpless enough to end it in that way? No; not yet.

"My head feels heavy; I must get out into the fresh air and think about it.

"*Two o'clock.*—I believe I have caught the infection of Midwinter's superstition. I begin to think that events are forcing me nearer and nearer to some end which I don't see yet, but which I am firmly persuaded is now not far off.

"I have been insulted—deliberately insulted before witnesses—by Miss Milroy.

"After walking, as usual, in the most unfrequented place I could pick out, and after trying not very successfully to think to some good purpose of what I am to do next, I remembered that I needed some note paper and pens, and went back to the town to the stationer's shop. It might have been wiser to have sent for what I wanted. But I was weary of myself, and weary of my lonely rooms; and I did my own errand, for no better reason than that it was something to do.

"I had just got into the shop and was asking for what I wanted when another customer came in. We both looked up and recognized each other at the same moment: Miss Milroy.

"A woman and a lad were behind the counter besides the man who was serving me. The woman civilly addressed the new customer. 'What can we have the pleasure of doing for you, Miss?' After pointing it first, by looking me straight in the face, she answered, 'Nothing, thank you, at present. I'll come back when the shop is empty.'

"She went out. The three people in the shop looked at me in silence. In silence, on my side, I paid for my purchases, and left the place. I don't know how I might have felt if I had been in my usual spirits. In the anxious unsettled state I am in now, I can't deny it, the girl stung me.

"In the weakness of the moment (for it was nothing else) I was on the point of matching her petty spitefulness by spitefulness quite as petty on my side. I had actually got as far as the whole length of the street on my way to the major's cottage, bent on telling him the secret of his daughter's morning walks before my better sense came back to me. When I did cool down I turned round at once and took the way home. No, no, Miss Milroy, mere temporary mischief-making at the cottage, which would only end in your father forgiving you and in Armadale profiting by his indulgence, will nothing like pay the debt I owe you. I don't forget that your heart is set on Armadale; and that the major, however he may talk, has always ended hitherto in giving you your own way. My head *may* be getting duller and duller, but it has not quite failed me yet.

"In the mean time, there is Mother Oldershaw's letter waiting obstinately to be answered; and here am I, not knowing what to do about it yet. Shall I answer it or not? It doesn't matter for the present; there are some hours still to spare before the post goes out.

"Suppose I asked Armadale to lend me the money? I should enjoy getting *something* out of him; and I believe, in his present situation with Miss Milroy, he would do any thing to be rid of me. Mean enough this, on my part. Pooh! When you hate and despise a man as I hate and despise Armadale, who cares for looking mean in *his* eyes?

"And yet my pride—or my something else, I don't know what—shrinks from it.

"Half past two—only half past two. Oh, the dreadful weariness of these long summer days! I can't keep thinking and thinking any longer; I must do something to relieve my mind. Can I go to my piano? No; I'm not fit for it. Work? No; I shall get thinking

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again if I take to my needle. A man in my place would find refuge in drink. I'm not a man, and I can't drink. I'll dawdle over my dresses and put my things tidy.

* * * * * *

"Has an hour passed? More than an hour. It seems like a minute.

"I can't look back through these leaves, but I know I wrote the words somewhere. I know I felt myself getting nearer and nearer to some end that was still hidden from me. The end is hidden no longer. The cloud is off my mind, the blindness is gone from my eyes. I see it! I see it!

"It came to me—I never sought it. If I was lying on my death-bed I could swear, with a safe conscience, I never sought it.

"I was only looking over my things; I was as idly and as frivolously employed as the most idle and most frivolous woman living. I went through my dresses and my linen. What could be more innocent? Children go through their dresses and their linen.

"It was such a long summer day, and I was so tired of myself. I went to my boxes next. I looked over the large box first, which I usually leave open; and then I tried the small box, which I always keep locked.

"From one thing to the other, I came at last to the bundle of letters at the bottom—the letters of the man for whom I once sacrificed and suffered every thing; the man who has made me what I am. A hundred times I have determined to burn his letters, but I have never burned them. This time all I said was, 'I won't read his letters!' And I did read them.

"The villain—the false, cowardly, heartless villain—what have I to do with his letters now? Oh, the misery of being a woman! Oh, the meanness that our memory of a man can tempt us to, when our love for him is dead and gone! I read the letters—I was so lonely and so miserable I read the letters.

"I came to the last—the letter he wrote to encourage me when I hesitated as the terrible time came nearer and nearer; the letter that revived me when my resolution failed at the eleventh hour. I read on, line after line, till I came to these words:

"'.....'I really have no patience with such absurdities as you have written to me. You say I am driving you on to do what is beyond a woman's courage. Am I? I might refer you to any collection of Trials, English or foreign, to show that you were utterly wrong. But such collections may be beyond your reach; and I will only refer you to a case in yesterday's newspaper. The circumstances are totally different from *our* circumstances; but the example of resolution in a woman is an example worth your notice.

"'You will find among the law reports a married woman charged with fraudulently representing herself to be the missing widow of an officer in the merchant service, who was supposed to have been drowned. The name of the prisoner's husband (living), and the name of the officer (a very common one, both as to Christian and surname), happened to be identically the same. There was money to be got by it (sorely wanted by the prisoner's husband, to whom she was devotedly attached), if the fraud had succeeded. The woman took it all on herself. Her husband was helpless and ill, and the bailiffs were after him. The circumstances, as you may read for yourself, were all in her favor, and were so well managed by her that the lawyers themselves acknowledged she might have succeeded, if the supposed drowned man had not turned up alive and well in the nick of time to confront her. The scene took place at the lawyers' office, and came out in the evidence at the police-court. The woman was handsome, and the sailor was a good-natured man. He wanted, at first, if the lawyers would have allowed him, to let her off. He said to her, among other things, "You didn't count on the drowned man coming back, alive and hearty, did you, ma'am?" "It's lucky for you," she said, "I didn't count on it. You have escaped the sea, but you wouldn't have escaped *me*." "Why, what would you have done if you *had* known I was coming back?" says the sailor. She looked him steadily in the face and answered: "I would have killed you." There! Do you think such a woman as that would have written to tell me I was pressing her farther than she had courage to go? A handsome woman, too, like yourself! You would drive some men in my position to wish they had her now in your place.'

"I read no farther. When I had got on, line by line, to those words, it burst on me like a flash of lightning. In an instant I saw it as plainly as I see it now. It is horrible, it is unheard-of, it outdares all daring; but, if I can only nerve myself to face one terrible necessity, it is to be done. *I may personate the richly-provided widow of Allan Armadale, of Thorpe-Ambrose, if I can count on Allan Armadale's death in a given time.*

"There, in plain words, is the frightful temptation under which I now feel myself sinking. It is frightful in more ways than one—for it has come straight out of that other temptation to which I yielded in the by-gone time.

"Yes; there the letter has been waiting for me in my box, to serve a purpose never thought of by the villain who wrote it. There is the Case, as he calls it—only quoted to taunt me; utterly unlike my own case at the time—there it has been, waiting and lurking for me through all the changes in my life, till it has come to be like *my* case at last.

"It might startle any woman to see this, and even this is not the worst. The whole thing has been in my Diary, for days past, without my knowing it! Every idle fancy that escaped me has been tending secretly that one way! And I never saw, never suspected it, till the reading of the letter put my own thoughts before me in a new light—till I saw the shadow of my own circumstances suddenly reflected in one special circumstance of that other woman's case!

"It is to be done, if I can but look the necessity in the face. It is to be done, *if I can count on Allan Armadale's death in a given time.*

"All but his death is easy. The whole series of events under which I have been blindly chafing and fretting for more than a week past have been one and all—though I was too stupid to see it—events in my favor, events paving the way smoothly and more smoothly straight to the end.

"In three bold steps—only three!—that end might be reached. Let Midwinter marry me privately, under his real name—step the first! Let Armadale leave Thorpe-Ambrose a single man, and die in some distant place among strangers—step the second!

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"Why am I hesitating? Why not go on to step the third, and last?

"I *will* go on. Step the third, and last, is my appearance, after the announcement of Armadale's death has reached this neighborhood, in the character of Armadale's widow, with my marriage certificate in my hand to prove my claim. It is as clear as the sun at noonday. Thanks to the exact similarity between the two names, and thanks to the careful manner in which the secret of that similarity has been kept, I may be the wife of the dark Allan Armadale, known as such to nobody but my husband and myself; and I may, out of that very position, claim the character of widow of the light Allan Armadale, with proof to support me (in the shape of my marriage certificate) which would be proof in the estimation of the most incredulous person living.

"To think of my having put all this in my Diary! To think of my having actually contemplated this very situation, and having seen nothing more in it, at the time, than a reason (if I married Midwinter) for consenting to appear in the world under my husband's assumed name!

"What is it daunts me? The dread of obstacles? The fear of discovery?

"Where are the obstacles? where is the fear of discovery?

"I am actually suspected all over the neighhood of intriguing to be mistress of Thorpe-Ambrose. I am the only person who knows the real turn that Armadale's inclinations have taken. Not a creature but myself is as yet aware of his early morning meetings with Miss Milroy. If it is necessary to part them I can do it at any moment by an anonymous line to the major. If it is necessary to remove Armadale from Thorpe-Ambrose I can get him away at three days' notice. His own lips informed me, when I last spoke to him, that he would go to the ends of the earth to be friends again with Midwinter, if Midwinter would let him. I have only to tell Midwinter to write from London, and ask to be reconciled; and Midwinter would obey me—and to London Armadale would go. Every difficulty, at starting, is smoothed over ready to my hand. Every after-difficulty I could manage for myself. In the whole venture—desperate as it looks to pass myself off for the widow of one man while I am all the while the wife of the other—there is absolutely no necessity that wants twice considering, but the one terrible necessity of Armadale's death.

"His death! It might be a terrible necessity to any other woman—but is it, ought it to be terrible to Me?

"I hate him for his mother's sake. I hate him for his own sake. I hate him for going to London behind my back and making inquiries about me. I hate him for forcing me out of my situation before I wanted to go. I hate him for destroying all my hopes of marrying him, and throwing me back helpless on my own miserable life. But oh, after what I have done already in the past time, how can I? how can I?

"The girl, too—the girl who has come between us; who has taken him away from me; who has openly insulted me this very day—how the girl whose heart is set on him would feel it, if he died! What a vengeance on *her* if I did it! And when I was received as Armadale's widow what a triumph for *me!* Triumph! It is more than triumph—it is the salvation of me. A name that can't be assailed, a station that can't be assailed, to hide myself in from my past life! Comfort, luxury, wealth! An income of twelve hundred a year secured to me—secured by a will which has been looked at by a lawyer; secured independently of any thing he can say or do himself! I never had twelve hundred a year. At my luckiest time I never had half as much really my own. What have I got now? Just five pounds left in the world—and the prospect next week of a debtor's prison.

"But oh, after what I have done already in the past time, how can I? how can I?

"Some women—in my place, and with my recollections to look back on—would feel it differently. Some women would say: 'It's easier the second time than the first. Why can't I? why can't I?'

"Oh, you Devil tempting me, is there no Angel near to raise some timely obstacle between this and to-morrow, which might help me to give it up?

"I shall sink under it—I shall sink if I write or think of it any more! I'll shut up these leaves and go out again. I'll get some common person to come with me, and we will talk of common things. I'll take out the woman of the house, and her children. We will go and see something. There is a show of some kind in the town—I'll treat them to it. I'm not such an ill-natured woman when I try; and the landlady has really been kind to me. Surely I might occupy my mind a little in seeing her and her children enjoying themselves.

"A minute since I shut up these leaves as I said I would; and now I have opened them again, I don't know why. I think my brain is turned. I feel as if something was lost out of my mind; I feel as if I ought to find it here.

"I have found it! *Midwinter!!!*

"Is it possible that I can have been thinking of the reasons For and Against for an hour past—writing Midwinter's name over and over again—speculating seriously on marrying him—and all the time not once remembering that, even with every other impediment removed, *he* alone, when the time came, would be an insurmountable obstacle in my way? Has the effort to face the consideration of Armadale's death absorbed me to *that* degree? I suppose it has. I can't account for such extraordinary forgetfulness on my part in any other way.

"Shall I stop and think it out, as I have

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thought out all the rest? Shall I ask myself if the obstacle of Midwinter would after all, when the time came, be the unmanageable obstacle that it looks at present? No! What need is there to think of it? I have made up my mind to get the better of the temptation. I have made up my mind to give my landlady and her children a treat; I have made up my mind to close my Diary. And closed it shall be.

"*Six o'clock.*—The landlady's gossip is unendurable; the landlady's children distract me. I have left them, to run back here before post-time and write a line to Mrs. Oldershaw.

"The dread that I shall sink under the temptation has grown stronger and stronger on me. I have determined to put it beyond my power to have my own way and follow my own will. Mother Oldershaw shall be the salvation of me for the first time since I have known her. If I can't pay my note-of-hand, she threatens me with an arrest. Well, she *shall* arrest me. In the state my mind is in now, the best thing that can happen to me is to be taken away from Thorpe-Ambrose, whether I like it or not. I will write and say that I am to be found here. I will write and tell her, in so many words, that the best service she can render me is to lock me up!

"*Seven o'clock.*—The letter has gone to the post. I had begun to feel a little easier, when the children came in to thank me for taking them to the show. One of them is a girl, and the girl upset me. She is a forward child, and her hair is nearly the color of mine. She said, 'I shall be like you when I have grown bigger, sha'n't I?' Her idiot of a mother said, 'Please to excuse her, miss,' and took her out of the room, laughing. Like me! I don't pretend to be fond of the child—but think of her being like Me!

"*Saturday morning.*—I have done well for once in acting on impulse, and writing as I did to Mrs. Oldershaw. The only new circumstance that has happened is another circumstance in my favor!

"Major Milroy has answered Armadale's letter entreating permission to call at the cottage and justify himself. His daughter read it in silence when Armadale handed it to her at their meeting this morning in the park. But they talked about it afterward, loud enough for me to hear them. The major persists in the course he has taken. He says his opinion of Armadale's conduct has been formed, not on common report, but on Armadale's own letters; and he sees no reason to alter the conclusion at which he arrived when the correspondence between them was closed.

"This little matter had, I confess, slipped out of my memory. It might have ended awkwardly for *me*. If Major Milroy had been less obstinately wedded to his own opinion, Armadale might have justified himself, the marriage engagement might have been acknowledged, and all *my* power of influencing the matter might have been at an end. As it is, they must continue to keep the engagement strictly secret; and Miss Milroy, who has never ventured herself near the great house since the thunder-storm forced her into it for shelter, will be less likely than ever to venture there now. I can part them when I please—with an anonymous line to the major, I can part them when I please!

"After having discussed the letter the talk between them turned on what they were to do next. Major Milroy's severity, as it soon appeared, produced the usual results. Armadale returned to the subject of the elopement—and, this time she listened to him. There is every thing to drive her to it. Her outfit of clothes is nearly ready; and the summer holidays, at the school which has been chosen for her, end at the end of next week. When I left them they had decided to meet again and settle something on Monday.

"The last words I heard him address to her before I went away shook me a little. He said: 'There is one difficulty, Neelie, that needn't trouble us, at any rate. I have got plenty of money.' And then he kissed her. The way to his life began to look an easier way to me when he talked of his money and kissed her.

"Some hours have passed, and the more I think of it the more I fear the blank interval between this time and the time when Mrs. Oldershaw calls in the law and protects me against myself. It might have been better if I had stopped at home this morning. But how could I? After the insult she offered me yesterday I tingled all over to go and look at her.

"To-day; Sunday; Monday; Tuesday. They can't arrest me for the money before Wednesday. And my miserable five pounds are dwindling to four! And he told her he had plenty of money! And she blushed and trembled when he kissed her! It might have been better for him, better for her, and better for me if my debt had fallen due yesterday, and if the bailiffs had their hands on me at this moment.

"Suppose I had the means of leaving Thorpe-Ambrose by the next train, and going somewhere abroad, and absorbing myself in some new interest, among new people. Could I do it, rather than look again at that easy way to his life which would smooth the way to every thing else?

"Perhaps I might. But where is the money to come from? Surely some way of getting it struck me a day or two since? Yes; that mean idea of asking Armadale to help me! Well; I *will* be mean for once. I'll give him the chance of making a generous use of that well-filled purse which it is such a comfort to him to reflect on in his present circumstances. It would soften my heart toward any man if he lent me money in my present extremity; and if Armadale lends me money it might soften my heart toward *him*. When shall I go? At once! I

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won't give myself time to feel the degradation of it, and to change my mind.

"*Three o'clock.*—I mark the hour. He has sealed his own doom. He has insulted me.

"Yes! I have suffered it once from Miss Milroy. And I have now suffered it a second time from Armadale himself. An insult—a marked, merciless, deliberate insult in the open day!

"I had got through the town, and had advanced a few hundred yards along the road that leads to the great house, when I saw Armadale, at a little distance, coming toward me. He was walking fast, evidently with some errand of his own to take him to the town. The instant he caught sight of me he stopped, colored up, took off his hat, hesitated, and turned aside down a lane behind him, which I happen to know would take him exactly in the contrary direction to the direction in which he was walking when he first saw me. His conduct said, in so many words, 'Miss Milroy may hear of it; I daren't run the risk of being seen speaking to you.' Men have used me heartlessly; men have done and said hard things to me; but no man living ever yet treated me as if I was plague-struck, and as if the very air about me was infected by my presence!

"I say no more. When he walked away from me down that lane, he walked to his death. I have written to Midwinter to expect me in London next week, and to be ready for our marriage soon afterward.

"*Four o'clock.*—Half an hour since I put on my bonnet to go out and post the letter to Midwinter myself. And here I am, still in my room, with my mind torn by doubts, and my letter on the table.

"Armadale counts for nothing in the perplexities that are now torturing me. It is Midwinter who makes me hesitate. Can I take the first of those three steps that lead me to the end, without the common caution of looking at consequences? Can I marry Midwinter, without knowing beforehand how to meet the obstacle of my husband, when the time comes which transforms me from the living Armadale's wife to the dead Armadale's widow?

"Why can't I think of it when I know I *must* think of it? Why can't I look at it as steadily as I have looked at all the rest? I feel his kisses on my lips; I feel his tears on my bosom; I feel his arms round me again. He is far away in London—and yet, he is here and won't let me think of it!

"Why can't I wait a little? Why can't I let Time help me? Time? It's Saturday! What need is there to think of it, unless I like? There is no post to London to-day. I *must* wait. If I posted the letter it wouldn't go. Besides, to-morrow I may hear from Mrs. Oldershaw. I ought to wait to hear from Mrs. Oldershaw. I can't consider myself a free woman till I know what Mrs Oldershaw means to do. There is a necessity for waiting till to-morrow. I shall take my bonnet off, and lock the letter up in my desk.

"*Sunday morning.*—There is no resisting it! One after another the circumstances crowd on me. They come thicker and thicker, and they all force me one way.

"I have got Mother Oldershaw's answer. The wretch fawns on me and cringes to me. I can see, as plainly as if she had acknowledged it, that she suspects me of seeing my own way to success at Thorpe-Ambrose without her assistance. Having found threatening me useless she tries coaxing me now. I am her darling Lydia again! She is quite shocked that I could imagine she ever really intended to arrest her bosom friend—and she has only to entreat me, as a favor to herself, to renew the bill!

"I say once more, no mortal creature could resist it! Time after time I have tried to escape the temptation; and time after time the circumstances drive me back again. I can struggle no longer. The post that takes the letters to-night shall take my letter to Midwinter among the rest.

"To-night! If I give myself till to-night something else may happen. If I give myself till to-night I may hesitate again. I'm weary of the torture of hesitating. I must and will have relief in the present, cost what it may in the future. My letter to Midwinter will drive me mad if I see it staring and staring at me in my desk any longer. I can post it in ten minutes' time—and I will!

"It is done. The first of the three steps that lead me to the end is a step taken. My mind is quieter—the letter is in the post.

"By to-morrow Midwinter will receive it. Before the end of the week Armadale must be publicly seen to leave Thorpe-Ambrose; and I must be publicly seen to leave with him.

"Have I looked at the consequences of my marriage to Midwinter? No! Do I know how to meet the obstacle of my husband when the time comes which transforms me from the living Armadale's wife to the dead Armadale's widow?

"No! When the time comes I must meet the obstacle as I best may. I am going blindfold then—so far as Midwinter is concerned—into this frightful risk? Yes; blindfold. Am I out of my senses? Very likely. Or am I a little too fond of him to look the thing in the face? I dare say. Who cares?

"I won't, I won't, I won't think of it! Haven't I a will of my own? And can't I think, if I like, of something else?

"Here is Mother Jezabel's cringing letter. *That* is something else to think of. I'll answer it. I am in a fine humor for writing to Mother Jezabel. * * * *

Conclusion of Miss Gwilt's Letter to Mrs. Oldershaw.

".....I told you, when I broke off, that I would wait before I finished this, and ask my

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Diary if I could safely tell you what I have now got it in my mind to do. Well, I have asked; and my Diary says, 'Don't tell her!' Under these circumstances I close my letter—with my best excuses for leaving you in the dark.

"I shall probably be in London before long—and I may tell you by word of mouth what I don't think it safe to write here. Mind, I make no promise! It all depends on how I feel toward you at the time. I don't doubt your discretion—but (under certain circumstances) I am not so sure of your courage. L. G."

"P.S.—My best thanks for your permission to renew the bill. I decline profiting by the proposal. The money will be ready when the money is due. I have a friend now in London who will pay it if I ask him. Do you wonder who the friend is? You will wonder at one or two other things, Mrs. Oldershaw, before many weeks more are over your head and mine."

FATED WORDS.

"*Sunt fata verbis.*"

AS words consist, like ourselves, of a body and a soul—the outward form and the inner meaning—there is of course also a double history connected with these two parts. The form being dependent on the uttered sound or its written sign is subject to a number of external influences; and the meaning given it by a nation, which passes through its childhood, youth, manhood, and old age, will naturally in like manner undergo various changes, keeping pace with the changes in thought and feeling of the mass of the people. In most cases these modifications amount to so little, perhaps only a slightly altered spelling, a contraction, or a widening of sound, that we pass it by as a necessary and natural effect of the influence of time. In other cases, however, violence has apparently been done to the words; their form has been twisted, their dimensions have been curtailed, or their meaning has been so completely changed that it requires diligent search and careful comparison to establish the identity of the original form with its modern descendant. Such cases are, if not always interesting, yet rarely otherwise than instructive; they give evidence of what might be fairly called the inner life of a language; and as our English presents some of the most remarkable changes of this kind, it may not be amiss to look into the history of some at least with greater care. A large and important number of English words have undergone a serious contraction, either from misapprehension of their original form or from sheer caprice and abuse. This applies most naturally perhaps to French words introduced at various periods, and used by persons not familiar with the idiom from which they were borrowed. There has been no period in English history when French scholars have not been more or less in the predicament of the nun whom old Dan Chaucer introduces to us so quaintly as:

"a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy ...
And frenche she spake ful fayre and fetishly
After the schole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For frenche of Paris was to her unknowe."

What with misspelling and mispronouncing French words, they soon lost their native grace and thus pierre became *pier*, peluche *plush*, gueule *jowl* or *jole*, chassis *sash*, issuer (exire) *sewer* as well as *issue*, vestiaire *vestry*, chauffer *chafe* and *chaff*, fatigue simply *fag* and blasphème *blame* or *blaspheme*. Feuille was Anglicized into *foil*, tuile into *tile*, linon was made *lawn*, and volée a *volley*.

Where special or technical terms have undergone such changes, the derivation is of course not always quite so clear, and must be accepted with some caution. *Tennis* comes to us, we know well, from the exclamation of Tenez! used at hitting, as *Tally ho!* is the naturalized form of the Au Taillis! of the French. Whether *omelet* really represents the œufs mêlés of the French is more doubtful, and *jeopardy* has more than one pedigree, that of jeu perdu or jeu parti—the game is lost or gone—being the more probable from the following lines of Chaucer:

"And when he through his madness and folie
Has lost his owen good thrugh *ju partié*,
Then he exciteth other folk thereto."

Many French terms have been much disguised by the simple loss of the initial *é*, frequently, no doubt, caused by an indistinct impression of its being an article. Thus we have *proof* from épreuve, *tin* from étain, *pin* from épingle, and *cheat* as well as *escheat*. Etiquette has become *a ticket*, and the old French form éstrange retains its double form, as in:

"How comes it my husband oh!
How comes it,
That thou art thus *estranged* from thyself?" and
"Thyself I call it being *strange* to me."

The same errors, which in olden times caused so much injury, are committed by the ignorant in our own day with French words that are now creeping into English; and there is good reason for us to pray still with our Saxon ancestors of yore in their litany: "A furore Normannorum libera nos Domine!"

There is perhaps more excuse for the contractions which Greek, Latin, and other foreign words have undergone in the process of naturalization. That ἀθανασία and πανακεῖα should have shrunk and shriveled into *tansy* and *pansy* is certainly quite pardonable, though it would be very difficult now to trace the gradual change from step to step. We know better how *proxy* came from procuracy, as *proctor* from procurator and *palsy* from paralysis, as we still retain both, the full and the shortened form. The French fantaisie or the Greek original gave us *phantasy*, which in Sylvester is already *phantsy*, and thus shows clearly the gradual subsiding into modern *fancy*. When Hollinshed says of brandy: "It lighteneth the mind, it quickeneth the spirits, it cureth the *hydropsy*," he gives us the ancestor of our shortened *dropsy*. A curious

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derivation is that of *quinsy*, which is in reality the same word as synagogue, coming like the latter from σύν and ἄγω, to draw together, which became afterward synanche. In Holland's Pliny we find: "The young birds of these martins, if they be burned into ashes, are a singular and sovereign remedy for the deadly *squinancie*," while Jeremy Taylor, in his Holy Living and Dying, has: "Without revelation we can not tell whether we shall eat to-morrow or whether a *squinancy* shall choke us." *Furlong* is of course but a furrow-long, and *syrup* and *shrub* are the same word. *Cadet* is from capitellum, a little captain, as *cousin* is from consanguineus, through the French cousin, familiarly contracted into the verb to *cozzen*. *Grant* is in like manner from garantie, whence also our *warrant*, and the law terms *livery* and *seizin* are nothing but our ordinary *delivery* and *possession*. The same unfortunate tendency to save time and breath has led to a worse treatment of another class of words, which have not been merely contracted but actually deprived of a part of their substance. The cases in which Proper Names have suffered thus are best known. Great and noble names have been corrupted to mean and base uses. There is said to be a family in existence now, lineal descendants of the Plantagenets, who have degenerated into *Plant*. Every body has heard how Admiral Vernon, in 1739, first ordered spirits mixed with water to be dealt out to his sailors, and how, being commonly dressed in grogram, he first earned that nickname for himself, and then bestowed it in its shortened form of *grog* upon his beverage. *Tram*-roads recall to us the full name of their inventor, Outram, and *gin* is the first half of Geneva, where the best of it was distilled, as we speak now of Hollands. St. Mary Over the River has dwindled into St. Mary *Overy*, as poor Magdalen, with her repentant tears, has gone through the abbreviation of *Maud* into *maudlin*.

The process is, however, by no means limited to Proper Names, and is still going on, in our day, with numerous Common Nouns, although here also foreign words have naturally suffered most. This is the more to be regretted, as with part of the form we must needs lose part of the meaning also, and in language as in society "half words are the perdition of women" not only, but of all who employ them. It seems to be mere chance whether a word is to be deprived of its first syllables, as is the case with omnibus in its change to *bus*, and of caravan into *van*, words which are fast becoming legitimate, or the last, as when cabriolet is shortened into *cab*, citizen into *cit*, and gentleman into *gent*. The simple *aid* is the remnant of aide-de-camp, perhaps through adjutant, as *plot* was originally complot. *Mob* from the "mobile vulgus," together with *sham*, Macaulay called very justly, "remarkable memorials of a season of tumult and imposture," though the connection with Whigs and Tories, at which he points, has not yet been fully established. The buffalo of the West has left us, probably through the French buffle, nothing but the *buff*, now the color of untanned leather, while the Latin erinaceous shows a curious descent to the French hérisson, Mandeville's urchoune, Chaucer's urchon, and finally our own *urchin*. Another animal, thus ill-treated, is the young of the frog and the toad, which was once ceremoniously styled toad-pullet, and has now sunk into *tadpole*. *Phiz* is a very early abbreviation of the awkwardly long physiognomy, as primitive manners are now more frequently called *prim*. A *navvy* is but the half of a navigator, and a *wig* the sad remnant of the stately periwig, the French word perruque, first made Dutch in the strange form of perruik. The "handiwork" of the early leech gave rise to the unintelligible chirurgeon, whom we now simply call *surgeon*; his hospital has likewise been shorn, and is now often *spital* only, as in Spitalfields, and Spital Inn. Slang terms of this class abound in all directions; of the more admissible of them Dickens's, "whenever I saw a beadle in full *fig*," refers of course to figure, as to go or to live on *tick* has reference to the ticket received at the pawnbrokers, from which is also derived the old phrase, "on tick and on bill." *Flirt* is not unlikely a mutilated form of the French fleurette.

One of the most interesting features connected with this maltreatment of certain classes of words, is the quaint and often exceedingly amusing manner in which the people at large have endeavored to make foreign words more easy of understanding, by twisting them into some resemblance with English words. This tendency ought to serve as a warning against the too free admission of foreign words which can not convey to the masses more than a dim, uncertain meaning. What is a *pantheon* to us, who believe either in one God or none, that we should place it in the midst of our towns, by the side of Christian churches? If we attend a debating club at a *colosseum* we must prepare to meet colossi only in their own estimation; but wolves, it is to be hoped, have long since ceased to be found in our *lyceums*, as long since, we fear, as Minerva has abandoned our *atheneums*. The French are in the same predicament; there is something irresistibly ludicrous to the Englishman in their advertisements of a *boulingrin vert* before a country-house, or of *rosbifs de mouton* in their eating-houses, terms of which already Voltaire felt the ridicule keenly. So do their modern *panorama universel*, their *feux pyriques*, and above all the *guerre polemique* of the clever St. Beuve incur sharp and well-deserved criticisms from their own writers. But if these words have become so obscure in French, how much more unintelligible must they be when transferred to another language! Here are a few examples:

Every body knows our *dandelion*, or dandy lion as it was recently printed in a book for the instruction of youth! Its derivation from dent de lion is evident. The fair apple of France, there known as belle et bonne is, with us, vulgarized into *bellybound*; the beautiful rose des

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quatre saisons into rose of *quarter sessions*, while the polyanthus tuberosa, in French tubéreuse, which was nothing more than a tuberous plant, is forced into a *tuberose*. The admirable chaussees of the Empire are elsewhere *causeways*; their ancien, the "ancient" Cassio of Shakspeare, our *ensign* and their frère-maçon, we hardly know how, with us a *freemason*. Their contredanse, so called from the couples dancing opposite each other, has become a *country dance*, and the hautbois that serves in the orchestra, by a ludicrous association, a *hautboy*. Animals have not fared any better; the langouste of the French coast is on the English shore a *longoyster*, the hogfish or porcpisce of Spenser a *porpoise*, and the écrevisse goes through a whole series of transformations, appearing as krevys in Lydgate, as crevish in Gascoyne, as craifish in Holland, and thus merges finally into our *crawfish* with a double effort of Anglicizing the name. The sleeping mouse or souris dormeuse is very naturally transformed into a *dormouse*, the farcé of the French cook into *forced* meat, and the quelque chose into *kickshaw*. The transition from the redingote to a *riding-coat* is as amusing as that from the ancient vertugale, or still older vertugadin, to a *farthingale*, a word made after the analogy of nightingale. The French rope-dancer's soubresault from the Latin supersaltus and the Italian sobresalto, was already in Old English sumbersault, and thus become with a double association of ideas our *summerset*. Where the French saw with superstitious eyes a hand and five fingers, a main de gloire, we discover a likeness to a man's two legs, and call the same root *mandragore*. Equally odd is the change from the rightly spelled *Oyez!* of our courts to the pronunciation *O yes!* and the way in which the men originally stationed by the king's buvet (from boire, anciently buver), in order to protect the side-board and its costly wines, first became buffetiers, and then vulgarly known as *beefeaters*. Even whole phrases can be traced to such violent twistings of words, as the proverbial dormir comme une taupe, which has lost all reference to the mole, and is now *to sleep like a top*, and the faire un faux pas, to commit a blunder, which is, at least provincially, to make a *fox-paw*.

Words that have come down to us from the ancient languages have, of course, still less meaning left in their altered form, and here also many efforts have been made to instill in them new life by giving them a somewhat English shape. Greek names of plants furnish γλύκυς ῥίζα, the sweet root, which was once glycorys and is now *liquorice* or licorice; the σταφὶς ἀγρία or fleawort became *staves-acre*, and the καρυοφύλλον, already in Chaucer clone girofle for the true French form clon de girofle, became first *gilly-flower*, and then, with the ignorant, even *July-flower*. The θηριάκη of the Greeks underwent a strange series of changes in form and meaning. It had its original name from the viper, whose own flesh was long considered the best, if not the only, remedy against the creature's bite. As such it became a famous antidote, and as leech was once the common name of all followers of Æsculapius, so this preparation became synonymous with medical confection; the French called it then thériaque, which, however, Chaucer already curtailed to triacle, and as *treacle* it now signifies simply the sweet sirup of molasses, with a slight hint at its *trickling* propensity. Ignorance transformed tragacant gum into *gum dragon*, as even now necromancy, the art of calling up the dead, is often called black art, as if it had any thing to do with a pretended negromancy. Our forefathers already mistook the Lydius lapis Græcorum and called it, perhaps with reference to its unusual weight or because it attracts iron, *loadstone*, just as they called the northstar the leading or *loadstar*. The translation of Holy Writ made thus *emerods* out of hemorrhoids, associating their infliction with the rod of the Lord; at the same time Hemicrania was, through the French migraine probably, converted into *megrim*. We still speak of the tiny grapes of Corinth as *currants*, as if they were the native fruit of that name, and the common people of England often say *pottercarrier* for apothecary, as Jack calls his good ship *Bellerophon* a *Billy Ruffian*.

Botanical names of Latin origin have led to similar unintentional disguises. Asparagus is universally known as *sparrow-grass*; febrifuge as *feverfew*; and ros marinus as *rosemary*. A frontispicium is a *frontispiece*; and since the lanterna of the ancients was first made of thin, split layers of horn, it has become a *lanthorn*. The rachitis of the physician is the *rickets* of the masses; the selarium of convents our *salt-cellar*; and the viridum jus of the dispensary the *verjuice* of the people. *Petrels*, or Mother Cary's chickens, are, as it were, little St. Peters, because, like the Apostle, they can walk on the water. The Ligurnum of Italy was by us changed into *Leghorn*, while other languages retain the original name.

We treat the modern Italians as badly, for we call their articiocco girasole, a sun-flower artichoke, which came from Peru to Italy, and thence to us, with utter disregard to geography, but with a willful appropriation of the Girasole, *Jerusalem* artichoke; their renegado, who has denied his faith, is to us a *runagate*; their lustrino, *lutestring*; their fambala, *furbelow*; and their coasting-vessel, urca, simply a *hooker*.

The Spanish cayo, used to designate a rock or a sand-bank, we transform into a *key*; and the Indian word urican, which has formed the French ouragan, reappears in English as *hurrycane!* The Spaniards call the commander of a fleet by an Arabic word Amiral, and Milton still wrote of a tree fit to become "the mast of some great Ammiral." But there seems to have arisen very early an idea that the name had something to do with admirable; and hence Latin writers of the Middle Ages already style the chief naval commander Admirabilis, or Admiratus—and hence our *Admiral*.

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German and Dutch words have not escaped on account of their close relationship. The Hysenblas of Holland—meaning the bladder of the fish called hysen, our sturgeon—is now *isinglass;* the German Wermuth has become bitter *wormwood;* the Lindwurm of noble Siegfried a mean *blindworm;* a prophetic Weissager a contemptible *wiseacre;* and the harsh name of the Rhenish town of Bacharach is often found in old English plays as *Backrag*. The farther we go from the family of languages to which English belongs the more difficult is it, of course, to trace the nature of such changes. The *Mountvidgeon* pea of our gardeners' catalogues reminds probably few readers of its Montevidean origin; and the familiar *nightmare* carries still fewer back to distant Finland, where Mara, the fearful elf, inflicts severe punishment on the wicked and the scorner. The common *demijohn* once upon a time spelled damajan, comes from a Persian city called Damaglan, where a famous kind of glass-ware was manufactured, which the Crusaders brought back with them to their European homes.

The most remarkable feature connected with this process of giving new forms and new meanings to words, which are perfectly extraneous and unconnected with their history, is that even English nouns should have been thus ill-treated. This arose, probably, first in names of foreign origin though borne by English families. The Flemish Tupigny became an English *Twopenny;* and the Danish names of Askatil, Thurgod, and Guthlac, were changed into *Ashkettle*, *Thoroughgood*, and *Goodluck*. There is a place in Norwich, now called Goodluck's Close, which in ancient documents is correctly written Guthlac's Close, and thus allows us to trace the gradual change. From names the process was extended to common nouns. A Welsh rarebit became a Welsh *rabbit;* gorseberries were made *gooseberries*, as gossamer is often called *goose-summer;* and Saxon maregold, which contained the same old word of mere—a marsh, or water, which appears in merman and mermaid—became *marygold*. The diminutive kin being no longer effective in connection with the obsolete word culver (from the Latin columba), it was modernized into *culverkey*. Certain cards in our common games were of old distinguished from others by the long, splendid gown worn by king, queen, etc., according to the gorgeous costumes of the Middle Ages, and hence obtained the name of coat-cards; when the origin was forgotten, these personages suggested another idea, and they are now called *court-cards*. Old Saxon words have especially suffered in this manner. What we now call *shamefaced* had originally nothing to do with a face, but was shamefast—formed after the manner of steadfast, and printed thus in Chaucer, Froissart, and the first version of the Bible. The Saxon name of that class of plants which contains absinth was suthewort, or soothing-wort; first the latter part became obscure, and gave rise to the change into soothing-wood; then the first part also was forgotten, and the people now call it *southern-wood*. *Shuttle-cock* was not so very long ago still used correctly as shuttle-cork; but *stirrup* has long since superseded the Anglo-Saxon stig rap—from stigan, to step up; and rap, a rope.

Sadder by far, and yet clothed with additional interest, is the fate of English nouns that have suffered in meaning what those we have mentioned have only endured in form. Here it is the spirit itself that is maltreated; and unfortunately, as in life with men so with words also, many have fallen, few only have risen.

It is singular that terms of war should be almost the only examples of nouns that have risen from an humble to a nobler meaning. Thus *cavalry* comes from the Latin caballus, which meant at first nothing more than a pack-horse, from which, however, was subsequently derived the caballarius, who finally rose to the French chevalier, and thus gave us both forms —cavalry and *chivalry*. *Infantry* consisted once of the infantes, the boys and servants who ran, in the Middle Ages, by the side of their masters on horseback; these formed gradually separate corps, known as infanterie, and finally assumed the place of their lords, the knights, in the estimation of great commanders. The humble servant, who at first was called in old German a Schalk, and whose sole duty was the attendance on a mare, became known as Marescalk; he rose to be the superintendent of the royal stables, and obtained one of the high charges at court. It was then he was named *Marshal*, and distinction in the field procured for him the chief command of the forces. The French, however, have still by the side of our Field-Marshal another maréchal, who, as of old, pursues a profession more akin to the meaning of the word, and is a simple farrier. The *knight* himself had a hard struggle before he obtained the high position he still ocupies. The first of the name known in historic documents was a menial servant, such as the German Knecht remains to this day. Already in Anglo-Saxon writers, however, the word is used frequently for boy; thus we meet with a tynewintra cnicht, a boy of ten winters; and in the Gospel version the Apostles are called learning cnichts. Certain privileged boys were subsequently allowed to bear arms, and as this honorable distinction was only sparingly conferred, the word gradually acquired a higher application; and finally settled down, in the days of chivalry, into the grade and style of a knight.

Other words have declined. The process is generally this: Words are unfamiliar and dignified at first; they become gradually more common, and with it indifferent; until some sink finally into trivial and contemptible by-words. Occasionally the history of such decay is well authenticated, as in the case of *Bridewell*. St. Bridget, or shorter, St. Bride, gave her name to a well in London, and a church built near was called the same. Then a royal palace was added, where King John, and even Henry VIII.,

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resided. After that, however, the mansion was neglected, and when quite decayed it was converted into a hospital, always bearing the original name of St. Bride's Well. This was changed by the agency of Ridley the Martyr, then Bishop of London, into a house of correction. Ultimately it became a simple prison, and Bridewell is now applied, wherever English is spoken, to a work-house, neither blessed saint nor holy well having any thing to do with the edifice. A somewhat similar fate was that of a priory in London, known as St. Mary's of Bethlehem, because intended to lodge the Bishop of Bethlehem whenever he should be in England. Perhaps the fact that such a remarkable visit never occurred afterward, or simpler motives, led Henry VIII. to grant it to the city, who converted it into a house for the insane. Hence the name of *Bedlam*, now universally used for lunatic asylums. As we have mentioned above several military words that had the rare good fortune of reaching high honor, we may here add one that has been less fortunate. The noble family of Merode, famous in the history of the Netherlands, boasted of one brave member who was unfortunately more successful in making forays into the enemy's land than in obtaining great victories. This uncomfortable reputation gave rise to the term of *Marauders*.

Among common nouns there are again many of foreign origin, the meaning of which has suffered sadly in the course of time. Giving precedence to the sex, we find that the belle dame of the French was by Spenser already written in shorter English form, but used as yet for fair lady. Soon after Gallic courtesy transferred the term to grandmothers, and it now appears as *beldame*, often used to designate a hag or a witch. We are told a moral lesson, characteristic of the change of manners, by the French word prude, which originally meant a prudent, honest man, and in that meaning survives in prud'homme, the title of umpires between mechanics and tradesmen in France. In the fair sex, however, it has changed to express what is objectionable rather than praiseworthy. *Antique* also conveys its lesson; used at first exclusively for what is old and old-fashioned, it was changed in form and meaning into antics, suggestive of the fact that in an age where the young rule all that is old is objectionable and liable to ridicule. The haughty superciliousness with which the Roman citizen looked down upon the poor emigrant to foreign shores gave to his colonies a dash of contempt, which survived for a time in the kindred feeling of Englishmen toward distant colonies, and led to the contraction of the word into *clown*. The feeling is said to be extinct; the word survives as a sign of its former prevalence. There seems to be an invincible tendency for words to become harsher and more sweeping in their condemnatory meaning if they but contain the germ of such a growth. Is this indicative of the weakness of the human heart to see the mote in the neighbor's eye and not the beam in our own? Thus we find that *base* meant originally nothing more than low or humble, and even in the Bible version our Lord was said to be "equal to them of greatest baseness;" now it is used only for the scamp and the criminal. In like manner a *miscreant* was simply a misbeliever, such as Joan of Arc is represented by Shakspeare; subsequently it became a term of vilest reproach. This leads us to the two words *pagan* and *villain*, both of which are now terms of reproach, after having once had reference only to the residence of certain classes of men. For when the Gospel was first proclaimed abroad in Italy every town from the blue waters of Sicily to the snow-capped Alps in the north seems to have opened its gates wide to the messengers of peace. But in the villages and waste tracts of land which still were found here and there, the rustics went on in the old path, burning incense on their heathen altars, and slaying white bulls in honor of Jove as their fathers had done before them. It was then that the term of country people, pagans, first became synonymous with worshipers of graven images, and from them it has come down in undiminished strength to our day. Such is the force of a word carrying with it on the stream of long centuries some powerful idea. It is curious, moreover, to notice that while paganus has sunk so low its fellow compaganus has risen to our modern *companion*. The same fate, however, befell the Roman master who was sent to his villa in the country, and hence received the name of villaneus. This was by no means in itself a word of reproach; and although it may have shared the degradation of paganus to a certain degree, it was not even in old English used to express more than rusticity or coarseness. It is in this sense that Chaucer employs it in the Prologue to his Canterbury Tales when he says:

> "But firste I praie you of your courtesie,
> That ye ne asette it not my *vilanie;*
> Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
> Ne though I speke his wordes properly."

It has been mentioned before how pilgrims to Rome became idle *roamers*, and those who went to the Holy Land, the Sainte Terre, were suspected of being *saunterers*. In the same manner the French word *purlieu* meant in England what it literally signifies, a pur lieu, *i. e.*, land taken in from the forest for the purpose of cultivation, and hence freed from the strict forest laws of those days. Now it is commonly used for a disreputable neighborhood. Two words of Eastern origin have suffered similar injury. When the Tudors and the Stuarts made their courts brilliant with gorgeous displays and cunning masks dances in Turkish costumes were much in fashion, and known as Mahomerias, from their association with Mohammed's followers. Later the word dwindled down into *mummery*, and means now a low masquerade, a disgusting disguise. Our word *gibberish* has a loftier origin: it comes from a famous sage, Geber, an Arab who sought for the philosopher's stone, and perhaps used unintelligible incanta-

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tions, a habit which led to the present use of the word.

English words have, of course, not so often suffered in this way, as there was always more or less in their sound to recall the original meaning. Still, examples are here also not wanting of words that have fallen from their high estate. There is the Anglo-Saxon boer, who tilled the soil and gave his name to our neigh*bor;* his rustic ways, however, soon became known as *boorish*, and the coarse, ill-mannered man is apt to be called a *boor*. Hence, also, through the derivative boerly, our less obnoxious *burly*. The same change took place in the Saxon ceorl, which was originally a name of honor, meaning emphatically a free man, and still survives in our Charles. It is surmised, however, that these free dwellers on their own soil became soon obnoxious to king and nobles alike, and that hence their name soon sank to a lower meaning. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle says already of King Charles that he was a "Ceorle Cyng," a churlish king, and thus a *churl* has remained to this day a rude boor. The kindred word *fellow* is even now in a state of transition; it still has the original meaning of companionship when we speak of fellow-sufferers or fellow-citizens; but a fellow, by itself, is no compliment, and shows the tendency of the word to assume an objectionable meaning. *Knave*, on the contrary, has fallen sadly. In its earlier days it served to designate a son or a boy, and St. Paul was thus called "a knave of Jesus Christ." This is the meaning of the German Knabe to this day. But when the sister language made a slightly different word, Knappe, and bestowed it upon a servant—even as *serf* differs from *servant*—our English did not follow the praiseworthy example, and used knave for the same purpose. This accounts for our calling the king's servant in a pack of cards the knave, and from the German we have borrowed our *knapsack*, the boy's sack slung over his shoulder. Shakspeare shows us clearly in what state of transition the word was in his time, as he uses it now for our boy and then for a scamp, while in Julius Cæsar he even says, "Gentle knave, good-night!"

Thus it was also with one of the numerous descendants with which the root bred, to breed, has endowed our language. Besides the words breed, brood, bride, and brother, it has bequeathed to us the unfortunate *brat*, which originally meant nothing but offspring, and is thus used in an old writer:

> "O Israel, O household of the Lord,
> O Abraham's *brats*, O brood of blessed seed,
> O chosen sheep that loved the Lord indeed!"

Then it became usual to designate an ill-favored child as a brat, and now the word is hardly admissible in polite conversation. Three names of persons of the fair sex have had a peculiar fate. *Gossip*, which is at least but rarely applied to men, has the same high origin as Gospel, meaning *sib*, or akin in *God*, and used for all persons who jointly entered into the relation of sponsors for a child about to be baptized. Now the word bears too pointed an allusion to the talking, slandering propensities of certain persons to be any longer complimentary. It is curious that the corresponding word in French, commère, has lost its higher nature in precisely the same manner. The once noble title of housewife, in its full form still unsurpassed as to its simple and approving meaning, has degenerated into the vile *hussy*. As if to make amends, we find that the ancient word Cwen, once simply used in opposition to Gom, as woman to man, has from an expression of the mere difference in sex risen to designate the woman by eminence, the *queen*, as cyning, of *the* kin, gave us *king;* and the royal children of France and of Spain are to this day called Fils de France and Infantes de España.

MR. DOD'S SIX SHOTS.

PRELIMINARY: ON GREATNESS.

YOU never would have taken old Mr. G. R. Dod to be a hero; and yet he is the man who was shot at those six distinct and separate times concerning which I am now about to tell you.

Why is it we will persist in attributing such length and breadth to a hero the instant we hear of one? It is the instinct of our nature to do so, I acknowledge; confounding the physical with the intellectual. You observe our clearest idea of size is cubical. By the term great we mean, intuitively, length, breadth, thickness; the moment, therefore, a man is spoken of in our hearing as Great he looms up before our imagination a perfect Goliath. Isaac Watts, himself scarce the dimensions of a boy of ten, was justly indignant at this universal yet gross and exceedingly false standard of weight and measure—not the body, the mind is "the measure of the man," he insisted. If the writer only had time from narrating the story of those Six Shots to do so, he would venture to assert that we do not as invariably attribute size to the moral as to the intellectual. Not one of us but has a fixed idea that Napoleon the First, being intellectually so great, was a son of Anak, whoever Madame La Mére may have been. Hence the unbounded astonishment expressed by that officer of the *Bellerophon* who says he found it absolutely out of his power to believe that "the little pot-bellied old man," who clambered up the side of the British vessel after the "affair" at Waterloo and put himself with an air, doubtless remembering Talma when he did it, upon "the hospitality of the British people," was none other than the great Corsican. Not a man of us but would have been as much disappointed as said officer. Yet you are not so positively certain but that John Howard was a small man; nor does it at all shock you to know that Wilberforce was actually a dwarf. Paul the Apostle was very small as well as bold, and, taking this great preacher himself as a text, one might deliver quite an ingenious discourse upon the fact that we do not always associate goodness with

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dimension, and the wherefore of the fact: you can scent a profound argument, in this direction, concerning the superiority of the moral over the mental, the greater ethereality, spirituality of soul, in a word, over mind. But we will not travel farther in this direction lest we travel alone. Besides, we are leaving G. R. Dod behind. See him standing there behind his counter, a very little old gentleman; a little deaf or so, only his deafness comes and goes with circumstances in a manner which would be considered remarkable if the infirmity were dumbness or blindness or lameness. Or rather, would have been so considered in ordinary times—the amazing appearances and disappearances of all forms of human infirmity in this country since draft and conscription altering all that.

Yes, a quite small, somewhat deaf, old gentleman is Mr. G. R. Dod. Spectacles; but quick little eyes behind them. Great need had Mr. Dod of these organs. He had begun with a small store years ago in the town of his residence, a town of which sufficient clew is given when it is said that it lies in one of the Southwestern States.

With the increase of his business Mr. Dod has moved into a very large store. If it had been a very broad store it would not have mattered so much, for Mr. Dod could then have had its whole area well in sight all the time whether behind the hardware and grocery counter on the right as you enter, or behind the dry goods and fancy articles counter on your left in entering. The bother was in its being a narrow but very long store. Mr. Dod had no clerk though a large run of custom; the consequences are plain. No man could have sharper eyes; making up, his eyes did, for any deficiency in his hearing by their extra and exceeding sharpness, as the sense of touch does in the blind for that deficiency. No man could move with a more rapid motion than he either; small bodies, according to a law of nature, moving faster than large ones. Yet, quick as was his body, quicker still as were his eyes, Mr. Dod could not possibly be at one end of his establishment and at the other at the same instant.

To any one knowing the fact, that, with the Constitution of the United States, the Ten Commandments also were pretty well abrogated in Mr. Dod's region, at the time in question, the consequences of the length of that merchant's store were evident. While he is at the front end selling calico to some wearisome old lady, sunbonneted and chaffering, a mischievous boy is very apt to be pocketing lumps of sugar for profit, or starting the faucet of a molasses barrel for fun at the other. Or, if busy selling bacon at the back end of the store, almost as sure as you live some loitering negro at the other is waiting for the critical moment when Mr. Dod's eyes are on the scale, ascertaining the exact notch in which the weight should hang, in that swift instant to purloin a long-coveted locket from the show-case or a bolt of ribbon for Sukey at home from the counter. Whatever it was before night old Mr. Dod knew it. Knew the loss to resolve upon still greater watchfulness in future, a resolve thoroughly kept.

With so much of preliminary, let us come at once to the six separate and distinct times upon which Mr. G. R. Dod was shot at—rarely are shots truer, in one sense at least, than were these.

SHOT THE FIRST.

It was fired very soon after Mr. Dod settled in—suppose we agree upon it as Johnsonville. Because Mr. Dod was not born in the town in question. He was himself a grown man before the town itself was born. Mr. Dod was born in Delaware. Until full fifty years old he had lived in Delaware, now engaged in this business, now in that, in the same small country neighborhood therein. Probably nothing could have been more even, apparently monotonous, than was his early life and manhood therein. In all probability Mr. Dod never had during all his life, before moving to Johnsonville, a single incident worth naming an adventure—not one.

And just here is a mistake we all make again. We think the years passed in compelled obscurity, comparative inaction, monotony even, as utterly lost. A wheat seed might as justly reason so of its sojourn underground. A period of obscurity, of almost absolute inaction, is indispensable—such is the mysterious law of God—to after distinction and success. St. Paul must sojourn in Arabia even after his miraculous conversion full three years in absolute obscurity before he can preach. Luther lies—how pregnant a wheat grain!—in the darkness, and almost death, of his monastery, to say nothing of the Wartburg seclusion thereafter, before he can yield fruit for the feeding of a starving world. In what obscurity—a brewery business, was it not?—in which Cromwell must sojourn full forty years first. Illustrations of the fact down to Louis Napoleon in the fortress of Ham, and since that, crowd upon you. Some of us Union men, dungeoned within the South during all the war, comforted ourselves with hope, strong belief even, that not in vain, with reference to the future, were we passing those hours and long years of weariness and agony.

But we *must* come back to G. R. Dod.

As the wine in the cellar, as the ship-timber in its warehouse, as Cincinnatus in his furrows, old Mr. Dod passed away his life in Delaware, seasoning, without an incident meanwhile during all those long years. By what sudden impulse he is carried to his new home is not known. The Hand which has its own ways of bringing about the migration of the birds, and the scattering over the world from continent to continent the seeds of plants, guides each one of us also.

No one could have been more astonished than was good old Mr. Dod to find himself, by a rapid chain of those curiously interlinked events we call accidents, but which are really as subtilely and purposely interwoven as is the most exqui-

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site work of the goldsmith, drawn to and fastened in Johnsonville.

Scarce a month after his arrival Mr. Dod orders a suit of clothes of Michael Flannegan. He would never have done it if he had but known the tailor in question. The fact is, society in his new home was terribly mixed up. A more incongruous medley of individuals, all temperaments, all occupations, all nationalities, all variety of antecedents, than was to be found in Johnsonville it would be difficult to imagine —a perfect *Olla Podrida*, the spice and pepper thereof far from being left out. This was two years before the war, and Johnsonville was but, in its medley of inhabitants, an instance of a something more or less true of towns in all that region.

The remarkable effect of the war in having welded as with heat and hammer such towns into, each one of them, unity as well as solidity is a tempting topic to enter upon. But the temptation must be resisted, at least here. Only let the reader kindly observe how hard it is to the writer to cleave to old Mr. Dod.

Very far is that little old gentleman from being an Apollo Belvidere: but the task of presenting him to you is very like the getting out that statue from its surrounding mass; the object is in the centre of the marble; the difficulty is in getting all extraneous matter away from it. But then Mr. Dod is a nobler character by far than the god.

Michael Flannegan is ordered to make the suit; the measure of little old Mr. Dod is duly taken by Mike—though how the customer failed to see and feel and smell, for that matter, the oscillating manner of Mike's measuring is a mystery. Perhaps inebriation was as unknown as polygamy or cannibalism in the quiet and moral community from which Mr. Dod came. It is agreed that the tailor is to furnish the material for the suit from a certain bolt of brown broadcloth in his shop. The price is settled with mathematical accuracy. Saturday afternoon, by three o'clock, the clothes are to be sent in.

This will be a wearisome story if we do not take care.

Saturday afternoon at three o'clock? Old Mr. Dod, any citizen of Johnsonville, can at this moment step into the witness-box, lay hand on Scripture, and solemnly swear that never during their whole stay in the place had they known a promise to be kept to its instant. The deponent, on oath, would acknowledge that *he* had never been able to be prompt to the moment in *his* instance from causes beyond his control; but the recklessness of promising and failing to keep promise on the part of every body else in Johnsonville was amazing, or would be, if all of us in the place had not long since ceased to expect it. The hour at which a pair of boots are to be done or a couple to be married, at which your borrowed wheel-barrow is to be sent home or the doctor to call in, at which a burial is to take place—however, it was well a burial never *did* take place at the agreed hour, if the mournful cortége had arrived in accordance with that at the grave-yard the grave would not have been half dug, scarce marked out—we say the hour at which a thing, whatever its nature, was to be done was always settled between parties from memories of usage in other days and other places; but as to the least exactness in keeping a promise——

You see how we are turned aside from old Mr. Dod. Yet no one can be more anxious than the writer to keep strictly to him, knowing that the attempt is to narrate the manner in which he was shot at six times in ways culminating in interest to the last report, and that we have as yet hardly began a statement of the first instance.

The tailor did *not* send old Mr. Dod his suit of brown broadcloth at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon; but the Hibernian warmth with which he regretted being unable to do so, the ardor with which old Mr. Dod, mildly representing to him the dilapidation of his wardrobe after his long journey from Delaware, and his pressing need of the garments, he promised to let him have them on the ensuing Saturday These satisfied good Mr Dod. Another Saturday arrives, but the clothing does not.

Some two months after they were due Michael Flannegan sends the required clothing home, but something has been heated meanwhile besides Mike's goose. Quiet Mr Dod has said sharper things than he ever dreamed himself capable of saying in sober old Delaware. As to Michael Flannegan, he was at the outset of the affair an Irishman and an inebriate, and has been increasingly such during its progress.

Owing to the condition of his wardrobe Mr Dod, although a strict member of a church, has absented himself therefrom some Sabbaths now, sorely against his will, no ordinance of nature with him being more inflexible than his habit of attendance thereat. Rising from bed this Sabbath morning he hastens to put on his new suit.

Whether Mike was intoxicated, or enraged, or indulged, being a large man himself, in a deliberate sarcasm upon Mr. Dod's dimensions—whether these or a combination of these is the reason, Mr. Dod in drawing on his new garments finds the waistband of his trowsers to come up immediately beneath his arms, the lowest button of his dress coat to be on a level with his knees, and his vest also cut and made upon the same scale. What would not you have done in like case? Mr. Dod bundles them up and sends them back to the maker.

Immediately after breakfast, since he can not go to church, Mr. Dod will take a walk. True, he observed, as he left his door, the huge tailor walking along over the way with a rifle, but it awakened in his mind only the idea that the Irishman was setting out to hunt, and with a sigh at the Sabbath desecration thereof, he pursued his way toward the suburbs of the place; so ignorant is he of Johnsonville and its customs. He learns better afterward.

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Michael Flannegan *was* out hunting. Following Mr. Dod in his walk they get well out of town, the farther out the better for the exasperated tailor Arrived at the end of what he considers the length of a Sabbath morning's walk should be, having long since forgotten his clothes and their mis-maker, the good old gentleman turns to retrace his steps. In doing so he observes the burly Irishman not forty paces off, sees him throw up his rifle to his shoulder, hears the whiz of a ball past his left ear, and is himself, his neat Sunday cane in his hand, in instant pursuit of the would-be assassin, all in much less time than it takes to write it. Never had the old gentleman ran that way in Delaware, even in his earliest youth; but then, never had any such motive impelled him there. You observe, it was owing to Michael Flannegan's astonishment that his forty paces of start were so little advantage to him. Stopping to knock down his customer with fist or rifle, no more enters his mind than the probability of its being done enters that of little old Mr. Dod. He has hardly time to turn and fly before his intended victim is at his heels. Never mention size again as the measure of a man; an ox is large, a hornet is small. And never ox lumbered off pursued by a vengeful gad-fly or hornet, more desperate to escape, than does the burly Hibernian in this case from the tough little Delawarean. Flies, but in vain; now over one ear, now over the other, whack after whack he receives from Mr. Dod's Sunday cane, silent but pursuing. Right past the post-office where Johnsonville in general is assembled to get its papers and talk over the news! Why say more? Mr. Dod reaches his own house with the smallest supply of breath left in his bosom, and only the handle of his cane in his hand. Monday finds him established as a hero forever in Johnsonville; the use of a stick on his part instead of a bowie-knife or a revolver, is new there; is hardly *en regle;* but there is a sense that more genuine courage is shown in the use of the obsolete weapon than of its Western improvements. Yes, Monday finds old Mr. Dod a hero, but Michael Flannegan it does not find at all. He disappeared bag and baggage from Johnsonville —that place, at least, knows him no more forever.

SHOT THE SECOND.

Of the many mysteries in this world is this—why certain things therein were ever created. We won't speak of the sea-weed, the *algæ*, over which the Latin poet puzzled centuries before Christ, as to why it was made at all, because we all know that iodine is manufactured therefrom. Nor will we allude to the sea-jelly, half vegetable, half animal, which, after a storm, lie heaped for hundreds of miles upon the seashore: doubtless these furnish forth the confectionery establishments of the deep caves of ocean. Neither will we mention those minute calamities the mosquitoes—these are winged ministrants to us working patience, having their work for and upon us equally with the angels, if we but understood it. There is, however, a certain species of men created, for which, although there be apparently no demand at all on any account whatever, there is always an ample supply. This species assumes, in cities, the form of bar-room loafer or of Broadway dandy. In the Southwest it loiters away its life at cross-road groceries, or in vague saunterings through forest and along river—neither positive drunkard, on the one hand, nor genuine hunter on the other. With a battered wool hat on its head, a much muddied suit of jeans on its person, a rifle on its shoulder, the individual of the species strolls through life of no possible use to itself or to any one else. Purpose is a thing almost as unknown to it as to a crow; more unknown to it than to a bee or an ant. Lounging through old fields the individual in question—we will give it no name, it has too little distinctive character to be that much defined and set apart—will pick an owl or a buzzard off the top of a dead tree with its rifle just as readily as if the object were a turkey or a panther. No particular reason in that any more than in any thing else in life; if it were a globe of moss, or a prominent knob on a dead limb, it would be fired at as well. And it was just such an individual as this that happened (the words "chanced" and "happened" are as appropriate to such as they are to a floating thistle-down, or a straw, or bubble on a brook) to be sauntering along the street of Johnsonville one Monday afternoon not six months after the adventure of Mr. Dod with Mike Flannegan. The first named of these gentlemen is in business now. A wagon stands at the door of his store ladened, this afternoon, with a fresh supply of goods. An energetic as well as courageous person is little Mr. Dod; the wagoner is slow and awkward in unloading his burden, and Mr. Dod has off his coat and is on top of the load to assist in no time. As the individual—you note the difficulty experienced in designating him. It is said that Charles the Second loved Saunter even more than Portsmouth, Castlemaine, Nell Gwyn, and the rest. Saunter, says Macaulay, was the goddess, really, of his worship: the purposeless monarch shall serve our turn for a name. It so chanced, then, that *this* King Charles in lounging up the street spied Mr. Dod upon the top of the wagon. It was a critical moment, if that worthy old gentleman had only known it. He is perched upon the very summit of the loaded wagon, is stooping with his back toward King Charles, no coat tails to injure his outline, globular, prominent, distinct against the sky. The object strikes the eye of His Majesty sauntering listlessly up the street exactly as a knob, or a buzzard, an owl, a hawk, or a sphere of moss on the top of a dead tree in easy shot would have done. With His Majesty town and forest are about as same a thing as Sunday and Monday are the same days. Taking exactly as much and as little thought in this case as he would have taken in the other, he throws his rifle to an aim at the centre of

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Mr. Dod and fires. The ball sings past that gentleman's right ear, very near indeed. As the old man rises from his stooping posture His Majesty, having dropped his rifle into the hollow of his left arm, watching to see the effect of his shot, says exactly as he would have done had it been knob, buzzard, moss, or owl instead,

"Humph! missed!" and lounges on without another thought of Mr. Dod.

And Mr. Dod? His first thought is that it is Michael Flannegan come again. He sees King Charles sauntering slowly by, his rifle again on his shoulder, in search of some new object of interest; understands the whole thing at a glance; gazes through his spectacles after the marksman for near five minutes; says, "Hah!" and, turning again to his work, toils as if nothing had happened.

And that is all, absolutely the entire story from beginning to close, of Mr. Dod's second shot. You will not, dear reader, wound the feelings of the writer of these lines by doubting the above. An actual fact as it is, bewail rather your ignorance of Johnsonville and its stage of civilization at that time than the truthfulness of the writer in what he says of the same.

SHOT THE THIRD.

Let us do exact justice to Johnsonville, however. There was a terrible amount of violation of all law, human and divine, going on there all the time. In fact, poetry is a beautiful thing: we remember touching verses thereof we memorized in childhood, passages which we have heard in public addresses, striking selections which we have had declaimed to us from the stage—these rise to mind occasionally and in our more contemplative moments; yet, not poetry, prose instead, is the vernacular of daily life. So of law and order in Johnsonville. A good many of us resident therein have heard of it. Murder, for instance: we have read in novels what a horrid thing it is to take the life of a fellow-creature—the commission of a murder, as in Eugene Aram, say, and all the consequents upon it, make up the interest of the story. Our childhood was affrighted by narratives of haunted houses, of ghosts rambling around a certain oak, of spectres to be found upon some set spot on highway or blasted heath, from—to use the accuracy of an advertisement—dark till twelve P.M. In every case—hamlets and all the rest—a murder is the pivot upon which the whole terror turns. We have read in newspapers of murders in great cities; of the activity of the police; of the crowded court-room; of the days of cross-examination, pleading, counter-pleading, charge to the jury, verdict, sentence; of the execution—all covering columns upon columns of the papers, copiously illustrated with pictures, perhaps. There are old-fashioned opinions advanced in Scripture, also, in reference to murder as a crime. Yes; we have memories, traditions, theories, sentimentalities in reference to murder, exactly as we have poetic fancies. But such fancies are no more reduced to practice in Johnsonville than is poetry the common language of its streets. About once a month some man kills another man there, with all imaginable variety of motive and manner. We *will* be a little shocked in the first instant of hearing of it—there the whole thing, which creates elsewhere such tremendous sensation, begins and ends. The murderer escapes as a matter of course.

But about Mr. Dod?

Pardon!—It is very hard to crystallize about noble little Mr. Dod—as they say rock-candy is crystallized about a thread—all we have to say. —The justice we were endeavoring to do Johnsonville was this: all the crimes committed there were not always by its own residents. The town, from its position, was, to multitudes of bad men without homes, what some tree-top overlooking many farm-yards is to the hawk—merely a point upon which to alight for a few moments until the next victim can be selected. That night, as an illustration, a few months after the event last narrated, upon which Mr. Dod was fired at the third time, not before in Johnsonville and not since the event, has Mr. Dod seen or heard of the parties. The circumstances were these:

"I was detained pretty late that night in my store"—we will let the old gentleman tell his own story this time—"It must have been near midnight. I was busy writing inside when a rap comes upon the front-door. I paid no attention to it at all. But the rapping kept up so long at last I went there and asked, 'Who's there?' Somebody begged me to open the door. I refused to do so. I would have done it instantly back in Delaware, but not where I was. I had lived too long, by this time, in Johnsonville for that. Besides the voice, rather voices —for there were two men of them—were strange to me.

"'Oh, open the door, man!' they urged.

"'No, I won't. What do you want?'

"'Pshaw, open your door, we want to light a candle; what are you afraid of?'

"But I wouldn't. They tried their best to get me to do so. No, Sir. I now knew exactly what they wanted. You see I had been pretty active since going into business in Johnsonville; I may say quite active. I had bought and sold quite a lot of goods by this time. I dare say it was supposed I had money in the store. A great mistake, for my rule was to keep my money going as fast as I could, turning it over and over. My maxim always has been, a nimble sixpence is worth more than a slow shilling. Oh, well, at last one of them, after they had whispered a long time together—you see it was midnight, as dark as pitch, not a soul except ourselves awake any where in that part of the town—one of them says to me in a low tone with a curse, it is amazing how well even a deaf man can hear when he listens closely, says,

"'Mr. Dod!'

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"'Well, what?' asked I.

"'You let us in. We are two of us here armed to the teeth. We intend to get in. If you don't unbar the door this instant we will *break* in'

"'Try it!' That was every word I said. 'Try it!' And the only weapon I had in the world was the old hatchet I used in opening my goods boxes. It is very strange. I never had such feelings in old Delaware in my life as I had then. 'Try it!' I said, that was all. It was very strange, but I actually wished they *would* try it; sure as you live, Sir, I would have killed one of those men with the hatchet, both of them. I felt as confident of it as I ever did in any trade I ever made in my life. All I said was, 'Try it!'"

"And what then, Mr. Dod?"

"Why, Sir, they gave a little kick to the door and went off. Did you never know, Sir, that scoundrels are always cowards? I never molest or wrong any man to the best of my knowledge. If any man tries to wrong me I am sure he is a miserable coward. Ah, I've told you that about Mike Flannegan. Yes, a base coward, and I go on that as a certainty. Well, I laid down the hatchet, went back to my work and forgot all about them. When I had got through, I barred and locked up very carefully, you may believe, creeping as suddenly and as silently out of the front-door as I could. Sure enough there they were, two men, on the opposite side of the street evidently watching. I did not even have the hatchet, but walked, none the less rapidly, straight over at them. One broke and ran. The other lingered till I came up.

"'So somebody has been disturbing you, Mr. Dod?' he said. A big ruffian he was, and armed heavily.

"'How do you know it?' I asked, quick as a flash.

"'Oh, I happened to be passing along, heard them at your door.'

"'Happened to be passing along? Happened? and at this hour of the night! Now, Sir'—I said to him, coming up very close as I spoke: he was two good feet higher than I was, but I felt exactly as I would have done if I was speaking to a boy I had come upon in my water-melon patch—'now, Sir,' I said, 'I will let you off this once. But I do most solemnly assure you if ever I catch you about my store again it will be the worse for you, the *worse* for you!' Why, Sir, he would have shot me down with his revolver, or cut me down with his knife if I had spoken in any other tone," reasoned little Mr. Dod through his spectacles. "Till a man's conscience is utterly gone, if you boldly and fearlessly talk with it against him, not argue the question, you see, but assume, with him, that he is wrong—it must be done promptly and boldly—he wilts down at once like a great big bad boy.

"'Oh, I was only in fun,' he said.

"'Well, I don't want any more such fun; and what is more, I won't have it,' I said, and went home leaving him standing there; went home, went to bed, went to sleep.

"No, I am satisfied it was not that man; it must have been the one that ran away—the man, I mean, who tried it again the next week. My wife said I ought to keep a loaded pistol about. I didn't think so. You can't think how much I would hate to kill a fellow-being, Sir. I know it is thought nothing at all of here in Johnsonville, but I was taught different in Delaware. If you believe me, Sir, I never shot off a pistol in my life. Never owned one, in fact, except as I owned mouse-traps, coffee-mills, and the like to sell again in the store. Kill such a man? send his immortal soul straight to hell in the very act of committing a crime? No, Sir. I would rather take my chances—almost rather be killed myself.

"Yes, although it was so dark I couldn't see the ruffian that night on the street—his features I mean—I am satisfied he gave it up. It was the other man I am almost certain.

"It was quite late one evening next week. I open store very early and I close very late. I am fond of selling goods; try to sell as many as I can. That evening a big, rough, red-whiskered chap came lounging in my store, asking for this and for that and for the other. It never came into my mind once. He got me started, too, to telling him about our way of tanning leather in Delaware—I used to sell a good deal of the article there. I had, at last, to light a candle and put it on the show-case between us. Yes, he wanted a plug of tobacco; then he wanted thirty feet of stake-rope. That last was an unfortunate thing for him. It took me over the counter in front of him to get it. Besides, I had taken out my knife to cut it, and was busy measuring it off with the yard-stick just before him, holding the knife between my lips as I did so. It was quite dark now, very few people passing. I looked up at the end of the tenth yard and knew my man in an instant! Full in the doorway he was, a revolver in one hand, a bowie-knife in the other. I saw his whole game in a flash, and was over the heap of rope and standing in eighteen inches of him as quick.

"You see he would have shot or stabbed me while my eyes were down on the rope measuring it, only I suppose he feared the noise would attract people to the spot. His idea was to frighten me. Frighten me! People sometimes say I am a little close in my trading. I don't think so; yet who knows? Perhaps I may be. But it's generally people who have failed in trying to be too close with me in a bargain that say so. Well, maybe I am; perhaps so. We make our living in Delaware by hard knocks—slow and steady—for what I know"—Mr. Dod reasoned it over in his mind—"I *may* be a little close. But I do *not* think any man can frighten me. Nobody tried it back in Delaware; it was very often tried since I moved to Johnsonville.

"Well, there we stood, that big bully—re-

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volver in one hand, bowie-knife in the other—and I, with my eyes fastened upon his, that little pocket-knife in my hand. It was the strangest thing in the world. He didn't say one word, and I didn't say a word—not one—only watched his least motion like a hawk. I knew if I took my eye off of his I was a dead man. I never can tell how I managed it, but I slowly backed him along, pushing him along with my eyes in and against his, somehow, to the front-door. I dared not cry for help: rather I never once thought of doing so. There was a sort of spell on us both which I was afraid to break by a sound or a move. I dared not look one-half inch to one side or other, but I had an impression at last that the man was backed till his heels were on the threshold of the front-door. Then I gave a sudden jump with all my might against his broad chest, keeping my eyes in his to the last, and out he went backward and down the steps into the dark like a bag of potatoes. Down he went, but as he went, whether it was by accident or he did it to kill, I don't know, but his revolver went off. Sing it went by my left ear as I slammed the door to, locked, and barred it. I am ashamed to say it, but I was quite nervous when it was all over, a kind of tremble from head to foot. Not until it was over—cold and still as a rock till then. See the bullet? There it is sticking in the ceiling over your head—

"Calico? Oh, molasses? You will excuse me, ma'am, I am a little deaf. Yes, ma'am, an excellent article; step this way."

SHOT THE FOURTH.

If there ever lived in this world an individual who refrained from all vain imaginings of every sort that individual was Mrs. Dod. When we see a child remarkably like its parents we hasten to congratulate them upon the fact, having some vague idea that the resemblance indicates, in proportion to its degree, an unusual affection existing between said parents—upon which whoever will let him write a treatise. Certainly may you count upon such mutual affection between husband and wife when they have grown exceedingly like each other. If you had met Mr. Dod at the North Pole and afterward, knowing nothing about her, Mrs. Dod at the South Pole, you would instantly have said, How came these duplicates so far apart? Two peas from the same pod? Had you clothed Mrs. Dod in her husband's habiliments, not forgetting the spectacles, and Mr. Dod in his wife's garments, it is solemnly believed the former might have measured calico and weighed bacon at the store, and the latter have baked cakes and mended stockings at home for a twelvemonth and no one have detected the arrangement. Only Mrs. Dod was, morally, the best of the two, of course; that all wives are. Quiet, domestic, pious Mrs. Dod, brimful of all good works in her silent, unobtrusive fashion—not as beautiful at all as an angel, she certainly seemed as faultless. Very much higher in position will such stand in the other world than they do in this pinchbeck and parvenu state of existence.

It is this Mrs. Dod who electrified her husband, before he was out of bed one morning, with a dream she had dreamed during the past night. Never before in her life had she ever dreamed, at least ever told a dream. Never since has she indulged in such a variation upon the even tune and tenor of her daily life. She had started out with her husband upon some mysterious procession, had returned without him—that was the whole of it. But she had dreamed it over and over all night through. And there is a vague waving of hearse plumes about the memory of her procession, a horror and a dread. Never has Mr. Dod seen his wife so disturbed.

Worse and worse. Mr. Dod, having duly derided his wife's fears and concealed his own, dresses and proceeds to the stable as usual to feed cow and horse. He is hardly out of the room when little Rhoda awakes with a scream. No children have Mr. and Mrs. Dod. Their only daughter Rhoda is a mere memory, with her flaxen hair and blue eyes, of Delaware, in whose soil she slumbers by the old church. A mere memory, save as she is alive again to them in her little daughter and namesake.

It has been recorded herein that Mr. and Mrs. Dod were devoid of imagination; yet, as little Rhoda stands by her grandpapa's knees when he is at home at night from the store, and puts aside her flaxen hair and looks up to him with her blue eyes, both of the old people forget for a time the lapse of years and fail to remember that this is not their first Rhoda—the only difference being that they love her a deal more than they did the first. And this morning little Rhoda springs from bed with the cry, "Oh, grandpa! grandpa is dead!"

In vain good Mrs. Dod, far from being soothed in her distress by the child's grief, endeavors to persuade her to the contrary. The child clambers into his bed to see for herself, tears in and out of every room of the house in frantic search for him, in her bare feet, her night-dress and disheveled hair streaming about her. Still screaming in terror for her grandfather, she rushes out of the house, as she is, to the stable, sees him there, plunges after him regardless of Mooly's horns and Billy's heels, and climbs up upon him and clings to him laughing and crying and trembling and hugging and kissing her little grandpa in a way one who had never seen old Mr. Dod except in the act of drawing molasses, or shoveling out sugar from a hogshead, spectacles on nose, somewhat soiled as to dress, and wrinkled as to cheeks, and pinched as to nose and lips, would never have imagined possible.

Old Mr. Dod is somewhat perplexed as to it all, and resolves to think it well over when he can get time. And Rhoda flies in an inch of Billy's heels, grazing with her night-gown Mooly's horns, back to the house as eagerly as she left it, to assure her grandma that grandpa is still alive. The demurest, quietest child in the world ordinarily, she seems possessed this morn-

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ing, which would be less strange if her grandmother had not been also seized upon at about the same time by the spirit, whether from below or from above.

And it comes upon old Mr. Dod, too, this Banshee, this Lares, this warning Simulacra—whatever it is. No more sentiment in this old couple, as rigid and as wooden as the Noah and his wife of a child's toy ark—almost as small and as much alike as said well known pair by-the-by! Yet even these are lifted by the same *Aura*, whatever it is that possesses little Rhoda.

Every syllable here narrated being simple fact we won't spoil it by theory, merely remarking:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

A little worn, perhaps, the quotation, but an admirable way of getting rid of the whole subject.

Yes, it seizes upon old Mr. Dod, too. Not in direct connection with wife or grandchild either. He gets through feeding, does fifty other little jobs about the stable and the back premises, doesn't go to the house till Rhoda, standing just within the back-door, rings the bell for breakfast. Just as he gets within twenty feet of that door it come upon him, a horror, a dread, a shivering as of death. Still he advances toward his little pet ringing hard at the bell within the door, dressed by this time, entirely over her fright, smoothed hair and demure blue eyes as usual.

But she ceases ringing with the smile frozen, so to speak, on her face as her grandfather approaches, terrified at the horror on his face, ceases and screams with dismay. With a force like a gust of wind blowing full against him, like a sea wave bearing strong upon his chest to sweep him back, the old man presses on with his persistence all aroused against his fear. His foot is on the lower step of the back-door, there is the sudden, sharp crack of a revolver from his left hand somewhere, but he is in the house safe and sound, his grandchild sobbing in his arms, his good little wife weeping upon his shoulder. Singular dimness of vision, however, when he can look around a little. No spectacles on! Yes, exactly as he supposed, they lie, what is left of them, on the ground far off to the right of the back step. Ah, yes, that accounts for the throbbing in the left eye, the ball from the revolver had passed that near it carrying off the spectacles in its course.

"I ees perfectly aston-ished at you, Sare! You one old man, *vieux*, *le plus agé*, what you call him? *qui dure depuis*, *long-temps!* Suppose my head there, heh? *Des vitres*, window? I sit at my *café! Que voulez-vous?* You shoot wizout sense!"

For Mr. Dod's next neighbor to the right along the street, a nervous French dancing-master and music-teacher, has rushed in as the family sit down to breakfast, without even waiting to knock; and, after ten minutes of the most intense gesticulation and explanation on the part of Mons. Saligné, they learn that the ball which Mr. Dod so narrowly escaped has made a hole through the Frenchman's window, very nearly making one through his head, as he sits at breakfast.

It takes another ten minutes to explain to their effervescing neighbor, illustrating the explanation with the wreck of the spectacles, the actual facts of the case. The supernatural part of the affair Mr. Dod keeps to himself. But when Mons. Saligné, turning his wrath to wonder, pours that upon them instead, Mr. Dod compressing his lips at his wife not to say a word, and Mrs. Dod sips her coffee not in the least intending to—no telling certainly who fired the shot. To all that Mons. Saligné seizes upon this occasion to advance in reference to the civilization of Johnsonville, Mr. and Mrs. Dod have nothing to say, one half of the Frenchman's vehement opinion being in his own unknown tongue, the other half being profanity.

The fact is, Johnsonville has come upon the pair in a way they never thought of, more like an attack, lengthened and severe, of influenza, say; they can trace it all to the imprudence of leaving Delaware in the first place, as you can trace influenza to getting your feet wet, but are as resigned and resolved to make the best of the one affliction as they would have been in regard to the other.

Good Mr. Dod never whispers Tony Price's name to his wife, yet he knows it must have been Tony. But the day before he had seized upon Tony in the very act of secreting a Derringer from his own show-case, had taken Tony by the shoulder, marched him out at the front-door with a brief assurance that if he ever entered the store again he would—Tony never could remember exactly what Mr. Dod would do, only that it was something to be bitterly resented. Who can tell? Not fourteen years old yet, Tony had already shot down a negro boy for making mouths at him.

If two shots after this had not yet to be narrated it would gratify the writer to say a word about the rapidity with which infants in Johnsonville became men. As to childhood, as known in other climes, it was as mythical in Johnsonville almost as execution for murder. A boy of six and upward had other luxuries here from what he would have had at the same age elsewhere. A sugar-plum elsewhere is a chew of tobacco here; a stick of candy between the lips elsewhere a cigar here; a hobby-horse there is a vicious pony here; a rattle there a revolver here. They say that the young crocodile the instant it is born——

But no, all this is not Mr. Dod. He does not certainly know to this hour who fired that shot. Tony is long since dead, poisoned, poor fellow, by drinking a bottle of rat poison from his mother's closet by mistake for brandy when he was recovering from the effects of a frolic. This mystery still hangs, like a curl of smoke after the ball is sped, over the subject, a mystery as impalpable and beyond grasp as the other.

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The singular premonitions of death in this case! Not the premonitions themselves, that there is no use, as has been said, of even attempting to explain; but that there should be a warning of certain death when there was only danger of death instead. Does the barometer ever indicate storm, and the storm not come at last? But there was the approach of danger in this case, as there may be the approach of a tempest in the other, even though in neither case it actually smites and shivers. True, since then there is a shrinking, as of the mercury in its tube of glass, of the blood and marrow in their tubes of vein and bone, at the threatening of danger even when it does not actually smite, such premonitions are given to us of our maker as the barometer is, not in vain but for actual use.

Not entirely so. That near relative of the writer of these lines, who walked the floor all one night in frenzy of apprehension for her lover who was away in excellent health on a journey, what availed this premonition to her, when, as it was afterward ascertained, her lover was that very night, hundreds of miles away, dying in agonies of pain from cholera? She was thoroughly prepared to hear the tidings of his death when it came, knew with perfect certainty, when the messenger knocked at the door, that he had come to bring her the news—that was all the avail premonition was to her. The profound conclusion, let us hasten to it, is that we understand nothing whatever upon the matter.

But that solid, stolid, thoroughly unimaginative and practical people like these two should have been so exercised! To every rill, however obscure and dull, it is granted to have at least a cascade or so before it reaches the sea; and it is some sudden fall over rugged rocks, too, that makes it. But these two, so matter of course and common-sense as they were! It was as if the grub should suddenly flash forth its butterfly wings, and then refold them again beneath its dull skin and be a grub again. But the wings can not be as completely and closely folded as they were before. Like every other event which befalls one in this world, this thing did not happen to these without effect. Perhaps all its use was in that, and it did them good.

SHOT THE FIFTH.

And here the writer will have to hold his pen with a firmer hand than before; this shot is fired during the era of secession and in the very centre thereof, and there are a thousand things connected with that to drag the pen to the one side or the other from Mr. Dod. We will do our best to cling to him amidst the storm as with all our might.

One of the innumerable curses of secession to the South itself—and here we are departing from Mr. Dod at the very outset, but we can not help it—was the way in which Confederate soldiers themselves ravaged it. We do not now refer to the destruction by them as acts of "military necessity" of hundreds of millions of Southern property in the shape of railroads, stores, cotton, corn, and the like. The small part of the awful suicide to which reference is now made is to the habit of Confederate soldiers in plundering, on military necessity, of an individual nature of food and clothing, the stores of such towns and villages in the South as came in their way.

At the outset of the war we would stand in balcony and window, wave handkerchief, throw flowers, offer water from our eyes and our cisterns, spread tables and transparencies, peal about their ears all the noise—vocal and instrumental—in reach from the shrill hurrah of a child up to the clang of every church-bell. Later in the war, when the same soldiers, who had done a good deal of hard fighting, harder eating meanwhile, marched by, we double locked our store-doors, nailed down our windows, and hid ourselves in our inmost apartments as they marched through.

It began, at first with the soldiers taking our eggs and the hens that laid them; next our fruit; then our fence-rails for firing; after that hogs, bee-hives, beeves, and any and every thing that came in their way, with a good deal that did not; but in a mathematically progressive series of articles of increasing value with the increasing degree of demoralization. The country about Johnsonville, as the war advanced, being pretty cleanly swept of these, our gallant defenders ascended on the scale of theft to the stores. It was at a still later stage, that, broken into squads of thoroughly degraded desperadoes, they took, with blackened faces, money and life, with brutal tongues cursing the unresisting victims even while plundering and butchering them.

We have all read of the awful ceremony of the *Harakara* in Japan; how some portly noble, in case of emergency, slices himself open with keen blade, and so falls and perishes on the ground weltering in his bowels and his blood. We all know of the epidemic suicide of the Britons during the fogs of November and the blowing of the east wind. Since the fall of Jerusalem, at least, did ever a people butcher itself more slowly, deliberately, causelessly, utterly, than did the Southern people! Oh, that terrible and foggiest of all Novembers! Oh, the long continued blowing of that awful east wind!

But let us cleave to Mr. G. R. Dod.

When Mr. Dod engaged in selling goods he imagined it a peaceful calling; during secession he found it the most perilous and warlike of businesses, and he manned his store during long months of that period exactly as he would have done a breach, expecting and prepared for an assault at any moment.

And here is a trait in Mr. Dod's character which can not be concealed consistently with the truth. Very many were the days of thanksgiving and fasting appointed by the Confederate authorities. Upon these the stores in Johnsonville, as a general rule, were closed. But his store—little old Mr. Dod was alone in this—did not close. By defect, perhaps, of his singular deafness he never heard of these days in time

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to close his store, or did not hear of them with sufficient clearness as to their exact date until they were past. No one denies that this may, in part, have been owing to a reluctance on his side to lose any available moment of making money; no more energetic little man in the world than Mr. Dod in the turning an honest penny. But that was only the smallest segment of his reason. Nor was it from an infidel motive, or even any worldly-mindedness in things spiritual, which caused him so to act. A member of the church in the place himself, no communicant could be more regular in his attendance thereat; a more devoted and sincere Christian never lived. But somehow his church itself, from its pastor down, was almost as derelict in these purely political feasts and fasts as Mr. Dod—to the deep and loud-spoken indignation of all good secessionists in Johnsonville. And a terrible to-do these made about it, until they wearied of abusing a church which remained as unswerved thereby from the even tenor of its way as the summer breeze in its quiet blowing.

You observe, no man living could lay the least charge against either Mr. Dod or Mr. Dod's church; neither it nor he *did* any thing objectionable to the most patriotic, scarcely even *said* any thing, so far as could be authenticated. But then there was a vast deal which both he and it failed to do and say. While the Hon. Ferdinand Fulgor was demonstrating the incalculable blessings of the Confederacy and curses of the Union you never saw, perhaps, one member of that church even present among the audience. From the Rev. Benjamin Bowow—the tremendous preacher of the Gospel before secession, and perhaps after secession, if he survives it, politician and pamphleteer—Mr. Dod, and pretty much all of the same membership, shrank with deeper seated horror, if possible, than even from the purely political leaders of the disastrous——

But we *must* cleave to Mr. Dod.

What we were endeavoring to observe was, that, as he did not close his store upon days of military thanksgiving or fasting, so neither did he shut up his front-door and retire home by the back way whenever there happened to be Confederate soldiers in town: a course quite common, and not without reason, among the store-keepers of the town.

Perhaps it was because it came on so gradually that Mr. Dod got hardened to it. At first the soldiers, dropping into his store to inquire for this article and that, would curse extortioners in general; but here Mr. Dod's deafness came to his assistance. Next, on being told the price of tobacco, they would heap upon his head curses, of the specialty and personality of which Mr. Dod could have had no doubt, if his deafness had not risen between him and them with the torrent. Next a barefooted soldier actually seized upon one of a pair of boots, with many a terrible oath that he would have the pair or die; but then Mr. Dod, on the other side of the counter, had the other boot with as desperate a clutch. The string which held them together breaking down falls the soldier with clattering armor, and before he can rise Mr. Dod has that boot also upon the shelf beside its mate.

But things wax serious. Not two weeks after this and Mr. Dod has to confront a needier, more drunken, more desperate son of Mars. No store in Johnsonville but has been heavily plundered by soldiery by this time—all except his store. Drunken cavalry ride at will on horseback into almost every store on the street, and the keepers thereof think it, on the whole, the safest plan to pass it over as a joke, get them out the best way they can, reassure such fainting females as happen to be shopping in the store at the moment, and say as little as possible afterward about it. Not so tough little Mr. Dod. Once only an intoxicated soldier tried it with him: before the horse's nose was fairly in the door Mr. Dod had flown at the animal's head like a wasp or a wild-cat, and horse and rider lay tumbled in the gutter before the store, the horse being rather the uppermost of the two than otherwise.

But on the occasion to which reference is now made the soldier in question not only threatens but acts. After long colloquy between the two —if that can be called such where there is such stone deafness on the one side—the soldier concludes his remarks by seizing upon an armful of shoes from the counter and making for the door. In a flash is the owner thereof after him. It is impossible to describe the process; but Mr. Dod hangs upon the offender's rear so active, persistent, incessant, it can only be described by saying that, although Mr. Dod is a square or so along the streets in accomplishing it, he at last returns, bringing his shoes with him.

But here, this cool November day, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, has little Mr. Dodd, in his arduous business as merchant, to man the counter against a dozen or so of soldiers whose rations seem to have of late consisted altogether of whisky to the exclusion of either food, clothing, or soap. On this occasion Mr. Dod descends into the arena of argument. He has sincerest pity for the men whom political madness, on the part of a few leaders, has torn from the plow and the shop, first to brutalize then to have butchered. He knows that they have not for many long months had one cent, even of the worthless Confederate money, in pay. He knows that the clothing and all other supplies, for which cotton has been sent out of the country by hundreds of thousands of bales, is very largely a myth, the proceeds being put, at a thousand brokers' offices in Europe, to the credit of military men of all ranks and their favorites, in view of a residence abroad. So he reasons with them. He tells them that his State, county, corporation taxes are a hundred per cent. higher than before the war. That he has to pay, in addition, no less than five distinct taxes

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caused by the war. That he takes Confederate money at exactly the rates others take it from him.

Mr. Dod, behind his counter, waxes warm, gesticulates; he has the profound attention of an admiring audience. He has forgotten that strategy is part of war; he has the attention of some to distract his eyes from the operations of others; is being flanked in fact by a burly soldier on his left, who, under cover of a hogshead, is appropriating plugs of tobacco. Discovering the movement of the enemy, Mr. Dod leaves argument for force, faces the foe, and demands the money or instant restitution. Before it can be written the soldier has his revolver above his own head cocked, is bringing it down upon Mr. Dod's breast, when the one next him, with an "Oh no, Jim, he is an old man!" grasps the weapon in such a way that his forefinger is between the hammer and the cap, and there is the report of the revolver and a curse of pain simultaneously; the soldier intervening has had his finger broken as the weapon is wrenched aside. But the ball only makes a smash of Mr. Dod's person as it is reflected in a looking-glass near by; and for the fifth time has he escaped.

Perhaps it is because he is become a regular veteran by this time, has smelled gunpowder, has been under fire so much; but Mr. Dod seems absolutely reckless thereafter when soldiers are about. For some reason (can it possibly be owing to the succession of Federal victories about this time?) the soldiers, though more numerous, certainly more necessitous, are more harmless — at least when in Mr. Dod's store. So far from fearing them he treats them rather as troublesome boys.

"Oh come, come, men!" he says to them, when lounging too long and in troublesome numbers about the counters, "you don't want to buy any thing: this is a business house—do get away—go along!" sh-sh-shoo-ing them at the same time with an upward motion toward them of both his hands, advancing upon them as he does so, as if they were chickens on a garden-bed; and, strange to say, they *are* sh-shooed!

SHOT THE SIXTH AND LAST.

We all know how that to Gutière de Cardenas was granted the privilege of placing upon his escutcheon the letters SS, he having first pointed out to Isabella her lover Ferdinand with the exclamation, "*Ese es, Ese es*," sounding, in the Spanish tongue, exactly as the letters aforesaid. To little Mr. Dod might be granted the same privilege with reference to his experiences in being fired upon—only he would not do well to be in too great a hurry to have said letters engraved or painted, there being no saying how much oftener he is to be a target yet. Let us say it plainly here, though during this present writing* we would not dare in this latitude to say it openly. Little Mr. Dod was, is, ever will be a—Union man. As you sew in your gold into your clothing in journeying among robbers; as you conceal under turban and beard and mantle the fact of your being a Frank during a visit to a Turkish mosque; as you would have most carefully secreted your being a Protestant —[the nineteenth century furnishing no illustration strong enough for this as well as for a vast deal besides under secession, we are compelled to go back a few hundred years]—while under the grip of Torquemada—as you most painfully hide, in a word, what it is loss if not death to have known, so do we Union folks still in the clutch of Jeff Davis conceal that fact. And there is a terrible deal of something that, in ordinary circumstances, would be called lying in the doing so. One neighbor of Mr. Dod's, a thorough-going Union man, is loud and strong in his talk for secession on the streets of Johnsonville; "irony," "sarcasm," is the name *he* gives to *his* form of deception. And, if one only had time to give all the species of this dissimulation!

But we are speaking of Mr. Dod.

Thoroughly loyal to the National Government, no human being can testify to a deed, word, gesture otherwise on his part from the outset. Let it be recorded—the only man who did not take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government during the Provost-Marshal Terror established in every village in the South was our hero. Colonel Fulgor told him in person that if he did not take it he ought to be hung. Rev. Mr. Bowow dropped into his store to get goods on credit when cash was the universal law, and quoted whole chapters of Old Testament and New to him in proof that the not being loyal to the Confederacy was sin most heinous. Oddy Stanger, drunk as usual, informed Mr. Dod, in stern confidence, that if he, Mr. Dod, didn't take that there oath in two hours, he, Oddy Stanger, would himself shoot him with *this* pistol, Sir! His own friends urged him; his own pastor reasoned with him all that dreary ratiocination about "the powers that be," and about "oaths under duress;" Mrs. Dod besought him with tears; little Rhoda clinging to him with loud supplications. In fact, with general impressions of danger to her grandpa, though with entire ignorance of what it was he must not do, little Rhoda garrisons his lap every night after he comes back from the store, holds his little old face steady between her two palms to her appeal, and beseeches, "Oh do, please, grandpa; do, do, please do!" but goes sobbing to bed at last, denied her request.

The truth is, every known appliance is brought to bear upon the tough patriot by friend from within and by foe from without, all equally in vain. To all Mr. Dod is nearly as deaf and entirely as immovable as his weight in granite. The oath of allegiance in question he couldn't take—wouldn't—didn't!

And in some inexplicable manner all the terrible consequences of not taking the oath, though they gathered dense and lurid enough about his

* This narrative was written in Southwestern "Dixie" and in secession times.—Ed. Harper's Mag.

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head, never broke upon it at last. Ah, if every Union man in every village and neighborhood throughout the South had only been as tough and sturdy as Mr. Dod, who knows what such fragments of rock here and there among the machinery of secession might not have accomplished? But the solemn fact is, we were, all of us, terribly frightened. As to putting off our taking the oath till the very latest moment, what good did that do? It but grouped us Union people together before the Provost-Marshal then in tableau.

We have all seen the picture in "Nicholas Nickleby" wherein Mrs. Squeers is immortalized in the act of administering brimstone and molasses to the boys of Dotheboy's Hall. If we have seen that engraving we need not be reminded of the countenances and attitudes of the boys as delineated before, during, after taking the dose. Very feebly can even that masterpiece picture forth the Union people of Johnsonville, of every hamlet in the South, while taking in a body their dose on the occasion referred to. Some of us made a mighty merit of being made actually ill in consequence. Others of us affected to laugh it off as mere Farce, though we felt it as deepest Tragedy. Yet others made it a Sacrament of future vengeance. However, with whatever sugar coating, we all of us took the loathsome bolus except Mr. Dod. Sturdy little Mr. Dod, glorious old man! He could not take the oath. Would not. Did not.

Three cheers for *this* warrior!

Let us come to our Sixth and Lastly, however. Anne Carter had not been married to Alf Parker a full month when Alf saw plainly that the only course for *him* to pursue was to leave Johnsonville. A wheel-wright Alf was, with black hair, brown face, and pleasant eyes, which looked every man fair and square in the face; honest, hard-working, Union to the core. We all knew Alf in Johnsonville, every one of us, and liked him too—Anne especially. Persisted in liking him, Anne did, even when old Carter, her father, cursed Alf for a traitor and a Yankee after secession, and forbade him his house. Not unless North Carolina lies in New England was Alf Parker a Yankee in the ordinary sense of the word, but no Vermonter or Connecticut man of them all more thoroughly loyal to the Union than he. Finding conscription approaching, Alf has no path left him but to marry Anne and leave.

Not to the end of the honey-moon could Anne keep house for him in the neat little home in which they had set up their household; her father—with no objections to Alf but his politics—having cast her vehemently off. No one so anxious for Alf to leave as she. And when he is gone—fairly off her mind in the Federal lines, safe and sound—Anne, a lithe little blonde though she is, goes to work supporting herself with her needle with a will. Raised with a dozen negroes about her to prevent the possibility of her having to comb her own hair, or tie her own shoes, too. For months her old father (her mother being long dead, no sisters, her brothers all in the Confederate ranks) had said over and over to himself, smoking his pipe in his front porch of an evening, exactly the words in which he would reject and drive her away when she came at last to him for help.

But she never came. As the months rolled away her health becomes quite delicate; but she stitches away to the last. But, bless your soul, she never could have held out if it had not been for Mr. and for Mrs. Dod over the way. It came at last that either Mrs. Parker was over there or Mrs. Dod with her all the time after a Little Alf had arrived. Little old Mrs. Dod became a grandmother as well as mother to her. Rhoda so rejoiced in wee Alf, her newest doll in fact, as never even to notice how completely the baby and his mother were almost members of her grandfather's family. My impression is that Alf père never knew of it, the entries being made only in books considerably far away above those lying on old Mr. Dod's desk. Yet Mrs. Parker might as well have resided in Mr. Dod's family for any expense she was at during those months. Not that she actually lived with them. That she refused; it being her pride to keep house as Alf's wife, independent of her father, until Alf's return.

You can not imagine how extremely unpleasant it is to be crowded to the close, compelled to condense as we are. Ah, most beautiful of episodes in the horrors of the war—if we had but space given us to describe it—the loving-kindness of Union people to each other in every neighborhood throughout the South. If we only could tell at length how crusty Mr. Jones ceased entirely to argue angrily for infant baptism with obstinate Brother Wade the Baptist, never even alluded to the matter, coming so cordially together upon their common hatred of secession. Or if one were allowed to narrate, from the small spark of its kindling to the great matter into which it at last blazed, that wretched neighborhood quarrel between Messrs Perkins and Chandler—their wives, of course, included; and then to tell how—their wives still included—Chandler and Perkins dropped the quarrel utterly and forever, clasping hands like brothers upon the basis of the Union forever. Or if one could but describe how freely and cordially old social distinctions passed away between those alike in this. And how joyfully those rich yet penurious, as well as those poor yet self-forgetful, gave of their clothing, corn, bacon, money, every thing to those of the same sentiments. Yes, never on ball-room floor did youthful feet move more pat and prompt to the music than did the heart, ay, and the hands too, of Union people at the South during the war to the music—though only in their memories—of "Hail Columbia!" and the "Star Spangled Banner."

Most gladly was old Mr. Dod a father, and a deal sight better than old Mr. Carter ever could be, in almost every sense of the word, to Anne Parker. Was it because her husband was gone? Because she was so pretty and sweet and unpro-

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tected? Because she lived so near, and had such a cunning little elf of a baby? Yes, a little. But Mr. Dod was rather cold, somewhat deaf, considerably tough in general in reference to such trifles as all that. But it was mainly because Alf Parker was Union—a soldier in the Union ranks; because Anne herself was the most enthusiastic (now her husband had explained it all to her) Union woman in the world; because, though he never said a syllable, Sherman himself never moved in his grand orbit more thoroughly true to the Union than did this leal little body in his small one: the course of events being as much beyond his control as the winds—he can only believe, desire, pray with all his soul.

Yes, very greatly does Mr. Dod become attached to pretty Mrs. Alf. Baby notwithstanding, she is somehow only a bride still; exactly at the third quarter of the honey-moon, yet where the bridegroom left her. What with rushing over with the baby in her arms to tell Mr. and Mrs. Dod the great news she has heard of Federal success; or—seeing from her window the little old gentleman come home of an evening—running in to find out what is the news he surely must have heard down town to-day, very little is Mrs. Parker at home. She tells them she is going to make up for that when Alf gets back, and will never put her head out of the door for years after that.

Meanwhile her neat little house opposite is only a make-believe home for independence sake. Here this morning she gets a letter—by no means through the post-office—brimful from Alf, of the most disrespectful allusions to the Confederacy; of wonderful Federal events, which do not always come up to time at last; but overflowing with love undoubtedly authentic. Before she has patience to read it half through she must tear across the way—baby and herself—wild with delight, to read it all over there with a fresh start from the "darling Anne." And how blue she looks, in strict keeping with Mrs. Dod. Mr. Dod never wilts an instant that way, when the news is bad for the Union, and all Johnsonville is rejoicing without, even though with all good Union people they both say they know the news is all a lie. And ah, how she weeps for joy, says over and over again, "I told you so, Mr. Dod!" and laughs—baby in old Mrs. Dod's arms, eagerly assisting—when the news is quite disastrous indeed all over the town outside. Not that Mrs. Alf has any very profound knowledge of the question involved. The fact is, the Union, the Yankees, the Federal Flag, Mr. Lincoln, Hail Columbia, and Yankee Doodle, generally are to her only Alf Parker, and Alf Parker so long separated from her.

The Hour comes at last to us in Johnsonville and the Man.

It requires the main force of a tolerably strong will to hold the pen from flying off at this point from Mr. Dod in description at large of Johnsonville that day. Suffice it to say that ten o'clock that eventful morning finds Mrs. Alf Parker standing in her own gateway to see the Federals pass. She had twelve times resolved to stand rather in Mr. Dod's with the old couple; thirteen times had she determined to stand rather in her own, and the thirteenth time has it. In her *own* home—Mrs. Alf Parker's home—ready for Alf to come in and sit down and—

She can not believe it can possibly be true. She has not slept a wink the whole night, but never bride brighter or prettier this morning. As to Little Alf, washed, dressed, what he has of hair brushed almost utterly away, from daylight that morning Mrs. Alf has exhausted baby's patience and her affection upon him for this first meeting between father and child. Baby? Little Alf is a two-years' old boy now, so long has his father been away. Will his father know him? Will he think him like him? Will he think him like her? Poor little Mrs. Dod has been occupied steadily in answering those questions from Mrs. Alf for years now all the time, but this morning they press with special stress upon her. Perhaps a million of times would be a mild allowance for the number of times in which the young mother has been assured by Mr. and Mrs. Dod, separately and together, that Alf—which is true—is one of the finest children they ever saw.

As the rolling dust and drums inform the old couple that the Federals will be along in a few moments, they just cross over to Mrs. Alf, to assure her once again upon this subject—meet her coming over to them for information upon the subject—and go with her back to her gateway.

It all flashes by them like a dream. Yankee Doodle by a military band? You may say so. The Old Flag above the dust? Ay, and lighting upon the eyes of many there only with less splendors than the star over the stable upon the eyes of those from the East who had lost sight of it for a time tarrying in Jerusalem. Officers on horseback, rank on rank of men, Anne's eyes glancing like lightning along the row of bearded faces for the one face, seen only in dreams for so long, glances eagerly, eagerly.

Old Mrs. Dod weeps aloud. Old Mr. Dod takes off his spectacles as an encumbrance, and breaks them by his awkwardness in doing so. For while Mrs. Anne, holding little Alf in her arm, bends her fair, flushed face forward, devouring the bronzed faces as they pass, file on file, file on file, an officer in splendid uniform—swarthy, bearded, erect, handsome—has reined in his horse within five feet of her. There is a cry of joy, a sudden snatching by Mrs. Dod of the baby out of harm's way; for Mrs. Alf has thrown her arms around the neck of her husband stooping to her—baby utterly forgotten by them both. The next moment, however, little Alf is in his father's arms, on horseback still, holding on with desperate clutch to his beard, while a long cheer rings from the ranks as they catch the whole idea, marching by; and many a bronzed hand is passed hastily over the eye.

"Thank God you've come, Alf—thank God!" from Mrs. Alf, laughing and crying.

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Now if old Mr. Dod could only have held his tongue, you observe. But he had a way of repeating a remark, you see, unconsciously. "A fine morning, Mr. Dod," a neighbor would say. "Fine morning, fine morning," would be his reply, mechanically, and equally had it been the worst of mornings. So that, when Mrs. Alf made her remark, who can blame Mr. Dod for saying, "Yes, thank God, thank God!" Heartily, too.

Crack! Dodge!

It was Mr. Dod's narrowest escape yet. Only the day before Oddy Stanger, with the old grudge against Mr. Dod, had held his revolver close beneath Mr. Dod's nose with his left hand, while he had cocked and uncocked its revolving works with his right, remarking as he did so, "Any man as shows he's glad when they march in I'll kill." And as Oddy Stanger had already shot down a poor cripple for thoughtlessly whistling Yankee Doodle in his hearing since the war, as well as two or three men on general principles before the war, it was exceedingly probable he would keep his word. Stationing himself in convenient range among the crowd, he had at least attempted to keep his sacred word.

But Mr. Dod had not been so absorbed by either Mrs. Alf and her husband, nor the Federals generally, not to keep watch on Oddy as well as Oddy on him. They say the wild ducks in well-hunted waters learn to dodge a ball. Whether it was from his extensive practice or not Mr. Dod dodged that ball.

It is asserted in Federal papers that Sherman's army was held in strict discipline. Let those who make that reckless assertion account for the fact that Oddy Stanger has never been heard of since that day if they can.

The worst part of this sixth shot is to be told; and, leaving the reader in tears over Oddy, we close what we have been making desperate efforts to close sooner all along.

The ball that Mr. Dod dodged the Rev. Mr. Bowow did not. It struck him, looking on upon the enemy with a bitter sneer upon his lip, through the very centre of that sneer, demolishing his upper teeth, nor leaving his nose unscarred. It is known that he will recover his hurt, but it is feared the accident will defeat the answer to one question eagerly asked in Johnsonville; that is, What sort of sermons will Mr. Bowow preach when the Confederacy, in which he has embarked all his faith in Christianity, is gone?

A NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDY.

YOU would have thought it the very last place for a tragedy, that little Vermont village, shut in among the quiet hills, where I passed the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-nine. It was a place absolutely, as it seemed, set apart from the outside world by those green summits which circled round it so protectingly; summits which caught the first sunbeams, and said of each new day, "It is good," while yet the valley where the little village clustered was dusky in the shadowy morning twilight. I had gone there just because it was one of those restful spots where a year seems twice as long as elsewhere. I was tired with the fever and turmoil of life, and wanted a little space in which to pause and gather strength for the coming time. I took up my abode with Mrs. Payne, a widow, and a good, kind, motherly soul.

She had lived alone in her little vine-shaded cottage for the two years since her husband died; and she was heartily glad of another inmate to share her solitary meals, and enliven her life with a little conversation now and then. She was the very kindest and gentlest of gossips—that is, she knew all her neighbors' affairs as well as they themselves did, and liked to talk them over and speculate about them; but she never misjudged any one, and was the most merciful of critics.

"So you're goin' to walk to the post-office, are you?" she said one night, as I put on my shawl and bonnet after an early tea. "Well, I wish you'd take notice who waits on you—there's two of 'em there."

It was half a mile. I had never taken the walk before, a neighbor's boy having always brought my letters. But I was getting strong in the mountain air, and felt quite able to go, besides I had an errand to do. As I walked on, under the apple-trees all in bloom, my thoughts grew so busy with far-away things that I had forgotten Mrs. Payne's remark until it was recalled to my mind by the excessively polite eagerness with which a young man came forward, as I entered the nondescript establishment which combined in itself post-office, dry-goods shop, and grocery store, after the manner of little New England villages. This young man displayed in every one of his words and movements such thorough self-satisfaction that you were at once tempted to search for the secret of so boundless a content. He was just the fellow to be the gallant of a country village, and turn the heads of all the silly girls whose ideas of a gentleman had been formed by fifth-rate novels. His hands were white and soft and well-kept; his dark, curly hair was shiny with pomatum; his figure was tall and slender; his eyes black, with a certain bead-like brightness about them; his complexion delicate as a girl's, with a fresh bloom in the cheeks. He looked like a wax figure in a shop window, or a fashion-plate in the front of a magazine of modes. I knew enough of just such country places as Greendale to imagine that there he was considered the finest of fine gentlemen, and carried on matters with a high hand; though there was probably not a hard-fisted young farmer in the place who had not five times as much information, good sense, and genuine manliness.

I just glanced at the person who stood behind the other counter—a lumpish, middle-aged man, who looked as if he were subject to hypochon-

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dria and afflicted with jaundice. Clearly, it was my red-cheeked, white-handed hero whom Mrs. Payne wanted me to notice. I bought of him some thread, and some cambric which I required for a dress-facing, received my letters at his hands, and went my way.

"Well!" Mrs. Payne suggested, as I went in.

"The *young* man waited on me," I said—"Philip, I think, they called him."

"Yes, Phil Gleason. I supposed he would. He generally does attend to the ladies, unless they're old. Do you think he's fascinating?"

I smiled at the seriousness with which she asked the question.

"I don't think *I* should find him so," I answered; "but I can imagine some people might."

"Yes, some people do!" she said, significantly; and then sat there shaking her head and waiting for me to ask farther questions, as her manner was when she had a story to tell.

"Not you, I trust, Mrs. Payne?" I inquired, gravely, with the malicious intention of teasing her, which failed, as it deserved to.

"No, not me. Thank Heaven, I've gone by the days when a white hand and a red cheek would carry me away, if I was ever so foolish; but Phil Gleason has it pretty much his own fashion among the girls here. He's engaged, to be sure; but my doubt is whether he means to keep his word. It's my belief that promises don't mean much with such chaps as he, when any thing happens to make 'em want to change their minds."

"And you think something *has* happened in his case?"

"Yes, has or will. Do you remember that girl you noticed in the singers' seat last Sunday?"

I did remember her well, for she had the sweetest face I had seen in many a day. Not a strong face—you could imagine her doing weak and foolish things—but a face as innocent of evil as a child's, and exquisitely lovely with a delicate, flower-like grace and bloom.

"She's the one—Dely Scofield. She's a pretty little thing—the prettiest girl here—and a loving, trusting creature as you ever saw in your life. She's silly in some things, to be sure—if she wasn't she wouldn't be engaged to Phil Gleason, as she has been for more than a year. Her mother is a widow, and poor, only she's got this girl; and I declare to you I've thought many a time that I'd give all the money Deacon Payne left me, and work a good deal harder than ever Miss Scofield has had to, if only I could have such a girl as that to look up to me and call me mother. But I haven't felt so quite so much since she got engaged to Phil. If she'd been my daughter that would 'a troubled me more'n a little. And it did trouble Miss Scofield, that's a fact, at first. She stood out against it pretty well; but after a while Dely had her own way, as I've noticed these only children mostly always do, 'specially where their mothers are widows. That girl ain't strong in any thing but her love; but she's strong as a lion in that. It's my belief that she'd make no more of dyin' to save Phil from any trouble than she would of eatin' her breakfast. It's strange, too, for there ain't but a dreadful little to that young man besides his black eyes and his red cheeks; but then Dely's a silly little thing, and somehow he just suits *her*."

"What could possibly make him want to change his mind?" I asked, filling up a pause in Mrs. Payne's monologue. "Surely he'll never find any one prettier or sweeter!"

"No, that he won't. You see it went on for about a year all right. Phil was real proud of her, for every one calls her the prettiest girl in Greendale. He was there every Sunday night, and every week-day night too, for that matter, when he could get away from the store. He carried her to all the dances and singing-schools and picnics, and there was some talk about their being married next fall. But this spring a new family moved into the place. Squire Holbrook died, and his farm was sold, and a man by the name of Day bought it. I s'pose he's well-off, and he, too, has an only child. Maybe you noticed Hetty Day, in the singin'-seat, next to Dely? She's a regular high-flyer—not half so really handsome as Dely, but a great deal more showy, and, you know, show is just what takes such a fellow as Phil Gleason. Besides, Dely is poor, and Job Day's daughter will be well-off. If Phil married her he could go right home now and live with the old folks. I s'pose he's engaged to Dely yet; but he only goes there Sunday nights now, and it looks mightily to me as if he'd like to find an excuse to stay away altogether. As for Hetty Day, she's doing her best to get him. I s'pose she'd 'a wanted him, like enough, if he hadn't been engaged to Dely; but *that* just made her a good deal more in earnest, and set her on to see what she *could* do."

"I should almost hope she would succeed," I said, "if I thought Dely would have strength enough to get over it. She'd be just throwing herself away on him."

Mrs. Payne shook her head.

"That's the trouble. She hasn't got any of that kind of strength, Dely hasn't. But we shall see what we shall see."

With which oracular utterance she left me, and made her way to her dairy.

The next day was Sunday, and every time the singers stood up in the gallery, and the congregation turned and faced them, after the manner of Greendale, I had a good opportunity to compare the two girls between whom Phil Gleason's weak heart was wavering. If it had been a quarter of a man's heart no wavering would have been possible. Dely looked like a fresh wild rose, half-opened and with the dew yet sparkling on its pink petals. Hetty Day made me think of a dahlia—handsome, indeed, in a certain way, but without fragrance or significance. She had eyes as black and as devoid of expression as Mr. Gleason's own, heavy black

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hair, a brilliant color, and a full, buxom figure. There *were* men, I knew, who admired just such highly-colored flowers and women. But to my eyes the contrast of these pronounced charms only made the dainty grace of Dely Scofield more noticeable. Her soft, rippling hair, with the golden lights where the sunbeams struck it, framed the pink and white prettiness of her face as its calyx does a flower. Her blue eyes drooped shyly under long eyelashes, curled like a child's. The delicate bloom on her cheeks came and went with her thoughts, and the expression of all was as innocent and trusting as an infant's.

After church Mrs. Payne introduced me, as I had before requested her, to the Scofields, and we walked toward home in company. I found Dely just what I had expected—simple, confiding, with not much to her, perhaps, but all there was of her, thoroughly in earnest, and true as steel.

"If Phil Gleason forsakes that girl he ought to be hung," Mrs. Payne said with energy, as we went into the house, and I agreed with her as heartily.

The next forenoon I sat up stairs, reading a little, dreaming a little, enjoying to the full the sweet, restful idleness for which I had come to Greendale. I heard talking in the room underneath, and understood that Mrs. Payne had a visitor, but thought nothing farther about it until the talk ceased, some one went away, and my landlady came up stairs. She knocked on my door, then opened it, and stood there in the doorway with a look on her face that fairly startled me.

"He's done it!" she said.

"Done what, Mrs. Payne?"

"Given her up, the sneaking villain! I tell you God don't let such things go unpunished. He'll have to suffer!"

"Do you mean Phil Gleason?"

"Yes. He went over to Miss Scofield's last night and asked Dely to release him. He told her that he hadn't meant to do wrong. He *thought* he loved her at first, and he never should have found out that he didn't if he hadn't seen another who had taught him what love was. The impudent, sentimental, novel-reading scamp!"

"And what did Dely do?" I asked, interrupting the outpouring of her indignation.

"Behaved like a woman, thank Heaven! Whatever she felt she didn't show it out for him and Hetty Day to laugh over. She told him very quietly that he was as free as if he had never seen her; and that since he didn't love her, she was very thankful he had found it out before they were married. I guess he went away disappointed. No doubt he thought she'd make a good deal more fuss. When he was gone she called her mother and told her the whole, and then, Miss Scofield said—for it was she that told me—her face and lips turned white as a piece of marble, and says she, 'Mother, I've got my death!' Then she kind of tottered, and Miss Scofield took hold of her and got her onto the bed, and there she lay all night, her eyes wide staring open without sheddin' a tear, or speakin' a word, or seemin' to hear any thing that was said to her. This mornin' her mother's been trying to make her eat and drink, but she couldn't. She's nigh about distracted, Miss Scofield is, and she run over here to see if I could think of any thing to be done."

In a moment it flashed into my mind that this was *my* work which God had sent me—to comfort this poor soul.

"Might *I* go over, do you think," I asked Mrs. Payne, "without it's being considered intrusive, or hurting their feelings?"

"Yes, indeed, I wish you would, I'm sure. I told Mrs. Scofield I'd tell you, and maybe you'd think of something to be done. You're younger than I am, and you'll know better how to deal with a young girl. I'll never blame God any more because I am a childless widow. If Dely Scofield was my child I believe this would break my heart."

I went over to Mrs. Scofield's, praying silently, but Heaven knows how fervently, all the way, that I might have grace and strength to do some good, to impart some comfort. I was not altogether unselfish, it may be—I wished to soothe my own heartache a little by easing another's.

I found Mrs. Scofield in the outer room; and I told her I had come to see if I could say any thing to rouse and comfort her daughter. She read, I know, the genuine sympathy in my face, for she searched it a moment, and then she said, pointing to the bedroom beyond,

"She's in there. Oh, if you *could* comfort her! But I think if ever folks' hearts do break, hers has. She loved that creature as you can't guess."

I went in. Oh, to what a white, stricken lily my blushing rose had turned! All the pink prettiness was gone; all the life and brightness dashed out of the young face. Some instinct warned her of my approach, and she turned her head a little and made a motion as if to get up. Then she sank back on the pillow again and said, feebly,

"Excuse me, won't you? I am not well this morning."

Then, knowing scarcely how to approach her, I went up to her and kissed her.

"I know all about it," I said, "and I should not have ventured to come to you if I had not myself known sorrow. I think, Dely, that I have felt just as you feel now, only it was so much the worse for me that I had no mother to live for. Yet, through God, I triumphed over my pain, and found still something left in life."

She looked at me, roused to a sort of dreary curiosity.

"You! Did *you* ever know sorrow and heartbreak? But it could not have been such as mine. You don't know how I loved him! There was not a moment in the day that I did not think of him; and when I lay down to sleep I said his name in my last prayer, and dreamed of him all

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night. And now he's just dropped out of my life, and don't you *see* how empty it is?"

There was an utterly indescribable pathos in her voice and manner. It was not a complaint which she uttered—the assertion rather of a fixed fact, which she wished me to understand.

I lay down beside her on the bed. I drew her poor, pretty head to my bosom, and then, praying silently for help to a tender Father who knows the weakness of His creatures, I strove to comfort her—to persuade her to remember her mother, and to remember the long hereafter, which shall be the unfailing recompense for all sorrows nobly borne, all tasks bravely done. At length I prevailed so far that she suffered me to dress her, and then drank a few swallows of tea, and ate a fragment of toast. When I went away she said, with a humility and submission which touched me to the heart:

"You have done me good, but I doubt if I am worth it. I am such a poor, weak girl. I'll *try* to do right. I'll live for mother's sake if I can, but I'm afraid I can't."

I, too, was afraid she could not as I walked sorrowfully back to Mrs. Payne's. She was not strong enough to live and suffer. Strong natures bear such burdens as weak ones break under. It seemed to me that her wound would prove mortal.

After that I went to see her every day. She strove hard to live, as she had promised. She dressed herself, she tried to eat, she even went for a while about some of her daily tasks in a helpless, feeble sort of way which it was pitiful to see. She had no pride, not the slightest. If she had had any we might possibly have saved her through that. But she cared nothing if all the world knew that the loss of Philip Gleason had broken her heart. She did not feel strong enough to go to church, so, careless of comments, she staid away. It was the saddest thing to see how she would watch for sight of her old lover. He drove by there sometimes with his new flame, as indeed he could not well help, for Mrs. Scofield's little cottage was on the road between Farmer Day's and the village. On such occasions her eyes would brighten with almost their old light, until he had passed quite beyond her vision, and then the blank, dreary look would come back to her face.

"*Is* Phillie happy? Do you think he is happy?" she would ask sometimes. "He used to seem to love me so, I don't see how it could have all gone out of his heart."

Philip *was* happy, or his exultant face and satisfied bearing belied him strangely. Hetty Day seemed to fill his eyes and heart full. If he had thought that Dely would die for his sake, perhaps he would have relented—for the honor of human nature I hope so—but he had no comprehension of such a love as hers. He fancied, perhaps, that she was secluding herself and putting on melancholy airs to bring him back, and that she would be all right when once she found that he was really married and it was done with. At any rate he hurried on the preparations for his wedding; and though we would have kept it from Dely if we could, somehow she heard of every thing, and every day it seemed harder work for her to live.

With the midsummer heats she drooped perceptibly, and even I, who had still kept some faint hope alive that she would in time conquer her heart-break, gave it up altogether then, and watched her through the summer days going down into the valley and the shadow, at the other end of which shines a light not of this world.

The first day of September Philip Gleason was married. Dely had not sat up much for some time, but that day she insisted on being placed in an easy-chair at the open window. Her mother and I both knew why, and obeyed her silently.

About eleven o'clock the wedding was over. A smart carriage dashed down the hill from Mr. Day's, containing the newly married pair, for Mistress Hetty had expanded notions, and they were going away on a fortnight's bridal tour. The bride had an overdressed air, of course, but she looked undeniably handsome in a buxom, rustic style of handsomeness. Phil was, as usual, bright of eye, rosy of cheek, glossy of hair, and most thoroughly self-complacent. But I think he must have seen the little white, sad face gleaming like a snow-drop against the window-pane—the face of the innocent little girl who had loved him as nobody would ever love him again. When he had gone by she sighed a long, gasping sigh, and then she put out her hands.

"I want to go to bed now, please," she said; and we laid her gently back upon the pillows. She never sat up again.

She had no disease. If it were not dying of a broken heart, I know not what it was. Every day she grew weaker, and at last, three days before it was time for the bridal pair to return, there came a night in which I watched her life go out. Just at the last she turned to me, and, with a look that made me see again the bright young face I had watched in the gallery on my first Sunday in Greendale, she said,

"I *tried* to live, but I couldn't; and now I am going to live forever."

Then, after a little while, she whispered, with her head lying on that faithful mother-heart which had never failed her—"Tell Phillie I forgave him, and asked God to bless him;" and then she went to sleep, as she had done so many times on that mother's breast in her sweet infancy. She died so quietly and so painlessly that we knew not the moment when her soul passed.

Three days afterward Philip Gleason, coming gayly home with his young wife, met a funeral procession going solemnly out of Widow Scofield's yard. He needed to ask no questions. He saw the coffin, with its wreaths of snowy chrysanthemums—the widow in her deep mourning—and he knew all. His face grew ghastly. If ever I saw a man look as if his sin had found

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him out, he looked so, in the few minutes through which he waited for that funeral to pass by.

I left Greendale soon after, and I have never seen again the little village shut in among the Vermont hills, or heard of the good or ill fortune which pursues that man. But I doubt if the old self-content is in his manner now—if sometimes he does not contrast Mrs. Hetty's loud aggressive ways with that dead girl's gentleness—if his life has not punished him as she poor, loving child would have been the last to desire. If men are ever haunted—as by memory I surely believe they are—*he* must see, sometimes, that white, frail face against the pane which looked its last at him the day he carried by his bride.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME.

WE are inclined to think the old proverb true that "*All roads lead to Rome*," since we found our way hither through the "Chickahominy," the Bronchitis, and the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

In retracing the intermediate steps of our progress, however, I shall begin no further back than the ticket-office of the railway from Leghorn, only pausing to protest in the name of euphony against this abominable distortion of the pleasant *Livorno*, by which it is at least possible, Mr. John Bull, the Leghorners know how to call themselves better than you do.

At the dépôt in *Livorno* we made an acquaintance which time and chance ripened into an almost friendship. An ecclesiastic, with kindly old face and luminous tonsure, rimmed about with closely-clipped white down, his stout figure incased in faultless cassock and knee breeches, and in *tout ensemble* not unlike his idolized *Pope* himself, was exercising his little patience and less Italian in conference with the stupid official in charge, pausing occasionally to relieve himself by objurgation in his native German.

Of course Number One pricked his ears at the burr of the well-beloved language, and finding the old Abbé's inquiries were also directed toward Pisa, at once joined issues. The result of this confederation was that at 11 A.M. we were on board the train. As it was a warm, bright day we were content to occupy during the brief ride seats in a third-class carriage, without glass, being merely roofed and railed about, and innocent of all upholstery. If ever such innocence is bliss it is in a country where every thing lives, moves, and has its beings innumerable.

I was protected from contact with the "great unwashed" who shared our humble but capacious quarters by the two parsons, the old Abbé, having obtained permission of "the *gnädige Frau*," puffing all the way at an immense cigar. I may add that, during our subsequent intercourse of three months' continuance, he was never known to intermit this sanitary measure, save in church or strange drawing-rooms.

There was little in the landscape to distract our attention from each other. The meadows were submerged by a freshet, the vineyards dismantled, the trees without leaves.

Our companion proved to be the *Directeur* of a small German college on his first pilgrimage to the Holy City; and being a Roman Catholic priest and a German, it is worth recording that he was uniformly unbigoted, courteous, and immaculate in neatness.

Our media of communication being limited by our mutual ignorance of most languages, the Abbé and I were obliged to content ourselves with an occasional pantomimic tourney, by which he made known with his hand upon his heart, and his cigar momentarily suspended, with divers nods and becks and wreathed smiles, that he was eternally my servant to command; and I, by reciprocal demonstrations, that his existence and presence were rather agreeable than otherwise. On my part, however, there was a perpetual mental reservation to the effect that although he was a nice old soul, yet I grudged the place at our side for a certain blessed dominie afar, whose greater heart and brain would have reveled where his Papist counterpart only comfortably simmered and smoked.

It might have been stated that the first efforts at sociability between the Abbé and myself were made through an interpreter, until we discovered that he was basely betraying our confidence for his own amusement. Then we laid a "Heart's Content" cable of our own, and signaled "All right, De Sauty," fearless of treachery.

On arriving at Pisa we made our way on foot across the city, rejoicing that it was a few shades cleaner than vile Leghorn.

Murray in hand, we sought the Botanical Gardens; but it required only six fruitless twangs of the *Custode's* bell to convince us that the plants were despicable and the grapes sour. Then we turned toward that marvelous architectural group, with which, in its most salient feature at least, all the world is familiar; and yet the actual vision had all the enchantment of a glorious discovery.

The Campanile, which fascinated our infantile gaze as it bowed its stately height to us from the nursery dinner-service, done in super-skyey blue on white (stone) China; and familiar to our older eyes by means of marble, alabaster, painting, photograph, stove ornaments, and *blanc manger* moulds—this, of course, first arrested our steps.

Its eight tiers of columns, modeled after the first baby's first block-house, and built, I should judge, by architects fresh from Babel nurseries, lean quite enough to satisfy one's most deflected expectations. Indeed, having climbed half-way up the dizzy height, one insensibly quickens his pace as the stairs dip on the shorter side, and wishes the entire seven bells were hung, as the weightier are, on the upper edge of the Tower.

The mountain views from the Campanile are indeed magnificent. That Pisa bears away the palm from all Italian cities in this regard I am not so fool-hardy as to deny in the face of Mr.

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Ruskin's affirmation; but very certain am I that there can scarcely be another point on this globe from whence man's handiwork shows so grandly as here, looking down upon the massive pile of the Duomo, the Baptistery, the Campo Santo, and the Leaning Tower itself on which you stand—all within the compass of a few acres.

On the southern slope of the topmost gallery a consumptive dandelion was struggling for life. I rescued it from the elemental fury to which its ambition had exposed it, and restored it to immortal bloom by adding it to what is profanely called my "greens." Of this unappreciated collection the same liege villifier maintains that, having gathered herbal souvenirs, I straightway forgot what manner of birth-place they had, and when the time for promotion to the album comes assign them severally according to the moment's fancy.

We encountered another natural curiosity on these heights of Zion—a cadaverous priest, looking like a fossilized toad-stool with his little shriveled body and immense shovel-hat, the very antipode of our companion. However, the two cassocks instantly saluted fraternally, and after an interchange of civilities in a species of French our friend the Abbé turned to Number One, with perfectly radiant countenance, as he exclaimed, "Why, do you not know each other? This one also is an American clergyman." The rapturous recognition which the kind old man obviously anticipated did not follow, possibly owing to the "boundless contiguity" of American parishes, which renders the interchange of pulpit courtesies between New Granada (our new brother's abode) and Massachusetts infrequent. Moreover, Shovel-hat sniffed suspiciously at the unclerical costume of his Protestant fellow-citizen; so we left him to his meditations, and descending rapidly were soon rejoicing over our safe return to a straight line, as we looked upward at the beetling pile of masonry which bent above us.

The Campanile can at least plead the example of its mother, the Cathedral, in extenuation of its lapse from rectitude. But with the Duomo and the Baptistery, with all their wonders of art, antiquity, and association, I shall not intermeddle by way of description. In the former, Number One, who is a very Hebrew of the Hebrews in his adoration of mosaics, and will at any time gladly gird himself for a five-mile race after a specimen of which the art authorities simply remark that it is *very bad*, beheld his first Cimabue, and matched in admiration its colossal proportions.

I confess with shame that I had only the remotest idea what a *Campo Santo* might please to be until I was introduced, in Pisa, to the great father of them all. The soil of the interior court-yard is said to have been brought, during the twelfth century, from the Holy Hill itself. "Dead men tell no tales," especially if deposited in the miracle-working dust of Jerusalem; but the grim, close cypresses which spring from the doubly-sainted dust of this unique cemetery have an air of hugging to their hearts many an awful mystery whose unfolding would startle Christendom.

But the arcade which shuts in this dread silence is fairly garrulous with tales of eld—a story almost without an end, dragging its slow length along, perhaps sixteen or more feet, and irrepressibly diffusing its quaint gossip on all sides.

I have an ancient aunt whose art-aspirations are totally unappreciated by her immediate relatives. During the temporary absence of the entire corps of domestic police, however, the divine flame burst forth, and the consequence was such a waving of green trees, and flowing of gray rivers, and glooming of *cuir*-colored rocks, and blazing of crimson suns, and sporting of pink deer, and ringed-streaked and speckled lambs over the walls of her own particular apartment, that not an inch of their pristine whiteness remained. Abundantly complacent, the happy artist introduced a connoisseur aged three years into the sacred inclosure, confident that his pure, beauty-loving soul would grasp the motive of her composition, uncramped by the ignorance and envy of his elders. The young critic seemed at first stunned by the gorgeous vision, but suddenly rallying he remarked, with solemn deliberation, "*This—do—look—orful!*"

When my eyes beheld the fasces of the Campo Santo my first thought was that my worthy aunt and her paint-brushes had been here on a rampage, and my first criticism, "*This do look orful!*"

The horror and mortification of the Pre-Raphaelite divine at this flagrant exhibition of his wife's obtuseness may be imagined. Sorrowful and alone, save as he grasped *Kugler* with one hand and Ruskin with the other, he did his duty conscientiously by each square foot of grotesque smearing. The dear old Abbé was my coadjutor. "*Potztausend!*" quoth he, dismissing the whole subject from Giotto downward.

Still we two rebels found two or three tidbits which pleased us much. An ample section of the infernal regions particularly fascinated the jolly priest, who chuckled and grimaced before it with gusto. In the midst of it sat a colossal Satan, looking as if he had just come out of bed, and had got out of decidedly the wrong side, with horrid arms akimbo and horrid locks a-bristle, superintending his very disorderly *ménage*. Ugly imps with pitchforks were actively assisting in setting things to rights. Wretches of every form, sex, order, and dimension were being tossed about their new quarters, obviously not wishing to remain: the whole effect being horribly grotesque. Since my aunt left the Campo Santo time and damp have been busy with blotting, crumbling fingers.

The designs of many of these frescoes it is impossible to decipher; but having followed St. Paul's direction to knowledge-thirsting woman, I am able to state that they all originally

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meant something, which was exceedingly grand, gloomy, and peculiar, intimately connected with High Art. Save for this biblical and conjugal authority I should have turned away my eyes from many of those still distinguishable, under the impression that they were wicked caricatures of Scriptural and saintly lives.

The corridors of the Campo Santo have been accumulating treasures for centuries, and are really a rare old curiosity-shop, rich in the spoils of many lands. The trophies are miscellaneous, ranging from the grumpiest old green Griffon of ancient Araby to the gushing monument of a widow *inconsolabile* of to-day. Sarcophagi, statues, battle-trophies, altars whose sacred fires expired long ago, *bassi-relievi*, and all manner of odds and ends of *virtuosi*, are jumbled in odd confusion. The cool manner in which the human cuckoos of one age take possession of the snug beds of the preceding is strikingly exemplified here. There are even early Christian tombs doing double duty for medieval sinners.

But Rome will never be reached at this lagging pace.

Before leaving Pisa, however, let me give truce to nonsense, and say, in justice to myself, that the impression produced upon me by the Campo Santo, even in my ignorance and blindness, was really very great; and now that I, too, have learned to bow before the grand simplicity of holy Giotto, and Orcagna, and the frati Angelico and Bartolomeo, I long to stand once more within the sacred inclosure and learn its lessons with eyes which, I trust, a drop of "heavenly rue" has touched.

Suffer me in further digression.

Some time ago I heard related (by one who should have been wiser), as a comical absurdity, this fact in regard to a mutual acquaintance: Being about to make the tour of Europe, this acquaintance had proposed, by way of preparation, to secure the services of some competent connoisseur to instruct him somewhat in the mysteries of Art. "Teach him what pictures to like!" was the precise phraseology of the amused narrator. Now I think I am not obtuse to drollery of every degree, yet I failed to appreciate the comic angle of this notion. Even before experience had confirmed it, my impression was that the prospective tourist had shown in this the same sagacity which marks his business transactions. His days had been spent in active business, yet his evenings were conscientiously devoted to mental culture, and his residence was in the best provincial city of America; still his *amour propre* and his national conceit did not blind him to the fact that there was much for him to learn in that strange land, and that it became him as a provident man to prepare himself to secure all its advantages. It seemed to him not enough to buy the best guide-books, and his gold at the lowest rates; to beg letters of introduction, and acquire a smattering of French. There was that in this new old world opening before him which the most fluent French, the most fortunate introductions, the most lavish gold, could not secure to him, and into which the most accurate guide-books and the lectures of a reliable connoisseur perhaps could only dimly initiate him; yet it seemed wiser to him to go into the midst of these treasures of Art with eyes half opened rather than stone-blind.

I leave it to any one of common-sense, who has ever stood in the gallery of the Louvre, the Pitti Palazzo, the Vatican, to declare whether every little seed of knowledge he had ever gathered in regard to the history of Art, or of any individual artist or work, did not that day spring up in sixtyfold harvest, and whether he did not mingle with his rejoicings self-execrations because he had so "hated his own soul" as to leave it to such an extent fallow against this glorious ripening-day.

Now toward Rome again.

At six o'clock P.M. we were again in Livorno at our humble inn, of which we were the sole guests, and, to the best of our knowledge, the sole occupants save the landlord. We had an immense apartment furnished with a generous assortment of beds of varying dimensions, with fresh hangings and frescoes, for all which exuberance we were indebted to the fact, subsequently confided to us, that the young factotum of the house was to be married the coming week, and had swept and garnished accordingly. Furthermore, we shared with the good Abbé the luxury of a generous fire in the *salle à manger*, with a writing-table, and unlimited stationery; paying for all perhaps one-third of the regular rates at the hotels of the guide-books. The alacrity with which our bell was answered, and our orders filled, excited our fears that "service" would be the heaviest item of our bill, until we recognized in the zealous respondent and executor invariably, our landlord, representing in his ubiquitous self, Boots, Waiter, Butler, Cook, Chamber-maid, Porter, and Commissionaire. In this instance, and often subsequently, by a little patient search we were able to secure (with fewer francs than would have necessitated our occupation of a filthy, dark closet in the roof of one of the grand hotels) the cleanest, the largest, and the best which some unrecommended *albergo* afforded.

After twenty-four hours' detention a boat arrived at five P.M. December 23 we set steam and sail for Civita Vecchia, whither our passports had preceded us. The Mediterranean was stirred from its depths, the boat crowded with passengers, and the odors were passing show. So, although our tickets included the privilege of the dinner-table, which stretched its offensive length through the entire sleeping cabin, we discreetly evinced our valor by taking to our berths at once. Peering through my curtains I had the grim satisfaction of seeing all the passengers disappear from the dinner-table, which many of them had attacked with noisy zest. One by one I saw the unhappy wights grow pale and betake themselves to cover like stricken deer.

First and foremost among the victims was, I

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am glad to say, a smart young Frenchman who, as we sailed out of the harbor, had promenaded the deck in wild spirits, puffing a cigar. Although we (and we alone) escaped absolute seasickness, yet what with the spasms of the steamer, the swearing of men, groaning of women, crying of babies, and frequent shipping of seas, whereby the cabin, stairway, and floor were transformed into an irresponsible waterfall and threatening torrent, we registered this as a night of horrors.

At five the next morning we were roused from a troubled sleep by our jocund "priest all shaven and shorn," proclaiming the incredible news that we were at Civita Vecchia. To our glad surprise it proved true. The ill-wind which we had so bewailed the previous night had actually blown us the good of bringing us to our destination five hours before we were due. I regard this as unprecedented in the history of steam navigation.

When the official, after provoking delay, finally appeared upon the deck with the permits, without which no one is suffered to touch the sacred land, Babel confusion ensued. For ourselves, inasmuch as we had learned to listen for our own name in the most unexpected combinations of the alphabet, and as the Papal envoy's pronunciation was of the loosest, we invariably made a rush at him every time he opened his mouth, until his angry suspicions were so roused against us that it is a marvel that we were ever permitted to descend into one of the rickety craft by which pilgrims from every land are transported to the embraces of His Holiness, and to eat bread in his paradisaical *buffet*. Doubtless it was owing to our heretical palates that this bread became in our mouths as the apples of Sodom. But in all our travels we were never so badly served. Even the old Abbé, to whom Civita Vecchia was the very antechamber of heaven, pronounced a benediction backward over its purgatorial *cuisine*. But the light afflictions of starvation and imposition were speedily forgotten after we entered the train for the Holy City.

Although it was the 24th of December the meadows still "stood dressed in living green," flaunting breast-knots of yellow and white blossoms—the Pope's colors—while clouds of dandelion-down crossed our vision of the distant Apennines crowned with snow.

The most eventful lifetime can have few more thrilling moments than those which measure the near approach to Rome. But nobody cares particularly about another's rapturous emotions. They came thick and fast to us; first the "yellow Tiber," with its thickets of strange reeds, sung by Virgil; then the first glimpse of the glorious city itself, five miles away, invested with the awful solitude of the Campagna; then the Claudian aqueduct striding across the desolate plain, indescribably picturesque, with its burden of centuries and its clinging vines; then the grim pyramid of Caius Cestius, and the actual entrance of the gates of Rome.

It was not Mr. Murray's fault that I failed to see also St. Peter's. We were unfortunately seated, and for us the marvelous dome was totally eclipsed by the opacity of a German student on his way to the Propaganda. Having assumed his tall hat, by way of reverential salam, at the first glimpse of the city, as we drew nearer and enthusiasm boiled, he suddenly caught up the rejected soft hat of his travels and thrust it upon the top of his beaver. We sympathized too keenly with his emotion to appreciate at the moment his preposterous aspect, of which he was of course unconscious, and only mildly remonstrated against this supplemental obscuring of our vision. But it was too late for St. Peter's. This was reserved for our seeing under more romantic circumstances than from the window of a railway carriage.

Alighting from the train and entering the station, I defy even the most ardent Roman pilgrim to retain a thread of enthusiasm. It is well known that Pio Nono regards all modern improvements, ecclesiastical or otherwise, as so many infernal-machines, liable at any moment

> "—— their bolts to throw,
> And deal damnation round the land."

Accordingly the Roman railway was laid athwart his pathetic protestations, and often swamped by his tears. (It occurs to me that this lachrymal tendency of His Holiness is at the bottom of the frequent interruption of railroad communication between Rome and the sinful world at the present day.) In accordance with this apprehension a melancholy satisfaction has been found in appropriating as the station of the Roman terminus of the railroad one of the chambers of the Inquisition, whose holier service has been sacrilegiously swept away.

In this chamber of horrors we waited one hour of sixty interminable minutes for the opening of a room in which our luggage was stored. It was not pretended that there was any reason in this, only it was "the custom." In this cold, damp, filthy room there were no seats save a torture-bench, so high that when, after several ineffectual efforts, I was finally perched thereon my feet swung disconsolately clear of the floor; and the only other article in the apartment was a little effigy of the Virgin, which seemed to our weary vision to blink derisively at us, above the lamp which smoked profanely her ancient charms.

Our *compagnon du voyage* had informed us that his arrival in the Holy City would be welcomed by a *Klösterfrau* from his native town, but long resident in Rome. He also assured us that he would share with us her kindly offices.

Our tedium was at last relieved by the arrival not of the *Klösterfrau*, but of her messengers; another German Abbé and an Italian woman. They seemed to recognize their guest from among a crowd of passengers (which included several priests) by a species of pious masonry, I suppose, and greeted him most warmly.

When our heretical persons were presented to the new Abbé by our old friend his surprise bore

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a shade of alarm, but his simple heart soon melted toward us, and bubbled over in exclamations of astonishment that we had really come so many thousand miles, not to worship at St. Peter's tomb, but to see what we should see.

The new Abbé had been so long absent from his native country that his Italian speech was readiest, but he used the German also, and occasionally an English sentence for my peculiar benefit. The woman, however, was ignorant of all but Italian, although I at first supposed that the ejaculation which the animated conversation into which the three priests fell frequently extracted from her was our English expletive, "dear me," but it proved to be *Deo mio* instead. However, Number One insists that "dear me sus," which is the innocent explosive of many a weary or amazed English-speaking saint, is only a corruption of *Dea me sustine.*

At last we were permitted to lay hands upon our luggage, and emerge from our prison. There was no resisting the generous kindness of our Abbé. Against our remonstrances he commended us to the fatherly care of his brother-cassock, reserving for himself only the aid of the forlorn woman with her everlasting "*Deo mio!*"

It seemed to us that it would be "funnier than Punch," and possibly more alarming than Colenso, to our friends and parishioners at home could they see us at that moment in our little *voiture* buzzing through the narrow streets of Rome with "wot larks" legibly written on our faces, while opposite us, on the little drop-seat, beaming at us graciously from under his immense shovel-hat, sat the Roman priest; while racing with us for some distance was a similar vehicle, in which sat good old Abbé S—— with his fatherly smile, and the solemn old woman with her pious refrain. But soon our ways parted. Abbé S—— was whirled away to his quarters, already secured for him on the heights beyond the Vatican; while we, under the direction of our new patron, sought for lodgings.

There was a volume of significance in the ignorance which this priest displayed in regard to the objects of interest which we passed, and his childish amazement at our enthusiastic inquiries. Even the Pantheon, before whose hoary majesty we held our breath, he pointed out to us as *Santa Maria ad Martyres*, one of the thousand parish churches in Rome! The tread-mill offices of his daily life might as well have been performed in the desert of Sahara as amidst the glories of antiquity, history, and art. He had actually never entered the Gallery of the Vatican until he accompanied our friend the Abbé a few days after our arrival, although for many years he had lived within three minutes' walk of its treasures. He was one of the most faithful and simple-hearted men I ever saw, but by no means the cleanliest or wisest.

It was several days after he had deposited us at a comfortable *albergo*, and dismissed our *voiture* (without the tax which the driver attempted to impose upon our ignorance), and returned to his priestly duties, that we discovered that he was a hero.

Yes; to us was given the honor of being taken into Rome by the very man who took Pio Nono out of the same once upon a time. In the last Revolution, when the mob threatened the *Quirinale*, this faithful priest made his way into the Palace, and ran his Holiness out upon a species of underground railway into the sacred refuge of *Gaeta*, first exchanging the superb robes in which the present Pope delights to deck himself for the sombre homeliess of an ordinary priest's garb.

When Pio Nono returned in triumphant state to his throne his humble deliverer was not forgotten. He made him military chaplain, and to this day frequently grants him gracious entrance to the domestic sanctum of the Vatican.

One has not really seen Rome until he has seen St. Peter's, and we did not let a day dawn before we had stood in the world-famed Piazza. But having played so long by the way, I must defer till another time the story of our Christmas-eve.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, some time since, suggested a collection of typographical errors. The following may be accepted as a contribution in that direction. Many of these instances may be familiar, while many others have not before received special notice. Now for a beginning, with illustrations of paragraphs made ludicrous by the transposition of lines.

Two articles had been prepared for a New York daily (one containing a sermon preached by an eminent divine, and the other about the freaks of a mad dog), but, unfortunately, the foreman, when placing them in the form, "mixed" them, making the following *contre-temps:*

"The Rev. James Thompson, rector of St. Andrew's Church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. This was his last sermon. In a few weeks he will bid farewell to his congregation, as his physicians advise him to cross the Atlantic. He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and after offering a devout prayer, took a whim to cut up some frantic freaks. He ran up Timothy Street to Johnson, and down Benefit Street to College. At this stage of the proceedings a couple of boys seized him, tied a tin kettle to his tail, and he again started. A great crowd collected, and for a time there was a grand scene of noise, running, and confusion. After some trouble he was shot by a policeman."

A similar accident of the types lately occurred in the experience of a Western editor, who gave out two articles for his paper—one on a political subject, and another on fattening swine. What was his surprise, in looking over his paper on the following morning, to find that by some sleight of hand on the part of the printer, the articles had changed headings, and that one of them began:

"GREAT HOGS!

"Under this head, we include the clergy, the editorial fraternity, and the members of Congress."

Blackwood's Magazine mentions an odd incident which occurred to a book called "The Men

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of the Time." It sometimes happens in a printing-office that some of the types, perhaps a printed line or two, fall out of the form. Those in whose hands the accident happens generally try to put things to rights as well as they can, and may be very successful in restoring appearances with the most deplorable results to the sense. It happened thus in the instance referred to. A few lines dropping out of the "Life of Robert Owen," the parallelogram Communist, were hustled, as the nearest place of refuge, into the biography of his closest alphabetical neighbor—"Oxford, Bishop of." The consequence was that the article began as follows:

"OXFORD, the Right Reverend SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, Bishop of—was born in 1805. A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist. A skeptic as regards religious revelation, he is nevertheless an out-an-out believer in spirit movements."

When this blunder was discovered the leaf was canceled; but a few copies of the book had got into circulation.

The more frequent errors, however, are made by the change of a word or a letter. A lad in a printing-office, who knew more about type-setting than he did of the Greek mythology, in looking over a poem they were printing, came upon the name *Hecate*, one of the female divinities of the lower world, occurring in a line something like this:

"Shall reign the Hecate of the deepest hell."

The boy, thinking that he had discovered an error, ran to the master printer and eagerly inquired whether there was an *e* in cat. "Why, no, you blockhead," was the reply. Away went the boy to the press-room, and extracted the objectionable letter. But fancy the horror of both poet and publisher, when the poem appeared with the line:

"Shall reign the He cat of the deepest hell."

Miss Gould, the poetess, gives a ludicrous incident in reference to a poem she had sent to a country editor. She says: "For the dew-drop that falls upon the freshly-blown roses," he made it "freshly-blown noses."

Dr. Kunze, a prominent minister of the German Lutheran Church in New York city, in the beginning of this century, addressed a communication on a vexed chronological question, to Mr. Lang, the editor of the New York *Gazette*. In his letter he adverted to the Gregorian style, and mentioned Pope Gregory. The faithful *Gazette* printed "Tom Gregory." The venerable Doctor hastened to his friend, and remonstrated on the injury he had done him, and requested the erratum to specify instead of "*Tom* Gregory" "*Pope* Gregory XIII." Again an alteration was made, and the *Gazette* requested its readers "for *Tom* Gregory to read *Pope Tom* Gregory XIII." Only one more attempt at correction was made, when the compositor had the typography so changed that it read "Tom Gregory the Pope." The learned divine, with a heavy heart, in a final interview with the erudite editor, begged him to make no further improvements, as he dreaded the loss of all the reputation his years of devotion to the subject had secured to him.

An English writer makes reference to a volume of popular sermons, in which, owing to the negligence of the proof-readers, a deplorable number of typographical errors appeared. One of these, as if in reference to the others, was singularly appropriate to the unhappy circumstances of the poor author; the verse "Princes have persecuted me without a cause," being made to read, "Printers have persecuted me without a cause." A religious paper, called the *Gospel Banner*, was once printed in the State of Maine, with the motto, "In the name of our God we *up set* our banners," the two words "set up" being simply transposed. A New York paper speaking of a Russian loan of thirty thousand roubles, very quietly said by its types that "the Russian Government had advertised for a loan of thirty thousand *troubles*."

In Mr. Pycroft's "Ways and Words of Men of Letters," there is given a conversation with a printer: "Really," said the printer, "gentlemen should not place such unlimited confidence in the eye-sight of our hard-worked and half-blinded reader of proofs; for I am ashamed to say that we utterly ruined one poet by a ludicrous misprint." "Indeed! and what was the unhappy line?" "Why, Sir, the poet intended to say, 'See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire;' instead of which we made him to say, 'See the pale martyr *with his shirt on fire*.'"

During high party times in New Hampshire, the paper of one party boasted that

"The oracle of the day
Carries the sway."

The printer's devil of the rival establishment gained access to the office by the roof and altered the last word so that it read,

"The oracle of the day
Carries the swag."

At a great public demonstration held in England, after one or two unimportant speeches, a certain demagogue arose whose appearance was the signal for loud and enthusiastic cheering from the multitude. A party newspaper describing this, in the course of its gratulatory and fervid report, said that the vast concourse had "rent the air with their *snouts*."

At a meeting of the American Scientific Association, in Providence, the friends of the late Rev. Dr. Wayland were surprised to read an account in the papers that, after one of the evening sessions, the Doctor gave a "billiard party." The types should have pronounced it a *brilliant* party.

But really proof-readers are sometimes very negligent. A while ago, in speaking of Governor M'Dowell's speech in Congress on a certain occasion, the reporter's manuscript said: "Many members *wept*, and among them Mr. Speaker Winthrop more than once gave way to his feelings in a flood of tears." The printed copy read, "Many members *slept*, and Mr. Speaker Winthrop more than once gave way to his feelings in a *flow of beer*."

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The editor of the *Evangelical Observer*, several years since, in reference to a gentleman of whom he was writing said, he was *rectus in ecclesia*, that is, "in good standing with the church." The compositor, to whom this was a dead language, in the absence of the editor, converted it into *rectus in culina*, which, although pretty good Latin, somewhat changes the sense, as it accorded to the reverend gentleman spoken of only "a good standing in the kitchen."

A typographical error in a Cleveland paper made one of the hills of Japan only five hundred *miles* high. In the next issue the editor requests his readers to deduct 2,639,500 feet from the former statement.

The importance of correct punctuation is well illustrated by the following, which shows also that clergymen who recommend patent medicines should be very careful in their collocation of words, otherwise they may convert a very *grave* matter into a very ludicrous one. Read this, and put on it the meaning which is most natural:

"I continued on using it, and by the time I had taken five bottles I found myself *completely cured*, after having been brought so near to the gates of death by means of your invaluable medicine."

The following result of the omission of a comma is rather ludicrous. In an interesting article about the inauguration of a new hospital building in New York, the writer is made to state that "an extensive view is presented from the fourth story of the Hudson River." Here is another instance of strange mixture, contained in a paper announcing a person's decease: "His remains were committed to that bourne whence no traveler returns attended by his friends."

Many strange mistakes are sometimes made in advertisements. An important mercantile house in New York had occasion to advertise for sale a quantity of brass hoppers, such as are used for coffee-mills. But instead of brass hoppers the newspaper said *grasshoppers*. In a short time the merchant's counting-room was thronged with inquirers for the new article of merchandise.

A paper in Buffalo had this novel correction: "In an advertisement which appeared in our last issue, for 'Bumbleton's Storm Destroying Porringers,' read 'Hamilton's Worm Destroying Lozenges.'"

The writer remembers to have seen in a Philadelphia paper an advertisement of a political meeting in which it was meant to be announced that Hon. Mr. —— would address "the masses." By the simple misplacement of merely a "space" the public was informed that the address would be delivered to "them asses at National Hall."

Campbell's celebrated Essay on Miracles was announced in one of the advertisements as "Campbell's Essay on Mangles." A dancing-master, in renewing his solicitations for patronage, wished to express his obligations for past favors, when the printer made him say, "most respectfully offers his shanks."

A gentleman of the press who does not write very legibly, lately sent to the compositors the following announcement: "The *Harpy*, another of the six iron steam vessels built by Messrs. Dichborn and Mare, is ready for commissioning." The printer composed as follows: "The happy mother of the six iron steam vessels built by Messrs. Dichborn and Mare, is ready for commissioning."

Here are other instances illustrating the fact that no little mischief is often done by the change of a word. In the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, 1855, a writer has occasion to say that the "Diversions of Purley," an admirable volume on etymology by the celebrated Horne Tooke, "is a book of which even literary men often know but little beyond the title." The compositor, one would almost imagine, determined that they should know less, for strangely enough he entitles it "The Diversities of Barley."

The *Tribune*, in 1853, stated that "Dr. Pond, the President of the Theological Seminary, Bangor, Maine, is giving lectures in that city to show that theology is no science, and that there is no truth in it whatever." The statement was at once passed round the daily press with great eagerness, and took the public by surprise as would a clap of thunder from a clear sky at noonday. Notwithstanding the long-established character of the worthy Professor, of course every body was prepared to believe it, and very soon the world was told that he had become a gross infidel, and trampled the Bible under his feet like Paine and Voltaire. At length the *Tribune* corrected the error, and said that by the carelessness of the compositor *theology* was printed instead of *phrenology*; adding that the doctor in his theology was firm as the everlasting hills, but was no believer in phrenology.

An Eastern Magazine lately gave as follows, three instances of the false combination of letters, showing that as among men so among types, "one sinner destroyeth much good." One, who in writing in all innocency of a session of the Historical Society, affirmed mildly in manuscript, "All went smoothly," but weeks after was made to declare in blatant print, "All went *snoringly*."

Another flagrant example still shows its front on the page of a child's book. In the latest edition of "Our Little Girls" there occurs the description of a christening wherein a venerable divine is made to dip his *head* into the consecrating water and lay it upon the child.

Many instances might be afforded of strange and unnatural murders having been committed by a single letter. The Philadelphia *Post* contributes the following: "We seldom take notice of typographical errors, except when the sense is greatly perverted by them. For instance, in our last paper a biography of Newton contained the phrase, 'Yes, the *immoral* Newton lived like other men.' It should have been 'the *immortal* Newton.' It will be noticed that there is only a t's difference between the two words, while there is an infinite difference between the two

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things." A New York daily paper, in 1855, committed a similar blunder, when, in consequence of a compositor's error, it announced that "the inhabitants of New York suffer at present from a high state of *morality*."

Moore, in his Diary of 1818, says that he saw a very beautifully printed American Edition of "Gifford's Journal" published in New York; but in the preface, where he draws a parallel between Horace and Juvenal, he says "Horace was of an easy disposition, inclining to indolence." The American printer, however, had converted it into "inclining to *insolence*."

During the Mexican war one of the English newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that General Pillow and thirty-seven men had been lost in a bottle [*battle*]. Some other paper informed the public, not long ago, that a man had been brought before a police-court on the charge of having stolen a small ox [*box*] from a lady's work-bag.

"A rat" [*raft*], says yet another paper, "descending the river, came in contact with the steamboat ——; and so serious was the injury to the boat that great exertions were necessary to save it." An English paper once stated that the Russian General Rackinoffkowsky was found dead with a long word [*sword*] in his mouth. Another, in giving a description of a battle between the Poles and the Russians, said that the conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with great laughter [*slaughter*]. Another reported that a gentleman had been brought before a sitting magistrate to answer the charge of having eaten [*beaten*] a stage-driver for demanding more than his fare. We have sometimes had the misfortune to see "the internal relations of the church" converted into "the infernal relations of the church."

See, again, how the types dance and change into ludicrous terms in the following: The New York *Atlas*, some time since, speaking of a man of some celebrity, then recently deceased, undertook to say, "He subsequently commenced life as a legal practitioner, but was diverted from it by his love of letters." The editor did not examine his proof, and on the Sunday morning, at his breakfast-table, he had the pleasure of reading, "He subsequently commenced life as a legal politician, but was diverted from it by his love of bitters." By a typographical error in a newspaper the public was informed, some time ago, that "two cows were cut into calves [*halves*] by the railroad train."

The line,

"So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,"

has been erroneously printed

"So the *stuck* eagle stretched upon the *plate*."

Some errors have, undoubtedly, been made with malice prepense. When the Rev. Dr. Croswell was editor of the old *Hudson Balance*, a merchant by the name of Peter Cole chanced to get married. Cole, however, was very unpopular, and was not one of the brightest intelligences even of those days. The bride, also, was a little more *no* than *yes* in her intellectual furnishment. It used to be a common practice in the country, in sending marriage notices to the press, to tack on a bit of poetry in the shape of some sweet hymeneal sentimentality. In compliance with this custom the groomsman added a line or two from one of the poets, where the bard speaks of the marriage state, "when *heart* meets *heart* reciprocally soft." The wicked boys in the printing-office, however, corrected the poet, making the line read thus:

"When head meets head reciprocally soft."

The perversions of Scripture made by printers are sometimes more than curious. The following are cases in point: The late Rev. William Jay, of England, printed a sermon on the text, "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." The printer made the last word to read *wife*. Mr. Jay corrected the mistake in his first and second proofs without securing the desired alteration. When he came to the last review, and noticed that the bad blunder had not been corrected, he wrote on the margin, "This depends altogether upon circumstances—change your 'wife' into '*life*.'"

It is related that a printer's widow in Germany, while an edition of the Bible was being printed at her establishment, altered that sentence of subjugation to her husband, pronounced on Eve in Genesis, so that instead of reading, "he shall be thy lord" [Herr], it said, "and he shall be thy fool" [Narr]. Copies of this edition were bought up at enormous prices.

Errors of a very serio-comic nature have occasionally occurred. An edition of the Bible was once published in England in which the word *not* was omitted in the Seventh Commandment. For this offense, whether by carelessness or design, the Archbishop imposed the heaviest penalty known in history. The edition was required to be called in and destroyed, and a fine imposed of £20,000 sterling.

An edition of the Roman Catholic Missal was once published in France, in which the accidental substitution merely of the *u* for *a* was the cause of a shocking blunder, changing, as it did, the word *calotte* (an ecclesiastical cap or mitre) into *culotte*, which means, in plain Anglo-Saxon, a gentleman's small clothes. The error occurred in one of the directions for conducting the service, where it said: "Here the priest will take off his *culotte*."

The religiously-important loss of a single letter is seen by the following: A printer putting to press a form of the Book of Common Prayer, the *c* in the following passage dropped out unperceived by him: "We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye." When the book appeared, to the horror of the devout worshiper, the passage read, "We shall all be *hanged* in the twinkling of an eye."

The chapter endeth with the following: Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, lately said that he and his family were "too intense Yankees to bear transplanting;" but the very eccentric types of a Boston newspaper reported him as saying that they were "*too great paupers*."

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THE USES OF LIFE.

THOUGH we climb fame's proudest height,
Though we sit on hills afar,
Where the thrones of triumph are;
Though all deepest mysteries be open to our sight,
If we win not by that power
For the world another dower—
If this great Humanity share not in our gain,
We have lived our life in vain.

Though we revel in sweet dreams;
Though with poet's eye we look
Full on Nature's open book,
And our spirits wander, singing with the birds and the streams;
If we let no music in
To the world of grief and sin—
If we draw no spirit heavenward by the strain,
We have lived our life in vain.

Though our lot be calm and bright;
Though upon our brows we wear
Youth, and grace, and beauty rare,
And the hours go swiftly, singing in their flight;
If we let no glory down
Any darkened life to crown—
If our grace and joyance have no ministry for pain,
We have lived our life in vain.

Though for weary years we toil;
Though we gather all the gold
From the mines of wealth untold,
Though from farthest shores of ocean we have brought the spoil;
What at the last is won
If we hear not God's "Well done?"
If the world's want and sorrow be not lessened by our gain,
We have lived our life in vain.

Though we be, in heart and hand,
Mighty with all foes to cope,
Rich in courage and in hope,
Fitted as strong laborers in the world to stand—
If with these we right no wrong
What avails it to be strong?
If we strengthen not the weak, raise not the bowed again,
We have lived our life in vain.

To the giver shall be given—
If thou wouldst walk in light
Make other spirits bright;
Who, seeking for himself alone, ever entered heaven?
In blessing we are blest;
In labor find our rest.
If we bend not to the world's work, heart, and hand, and brain,
We have lived our life in vain.

Selfishness is utter loss;
Life's most perfect joy and good—
Ah! how few have understood!
Only One hath proved it fully, and He died upon the cross,
Taking on Himself the curse
So to bless a Universe.
If we follow not his footsteps through the pathway straight and plain,
We have lived our life in vain.

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BIRDS—THEIR MIGRATIONS AND SOJOURNINGS.

OBSERVING birds with reference to this subject, we shall find that they divide themselves naturally into four kinds:—*First*, Those which remain with us throughout the whole year; *Second*, Those which stay during summer only; *Third*, Those which remain during winter only; and, *Fourth*, Those which are but transient visitors, passing and repassing between their winter resorts farther south and their breeding-places farther north.

First to be mentioned are our proper resident birds, which bravely abide with us throughout the year, and enliven our seven months of sober earth, leafless trees, and cirrhus cloud. These are the partridge, quail, blue-jay, woodpecker, hen-hawk, owl, and crow. They are among the wildest of our birds, the shyest of man although seeing him most. They make no regular migrations at certain seasons, but, unless disturbed, will live out their life close to their favorite haunts, realizing doubtless, in many instances, the fancy of Wordsworth in "Hart Leap Well."

An examination of their wings will readily show how unfitted are most of the species for extended flights. Those of the quail and partridge are very small—mere flippers—and their flying, which is a kind of flutter, serves admirably to launch the bird suddenly upon the wing and to bring it from the start into rapid motion; but it is very unlike the steady sweep of the "sail-broad vans" which sustain the wild-goose for so many hours in the high air. It is a common belief that the partridge can fly but a single breath at once; and it is a fact that he does not continue in the air longer than the loon and other divers remain under water, and that numbers will accumulate along the banks of narrow rivers, unwilling to trust themselves to cross. Xenophon informs us that the soldiers of Cyrus's expedition caught bustards in the open Arabian plain; "for they flew but a short distance like partridges, and soon tired;" and, under the circumstances, the assertion respecting either bird is not improbable.

These birds seem to be a kind of connecting link between those whose wings only assist their legs, and those whose wings entirely sustain them in the air; for they are swift runners, and both begin and end their short flight with a run. Fifty years ago the partridge, when started by the dog, merely flew up into the nearest tree like the wild turkey, and "treeing" was the technical term for the use of the pointer or setter. But from having been so much hunted and shot at his habits in this respect have changed. He now springs up suddenly and steers in all haste to some covert, making the woods resound with the whirring of his small but compact pinions. But when his flight is voluntary it is slower and without the noise. I was once watching a flock of pigeons when a large bird passed into the tree as quietly and silently as a bird of prey, but when shot it proved to be a partridge.

Woodpeckers are also poor flyers, reaching one tree from another by leaps through the air rather than by flying, much in the manner of flying squirrels, and using the tail as well as the wings. But they are splendid climbers, not merely hopping about among the branches like most birds, but running down the trunks head-foremost like cats. The blue-jay has much the same habit, and is by no means a famous flyer. The owl also, from the looseness of his plumage, flies silently, as his business requires, but yet heavily. The wing, to be best suited for long flights, must have both strength and compactness of plumage. That of the owl has the one, that of the partridge the other, whirring as it cuts the air; that of the wild-goose both. The remaining birds of the first class make some irregular migrations, as will appear.

Next are the well-known species, which pass the breeding season of five months in our latitude—that of the State of New York. Not following any of the classifications yet made, which are in a great degree artificial, we shall find that they present about forty varieties.

Of these the chip-sparrow, bobolink, lark, chewink, woodcock, plover, killdeer, tipup, whip-poor-will, night-hawk, and meadow-hawk build upon the ground. The red-wing, yellow-bird, wood-thrush, cat-bird, small blue crane, and sparrow build upon bushes. The barn, chimney, and eave swallows build where their name would indicate. The bank-swallow and king-fisher build in holes which they dig in the banks of streams. The phœbe has her nest under open buildings, the wren and martin in boxes made and provided for them; the woodpecker, bluebird, sparrow-hawk, pigeon-hawk, and wood-duck in holes and hollows of trees; and, finally, the robin, dove, oriole, humming-bird, crow, blackbird, king-bird, eagle-cuckoo, shrike, pigeon-crane, indigo-bird, red-bird, night-heron, osprey, and wax-wing upon the branches. To these must be added the cow-bunting or black-bird, which lays its eggs in other birds' nests and allows them to rear its young. It is a common notion that the cuckoo does the same; but I have found the American cuckoo sitting upon eggs like other birds, and confirmed the fact by repeated and careful observations. Of all the inland birds of New England and New York that is, indeed, a *rara avis* which is not included in the above. Even a great forest like the Adirondac gives no additions to this class, for they are birds of civilization, found only where there are groves, gardens, fruits, plowed fields, and buildings; in short, man and his works.

The third class is made up of a few species which breed to the northward, passing the winter with us only by way of southern sojourn. They are the snow-birds, some species of the owl, and perhaps some of the woodpeckers.

The fourth and last division consists of those which breed in Arctic regions and visit us only in the way of migration. The species are comparatively few, but the number of individuals is

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immense. Some pass high over our heads, like the brant or common wild-goose, or even among the very clouds, like the loon and gull, alighting only in the great lakes; others, as the duck, working more slowly up and down our rivers and water-courses; or, like the snipe family, along the sea-coast; all having their homes in higher latitudes. In books and cabinets they are frequently jumbled together with our resident birds, as if belonging to the same region. Specimens, indeed, of almost every variety are seen and shot at, for they are all aquatic. But they are in no sense birds of our State or region any more than a Canadian is our fellow-citizen because, on his way to Newport, he may have been seen on our steamboats or killed on one of our railroads.

Birds belong only where they breed; they have homes only where they rear their young; and the gulls, geese, ducks, eider-ducks, and birds of that class not only do not now nest, but never have nested, in the latitude of New York. The accounts of persons who have been carried away captive by Indians of our early history into unbroken forests, and the legends of the Indians themselves, show that the habits of these birds were the same then as now. To reckon these transient visitors as summer birds is simply a contradiction of terms; for all birds breed in the summer, and where they breed they are residents, not visitors.

At the most northern point reached by Kane, in latitude 82° N., the rocks were crowded with sea-swallows, ducks, gulls, and geese, breeding as early as the last of June. Only such conditions of climate as these regions afford can feed the myriads whose nests crowd whole islands. For three months of delightful summer the sun is almost constantly shining, and on the savage Labrador coast may be termed "intensely" hot. Vegetation, which never knows drought, has been preserved fresh and green just as the warm snows of August and September found it, and needs not to spring up, but only to grow, at the first call of the steady spring. Stimulated to an almost unnatural development, it sends forth succulent stems and roots which, with adhering molluscs, serve the Arctic birds with food. Dr. Kane has given us a picture of lively life. He says:

"It was near the close of the breeding season. The nests were still occupied by the mother birds, but many of the young had burst the shell and were nestling under the wing, or taking their first lessons in the water-pools. Some, more advanced, were already in the ice-sheltered channels, greedily waiting for shell-fish and sea-urchins which the old bird busied herself in preparing for them. Near by was a low island or rock-ledge. The glaucous gulls—those cormorants of the Arctic seas—had made it their peculiar homestead. Their progeny full-fledged and voracious crowded the guano-whitened rocks, and the mothers, with long necks and gaping yellow bills, swooped above the peaceful shallows of the eiders, carrying off the young birds seemingly just as their wants required. The gull would gobble and swallow a young eider in less time than it takes me to describe the act. For a moment you would see the paddling feet of the poor little wretch protruding from the mouth; then came a distension of neck as it descended into the stomach; a few moments more and the young gulls were feeding on the ejected morsels."

In these regions the birds remain at their breeding-places about three months. Those of our locality average about five. Thus the Arctic birds are one month in making the distance down to us, and the same in going back. They arrive in time to go southward with our latest summer birds. To both the remainder of the year is one grand excursion to the tropics and return thence. The biennial journeys of the wild-goose would encompass the globe, and others of the migratories are capable of long flights; but if they find suitable stopping-places they prefer to accomplish the way by easy stages, keeping near the thermal line, just out of the shadow of winter.

When we see the triangles of wild-geese passing to the north in the spring, or even hear them at midnight in the air, we are not to suppose that they are making the vast distance to their breeding-places in one flight, for their Arctic resorts are by no means ready for their reception, being fast locked in ice for a month longer; and we have seen that they do in fact employ that time to make the journey. The flocks are passing at such times from Delaware or Chesapeake bay, or from Long Island Sound over a thickly settled country to the lakes of Northern New York, which flight would require from dusk till dawn—for the velocity of birds' flight is generally overstated. When our swiftest waterfowl are started from our rivers, even before a steamboat, when they would fly their fastest, they do not keep up with the express trains along the bank. A flock of birds coming upon you suddenly will frequently dive in passing, and in that downward flight will move for a distance very swiftly; but it may be asserted that no animal, bird, beast, or fish can move fairly forward faster than one mile in a minute. The ordinary flight of the swiftest birds is much slower than this.

The note of Arctic birds is usually accounted monotonous and harsh, but when on their long journeys it is heard from the upper air and thus mellowed by distance, it has a peculiar charm and interest. You hear the loon while he is out of sight, and the cry seems unearthly, lost, and painful; but witness how boldly and with what unvarying directness he strikes out his lofty sky-line, and it then sounds wild and exultant. The call of the wild-goose, especially when heard in their night-journeys, has an indescribable melody. I once knew an old hunter, whose ducking-gun had raked many a cove of the Hudson, who asked to be buried with his head to the river that he might "hear the wild-geese go up in the spring."

If we ask the causes for the coming and departure of our own summer birds, we are commonly referred to the seasons as a sufficient explanation. We are told that they will come with the warm weather and leave at the approach of winter, and yet if we note their appearance, the same species or even the same individuals for successive springs, we shall find that they are not so dependent upon the weather; and

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their departure is evidently from no inability to endure without inconvenience a much greater degree of cold than they usually experience. They always leave warmer weather in the fall than they find in the spring. Individuals of species which leave early for the south will sometimes remain during the winter if by any means they may find food; some species of the same family remain while others go southward, and finally resident birds will sometimes make irregular migrations if they can obtain more abundant supplies.

Swallows and bobolinks, for instance, make their appearance in the upper valley of the Hudson about the last of April, and leave late in August. September—perhaps October—is milder than May, and we can not attribute their departure to the cold. And representatives of various species which leave early for the south, especially robins, may be found at any time during the winter under the dense cover of evergreens, where they grow on protected hill-sides, and the ground thickly laid with fallen tresses of white pine and hemlock, while the shingle-like boughs shut out the severest snows. I have known larks, which are among the very wildest of our summer birds, to remain all winter about barn-yards, when the cattle were not stalled as now, and the feeding ground was more extended. On one occasion, when we were improving a fine flax-day in February, an old lark with a heart upon the breast almost as perfect as that within, while scratching and burrowing in a heap of chaff, was pounced upon by a large hen-hawk; but the prey being somewhat obscured the aim was not fatal. A lively scuffle followed in the chaffheap, and for a time it seemed the old adage would be falsified; but the old lark was tough and vigorous, and finally slipped away, and then, mounting up as only a freed lark can, she struck off in a straight line, looking back over either shoulder alternately, giving an indignant and terrified "yirp," "yirp," with every successive jerk of her wings.

This hawk—the noblest bird of our woods now that forests and eagles are gone—does not leave at the approach of winter. You may see him on one of those clear still mornings which usually follow a snow-storm, perched on the horizontal limb of an oak, and, if you have no gun, you may come near enough to catch his expression as he turns his clear gray eye down upon you. I once shot one of them after a long snow-storm in mid-winter, when, being sorely pressed by hunger, he was feeding on a carcass placed as a bait for the crows. The other species, down to the little sparrow-hawk which builds in the hollows of trees, though having as much endurance as he, and a habitation somewhat suited to winter, all finding their prey among migratory birds, with them, now as in the time of Job, "stretch their wings toward the south."

Some species of the hawk family migrate irregularly in flocks, or rather collections. I saw a remarkable instance of this last October. A cluster of about sixty, so high that they appeared like swallows, were wheeling in graceful lines, and diving through and through among one another, but still all moving in one direction, toward the northwest. I have seen other instances when they passed over more directly and consecutively, but also at a great height. Other instances of much larger numbers have been mentioned, but such are not frequent. Old hunters used to regard them as "signs," and tell of a vast host before the war of 1812. There is indeed something ominous in their silence and unusual manner, and we may remember that, from having seen six vultures, Romulus took heart and built a city. The whistle of the hawk when sailing in the upper air always comes down to us plainly, though from a great height, because of its clearness, but on these occasions they are always silent. Birds of the hawk family follow the migrations of birds on which they prey, and when they had appeared in these collections wild pigeons had been numerous in the adjacent woods. In the instance mentioned of last autumn pigeons had appeared in great numbers on the white oaks; attracted, not by the acorns, of which they are so fond, but by a species of caterpillar which sheared off every leaf, leaving whole forests as if passed over by a fire. But the caterpillars had disappeared, and with them the pigeons and the hawks were a hunting-party in pursuit.

The pigeon flies much more swiftly than the hawk, and is safe unless the latter comes unseen and gets fairly above, and even then, in open flying, it can easily get out of danger. But in such cases fear often fails to lend wings. I have seen a hawk get above a pigeon by coming suddenly upon him, and the poor bird, lowering gradually to avoid the clutch, was pressed to the very ground and caught, in a life-struggle of five hundred yards. A sparrow-hawk pouncing upon a flock of blackbirds may have his pick if his aim is sure; but if he miss the whole flock are in the air above him, and find it pastime to keep the vantage. So with the doves and their traditional enemy. The hawk can no more overtake his prey in fair flight than a lion can catch an antelope. Some of the falcons are swift flyers; but birds of prey in their flight are bold and silent rather than swift, and depend upon strategy more than speed.

The rearing of their young is the great mission of migratory birds in their summer home; and to this fact we must look for an explanation of the phenomena of migration and sojourn. This is the only use they make of our summer. They come and build when food for their young is ready, and leave when it is no longer suitable for that special purpose. That food consists almost entirely of worms and insects—the tender worms which feed on the juices of the early leaves. The putting forth of vegetable life is very rapid and the sole work of early spring. The long warm summer adds nothing to the length of the stem or to the number or size of the leaves. Its work is to mature. The

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spring bough resists the wind by its softness and pliancy; the autumn branches by maturity and sturdy strength. And during the intermediate summer, while the sap is fluid or passing into pulp, the leaf is sucked by larvæ, for which it is at once birth-place, shelter, and sustenance. The juice is the food for the larvæ, which are the food for the birds in the season of the young. When this food fails the birds cease to breed, and they leave for the south when their summer mission is ended.

As we say of the birds, so of the insects; they migrate from the leaf when it no longer furnishes suitable food for their young. And, still further, in neither case is the cold the necessary cause. We are accustomed to say that the leaves are stripped by the cold; the truth is, they fall because they are ripe, and warm weather would remove them as effectually. All these things work together, but the cold is a concomitant rather than a cause. If the frost should come earlier, the leaves would only wither and cling to the boughs; if later, they would be already fallen through ripeness The white oak seems to be growing here on its northern limit; certainly it is the last to put forth its leaves. "Plant corn when white-oak leaves are big as a squirrel's foot," was the Indian rule. The October frosts find them yet green and growing, and they consequently do not fall at once, but often only wither upon the branch, where they cling and flutter through all the winter gales, until the tender power of the spring bud pushes them away.

Worms and insects are the almost exclusive food of all birds during the breeding season. Even if any other were suitable it is not produced early enough for the purpose. All the fly-catchers, of course, limit themselves to these. You may watch swallows from May until September, and have them constantly in sight, and yet never find them alighting any more than the petrel, except at their nests, or perhaps in giving their young the first lessons from the ridge of the barn to the dead top of some old apple-tree. They never touch grain though the barn should be filled, nor seeds of any kind. They find their food in that myriad of flies whose buzzing fills the upper air every where, over wood and field and town, during the hot days of summer. These are out of sight, but you may hear them so plainly that, though you may be familiar with the sound, you sometimes think they must be a swarm of runaway bees. Toward evening, or at the approach of a storm, they descend nearer to the earth, and then the low flight of the swallow becomes a sign of rain.

But not the class of fly-catchers alone, but also birds which are graminivorous most of the year are examples of the same fact. The bob-olink, the reed-bird of the Delaware, and the rice-bird of the low flats of the Mexican Gulf, feed their young and subsist themselves upon worms and insects during the breeding season, like the robin and the lark; and even the crow and hawk at that time are further instances. There is, therefore, no excuse for the wanton destruction of birds, even if a man who would wantonly shoot a bird were conscientious about excuses. Those insects which pass the winter in a state of torpidity are revived very early; indeed, a very fine day in winter will give you the sight of buzzing flies and spiders as lively as in summer any where along the sunny slopes of mossy rocks. But insects are also hatched early. As soon as the twelfth of April I noticed a swarm of young mosquitoes of a large kind bursting their swaddling bands and rising from the surface of a pond, a southeast storm of wind and rain, and by no means a gentle one, prevailing at the time.

When the breeding season is over, and the young are grown, most species begin to assemble in flocks, and then become graminivorous. These flocks are, in most instances, young birds, the old ones having left earlier. That birds guide their young in their southward journeys is a pleasant fancy, and nothing more. Almost all our birds breed twice in a season, and the oldest children always receive early and sometimes rough instruction in the art of self-reliance, and the parents quietly leave the last brood, freeing themselves most expeditiously from family cares. You will find very few old red-breasts among September robins, and not even the faded summer plumage of an old bob-olink among many flocks. It is a common belief that they change their color thus suddenly. The truth is, the flocks are all of young birds. Wild pigeons are said never to pick up the beach-nuts in the woods near their breeding-places, but to leave them for their young; and this desertion of other birds may be only the same kindness. Certain it is, they seek elsewhere the same kind of food which is ready here, and by which their young are sustained.

This assembling in flocks for the southern journey—for they generally come in the spring by pairs—marks a change in habits, place, and food. Those which have passed the summer in dense swamps and thickets now come into the open fields, and the shy acquaintances of your summer walks in remote, still woods, will now return your visits, and husk out our lettuce heads and steal flower seeds from your very door.

There are two mountain ash-trees under my window, and the fruit proved very attractive to a flock of wax-wings. An old gentleman, an invalid, who lived opposite, wished it to be preserved, for the red berries were pleasant to see, brightened by winter's sun and snow, and relieved eyes weary of the same prospect. So one morning, when the tree was as full of birds as berries, I raised the window and thrust out a double-barrel loaded with powder only—the little pilferers eying me meanwhile with good-natured impudence. When I fired they disappeared over the tree-tops in terrible fright and confusion; but having held a roll-call in a maple grove, and finding none missing, they at once returned and resumed breakfast with the

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greatest zest and cheerfulness; and though I fired several times into the tree, and once so near that one was stunned by the wadding, they were always back again and ready for another shot. Of course not a berry was left on the tree or under it.

Birds do not remain long when thus assembling together. In fact, they are already on their journey, most of the flock being made up of those which have passed the summer a little farther north.

They move southward by short flights and delayed journeys, lingering perhaps for days about secluded grain fields, their numbers constantly increasing by fresh accessions. Sometimes these flocks, as those of the blackbird, become very large, numbering thousands, even at this point of their journey, and alight on sowed fields, scattering over a large space, every bird in eager motion, those in the rear constantly flying over the heads of those in front, moving in this manner that all may have an equal chance for insects and grain. The wild pigeons feed in this manner, hunting for beech-nuts in the woods, or snails on the barrens and flats, producing a steady roar that fills the forest. In the morning not a redbreast will be in the flock; in the afternoon it will be composed entirely of male birds. During migrations familiar species appear in much greater numbers, and also a few new or rare ones, which breed farther north, and are seen only at this time.

About the last of August you may observe the colonies of swallows much enlarged by arrivals of their northern cousins, the whole company evidently preparing for a journey without impedimenta, and as full of life and loquacity as a company of speculators inventing an oil city. Thus it will be in the morning, in the evening not a swallow can be seen. This disposition to aggregate, and also to change haunts, is seen also in our resident birds. The quail and partridge pass the winter in small flocks, and crows, which now, as in Homer's day, may be called "lone flyers," will desert some sections during the winter months and collect in other favorite localities in great numbers. They would be numerous in the valleys of the Passaic, Naugatuck, and Mohawk rivers during the summer, but in winter scarce one could be seen, while in the valley of the Hudson their numbers would be increased fourfold. The great number of these birds during winter is one peculiar feature of this valley, and whoever sketches a winter twilight along the Hudson must not leave out

"The blackening trains o' crows to their repose."

Toward evening they begin to pass to their roosting-places, flying from one wooded hill-top to another in long straggling lines, which are constantly filling up as they proceed. They roost in the pines which grow on the steep hill-sides of the western bank, and on the trees of low islands, difficult of access from their surroundings of deep mud and shallow water; and in the morning they will be returning in the same manner, flying very high if the morning be quiet and cloudy, but scudding along under shelter of fences and forests if the wind be high and cold. Every corn-field entices deserters until all are scattered over the wide country during the day. Sometimes along the Naugatuck, where a tall hill thrusts up its head into the region of pines, the crows would find a resting-place until late autumn, but when winter set in they always deserted the wind-swept peaks. But along the Hudson they found better picking in the finely-cultivated corn-fields of the eastern valley, and, what is probably more rare, secure roosting-places.

The crow makes no regular migration southward, but stays with us and takes the chances—sorry chances though they may appear to one looking over a winter landscape. It would seem a wonder that he should subsist; but the same problem is presented in the case of the wolf and vulture, and indeed, at times, of most of the birds and beasts of prey. They all suffer much from hunger, if a natural condition may be termed suffering, or if their necessary supplies were any thing more than a small part of what they would consume. "Half a pound of animal food daily" has been given as a necessary supply for the crow; but the weight of the bird is only about one pound, and the quantity given is an ordinary weekly supply during a season of scarcity. It is certain that he has "neither storehouse nor barn"—the Bible being more correct on this point than some modern authority. There is no food that he can lay up, and no place where he can store it. If on the earth the snow which covers the ground would cover his supplies, if any where about the trees something of the kind would be found, but no indications of such are ever discovered. Moreover he changes his residence, as we have seen, which would render such supplies useless. When the cold is extreme, and the whole surface, even the points of the hills, are covered with snow freshly fallen, and not yet blown away from any spot, the crow is often pinched with hunger, and shows that he too,

"For all his feathers, is a-cold."

At such times the sable fellows will resort to the barn-yard even; and they may be seen perched on the stakes about the stalk-stacks the very picture of shivering, expectant hunger, waiting for the morning foddering to be thrown to the cattle in the hope of a nubbin which the boys had overlooked in husking, or the but of an ear which their wrists were too weak to break. Farmers' boys sometimes kill two dozen with a single barrel, and nail them up conspicuously against the side of the barn, as an Indian would exhibit his scalps at the door of his wigwam.

The crow, like other carrion birds, has a strong beak but weak claws. He never seizes or carries any thing whatever with the latter, and never catches any thing more nimble than snakes or frogs, which he flays in the most bungling and unscientific manner, very unlike the skillful management of the hawk family. The hawk holds

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his food down with his claws while eating, doubles his head under until the strength of the upper beak is brought to bear directly against that of the claws, the movement being upward and backward and striking in toward the body. Neither the claws nor the beak of the crow is capable of any thing of this kind. The disposition to store what is not wanted at the moment is observable in almost all birds and animals which have been trained. I once knew a tame raccoon which would thrust his paw into your pocket and pull out money which he would hide under the carpet, and yet he was by no means miserly or even provident, for he never laid by any thing for winter except his own person, which he used to roll up and deposit in the haymow. And a tamed crow will sooner carry away the bright piece of a broken dish than any thing it might contain.

It may be asked what does the crow find to eat if not his winter stores. We certainly can not undertake to provide half a pound of flesh or its equivalent, but we can mention many articles by which he is fed: carrion, offal, the pickings of barn-yards and highways, frozen apples which hang all winter upon seedling trees, the berries of bitter-sweet, basswood, and sumach, the seeds of grass, golden-rod, or seeds of any kind, chestnuts, frost-grapes, the eggs of insects in rough bark, all serve in times of want to make up his winter bill of fare.

Our resident birds, and others which perform their migrations by short flights, appear to observe but little order in the flock; but Arctic birds, in their long overland journeys, always preserve the form of an acute-angled triangle, or, according to the common saying, "like an old-fashioned harrow." Birds dislike to fly before a wind, as it then catches and ruffles their feathers, and this wedge-like form is best adapted to obviating the resistance of a head-wind. The leader only encounters the full force, every other bird being shielded by his predecessor, and also assisted by the forward motion of the air as a boat in the wake of others needs much less propelling power. The leader, however, does not retain his post during the whole passage, but becoming weary with greater labor allows the others to pass over and himself falls back in the rear, while the next assumes the leadership. "Utter confusion of the flock at the loss of the leader" is probably imaginary, for it will often resolve itself into divisions without confusion, each preserving its peculiar wedge-like form.

Nothing can be more marked or distinct than the differences among birds in their manner of flying, and not only can the various species be thus readily detected as far as they can be well seen, but also the destination and purpose of the flock, or of single birds, may be correctly guessed in the same way. Whenever they approach a wood or water, where they will alight, there is a peculiar change in the flying, in the shape of the flock, in the relative position of the individual birds, while yet a great way off and before the line of flight is yet altered. When the hawk is sailing in the air he is not on business, only taking an airing, nor yet when perched on some staff in the dead top of a tall tree, looking for all the world like the standard of the Tenth Legion; but when "he hasteth to his prey" he skirts swiftly and silently below the level of the wood, or, sitting on the lower boughs, he watches like a guerrilla sharp-shooter, keen and dangerous. He never descends from great heights directly upon his prey; there is no stunning shock from the momentum of a descent; it is the converging clutch of those terrible talons, which contract and close with force as to a natural position when the bird is dead, which does the work. I have seen the hawk strike his prey many times, and the position in seizing was precisely that of alighting. The vulture will sometimes, it is said, shoot down from the summits of the Andes to the very brink of the sea, passing through the climate of three zones and the most abrupt barometrical changes in as many minutes; and the hawk and eagle sometimes glide down from inconsiderable heights, but not directly upon their prey. I have seen a flock of pigeons sit for an hour in a dry tree, engaged on their morning toilet, while a hawk was sailing over the woods at no great distance, each in full view of the other. The power of eyesight of birds thus on the look-out is truly wonderful. You may sometimes see a domestic turkey, when leading her young into the fields, with one eye turned upward to the sky, and uttering a low and continuous sound of warning. If you look sharply you will discover a hawk at a great height and distance, but it was detected by the parent bird the instant it entered her vast field of vision.

One hindrance to the communication of familiar knowledge on the subject of birds is the different names by which they are known in different places, and this is especially true of those intended to be descriptive. Observations of professed ornithologists have usually been made in the tropical latitudes, since there, in the winter season, all the birds may be found together except the resident birds of the temperate zones, which are comparatively few in number. The names they give us are often those of another region, where their habits during the winter are very different from those during the summer at their northern homes. Thus we should not readily discover in the bobolink of our meadows the rice-bunting of Audubon. In many instances one common name is as good as another, if there were only a common understanding. What we have called the partridge is sometimes known as the grouse, and again the pheasant; and then the name partridge is given to a smaller bird which in the Hudson valley is usually known as the quail. The former is about twice as large as the latter—is a bird of forests, the latter of fields and bushes; the former eats in winter the buds of trees, the latter finds his food on the ground, and seldom alights even in bushes, but always on the ground or on fences. The wax-wing, cedar-bird, and cherry-bird are different names for the same in-

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dividual; so the bobolink, rice-bird, and rice-bunting; the chewink, swamp-robin, swamp-thrush, and oven-bird; the yellow-bird and goldfinch; the robin and red-breasted thrush; the wood-thrush, brown-thrasher, and northern mocking-bird; the golden-winged woodpecker, and high-hole; the nuthatch, quank, and chickadee; the chip-bird, chip-sparrow, and ground-sparrow; the oriole, hanging-bird, and Baltimore oriole; the shrike, butcher-bird, tyrant-bird, and blue jay-hawk, and others.

Many of these names are given without sufficient reason; in some instances they properly belong to different birds, but familiar names and familiar observation is better at this stage of our knowledge of Natural History than scientific classification. We must learn to distinguish objects in Natural History as we distinguish foreigners, neighbors, and friends, by their looks and ways, and new instances by comparison with the known. Among the birds, at least, there is not wanting to every variety some well-defined peculiarity in flight, nests, food, or voice.

IN MEMORY.

OLD Greece hath her Thermopylæ,
Brave Switzerland her Tell,
The Scot his Wallace-heart, and we
Heroic souls as well!
The graves of glorious Marathon
Are green above the dead;
And we have royal fields whereon
The trampled grass is red.

O not alone the hoary Past
Spilled precious princely blood!
O not alone its sons were cast
In knightly form and mood!
Perennial smells of sacrifice
Make sweet our sickened air;
And troth as leal as Sydney's lies
Around us every where.

Swords tried as that Excalibur
Which graced King Arthur's thigh—
What time our battle instincts stir,
Flash bare beneath the sky.
We feel the rowels of Honor prick
As keenly as did he,
Who sowed his savage epoch thick
With perfect chivalry.

Cœur-de-Leons on every field,
Sweet saints in every home,
Through whose dear helping stands revealed
The joy of martyrdom!
Compassed by whose assuring loves
Our comrades dared and died,
As blithely as a bridegroom moves
To meet his waiting bride.

Though tears be salt, and wormwood still
Is bitter to the taste,
God's heart is tender, and He will
Let no life fail nor waste.
O mothers of our Gracchi! when
You gave your jewels up,
A continent of hopeless men
Grew rich in boundless hope!

Renown stands mute beside the graves
With which the land is scarred;
Unheralded our splendid braves
Went forth unto the Lord:
No Poet hoards their humble names
In his immortal scrolls;
But not the less the darkness flames
With their clear-shining souls!

Beneath the outward havoc they
The inward Mercy saw;
High intuitions of Duty lay
Upon them strong as law;
Athwart the bloody horizon
They marked God's blazing sword,
And heard His dreadful thunders run
When but the cannon roared.

Shield-bearers of the Sovran Truth!
We count your costly deeds,
Devoutly as a maiden doth
Her consecrated beads.
You thrill us with the calms which flow
In Eucharistic wine;
And by your straight tall lives we know
That Life is still divine.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD PALMERSTON.



THE political deeds and misdeeds of the veteran statesman whose name heads this paper and his personal character were intimately associated. There may not at first sight seem much connection between the stalwart octogenarian, wrapped in an old morning-coat, stalking over his lands in the early gray of the morning—directing which trees shall be felled, what fences repaired, suggesting an improvement here, an alteration there—and the powerful Minister to whose words, only the day before, all Europe listened; but the two were inseparably allied. Lord Palmerston's personal habits influenced his statesmanship infinitely more than his statesmanship affected his personal habits. The vigor he derived from his healthy, athletic life he carried into his administration of public affairs; and much of the trust which the English nation reposed in their aged, self-willed Prime Minister was attributable to his hearty participation in all their sports, his identification with all their prejudices.

Palmerston, in fact, was a representative Englishman. Whatever his opinions were on a given subject, those opinions were pretty sure to be the opinions of the great bulk of the English nation. Whether he led the country, or, as is more reasonable to suppose, followed his instinctive notions of what the will of the people would be, this much is certain, that throughout his long career—extending from the time of the "Son of St. Louis" and the First Napoleon down to the present day—whichever way he went the English nation went with him. It is hard to say whether his prodigious vitality was the cause of his mode of life or the effect of it. Perhaps a little of both. Up to within a very few months of his death he entered into every manly amusement with the zest of a youth of twenty. He watched the annual cricket-match between the public schools of Eton and Harrow with as much interest as if only yesterday he was a boy among the Harrovians. In the yearly Oxford and Cambridge University rowing-matches, the town in which his undergraduate days were passed could always claim him as the most devoted of its partisans.

On the race-course his beaming face and jaunty form were known and welcomed by every sporting man; and to have won the "blue ribbon of the turf" would have pleased the aged statesman better than half a dozen Parliamentary victories. He was very near doing it once with his horse "Mainstone," but at the last moment the "crack" broke down (not without suspicion of foul play), and Palmerston was destined never to gain the wish of his heart. Though, like his great political opponent, Lord Derby—with whom in private life he was on the best of terms—he never betted upon his

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races, he took great interest in his stud, and frequently would gallop from Broadlands to his training-quarters at Danebury, twenty miles, over a very uneven country, before dinner. Once he left a debate in the House of Commons to speak to his trainer, John Day, at the door, about his Derby prospects. On that occasion Day, emboldened by his patron's good-humored familiarity, ventured on a little request of his own, which he preferred in these characteristic terms: "My lord, I've got a son I've brought up as a doctor, and he wants an appointment to a poor-law union. I had him 'tried very high,' and he has won his trial very easy, and I'm sure you'll give it him." "To be sure, John," answered the kind-hearted Premier, who then shook hands with his visitor and turned on his heel. Just as he was re-entering the House Day shouted after him, to the intense delight of all present, "Mind you write to the right man this time, my lord! Last time, you recollect, you didn't!"

If through pressing official business Palmerston was unable to be present at Ascot or Epsom, his trainer always had to write to him the same night how his horses ran; and this letter, conspicuous from John Day's big sprawling hand, was not the last opened over the breakfast-table. The Premier's countenance never wore so pleasant a smile as when he rose in the House of Commons to propose the usual adjournment over the Derby day, and the term, "Isthmian games," which he on one of these occasions so queerly misapplied to the great cockney holiday, has passed into a turf by-word. He was a sportsman from his boyhood. "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket" had not a keener appreciation of the fun or a greater love of fair play than had "Old Pam." It was from these traits of character, and others, hereafter to be mentioned, that Palmerston acquired that ascendency over the British nation which rendered him almost despotic at home and made him feared abroad.

His wonderful pluck added largely to his popularity and success. He carried his dashing mode of treating difficulties into every transaction of his life. At cricket, boating, and all athletic exercises he was the boldest and most undaunted. "The hardest rider we ever had (an old master of Her Majesty's stag-hounds was wont to observe) was Lord Palmerston. How he didn't get to the bottom of his horses I can't say, but he never did, and he was always in at the death."

Palmerston "took" his political complications just as he did his fences. He *rode at them*, and ten to one he got clear over, while more timorous men were looking round for a gate. In this manner he accomplished the expulsion of Mehemet Ali from Syria, and the recognition of Napoleon's *coup d'état*—two of his most remarkable achievements—without consulting his colleagues in the ministry; and, in the latter case, in open opposition to the wishes of the court, he brought about these events, and though his bold insubordination drew down upon him temporary and expected disgrace, the end in each instance was found to justify the means, and Palmerston returned to power more trusted and popular than before.

His endurance equaled his pluck. He would sit out the whole House of Commons in its longest debate. At two or three o'clock in the morning, after nine hours' mental strain, when perhaps the fate of his ministry hinged upon the division, he was the coolest and the freshest man in all the worn, excited throng, ever ready with some smart *repartee* or plausible explanation, and quick to notice and to parry every thrust which endangered the safety of his administration.

With his boldness and endurance he united a wariness which few men ever overcame. Talleyrand pressed him hard during the Belgian negotiations, and after many days of diplomatic finessing, gave him up with the petulant exclamation, that he was a man "who could not understand reasoning." In truth, it is a moot point which of the two famous politicians was the more crafty. Talleyrand avowedly used words to conceal his thoughts, and Palmerston cloaked under an exterior of frank good-nature a degree of subtlety which often stretched into the limits of duplicity. His genial temperament, his manly vigor, and jocund wit, may have blinded contemporaries to his faults, but history will see in many of his political acts unscrupulous shiftiness, if not positive treachery. The buoyant self-confidence which Palmerston never lost carried him through the greatest dangers.

Comparatively early in his career Earl Derby, with half the English aristocracy at his back, tried to crush him, but Palmerston laughed them down. He brought upon himself the hostility of the Queen by his attempts to choke off the back-stairs influence of German secretaries and princelings, which at that time was supposed to sway largely the proceedings of the English court, and by his tacit encouragement of the attacks which a portion of the British press made upon Prince Albert for his presumed interference in the Crimean difficulty. Yet no one showed more deep concern at his death than the Sovereign, whose minister he had been through the most momentous period of her reign. He offended the heir-apparent to the British throne by his overbearing assumption of authority, but he lived to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales as his guests at Cambridge House.

The pivot on which Palmerston's whole life turned was his acute sense of the practical—and no quality is rated more highly by practical Englishmen. He went to the same school as that brilliant vagrant, Lord Byron. He studied moral philosophy under the same Professor as Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, Walter Scott, Lansdowne, and Brougham. He kept his terms at the same college as the gifted, shiftless Coleridge, of whose seductive intellect

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Charles Lamb said that, to be within three miles of Coleridge, was as bad as a contagious fever. But Palmerston's intensely practical mind was led away by none of their gilded phantasies. If ever he gave reins to his fancy it was with a definite object in view. The blood of the Temples ran strong in his veins, and write he must occasionally. But it was in the form of political squibs, destined to serve a tangible and present purpose, that his *cacoëthes scribendi* manifested itself, and not in uncertain writing for posterity.

In conjunction with Sir Robert Peel and the cynical Wilson Croker he brought out a satirical paper, entitled the *New Whig Guide*, directed against the political party whom it was subsequently his lot to lead for nearly half a century. But the Whigs had Tom Moore, Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, and Brougham to pit against their literary assailants, and the *Whig Guide* had only a short life though a merry one. More successful was the *jeu d'esprit* Palmerston subsequently launched against his future colleague Brougham. The great Whig orator, attacking Mr. Ponsonby in the House of Commons, wound up a scathing philippic by denouncing him as an "old woman." Hereupon Palmerston got off an imaginary trial of Henry Brougham for a breach of the privileges of the House, which ended, after some most amusing evidence, in the jury finding the prisoner guilty, but (with peculiarly Palmerstonian humor) recommending him to mercy on the ground that he had *previously vilified the Prince Regent*.

Palmerston's best literary effort, however, in these early days of Toryism was a lampoon upon the Whigs for their treatment of Lord John Russell. It happened that on the very night set down for the reading of Russell's first reform bill Michael Angelo Taylor, one of the British wire-pullers of the period, gave a grand banquet, to which he invited all the leading Whigs. Strange to say most of them accepted the invitation, and left poor little Russell to declaim to empty benches. Hence Palmerston's clever satire, which is worth preserving:

MICHAEL'S DINNER; OR, STANCH FRIENDS TO REFORM.

Fair Reform, Celestial Maid!
  Hope of Britons, Hope of Britons!
Calls her followers to her aid;
  She has fit ones, she has fit ones!
They would brave in danger's day
  Death to win her, Death to win her!
If they met not by the way
  Michael's *dinner*, Michael's *dinner!*

Lambton leads the Patriot van;
  Noble fellow, generous fellow!
Quite the *dandy* of the clan,
  Rather yellow, rather yellow!
Of fair liberty he tells
  Tales bewitching, tales bewitching,
But they vanish when he smells
  Michael's *kitchen*, Michael's *kitchen!*

Lawyer Brougham's next in rank;
  Prates like Babel, prates like Babel;
He has never ate or drank
  At brib'ry's table, brib'ry's table;
What, then, now, can stop his mouth
  In this hot age, in this hot age?
'Tis, *if he would tell the truth*,
  Michael's *potage*, Michael's *potage*.

Hobhouse, who pretends to *nous*,
  Cur of Burdett, cur of Burdett,
Fir'd his pop-gun, but the House
  Never heard it, never heard it.
He foresaw from Canning's lash,
  Stripes too cutting, stripes too cutting,
So he sneak'd away to hash
  Michael's *mutton*, Michael's *mutton*.

Where was on that famous night
  Hume the surgeon, Hume the surgeon?
Who pretends to set us right
  By constant purging, constant purging.
No division yet expecting,
  Fond of work he, fond of work he,
At the moment was *dissecting*
  Michael's *turkey*, Michael's *turkey*.

Ferguson his place may choose
  In the bevy, in the bevy;
He's the real *Taylor's* goose,
  Hot and heavy, hot and heavy.
He'd outdo with sword and flame
  Senna-cherib, Senna-cherib:
What that evening made him tame?
  Michael's *spare-rib*, Michael's *spare-rib*.

Thus the social round they form
  In Privy Gardens, Privy Gardens,
And they care about *Reform*
  Not three-farthings, not three-farthings.
To yawn and vote let others stay
  Who can bear it, who can bear it,
They, much wiser, drank away
  Michael's *claret*, Michael's *claret*.

While ye thus, in claret, Sirs,
  Lose your reason, lose your reason,
England will recover hers,
  Lost last season, lost last season.
Factious mobs, sedition's hordes,
  Must grow thinner, must grow thinner,
When plain common sense records
  Michael's *dinner*, Michael's *dinner*.

When he assumed official duties Palmerston, still true to his practical bent, forsook the muse, and took to writing dispatches. Some old houses connected with the War Department were recently pulled down in London, and no fewer than eight or ten large bureaus were exhumed filled with political papers in Palmerston's bold, clear handwriting.

Restless energy was one of Palmerston's most salient characteristics, and was apparent in almost every act of his life. It took him more than twenty years to get rid of some of that surplus juvenility which in the main stuck to him to the last. From twenty-one years of age till forty-six he was the leading star in the fashionable world, and for some part of the same period Lady Cowper, his future wife, was the reigning belle. In Almack's exclusive *salons* "Cupid Palmerston" was reputed the best dancer of all the dandy throng. He danced the first waltz ever seen in England with the Countess Lieven, a fascinating spy of the Russian Government. Many a noble lady owned the charms of his handsome face and graceful form; and in after-years, when the mysterious Mr. O'Kane thought proper to sue for a divorce without having gone through the preliminary form of a marriage,

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making Lord Palmerston the co-respondent in the suit, the recollection of these early *amours* was revived.

Active exercise was a condition of his being. He could not even sit to write his dispatches. He invariably wrote standing, and all his most effective speeches were composed on horseback. Those who knew his peculiarities could always tell when a great debate was coming off. As he cantered along on his favorite gray his lips moved, and sometimes, when more than usually carried away by his theme, he broke into audible declamation. The clatter of his horse's hoofs served him for a running accompaniment of Parliamentary cheers; and as the debate waxed warmer the pace grew quicker, until at last the bewildered steed would be pulled up covered with foam, and rejoicing doubtless in his heart that for one day the imaginary debate had terminated to his rider's satisfaction.

During the Parliamentary session Palmerston almost invariably walked from the House of Commons to his home in Piccadilly—a two or three mile stretch. The early market gardener driving into town at four in the morning may often have noticed a solitary old gentleman "bowling along" at the top of his speed, using a mammoth umbrella for a walking-stick, and muttering to himself all the while, without suspecting that this strange pedestrian was the Premier of England.

The umbrella was a feature in Lord Palmerston's *personnel*. One of his Cabinet Ministers tells a ludicrous story about it: "The House was counted out early one summer's evening, and as their way home lay together he offered Lord Palmerston his arm. The offer was accepted. As he was the younger man he offered to carry the Premier's over-coat. Palmerston thanked him but declined to give it up. The Minister then insisted on carrying the umbrella. It was a very stout useful umbrella, well known in and about the House of Commons—quite Sairey Gampish, indeed, in its outline and proportions, a sort of gig umbrella cut down. In Lord Palmerston's hands it passed without notice. But the smarter and younger Cabinet Minister was painfully conscious, first of the attention it excited, and secondly of its unusual and inconvenient weight. He could compare it to nothing but a good thick 'blue book' tied to the end of a stick. Up Parliament Street, through the Horse Guards, and up the steps at the foot of the Duke of York's column they walked together, the umbrella seeming to get uglier and heavier at every step. The stout old Premier would have used it as a walking-stick or flourished it as a drum-major wields his baton. In his colleague's hands it was so much dead weight. He declared afterward he was never so glad to get rid of any thing in his life, and that whenever he gave Lord Palmerston his arm again he was particularly careful not to offer to carry his umbrella."

As a parliamentary orator Palmerston was inferior to Gladstone, Bright, Derby, or Disraeli; but none had a greater knack than he of saying memorable things on memorable occasions. The successive stages of his career are marked as with mile-stones by notable expressions. In his first great speech on foreign affairs he drew upon himself the attention of all the struggling nationalities of Europe by declaring: "There are two great parties in Europe, one which endeavors to bear sway by the force of public opinion, another which endeavors to bear sway by the force of physical control. There is in nature no moving power but mind, all else is passive and inert. In private affairs this power is opinion, in political affairs it is public opinion; and he who can grasp this power with it will subdue the fleshy arm of physical strength and compel it to work out his purpose."

In another celebrated speech he declared himself the "Bottle-holder of oppressed nationalities." Hence arose the phrase "Judicious Bottle-holder," which *Punch* and the caricaturists often afterward applied to him. When he sent the British fleet to Athens in 1850 to enforce payment of some Jew's little bill his policy was attacked in both Houses of Parliament. He defended himself in an able speech, winding up his peroration by a comparison between the ancient citizens of Rome and the modern subjects of Great Britain, and asserting that so long as he held the seals of the Foreign Office British subjects, like the old Romans, should always be enabled to say, "*Civis Romanus sum*," and to feel assured of the protection of their Government. He won the day, and in like manner he triumphed over the opposition raised to a proposed increase in the British army by quoting the maxim, "If you would preserve peace prepare for war," and cast lasting ridicule upon the heterogeneous nature of the coalition which defeated him on the Chinese question by designating it a "Fortuitous concourse of atoms." Each and all of these phrases have since become indelibly associated with his name.

A joke was a weapon in Palmerston's hands which he employed with immense effect. After the trial of Palmer "the Rugeley poisoner," as he was termed in the newspapers, had conferred upon the little Staffordshire town of Rugeley an unenviable notoriety, the Mayor and Burgesses, in council assembled, resolved to ask authority from Parliament to change the name of their native place. Accordingly a deputation waited upon the Premier with this object in view. Palmerston was occupied with important business at the time, and besides had a twinge of his old enemy, the gout. The Mayor and Common Council, however, were not to be denied, and were duly ushered into the Premier's presence. A glance at the bulky memorial they held in their hands and at the pompous visage of the chief spokesman of the party convinced the Minister of the infliction in store for him, unless he could in some way get rid of them; so with a pleasant smile he assured the deputation that he knew the nature of their request and was prepared to accede to it at once, on condition they

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allowed him the privilege of re-naming the place. "Certainly, my lord, we shall be delighted," said the Mayor. "Then call it 'Palmerston,'" said the Premier, and bowed his visitors to the door. The deputation withdrew and had gone some distance before it flashed across them that the memory of Palmer the poisoner's deeds would hardly be effaced by changing Rugeley into *Palmer's-town*. Rugeley remains Rugeley to the present day, and Lord Palmerston was never again consulted on the subject.

Another deputation once waited on him on the ticklish subject of church-rates. Among the number was Tom Duncombe, the dandy sarcastic member for Finsbury, who himself said more bitter things than most men of his day, and who once annihilated a parliamentary opponent by describing him as a "little pig who squeaked because there was not a Government teat for him to suck at." Toward the end of the interview, which was not a very satisfactory one for the deputation, Duncombe asked rather testily, "Is it or is it not, my lord, the intention of her Majesty's Government to bring in a bill on the subject of church-rates this session?" "We wish to do so," replied Lord Palmerston. "I've lived on wishes a long time, my lord," said Duncombe. With a quick glance at the spare dyspeptic figure of his questioner who was about as thin as a lath, the Premier jerked out: "Very airy food, very airy food, certainly, but not wholesome." Every member of the deputation, except poor Duncombe, was convulsed with laughter, and that was all they got out of the Prime Minister that time.

Though reverent in all religious matters, and priding himself upon the unexceptionable nature of his ecclesiastical appointments (he made fifteen bishops and two archbishops who all turned out well), Palmerston had a strong dislike of any thing savoring of cant. His reply to the Scotch divines who waited upon him to suggest public prayers against the cholera, gave great offense to the Puritans. "Cleanliness," said Lord Palmerston, "is a better medicine than prayer"—a reply which gave rise to the *mot* that he treated Providence as a foreign power.

But if in his official capacity Palmerston often employed a joke with a set purpose in view, in private life his jests seemed to well up spontaneously from the abundance of his good-nature and hurt nobody. Once a year he distributed the prizes awarded by the agricultural society of Romsey, his native place. Very funny sometimes were the running comments he kept up while awarding these premiums, which in themselves were often so insignificant as to be ridiculous. One day he was handing over half a sovereign of English money to an old lady for turning out the best pound of butter from a cottage dairy, when he remarked, "We have often heard of a virtuous woman being a crown to her husband, but here is one who is worth *two crowns*." He once happily defined dirt as "only a good thing out of place."

Soon after England had been scared into the volunteer movement by fears of a French invasion, the ladies of Romsey presented a set of colors to the local rifle corps, and as Lord Palmerston was then staying at his seat at Broadlands, close at hand, a number of London reporters went down to Romsey expecting a speech from him at the ceremony of presentation. Palmerston was present, but said nothing. A council of war was held by the disappointed "liners," and it was resolved to remonstrate with the Premier for his reticence. One burly Bohemian, who being "in the gallery," was supposed to be on intimate terms with all the House of Commons notabilities, was selected to bell the cat. Approaching the Prime Minister, who with his friends was just going off the ground, he explained that himself and companions had come from London at some expense in the hope of taking back a speech of Lord Palmerston's, and that unless the said speech was made they would be considerably out of pocket. The impudence of this request delighted the jocund Premier. He immediately came back and rattled off one of his most amusing speeches, in which, with characteristic gallantry, he complimented the ladies of Hampshire on their rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes till they as well as the gratified reporters were wreathed in smiles.

More almost than any public man the English Premier had the faculty of adapting himself to circumstances and to the audience he was addressing. His historical encounter with the radical butcher of Tiverton is an amusing case in point. This local demagogue, Radcliffe by name, being possessed of a powerful voice, much rough and ready wit, and having, moreover, a strong dislike to the political principles of Tiverton's distinguished representative, was pretty much of a thorn in the Prime Minister's side whenever he essayed to talk good-humored platitudes to his constituents. Radcliffe had always some awkward question to put about reform or manhood suffrage or vote by ballot. At last he got the old war-horse on his mettle. Calling his blue-frocked antagonist up to the platform Palmerston gave him full swing, heard all he had to say, and then set to himself, gave back slang for slang, and beat the redoubtable butcher at his own weapons. He ended by shaking the rough hand of his adversary, and inviting him to try another set-to on a future occasion. Ever after that, when Palmerston spoke at Tiverton, there were cries raised for "Radcliffe," but Radcliffe was never forthcoming. He had been handsomely whipped on his own ground, and he had sense enough to acknowledge the corn and to leave his dangerous opponent alone for the future.

But it is in private life that the best traits of Palmerston's character must be sought. Though never a rich man till quite recently, when, by a strange freak of fortune, estates were bequeathed to him one after the other in rapid succession, his hospitality was profuse and his generosity untiring. His tenantry idolized him, and he

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was always devising schemes for their benefit. He was one of the few non-resident Irish landlords popular with the peasantry of that ill-used country. His married life was singularly happy, and once in the domestic circle he had the rare power of throwing off all the cares of state and becoming at once the courteous, kindly, hospitable country gentleman, with no apparent thought beyond his home and friends.

On his dying bed, however, the ruling passion of his life displayed itself. His mind reverted to the exciting scenes of his political career—to his tussle with Talleyrand more than thirty years ago; and almost his last articulate words were, "The treaty with Belgium! Yes; read me that sixth clause again." Strangest of all the many eulogies passed upon his eventful life was the reported exclamation of his old housekeeper when the news of his death reached Broadlands. "The Almighty says," she ejaculated between her sobs, "'Blessed are the peace-makers;' and he'll be blessed; for my dear lord was a peace-maker." "The Peacemaker" is hardly the epitaph which the world generally would have chosen for the turbulent statesman, whose hand has been felt in every European complication for half a century; but it may be that this attached old servant had a closer view of the inner character of her "dear lord" than those who judge him only by his public acts.

THE WISHES SHOP.

DURING the summer of 1864 we had no rain up to the end of August, and London became a furnace, especially that part of London which I inhabited, Lincoln's Inn, namely, where I had chambers as a lawyer, and moreover, being a bachelor, I occupied them as my sole home. I certainly was not well, and yet I did not know what ailed me. The knock of a client gave me a pang, which I vented by violently flinging down the chair that stood beside me, or the book in my hand. The sudden noise was so offensive that I took revenge on it by making a worse. My clerk's soft step, as he stole into the room, was as bad in its way as the noise had been; and I could hardly forbear bidding him go to the devil rather than deliver his message to me. I ceased going to my club for dinner, because the sense of cooking in the establishment provoked me to nausea; and if the waiter, when I did pay it a visit, handed me a letter which was directed there for me, I could have knocked him down for intruding his odious face upon me just at my entrance. Under these influences, I was sitting one evening, between the open dusty window and the door, which I had pressed back till I had almost dislocated its rusty hinges, when by some means, I don't recollect what, the following piece of information became known to me. It was couched in the form of an advertisement: "New Street, beyond the Tower, No. 99; James Destiny and Co.'s new invention. Whoever wishes for any particular object, and would give an equally valuable consideration in exchange for it, let him apply as above."

What a world of satisfaction was open here! I was immediately at the establishment in spirit, and my body, it seems, did not tarry long behind, for I very soon found myself in an obscure long chamber, partly filled with persons come to do business; while seated behind a counter at the top of the room was the representative of Mr. Destiny, or perhaps himself, receiving applications. He had a formula, which he repeated continually to the numbers of persons who came successively within hearing, and which contained the terms on which he dealt: "You understand, gentlemen, give me leave to explain, that whoever deals for a thing which he wishes for must give up something that he possesses. I beg your attention to this condition of the transaction, without which no business can be here carried on."

Every body made a sign of assent, but for the most part they took in the sense no more than people in general do appropriate an explanation until enforced by example.

The first dealer was an instance. He stated that he had a small but charming landed property, which would be complete if he could obtain only seven acres of heathy land which belonged to a poor family, who refused to sell.

"And what, of all the things you enjoy, will you give up for it?" inquired Mr. Destiny.

"Oh, I would give the whole world," answered the gentleman.

"You have not got the whole world to give," answered Destiny. "Is that all you would give? You had better go about your business. You can't give what you have not."

The next person who presented himself came up to the counter with great difficulty. He had a crutch under one shoulder and a stick in the other hand, and even with those aids he could hardly make his way to the seat on which he placed himself.

"I wish," said he, "as you may suppose, to be rid of my infirmity, and would give a great deal for the purpose."

"No doubt," said Mr. Destiny; "but you understand that the thing to be given is something you possess. Men are born with such and such advantages, and if they would prefer one which they have not they must choose something among their own to give up. Now what will you give up? Your eyesight?"

"Certainly not," said the lame man; "I will part with none of the senses to be rid of an infirmity. They belong to my soul; this is only my body."

"But your body is wanted to enable you to enjoy your soul. For instance, you can not follow your eyes where they make you long to wander."

"Too true; but my eyes reach and bring me beautiful things which, without them, would be an unknown world. My ears—"

"You need not argue, Sir. I don't care

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what you keep or give away. Will you give away what many people do quite well without —your keen enjoyment of sight and sounds? You will still have a wonderful deal of pleasure in going free among men and things."

"Oh, that will never do. Enjoyable things are always at hand if you possess the gift of enjoying. It is better to feel the want of much than not to be open to it whenever it comes."

"Give up your wealth—all of it?"

"I might do that; but then I could not have books and pictures, nor be above the cares of the body. No; not all my wealth."

"Yet that boy running barefoot in the street would not give his legs for your money."

"Nor will I give my money for his legs."

"On the whole, then, you had better keep the ill you are accustomed to than take up with a new one."

"Yet I *should* like to walk."

"Ay, but you don't seem willing to alter your condition in any way, except that of getting rid of something extremely disagreeable. Now that is not the question. The only offer made you is to get a good thing you have not by renouncing a good you have. Sorry, Sir, I can't be of any use."

"Thank you, Sir. Well, I won't detain you; good-morning." And the lame man took up his crutch and his stick and hobbled out of the room.

There came next a woman, eagerly pushing through the crowd, and with scarcely-suppressed sobs, begging for the life of her son, a youth of sixteen, who was dying of fever.

"It is a great thing you come for," said Mr. Destiny; "you must give a great thing for it. Will you give your own life?"

"Ay, twenty times!" said the mother, passionately.

"You have not twenty lives to give. You have one; will you give that?"

"Yes, I will give my life," answered the mother, sobered suddenly from her passion by the matter-of-fact reception of it.

"You will really—without metaphor?"

"I will; I will!"

"Very well; be it so. Go home, and your wish will be bought at that price."

I saw the mother rise and go away, with a face of such calm joy that it seemed like the light of the moon suddenly poured over heaven and earth when the cloud sails off. I could hardly distinguish between her and the glorious planet. My ideas were confused; they seemed as in a dream. I was brought back, however, to the scene around me by a man of important presence, who made his way like one accustomed to respect, and who began to speak, and made himself heard, in the place of humbler applicants.

"What I wish for," said he, "is a blessing very naturally to be desired in my position of life. For my possessions and my rank I want an heir."

"A child," answered Mr. Destiny, "is so immense a blessing that any one to whom it is not given in his portion of good must be ready to part with something very great if he wants such an exchange. Will you give your wealth?"

"No; for I told you it was to inherit my wealth that I wanted an heir. That's a foolish proposal."

"Perhaps it is; at least, then, give your title."

"No, that's just as impossible. I want an heir to carry on the title which would become extinct in me, and which has been transmitted to me for you have no idea how many years—from Saxon times, Sir."

"Ay, indeed!"

"Many people have sons, and nothing to leave them," said the rich man.

"Very true."

"Yes, and many have wealth and title and sons also."

"They have, certainly, but you have not; it is in their destiny, but it is not in yours. You are not one of those lucky people who have both. But come, let us see what composition there may be; you are very rich, suppose you give up half your wealth."

"How is that possible in my situation? Can I consent to let my family fall from the position of first down to second? Is there any use in perpetuating what would no longer be the great, the powerful, the first, but simply the considerable, the respectable, the one iota among ten thousand? My family may just as well stop in me; stop in its supremacy."

"You have something which does not belong to your place or fortune. You have considerable talent; you occupy a post in the guidance of the country. Give that."

"Humph! It seems to me that is the one thing which gives its remarkable value to my rank and fortune. I should not like to go into the House with the crowd of legislators whose only claim to be there is the accident of their birth in the purple. It is a worthy feeling of pride to take a place there, due to what I do, not to what I am."

"Quite worthy; it is a circumstance in your condition as valuable as the blessing of children; will you change?"

"No, I will not. It would be well if I had both, and could transmit my honors to my successor."

"Perhaps it would. The sole objection is that thus it is not. Have you any further offer?"

"I can not at this time remember any."

"Ah! well, you also then must stay as you are, I believe."

"That's not a little hard," said the rich man.

"Upon that point I've nothing to say," answered Mr. Destiny. "I believe I must wish you good-morning."

At this moment a very poor man, in the coarse dress of a pauper, who had been struggling to get up to the table, succeeded in making himself seen before all the other competi-

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tors, and in securing the attention of Mr. Destiny.

"Sir," said he, in a broken, panting voice, "I wish I could get rid of my asthma."

"A very fair wish, my man; and what good things have you got to give up for it?"

"I am not so very old, and if I was once free of the asthma, I could earn my bread very comfortable."

"Ay, that's what *would* be, if; but tell me what is. What are your advantages?"

"Well, Sir, I am taken into the work-house and have my clothes and victuals; and the Squire do give us tobacco pretty often, and we've a capital dinner on Christmas-day by order of the parish; I'd give all if I could work."

"Alas! friend, the value is all on one side; you are one of those who have nothing to give, but no doubt you would like to have every thing; you must be content with the asthma, and don't forget to be glad that you are in a work-house where the Squire and the parish seem to look upon you as something better than beasts to be tied up on straw and turnips."

Another applicant succeeded, who wore the appearance of rich poverty—in other words, of a poor gentleman. The collar of his coat was greasy, his shirt was tumbled, and his gloves dirty. He came up to the counter with a brave look, as much as to say he should have preferred talking over his affairs in private; but, as it was, the opinion of the world was nothing to him. He began:

"Sir, I have seven sons and one daughter, and have nothing wherewith to educate them."

"Just the opposite to the rich man, who must have met you at the door; what a pity you and he could not have made a bargain! Well, Sir?"

"I wish for money."

"Very natural; you have other advantages, no doubt. What equal value have you to spare? Suppose you give up your health?"

"I have not very much of that, Sir."

"That's unlucky: will you make a sacrifice of your principles?"

"Of course I will not. How can you venture to ask?"

"I did no harm. Your answer proves that in your honesty you are rich in something which is very valuable in your own opinion as well as in that of others. Will you give your talents? I know who you are, and the mental power you possess."

"And be an ass like those I despise? No; I should do the boys no good by that exchange."

"You are in want of a very valuable thing—a means of freedom to do and have and go and come; a means to leave sordid cares behind; to be of use—so that it requires a great equivalent. You have eight children you say: people are very happy with two or four or even one; suppose you give up one child? It would be to the advantage of the rest."

"It certainly would. If one of them had not been born, I should not have been unhappy because I had only seven."

"Well said. It remains then only to fix on the one. Can you part with the eldest?"

"Impossible. He is just eleven, and so clever! He is full of talent and application. With a book in his hand he does not know whether one speaks to him or is silent."

"I should be inclined to punch his head for that; however, it will all go right at school. The second?"

"No, not the second, because he is one of twins, and to separate them would be to destroy both; they are twin cherries on one stalk. I can't part with two."

"That settles three, then. And the fourth?"

"A little fellow of eight. The most beautiful child; like my own mother—and as gentle as an angel. He meets me every day when I come home and flings himself into my arms. I could not be such a heartless brute."

"I don't want to press you. But you have a girl. Let her go. Women are both useless and a heavy weight when you have to push them on in life."

"Useless! how you mistake. Though she is but six you should see her help her mother. She knows where every body's every thing is to be found, and has run for it and back almost before you know you want it. And when I or when any body is ill, the little, helpful, considerate creature! moving noiselessly, sitting to watch and wait; the very baby likes to be on her knees."

"A baby, too; oh, let the baby go!"

"Poor little baby. I could let it go for my own part. No doubt it cries and keeps one awake. But my wife, who has nursed it for seven months at her breast, loves it better than all the others. Its slightest ailment puts her in misery; what would become of her if it died?"

"I should recommend parting with the baby; but it is for you to decide. And indeed I don't know that the value of the baby if exchanged would be very great. There remain two more. Surely they are superfluous?"

"No, no, they are not, dear children! One can but just speak—and the first word was my name. He asks when I shall come home and bring something for him. Could I bear that what I brought him was death? And the other, among so many clever and healthy children, is the only one sick and less intelligent than they; he depends upon us altogether; he is always holding by his mother's finger or carried in my arms. Besides, perhaps he will grow stronger; and then how happy we shall be!"

"In short, Sir, of all the things you possess you will give up nothing in exchange for riches."

"But I wish to be rich; other people are rich. My neighbor, Mr. Hemp, has twelve children; yet he is very rich."

"Would you change with him altogether?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"That's no matter; but, for instance, his children are very inferior to mine. I should

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like to be in his situation, but not to be himself."

"Well, I see you are like other people. You want to keep what you have got and to add something more. But that's not the bargain. You may have something else, but not something more."

"Then I must bear my cross as I can. There's no help. Farewell, Sir."

And now there appeared at the entrance a presence more splendid and more imposing than any of the former. Her carriage, for it was a lady, was seen at the door; her footman officiously put aside the crowd at the entrance, and she came forward, richly dressed, beautiful and graceful, and with the conscious ease of one who attracted all eyes and disappointed none. Every body made way; a chair was set for her by the officious attendants, and she placed herself, with a slight, pleasant movement of acknowledgment, beside the counter. What could that adorned and favored being wish for more? With health, wealth, beauty, liberty, and a kindly nature such as she showed, was it possible that she could covet any thing further? Mr. Destiny seemed to have these ideas in his head, for he inquired:

"Is there any thing, madam, for which you can form a wish?"

"I wish to be happy," said the lady.

"Alas!" said Destiny, "if *you* are not happy, who can be so?"

"I don't come to argue on the fact," said the lady, "I only state what I wish."

"True, madam, I beg your pardon," answered Mr. Destiny. "I have only to ascertain which among your many advantages you will resign for the attainment of it. Now, you must allow me to observe that if a person who has every external means which create happiness is not happy, the sacrifice of all those means is worth while to become so."

"Most true," said the lady.

"The sacrifice of all advantages may be required in exchange for happiness."

"It is worth them all," answered the lady.

"At the same time," continued Destiny, "there is a sort of happiness derived from external things which has its attractions. It is pleasant to have a habitation upon which every body congratulates you, to have unbounded means of moving whithersoever you will, to carry such a figure into society as shall make 'many a sudden friend,' to be able to give largely, spend without control, and so on."

"Yes," said the lady, "they are things to be enjoyed when one is happy. They add to happiness, but they don't give it."

"Well said," answered Mr. Destiny. "Then let us proceed to business—"

"But, first, I must observe," said the lady, "that the possession of external advantage, such as you have enumerated, does not by any means exclude happiness. What numbers possess them in a greater or less degree who are happy into the bargain!"

"Yes; there are numbers not desirous of coming to me at all," answered Mr. Destiny. "They may have certain wishes, but on the whole they are content; or their wishes may be such as they themselves are in the way to gratify. Those wishes belong to their profession or their natural state in life, and they are using their own means to obtain them. On the other hand, it is too true that some people who would seem to be best off are not endowed with happiness; and, as I said, they may well part with every thing to obtain it."

"And would, with every thing," said the lady, wiping her eyes (which had moistened while he spoke) with a handkerchief trimmed with lace at a guinea a yard.

"If that is your conviction, madam, I will lay an exchange before you, I don't mean an exchange with any one else, but with yourself. I will describe an existence which is very happy, and for a similar one you may change yours. To exchange with another both parties must agree, and I don't think the person I propose to describe would consent to want happiness even if she could gain your advantages. The position is this: A little, plain woman, who is devoutly loved by her husband."

"Ha!" murmured the lady.

"She has a dutiful son; but he's dull enough; on the other hand, she does not perceive it, for her time is occupied with the care of her family, visiting the cottagers, and what is called doing plain work. But she has a book which she reads on Sundays, and makes a dog's-ear to find the place where she left off. She and her husband and son sometimes pay a visit to a neighbor in their little shandradan. She has some pleasure in putting on her silk gown, and a great deal in the friendly gossip; she is busy all day, sleeps all night; murmurs an old song for lightness of heart."

"It's all very well," said the lady, interrupting him; "but it is not possible I could be happy under those circumstances."

"Only she *is* happy. That you should be happy is the bargain; and that you are not happy is the complaint."

"Better be miserable than so ignorantly happy," said the lady, suddenly rising.

"You are quite wrong, madam."

"Maybe so, but I can't help it." And with a graceful and gracious bend of her head she rustled through the shop, and mounting her well-appointed carriage, drove off amidst the delight of a certain number of boys assembled at the door.

There were many more applicants who came with their wishes. Few accomplished a bargain, but some did; and of the latter I thought the most part made but disadvantageous terms.

One good-looking young fellow's wish was to marry an heiress; he had no other clear idea on the subject, the mere fact of an heiress was his desire. Mr. Destiny was rather hard upon him.

"It is all fair you should marry," said he;

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"and so that your wife has money, what will you consent she shall be without? Money you are to have, that's settled. Will you give up beauty?"

"Yes."

"Sense?"

"Yes."

"Good temper?"

"Yes."

"Your own way?"

"Oh! I'll manage to get that."

"No; it is in the bargain that you shall not have it; will you give it up?"

"Well, yes; but I'll try."

"You are to fail. What do you say?"

"I'll give all up for money."

"Well, you deserve a very rich bride. Have your wish then."

Another applicant desired that her daughter should marry; and Mr. Destiny thought the wish deserved accomplishment at the price of the daughter's society, her utility at home, the pleasure and grace she had given to her native place, the seven-eighths of her heart bestowed on her husband, while the parents kept only one-eighth.

Again one came, and said a legacy had been left him, and he wished it was more. Mr. Destiny laughed, and said he regretted he could do nothing for him. Another, who was an old man, certainly midway between seventy and eighty, wished he had a knowledge of entomology; and Mr. Destiny, praising his energy, proposed to him to give away one of his remaining years in exchange for the knowledge. In like manner a young man who wished he understood German, was told to give for it three hours out of the four-and-twenty for half a year. "You will still have twenty-one hours," said Mr. Destiny.

And now, as the interest in others began to slacken, I bethought me that it would be as well if I went up and expressed my own wishes; and accordingly I approached the counter and told Mr. Destiny that I wished for health.

"Indeed," said he, "you look as if you needed that possession. What ails a young fellow like you to be so sick?"

"Hard work, I think," said I. "I am obliged to be in my chambers at the call of my clients, the attorneys, ten hours a day, and to work five hours more to get through the business they give me."

"In short, you are a successful lawyer?"

"Very much so; but a miserable invalid."

"Had you ever health and spirits?"

"Yes, I had. In my university days I was so very happy and so very glad that my companions named me Festive."

"Then, my dear Sir, let me observe to you that you have already made one of those exchanges for which men come to me. You have exchanged health for success; and now you want both health and success; but it seems you can't have both. Give up at least a portion of the last. Work half your time, and get back half your health and lightness of heart."

"How is that possible? If I refuse any business I shall probably lose it all."

"Nay; there is a limit to business somewhere. Nobody can work more than three hundred and sixty-five days, of twenty-four hours each, during the year; therefore you can, if you will, cut off even the half."

"Not so easily; I must work in proportion to other people; some of whom can bear employment for eighteen hours a day."

"If so, they are able to do it by being originally endowed with health such as does not come into your destiny."

"But it would be hard to fall behind those whom I have surpassed. Nobody can work more hours than there are in the year; but for success they must work in proportion to other people."

"Harder, I should think, to bear the restless anguish which is in your face."

"That's bad enough, indeed."

"Besides the probability of being unable to do no work whatever."

"That's much worse."

"Take my advice: give half your success for half your time; and give that time for your wish—Health."

"Sir, I must think about it."

"Don't think too long, for fear the opportunity should pass."

"Well, I dare say you're right; and to-morrow I will let you know."

I returned home, and next morning when I woke in my bed I found I was in the shivers of a nervous fever. Ideas raced through my brain with a rapidity which defied my efforts to catch them; I talked, but I knew not what I said; sometimes I cried, sometimes I laughed, and I remember but little till complete exhaustion seemed to sink me into a profound sleep, from which I woke, and heard some one say, "He will live."

And live I did. I was frightened at what had happened, and I took measures to exchange my wealth for health. I steadily refused to plead for Jennings *versus* the Plausible Insurance Office; and I bought a horse, which I kept last winter at Dunchurch, and hunted from London twice a week. I soon got better; and what is remarkable, though I went several times in search of New Street, beyond the Tower, and Mr. Destiny's Wishes Shop, I never could find either.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the Sassafras Club was held on one of the softest mid-November days, on the sunny piazza of the Member for Woods and Fields, to consider the great question of the Indian Summer. The month of October had been chilly and frosty, and November was already advanced, so that the expectations of the lovely season were apparently to be baffled. There had been none of the haze that so tenderly envelops the horizon and the woods—none of that warm, spell-bound stillness, full of "the moist, rich smell of the rotting leaves," which is the last exquisite breath of summer. Indeed the order of Nature seemed to be generally disturbed. Even Thanksgiving was displaced. It was pushed out of November into December. The turkeys gobbled a little more cheerily as they heard the Presidential proclamation, which gave them a respite from the Governor's annual edict. The shades of the Pilgrims, if any body could have seen them, would doubtless have frowned at the ruthless trifling with an ancient landmark. And if a State could not have its own way, not only in appointing Thanksgiving but in giving the law to the country as to the very day, what were State rights worth?

In so grave an emergency, when the bulwarks of things seemed to be threatened, and both the Indian Summer and Thanksgiving to be in peril, the situation was like that in which the kings of France found themselves compelled to summon the Estates—and the Sassafras Club necessarily assembled. Two new members appeared and took their seats without challenge. One of them, indeed, the Amber Goddess, immediately moved the previous question, and announced a startling theory.

It was useless, said the Goddess, to deny that the Indian Summer had kept faith, even if—for some reason unknown, but unquestionably sufficient—it had been delayed. Probably, if we might venture to surmise upon topics so celestial, it had been a fine sense of fitness in the rare and pensive season. It had wished to observe the due relation of time between itself and Thanksgiving; and as the Higher Powers had deferred the feast of Pumpkins until early December, it was only becoming that the Indian Summer should delay to spread its veil until the middle of November.

The speculation was so subtle and probable that the entire Sassafras murmured an odorous assent.

After meditating for a little time, hearing the nuts drop and watching the leaves float and fall beyond the shanty, and the round yellow sun in the haze, plainly prefiguring the approaching day sacred to the golden pumpkin, a Member asked whether any hazy friend present could propound any tolerable theory of the genial warmth of the season? Fortunately the Sassafras differs from all other clubs and societies in the world in this remarkable point, that every member has a theory of every thing. This is due, doubtless, to the fact that it is not composed of practical people. If it were, it would indulge in no theories. Practical people avoid theories. Practical people, who have money to invest, never cherish a theory that an enormous *Great Eastern* steamship is the very thing—and so such a ship is never built, and practical people lose no money by her. So, also, practical people like engineers, and legislatures, and railroad companies scorn all theories of tunneling mountains—so that there is never a Hoosac tunnel to consume several millions of dollars. Practical people in Wall Street and similar haunts never have any theories of finance—so they never lose fortunes. And, above all, the practical men who sneer at the El Dorado of the poets are never deceived by the Colorado of their friends the other practical men—so that they never drop any hundreds of thousands of dollars down imaginary gold and silver mines. Practical people have no theories. They leave such follies to Sassafras people. Indeed there are excellent subscribers to the proposed Pomegranate Gardens at Terra del Fuego who ask, with sympathy, whether the Sassafras Club is not a kind of highly respectable private Lunatic Asylum.

When the question was asked, therefore, whether any tolerable theory of the warmth of the Indian Summer could be suggested, the Amber member responded very energetically that it was undoubtedly a heat generated by decaying vegetation. The brightness of the leaves, insisted the Goddess, the scarlet and crimson and yellow, is only symbolical of the invisible fires that are consuming them. What we feel and see in the Indian Summer is identical. It is the flame of decay.

There was not the same murmur of assent. But after a little while, the Member for Woods and Waters who, with his hat slouched over his eyes, had been walking up and down the piazza with a cane, eating a delicious apple, a gilliflower, which made the most aromatic pear in the house tremble for its laurels, said that the time seemed to him to have arrived when it was necessary to settle a very momentous point of the main subject; and that was the origin of the name Indian Summer. "Why," said the friend of Cowper, as he shut up the pocket-knife with which he had been slicing the fruit and sharing it with the club, "Why is it called Indian Summer?" Then he pulled his hat a little more closely over his eyes, as if he distinctly saw the reason in the lining.

A very timid member, in a husky voice which he vainly endeavored to clear, and who was reassured upon being told not to be disturbed since it was only the haze in his throat, then said that, when he was a very small boy, he had heard the great Mr. Webster suggest that the name was probably given to the season by the early settlers, who supposed the smokiness of the air to proceed from the first fires of the Indians. At this the friend of Cowper only pulled his hat further down, until he seemed to be going up into it.

Nobody spoke for a long time. But at length the Amber Goddess, smiling, moved that the carver of the gilliflower should come down out of his hat and express the sense of the club upon the subject.

The genial apple-eater smiled in return, and said that his theory was very simple, and in the absence of any practical people he would frankly state it. When the first settlers, he said, were overtaken by the early autumn, they saw the leaves falling, they saw and felt the October frosts and the growing chill, and they took the hint and prepared for winter. But the Indians said to them, imperfectly: "No, no; more summer yet," knowing that the warm weather was to come. And when it did come, the settlers naturally said: "Why, this is the Indian Summer; the more summer yet of which the Indians told us."

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He took off his hat, and the entire club removed theirs in hearty and admiring salutation. The outposts of knowledge had been advanced. It was impossible to resist so plausible a theory. A huge basket of lovely gilliflowers was brought in. The club instantly proceeded to elect a President, and every member, according to the ancient custom of the club, cast his apple-seed for the friend of Cowper, who will now be recognized and honored by the immemorial title of the club President, Flower of the Sassafras, until a better theory is propounded.

We were lately meditating upon the unique and beautiful building which the artists of the National Academy have erected in New York for the exhibition of pictures and for the convenience of art schools, and reflecting with joy that the genial fraternity had established themselves as a recognized power in the chief city of the country, when we read with astonishment, in a letter to the *National Intelligencer*, at Washington, these words: "The productions of American artists are now come to be one of the great features of attraction in New York, and the wonderful improvements made in every branch of their profession, especially landscape painting, is fully understood, and would be appreciated and encouraged by the people much more than it is *if the artists themselves would show a proper disposition to gratify the public's wishes.*"

Insatiate Public! Will not one such temple suffice? What is it that the poor artists have not done that, just as their spacious and splendid Academy is finished, they should be so sharply taken to task? The correspondent answers the question he suggests. "Having spent all their fund on this new Academy of Design, they have got only an exhibition-room, where the works of a certain number of American artists can be seen for six weeks or two months in the year, and kept closed all the remainder."

Now even if that were all the artists have done, it would seem to be a very venial offense. But they have done more. They have not only erected an exhibition-room for their own pictures during two months, but they first raised by patient assiduity among those who were giving most generously to the war a very large sum of money. This sum they expended in building a gallery, which is one of the most striking and beautiful ornaments of the city. This gallery not only gives them accommodation for their own exhibition, but is the best possible place for the exhibition of all other pictures and statues during the year. It also furnishes the most ample rooms for the permanent collection of casts owned by the Academy, representing the greatest statuary in the world. It includes, likewise, lecture-rooms, schools for drawing from the life-model, and spacious rooms for the transaction of the business of the Academy; and undoubtedly it is as large and convenient a building as the time and country demand.

Not at all, says the correspondent of high imagination, whose letter is so really interesting as a finely flowering fancy—not at all. "It is high time the principles, or, more properly, the theory, were changed, and that, instead of confining their ideas within the limits of their own peculiar fancies, these artists took more practical views of what the public needed and their own interests demanded."

What, then, is it which the Public needs and the interests of artists demands? No sooner has our good friend asked the question than he rises to the answer. Like an organist who pulls out all the stops, crowds fresh hands to the bellows, and smites the resounding keys with Briarean hands, this is his statement of what the Public needs:

"What New York merits, and what she will eventually have—for she must keep step to the march of progress—is a museum of arts and sciences that shall surpass in capacity as well as design either the Louvre or Jardins des Plantes of Paris, or the British Museum. There ought to be two main buildings, each a thousand feet square, built on opposite sides of the Fifth Avenue, between Forty-fifth Street and the Park, and connected by a grand triumphal arch a hundred and fifty feet high, containing a gallery and an observatory, affording one of the most extensive and picturesque views, such as can be seen nowhere else in the world. The interior walls of this gallery would serve to illustrate the progress we had made in the peaceful arts; while our achievements in war could be appropriately inscribed on the outside. In one of the main buildings there ought to be a gallery for the exhibition of pictures of American artists, a gallery for the exhibition of pictures by foreign artists, a gallery for the exhibition of statuary, a gallery of historical records, a school of design, and a series of studios. In the other I would have a magnificent library, a portion of it devoted to American authors, great and small, and in which every book written by them could be found. The other I would devote to foreign authors, and such valuable manuscripts as could be collected in our own and other countries. Another gallery might be devoted to machinery and the mechanic arts; another to the history of our Indians, and Indian relics and curiosities; another to discoveries in all parts of the world, and to be called the Gallery of Discoveries; another for astronomical and scientific purposes; and still another in which valuable and curious relics of the War of the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the War of the Great Rebellion could be seen. I would have these main buildings in hollow squares, with space sufficient for gardens in the centre, in which rare plants from all parts of the world could be cultivated."

The patient and earnest gentlemen who collected by incessant pains the money necessary to build the present Academy would be the very first to salute the rising walls of the other which this glowing pen thus describes. They will learn with eager pleasure that the suggestion "is not the extravagant whim of a dreamer," and they will perceive at once its practicability as set forth by the projector:

"How and by what means is this institution to be built? for built it must be. There are at least forty millionaires in New York, each of whom could contribute half a million toward such an enterprise without missing it, and in that way perpetuate their names. But it is doubtful whether you could get any number of these gentlemen either to enter into the spirit of such an enterprise or properly appreciate its benefits. There is one man in New York, however, capable of entering into the spirit of such an enterprise and fully appreciating its future benefits, and that man is A. T. Stewart. Here is a man oppressed with the world's bounties, with more millions than he knows what to do with, and his thoughts are kept constantly distracted between the means of accumulating and the ways of investing his great wealth. He, more than any other man within my knowledge, could give life and reality to such an enterprise. If Mr. Stewart would subscribe ten millions on condition that the State would vote an appropriation of the other ten millions, the enterprise could be successfully carried out. In what way could Mr. Stewart better illustrate his munificence and hand his name down to posterity as a great benefactor of the human race? To me there is none. There might be difficulties in the way of getting a bill for such an appropriation through the Assembly, but I am of opinion these could be got over by a liberal investment in spectacles for members from the city."

It is plain enough that the millions expended in

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the erection of this building would be an unprecedently liberal investment in at least one spectacle for all members from the city, and such a spectacle as even Rome did not see when she beheld the Golden House of Nero.

We do not mean to laugh at this programme. Nothing can be more natural after the war than such a suggestion. For what is not a nation capable of doing which has done what this nation has during the last five years? Such a benefactor as the letter describes is the ideal American millionaire. Such a building as is foreshadowed is a microcosm of American catholicity. The whole letter reads like a poem—a song of triumph—a dithyrambic ode of national glory.

But first, fine flowering fancy! let us develop and complete the men worthy of such halls and temples and those will follow. Let the men be monumental of that justice, law, and fraternity which keep the world in tune, and which make the poorest faces shine and the saddest hearts beat with hope and happiness; and then our museums of art and science, however splendid and universal, will not put us to shame. The America of the future will be all that any poet dreams, provided only that we begin at the beginning and remember that America is to be only the fruit of Americans.

General Grant was in New York for a few days in November, and New York gave him a characteristic welcome. He was made the victim of one of those "receptions" in which enormous sums of money are spent and every body is crushed, enraged, and disgusted. It is a ceremony in which every person concerned is a little ridiculous, and nobody is truly honored. The cheers of a crowd shouting from admiring hearts as their hero passes is a homage of which the most modest man might be proud; but a "party" to which admission is bought by money or granted by favor, and which represents nothing whatever but the vanity and folly of the people who pay for it, is a performance worthy only of Little Pedlington. A drive with Mr. Robert Bonner and a famous trotting horse is a real thing; but the crowd at the Fifth Avenue hotel is the most ludicrous phantom of a reality.

It was amusing to observe that those who could find no want of dignity in General Grant's submitting to be hustled by a mob of his fellow-citizens in costly clothes were shocked by his driving with the fast trotter. Tastes fairly differ, but a modest soldier would be very likely to enjoy the drive more than the mob.

We hope now that General Grant has run this kind of gauntlet for the last time, and that he may literally enjoy the freedom of the city when he comes again to New York. He is a man justly dear to the people for a simplicity, persistence, and honesty which recall those of Mr. Lincoln. He can also hold his tongue, which is wonderful in an American, and he had never entered Richmond—at least up to the time when he was in New York. A certain homeliness of aspect and demeanor only commend him more closely to the popular heart, which contrasts that Yankee plainness and immense results with the military dandyism and rhetoric of any young Napoleons who may have flickered for a moment in our history, and whose very nickname shows the imitative, foreign, and factitious character of the men. Grant is as characteristically American as Lincoln; and it is impossible not to believe in the perfect accord of the two men. There is no more touching and manly correspondence than the letters which passed between them upon the opening of Grant's campaign.

Lieutenant-Generals are not always the least conceited and most reticent of men, but General Grant's silence is admirable and remarkable. He has publicly expressed no opinion in regard to policy except in reply to Mr. Beekman at the Union League Club in New York, when he wished to be "counted in" in any Mexican settlement; and the very striking phrase in his letter to some friends in Memphis in 1863, when he said, speaking of his army: "They will rejoice with me that the miserable adherents of the rebellion, whom their bayonets have driven from this fair land, are being replaced by men who acknowledge human liberty as the only true foundation of human government." We do not recall any nobler and truer sentiment in any speech of the times.

If this silence were a studied policy it would be astute, but it is clearly natural. Many of our conspicuous public men slew themselves with their own tongues and pens. Indeed there was always some terrible nobody who, after the candidate was comfortably nominated, and had bashfully accepted, and all the party machinery was just being well oiled for tremendous action, stalked into the newspapers with a letter asking the candidate's yea or nay upon some perilous points. The letter had been, of course, previously sent and the answer received, and this stray shot often brought down the most promising game. For candidates are bewitched. Their prudence, and almost their common-sense, escapes them. They say the most unlucky things. They commit themselves upon the most improper points. They frighten their friends and confound their party; and finally they defeat themselves.

Mr. Lincoln was the sole public man in this country who constantly helped himself by his speeches and letters. They were so pointed and simple and honest and racy, that nobody could misunderstand, and every body who wished well to the country could assent. The squatter in his camp cabin upon the remotest prairie spelling out the solid sense by a torch, and the banker in his pleasant parlor, could each feel the sagacity of the President's words. He had too much mother-wit to be outwitted; and was too simple to be thought cunning. Upon several occasions official craft tried to catch him, and was dreadfully caught instead. The heart of the American people knew its own child, and undoubtedly it recognizes something kindred in General Grant.

It will be curious to see whether, like Mr. Lincoln, he will constantly confirm the favor with which he is regarded; whether the same quiet sagacity which carried him triumphant through all the clouds of war will conduct him with equal success through the more baffling cloud of peace.

With the end of the war there has been a natural increase of newspapers and magazines; and as the circumstances of the country and the conditions and necessities of life in America will confine the reading of most men to periodicals, their character becomes a matter of public importance. It is not easy to gauge the exact influence of a daily or weekly paper in moulding public opinion; but there is no question that the press is the most powerful of all the methods by which opinion is enlightened and swayed. The country is governed by Public

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opinion. Discussion is the duty of free citizens. The tongue and the pen are the most precious public possessions we have; whatever, therefore, threatens their freedom threatens the public peace and progress, and the security of the nation will be in exact proportion to the perfect freedom of speech and the press.

Of course the responsibility of writers for the press is great and sacred. It is the condition of whatever appears in that form that it comes with a mysterious force, a glamour of importance, which the mere word of the writer could not command. This springs from the fact that print infinitely multiplies the chances of its reaching a multitude of minds, and that print itself has a secret impressiveness for the great mass of the people. There is a still vital conviction that Dr. Faustus has some subtle pact with the Devil. A journal is not and can hardly ever be regarded as the mere mouth-piece of an individual, because it is felt that its opinions are those of a party or of a sect or of a number of persons specially devoted to some purpose. The papers are organs of public opinion rather than the tongues of single persons.

But this general conviction extends itself beyond fair limits, and includes those matters which are exclusively points of private feeling and judgment. Such are reviews of books and criticisms of authors. It is in this department that the opinions expressed by periodicals of every kind are strictly personal, and represent no great public sentiment or tendency. And it is here that the temptation is strongest to indulge private piques or hostility, and play the bravo in the world of letters. Perhaps it is a hardly less tempting opportunity to play the jester also.

We have been reminded of these things by certain articles which have lately appeared upon various books and authors in various periodicals. Works and workers have been slashed, tomahawked, and adorned with the cap and bells without mercy. Satire, which is a thin veneer of ill-feeling, is, at best, a poor but tempting literary style; and satire, which is plainly free from personality, but which is displayed as plainly for the advantage of the writer, are both, surely, sorry business. Nobody is swifter than this Easy Chair to admit the laxity and shallowness of much criticism. Where the press is both cheap and free that will be always the case. Nobody more than the same piece of furniture is ready to protest against the practical venality of much of the current book-noticing in newspapers and elsewhere, where there seems to be a tacit understanding that the continuance of the publisher's advertisements and the sending of books for notice shall depend upon the frequency and the high praise of notices. However, few readers are deceived by such performances. Long habit has taught them that the brief commendations of books which appear in many papers are merely highly flavored advertisements. The reader confides in them no more than he confides in a perfumer's eulogies of his wares.

There is all the more reason, therefore, that those who do not write brief paragraphs of praise, but who gravely discuss authors and their works by the column, should remember the real dignity and responsibility of their task, and not prostitute it to pander even to "a smart hit," or "a lively, spicy article." Sixty years ago the young British wits in Edinburgh threw off the effervescence of their talent into the pages of the Review there. Forty years ago a more roystering crew, with Dr. Maginn at the head, overflowed *Blackwood* with sparkling satire, ridicule, and banter. They were the Mohocks of literature. The "town" rang with their good things. They yelled and danced around their victims like Indians around their prisoners at the stake. It was flashing, dashing, smashing; but, after all, if you are going to try to do Maginn's work, you must begin by being Maginn: and then Maginn's work, of that kind, is not worth doing at all.

It is a good rule for a man who has written a "spicy" criticism upon the work of another, whether in literature, art, science—whatever it may be—to ask himself and to answer honestly, "How much of this have I done for my own glorification, how much for the real advantage of other men, and how much to help the author?" For we help a man often by censure as much as by praise.

Now if you think this is too fine, and that no man will be apt to scale such an Alp of virtue when he has just done a "smart" thing; then let him ask himself this: "In what I have written censuring this author have I probably personally pained him? Have I made my points so clear and reasonable that, however he may regret them, however he may feel mortified, yet he can not fairly say that I have been unjust to him, and have not unfairly held him up to public ridicule?" of course such a question will be asked only when the author has written in good faith. If he has been ridiculous, he can not complain that you make him appear so. When Tupper puts forth his limpid platitudes, for instance, nothing is easier and fairer than to show that they are platitudes: but nothing is more absurd than to laugh at him for not being Shakespeare. Because a worthy man publishes a book of moral essays which are not original nor profound, but are a pleasant repetition of homely and time-honored truths, commonplaces, if you will, but which by their new setting arrest the mind and reach the life of many and many whom the old forms of the same truths left untouched, surely it is a very poor business to laugh at the book for not rivaling Bacon or Elia, or even because it

> "Says an undisputed thing
> In such a solemn way."

If a writer is plainly a coxcomb, say so, but show it. Don't let it rest upon your assertion. Be willing to have your perception, which is your credential for criticising, judged as fairly and fully as the folly you specify. The critic is a juryman rendering a verdict. Let him be ready with the testimony if he wishes that justice and not his word shall prevail.

It is the humane spirit rather than the form which makes a criticism valuable. A criticism may be as severe as the edge of a sword is sharp, if only its temper be true. But a sour, sulky, disappointed man who hates the world because the world does not like his performances, will never censure sweetly nor criticise soundly the performances of more fortunate men.

The gauntlet of the pulpit is very seldom directly taken up. A clergyman denounces men in general and vice in the abstract, and men sleep and vice flourishes unconcerned. He may even specify avarice, or drunkenness, or gaming, and the misers, bar-keepers, and gamblers make no sign. But now and then he draws blood. At last he strikes a blow which reacts. His condemnation is returned upon him, and he must take care that his pulpit does not suddenly become his pillory.

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A clergyman in Chicago has lately made the theatre the subject of severe denunciation. But in his earnestness he seems to have generalized too boldly and broadly. The drama and the play-house, the actor and the debauchee, were apparently confounded in his censure. Now the play-house has been often enough the incentive and the way to dissipation, but it will not do therefore to denounce Shakespeare as a moral nuisance although he was a playwright, a playactor, and the manager of a play-house. And when in the glow of his rhetoric the good reverend Doctor asked, "Is there a man who is an actor and has a respectable character?" he spoke without knowledge. He should have reflected that the very intensity of his hostility to the profession debarred him from the means of a proper judgment. Many members of his congregation could doubtless have assured him of the high moral worth of many and many an actor.

So when he continued, "Who is there in this house who would not sooner see his daughter in her grave than married to an actor?" he was thinking doubtless of the varnished gentlemen who hang around the side-doors of a theatre, and who are certainly as unpromising sons-in-law as those other gentlemen who are not actors, and who devote all their energies to dressing, dining, and driving.

The truth is, that men can not be censured in classes and by the wholesale. It is owing to this kind of censure, the Doctor will remember, that the English Puritans are all popularly supposed to have talked through their noses, to have thrown up their eyes, and in general to have been the dreariest bug-a-boos with which the sunny old globe was ever afflicted. But the excellent essay of Kingsley's upon the Puritans, published, we believe, some years since in the *North British Review*, will pleasantly correct any such notion. They were a sweet, gracious, generous class of men, even if they did eschew love-locks; and if there were zealots and knaves among them, it is possible that the church of Cranmer, Laud, and Titus Oates was not entirely destitute of them.

The Doctor's attack naturally produced a "you're another" retort. An actress in Chicago took up the gauntlet, and advancing to the foot-lights read her vindication of the theatre and of actors. It was not very new, but it was very spirited; and it was a palpable hit when she reminded the people of Chicago that they had so different a view of the matter from the Doctor that they had elected a retired actor Mayor of the city.

But it is a thankless contest upon both sides. The drama is a constituent element of civilization. Wholesale denunciation is simply totally ineffective. There will be use; it is the duty of morality to guard against abuse. The treatment which makes actors conscious pariahs, which excludes them, however well-ordered their lives may be, from the common sympathy and esteem, is ungenerous, unwise, and surely unchristian. One of the most ancient and eminent of arts can not be blown out by a whiff of mistaken morality. Against its degradation, against the ill-conduct of its professors, let us all protest with all our hearts. But do not insist that it must needs be a sin and shame so to represent Portia and Imogen and Cordelia that the finest sympathies of human nature are aroused, and the purest affections and purposes created and strengthened.

Literary Notices.

History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)—The fifth and sixth volumes, completing this History, are now published, after an interval of eight years from the appearance of the first two volumes. This space, however, by no means represents the time employed in the preparation and composition of the work. It has been known for many years that Mr. Carlyle has been engaged upon this History, which was to be the crowning work of his literary life. As the successive portions were issued we have in this Magazine (December, 1858, September, 1862, and August, 1864) given abstracts of the leading points of the first four volumes. Reserving for another time a similar abstract of these two last and most important volumes, we propose here to indicate the general scope and tendency of the whole work.

Tried by the ordinary canons of criticism this History, like almost every work of the author, is liable to grave censure. The world has long since found it useless to complain of the strange style which Mr. Carlyle has formed for himself; contenting itself with wondering why the man who in early manhood wrote the "Life of Schiller," and thirty years later the "Life of Stirling," should ever have written in any other than the pure and nervous English so fully at his command. But as he has chosen to write the History of Frederick in his other style, we have only to be grateful that its eccentricities are less prominent than in some of his other works—as the unfortunate Latter-Day Pamphlets, produced while the labor upon Frederick was going on. Those who accepted his "French Revolution" should have known what to expect in the "History of Frederick." It would be a series of brilliant tableaus rather than one historical picture, in which each character should appear with its due prominence. Mr. Carlyle has no sense of perspective and proportion. In the "French Revolution" Théroigne de Méricourt and the "Insurrection of Women" occupy a larger space than Napoleon Bonaparte and the "Whiff of Grapeshot" which brought the Revolution to its close. So in this History the petty literary and personal quarrel with Voltaire, which might have been fairly told in a score of pages, fills in all quite two hundred. The work bears traces of having been begun upon one scale, and completed upon another. Four volumes were originally proposed. Half of the first volume is devoted to an account of the origin and rise of the Prussian kingdom. It is an admirably condensed history in itself, but one which need not have been told at such length in the Life of Frederick. A volume and a half more is given to Frederick's "Apprenticeship." This is rather a Memoir of Frederick William than of Frederick himself. Frederick does not fairly appear as hero until the third volume, when, having become king, he "takes the reins in hand."

Midway in the third volume the History begins to march. Frederick had seized Silesia, and his first great war had broken out. Still the fourth

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volume was closed, and the proposed limits of the History reached, before the Seven Years' War had fairly opened. If Frederick had died then, the world would have known him only as a clever prince, with decided aptitude for governing, but ambitious and unscrupulous; showing, for a king, considerable military capacity, but who had become involved in a war in which his ultimate ruin was inevitable.

The fifth volume narrates the events of the years 1757, '58, '59—the second, third, and fourth of the Seven Years' War, wherein occurred half a score of the great battles of the last century. There was Kolin, where Frederick was fearfully worsted: it has its parallel in our Bull Run;—Rossbach, won by Frederick, which was to him what Austerlitz was to Napoleon; Leuthen, won by Frederick—his Wagram, and our Gettysburg; Zorndorf, like our Antietam, a victory without result; Hochkirch, our Shiloh; Kunnersdorf, our Fredericksburg; Maxen, our Chancellorsville—so strangely does history repeat itself. Than this volume no better military history has been written. The one who wishes to see how in modern warfare campaigns are carried on and battles are lost and won, can not do better than to study Carlyle's history of these three fearful years.

The first half of the sixth volume describes the last three years of the Seven Years' War. Less eventful than the preceding four—for both parties were nearly exhausted—this portion of the History is full of interest. The last half of this covers the last three-and-twenty years of the life of Frederick, its "Afternoon and Evening," as Carlyle calls it. The Seven Years' War had left Prussia almost in the condition in which our four years' struggle left the Southern States, only that Prussia was successful, while the Confederacy was overthrown. "Of what is your circle most short?" asked Frederick of the deputies of one of his provinces. "Of horses for plowing the seed-fields, of rye to sow them, and of bread till the crops come in," was the all-embracing reply. Frederick himself describes the condition of Prussia in 1763: "Countries entirely ravaged; the very traces of the old habitations hardly discoverable; towns, some ruined from top to bottom, others half-destroyed; 13,000 houses of which the very vestiges were gone. No field in seed; no grain for the food of the inhabitants; 60,000 horses needed if there was to be plowing carried on. Half a million of population—one man in nine—less than before the war. Noble and peasant had been pillaged; ransomed, foraged, eaten out by so many different armies; nothing left them but life and miserable rags. No credit by trading people, not even for the necessaries of life. No police in towns; no judges; in many places not even a tax-gatherer. To habits of equity and order had succeeded a vile greed of gain and an anarchic disorder. The silence of the laws had produced in the people a taste for license. Boundless appetite for gain was the main rule of action. The noble, the merchant, the farmer, the laborer, raising emulously each the price of his commodity, seemed to endeavor only for their mutual ruin. Such, when the war ended, was the fatal spectacle over those provinces which had once been so flourishing." One might almost imagine that this was written a century later, and that the country described was the Southern Confederacy.

Moreover, the finances were in a lamentable condition. Paper-money had not then been invented in Prussia, but still there were methods of "inflating," and so depreciating the currency. The standard of coin was debased, first by adding one-third, then three-fourths of base metal, depreciating its value in those proportions.

To re-establish the Prussia thus industrially and financially shattered was the first work of Frederick. In some respects it was easier, in others harder, than that now before our President. There were, indeed, no opposing sections to be reconciled; but there was no boundless wealth of untilled soil, no practical monopoly of cotton and tobacco, no untouched Northern capital waiting for employment, no emigration from abroad ready to fill the chasm of population and rebuild the waste places. The task was like the one which would have been imposed upon Jefferson Davis and his successor had the Confederacy succeeded in establishing itself. To our mind Frederick was greater during the first seven years of peace than during the seven years of war which preceded. In seven years the task was accomplished, and Prussia was richer, more populous, and more powerful, absolutely and relatively to surrounding nations, than she had been before the war. Pity it is that Mr. Carlyle, with all his industry, has been able to tell us so little of these years. But he tells us all that the stupid chroniclers of the time thought worthy of record. For every other period of Frederick's life he complains, often whimsically enough, of the chaff-heaps which he had to throw away; of this period he complains of the small amount of chaff, in which might be a few grains of wheat, which had been collected.

The one great external thing which happened to Prussia during the last years of Frederick's life was the Partition of Poland, whereby, to use his own words, "by dint of negotiating and intriguing, I succeeded in indemnifying our Monarchy for its past losses by incorporating Polish Prussia with my Old Provinces." Of this Partition of Poland we have not here space to speak. We suppose that nobody now is disposed to repeat the old Jeremiad that "Sarmatia died unwept without a crime." Poland died simply because she had shown herself unfit to live. As Mr. Carlyle phrases it: "The partition of Poland was an event inevitable in Polish history; an operation of Almighty Providence and of the Eternal Laws of Nature;" which we take to be quite true. But we can not agree with him in saying that "Frederick had nothing special to do with it, and in the way of originating or causing it nothing whatever." That it was and is better that Poland should be Prussian, Austrian, Russian—any thing, Turkish only excepted—rather than Polish, we may admit. But whether Russia, Austria, and Prussia were therefore justifiable in seizing upon Poland may be at least questionable to us, if not to Mr. Carlyle. There is known to the law such a verdict as "justifiable homicide;" but we know of no verdict of "justifiable theft;" though such a verdict is needed to warrant the claim of Great Britain upon India.

Making all possible allowance for faults in style, construction, and theory; differing widely from Mr. Carlyle's estimate of the character of Frederick himself; recognizing in him a monarch able indeed, but wholly unscrupulous; a good king, not because he was a good but because he was an able man; we must yet consider this History of Frederick as the most notable work of the day. It tells all that need be told of the great Prussian monarch; it traces with persistent patience the tortuous, involved, and foolish politics of the time, wherever their petty threads

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became in any way shot into the web of Frederick's history. It abounds in brilliant description of persons, scenes, and events; with grave and weighty reflections and conclusions. If its tone is cynical and contemptuous, it could hardly have been otherwise, considering the contemptible character of the great majority of the persons with whom it has mainly to do.

The Festival of Song: A Series of Evenings with the Poets.—Mr. Frederick Saunders, of the Astor Library, whose "Salad for the Solitary" has so pleasant a flavor, has, in conjunction with painters, engravers, and printers, produced a work which ranks foremost among American books of its class, and will compare favorably with the best produced in Europe. Under the form of six "Evenings" he discourses pleasantly of many of the Poets of our language, beginning with Chaucer, and, without following a strictly chronological order, coming down to the poets of our own day. Nearly two hundred poets are introduced, with genial and appreciative criticisms and comments, with quotations from or citations of their characteristic works. He has performed his part with excellent taste and discretion. About thirty of our painters have furnished designs for these poems, the purpose being evidently to give a fair and adequate view of American Art as represented in our National Academy of Design. In the department of Landscape, including those pictures in which Life is subordinate to Scenery, this has been satisfactorily accomplished. Of the 73 pictures fully half belong here. They represent as nearly as simple black and white can represent the colors at the command of the painter, the style and manner of about twenty of our favorite artists in this department. Among these are not a few exquisite designs. In the "Living" department, including "Historical" compositions, "Still Life," and "Genre" pictures, the result is less satisfactory. Not only do we miss many of the highest names, but few of those which are given can be accepted as representations of the best works of the artists. The Engravers, who, in printed works, stand as mediums between the Painter and the Public, have executed their part, with hardly an exception, in a most admirable manner. It would be easy to select twenty engravings, mostly of a small size, any one of which is, in its way, a gem of art. The "getting up" of the book, including printing and paper, is excellent. While we can not help regretting that some Artists, whose pictures we miss have not chosen to be represented here, and others have not furnished pictures characteristic of their best genius, we must still pronounce the "Festival of Song" to be the very best work of its class produced here, and one which could not have been exceeded in England, France, or Germany if a score and a half of the painters of either of those countries had undertaken in conjunction with any writer to have produced an "Artists' Book of the Poets" of their respective countries. (Published by Bunce and Huntington.)

Social Life of the Chinese. By Rev. Justus Doolittle. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) There is no lack of books about China; but if we except the very valuable work of Mr. Wells Williams, there has not hitherto been one produced by any person whose opportunities and acquirements were such as to enable him to set forth fairly and comprehensively the inner life of the people of the most ancient and populous of nations. Travelers and tourists have described at length what they could see in the streets and shops of the few ports which they had inclination or opportunity to visit. Some, like Laurence Oliphant, attached to various diplomatic embassies, have made trips, more or less extended, into the country; have told fairly what they saw, eking out their descriptions from the accounts of the Jesuit missionaries of former ages. But they came into personal contact only with merchants and their employés, and with Government officials whose prime function was to exclude them from all intercourse with the people. Even had they been able to come into contact with the Chinese people their total ignorance of their language, modes of life, and habits of thought would have prevented them from going beneath the very surface. Their case is much the same, though far less favorable, than would have been an attempt by the Japanese Embassadors to present to their countrymen a fair account of the social, domestic, and religious life of the American people, based upon what they saw in the streets, shops, hotels, and railway carriages. Much really valuable information is indeed embodied in the various reports and letters of missionaries; but it lies scattered in fragments through so many periodicals as to be practically inaccessible. Mr. Doolittle entered upon the preparation of this work with rare facilities. For fourteen years a missionary to China, he had mastered the language, oral and written. He studied, faithfully and diligently, their books; and having prepared himself for the work, he commenced, some five years ago, in the *China Mail*, a newspaper published at Hong Kong, a series of papers upon the various phases of life among the people. These papers, regularly continued for four years, attracted much attention in China, and among the few readers in other countries who had access to the periodical in which they appeared. At their earnest request he undertook to revise, arrange, abridge, and supplement these papers. The result appears in these two volumes. To give an idea of the number and importance of the topics exhaustively treated, would occupy more space than is at our disposal, even if we contented ourselves with giving the bare titles of the separate chapters. We can only say, briefly, that there is hardly a point connected with agricultural and domestic matters, with social life and customs; with marriage, and death; with the training of children and the education of youth; with feasts, fasts, and festivals; with the punishments for crime; with the modes and customs of trade and industry; with religious rites, ceremonies, and superstitions, which is not thoroughly treated. The extracts given in this Magazine for last September from the chapter on "Betrothal and Marriage" fairly indicate the scope and manner of the whole. The value of the work is greatly enhanced by the illustrations. Of these there are one hundred and fifty. A few of these represent landscapes and views of important places. The majority present scenes in social, domestic, and religious life. They are without exception faithful transcripts of photographs and drawings made in China, the drawings mainly by native artists. The whole series presents to the eye a picture of manifold phases of the life and character of the people. Taken all in all this is by far the best work hitherto written, or likely soon to be written upon China and its people.

Richard Cobden, by John M'Gilchrist. This brief sketch is a fitting memorial of one who has been styled "the Apostle of Free Trade." Richard Cobden was in many respects a notable man.

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Born in the humbler part of the middle class of English society, he entered life as clerk in the warehouse of a London calico-dealer. In time he became "traveler" for the firm—that is, he traversed the country soliciting orders for goods. Then the business fell into his hands, and that of two others of the employés. He enlarged it greatly, and became a prominent manufacturer of printed goods at Manchester. Meanwhile he had begun to write anonymously upon economical subjects in the Manchester papers; and by the time he had reached the age of thirty was known as one of the ablest opponents of the British Corn-Laws. His business prospered, and at the age of thirty-seven he received from it an income of £10,000 a year. He was then elected to Parliament, and soon made his mark as an advocate of Reform and Free Trade. He was offered a place in the Ministry of Lord John Russell, which he declined. His political career is briefly but clearly sketched in this Memoir. The point most interesting to us is his firm and unwavering advocacy of the Union cause during our late war. For years Richard Cobden and his friend and colleague John Bright were the recognized representatives of the middle classes of England, and it may be safely affirmed that his political influence was second to that of no man in the kingdom. This modest volume is a fitting memorial of a noble life. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The most omnivorous reader would vainly attempt to keep up with all the books—Histories, Biographies, Personal Adventures, Sketches, and Novels—for which the war has given occasion. Sherman's triumphant campaign has produced at least two of decided merit. Of Major NICHOLS's *Great March* we have already spoken at some length. Since the appearance of the early editions (the Twenty-Second has already been issued) the work has received a few important corrections from the Commanding General himself. A number of errors which had crept into his reports and letters as heretofore printed are corrected, and some valuable matter is added.——*Sherman and his Campaigns*, by Colonel S. M. BOWMAN and Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. IRWIN (published by Charles B. Richardson), takes a wider range, and claims to be a "Military Biography." In preparing the work the authors had access to the Letter-Books and Order-Books of General Sherman and of other officers. The history of military operations seems to us to have been executed with great care and judgment. Its value is much enhanced by careful military maps, furnished by General Poe, the Chief Engineer, of the Operations around Resaca, of the Atlanta Campaign, of the March from Atlanta to the Sea, and of the March from Savannah to Goldsboro.——*Sherman's March through the South*, by Captain DAVID P. CONYNGHAM (published by Sheldon and Company), can hardly claim to be more than the residuum of the note-book of a "War Correspondent"—that being the precise function of the author. Among "War Correspondents" there is more than one who can, and we trust will, write books which will be portions of the History of the War. Mr. Conyngham has certainly failed to do this.——*Prison-Life at the South*, by Lieutenant A. O. ABBOTT (published by Harper and Brothers), is a section of a chapter in the war which we could almost wish might have remained forever unwritten; for, forget if we may, and forgive if we can, it must remain on perpetual record through all time that in the history of civilized nations there is nothing to compare with the wanton cruelties inflicted upon our prisoners who fell into the hands of the Confederates. Lieutenant Abbott, of the First New York Dragoons, was captured in the Wilderness early in May, 1864, and was liberated by exchange in February, 1865. During these nine months he was successively confined at Libby, Macon, Charleston, Savannah, and Columbia. He was spared from enduring the horrors of Andersonville. His narrative, written without bitterness, and with special mention of acts of consideration, which were exceptions to the rule, is full of interest. To it is appended about a score of narratives furnished by other prisoners at various points. The brief account by a prisoner at Andersonville confirms to a great extent—though also narrating some exceptions, especially on the part of the surgeons in charge—the representations elicited at the trial of Wirz. Not the least interesting portion of the book is the narrative of two escaped prisoners, one of whom was sheltered by the negroes, though afterward recaptured, and the other was for five weeks concealed in Charleston by members of the "Loyal League."

From Halifax, Nova Scotia, we have some successive Numbers of the *History of Nova Scotia*, or *Acadie*, by BEAMISH MURDOCK, which promises to be a work of great value, filling up a void in the history of North America. One would hardly have anticipated that materials so abundant as have been gathered by the author could exist for the history of a small province lying apparently so remote from the theatre of great events. But there is much of deep interest in the history of Acadie: the adventures and contests of the early French explorers, the conquest by the British, and the expulsion of the French inhabitants, the sieges of Port Royal and Louisbourg, which connect the province with our own history; and, we doubt not, the account, hitherto unwritten, of British rule. The mechanical execution of the work would do credit to a printer in any of the great centres of book-making. (Published by A. and W. MacKinlay.)

Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects, by J. G. HOLLAND, is a collection of Lectures, delivered at various times and places upon such topics as "Self-Help," "Work and Play," "Working and Shirking," "Art and Life," concluding with a dissertation on "The Popular Lecture." These topics are treated in the vein of quiet shrewdness and humor characteristic of the author, so favorably known by his *nom de plume* of Timothy Titcomb. (Published by Charles Scribner.)

The Foundations of History, by SAMUEL B. SCHIEFFELIN. The design of this work is to furnish a Manual History of the World on Christian Principles; to show that the great purpose of the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, in ordering the events of human history, is "the revelation of Himself in the Lord Jesus Christ, and the manifestation of His glory through the Church." The idea is no new one, and in carrying it out the author makes no pretension to profound research. The book is in fact rather a collection of miscellaneous thoughts and opinions than a methodized and ordered history. It has nevertheless considerable value. (Published by A. D. F. Randolph.)

The Oil Regions of Pennsylvania, by WILLIAM WRIGHT, tells in a clear and practical way where Petroleum is found, how it is obtained, and at what cost. The statements and statistics, free from the errors of those on the one hand who pronounce the whole thing a failure, and of those on the other

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who grossly exaggerate its importance, render the work of great value. The net result is, that this region produced during the last year something more than 3,500,000 barrels of oil, worth at the wells $24,000,000; the cost being for operating expenses, $2,500,000; for replacing works, $5,000,000; Government excise, $3,500,000—in all $11,000,000, leaving for profit $13,000,000, being the interest at 7 per cent. upon a *bona fide* capital of $185,000,000. These figures show that Petroleum ranks among the great staple products of the country. The work, from its undoubtedly reliable character, will be of great service to those who are asking the question, "Ought I to invest in Petrolia, and how?" (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Bible Hand-Book, by JOSEPH ANGUS. This is an attempt to condense within the compass of a single volume of moderate size the results arrived at in such voluminous works as Horne's Introduction, and to present them in such a form as to be available by all classes of intelligent readers. In successive chapters are discussed the topics of the genuineness, authenticity, and authority of the Bible; the laws of its interpretation, and the modes of its study; closing with a succinct statement of the history, peculiarities, and purport of each of the several books of the Old and New Testaments. While we discover (which we judge a positive merit) no striking new features in the work, we consider it, for the special purpose for which it is designed, an excellent compendium of the facts and principles which are generally received in the Christian community. (Published by James S. Claxton.)

Matrimonial Infelicities, by BARRY GRAY. Under this somewhat alarming title one of our most genial humorists gives a series of episodes in every-day domestic life, commencing with a slight skirmish at breakfast over an unsatisfactory cup of coffee and a tough beef-steak, and in twenty-odd chapters of "Infelicities," touching upon buttonless shirts, ill-ironed collars, house-cleaning, "wife wants money," management of children, headaches, "wants country air," "waiting for wife to go to church," "Fourth of July," and so on, ending with "peace at last." All these topics are touched upon with a quiet and genial humor infinitely refreshing in these days of "storm and stress" writing. The good husband, who relates these Infelicities, is invariably in the wrong, and generally atones for it by cash or kisses. Any wife who is blessed with a well-intentioned but irritable husband will find it for her comfort to treat him for a month with a nightly chapter of these Infelicities. (Published by Hurd and Houghton.)

Atlanta in Calydon, by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, is a dramatic poem cast in the mould and breathing the spirit of the purest Greek tragedy. The "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley, which Æschylus might have written, is the only poem in our language, if we except the "Samson Agonistes" of Milton, which can at all be compared with it. The predominant idea of Fate ruling over human destiny and unfailingly working out its decrees broods over the whole. The dialogue has the stern simplicity of the Greek tragedians, and the chorus, which has been wisely cast into English measures, has a flow and melody beyond even those of Shelley and Milton. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.)

Intuitions of the Mind, by JAMES M'COSH. As was to be expected the Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast, puts himself in sturdy opposition to the whole materialistic school, embracing under that wide term authors as different as Comte, Herbert Spencer, Buckle, and Mill. It does not come within the compass of a brief notice to attempt any analysis of the views of such a work, and to develop the arguments by which they are supported, much less to pass judgment upon their validity. Those who have leisure and inclination to grapple with the high and abstruse themes discussed in this volume will, whether they agree with the author or not, accord to him the merit of careful thought and clear statement. We regard this work as the best development of the so-called "Scotch school" of philosophy, of which Reid has heretofore been the ablest exponent. (Published by Robert Carter and Brothers.)

We have at various times spoken of the excellent series of "Readers" prepared by Mr. MARCIUS WILLSON. The distinctive feature of these is that Fact takes precedence of Fancy, Science of Imagination. This follows the natural order of the development of the faculties. The child's first question in regard to any thing is simply, "Is it true?" Long after comes in the consideration as to the form in which the truth is conveyed. Children care little for "Elegant Extracts." But though the observant faculty should in all schemes of education take precedence of the reflective, there are not unfrequently good reasons for cultivating the latter as well. Mr. Willson has therefore done good service to the cause of education by intercalating into his regular series of Readers an Intermediate Series, designed to supplement, not to supersede, the regular course. The "Third Reader" of the "Intermediate Series" consists of short extracts in prose and verse, in which the moral conveyed takes precedence over the fact related. As an adjunct to, not as a substitute for, the "Regular Series," this Intermediate Reader deserves to find a place in our schools. Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 4th of December. Congress met at noon on this day, and was immediately organized. The names of none of the persons claiming seats from the Seceding States were placed on the roll. In the House 175 members answered to their names. After a brief discussion as to the claim of the members presenting themselves from Tennessee, whose claim was disallowed, the House proceeded to the election of Speaker: Mr. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, the Speaker of the last House, was elected, receiving 139 votes; 35 being given for Mr. James Brooks, of New York. The proceedings were for a moment interrupted by a dispatch from Mr. Parsons, the Provisional Governor of Alabama, announcing that the Legislature of this State had, by an overwhelming majority, adopted the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery. A joint resolution was offered by Mr. Stevens to the effect that a joint Committee

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should be appointed to "inquire into the condition of the States which formed the so-called Confederate States of America, and to report whether they, or any of them, are entitled to be represented in either House of Congress." This was passed by 133 to 36.—In the Senate several important bills were introduced, among which was one by Mr. Sumner, prescribing a form of oath to be used in the States lately in rebellion.—The President's Message was not to be read till the next day. We consequently defer to our next Number an abstract of its contents, as well as of the Reports from the Departments; devoting the greater portion of this Record to the measures for reconstruction in several States.

The President has in various ways indicated that the seceding States will not be considered as having fulfilled the necessary conditions for readmission into the Union until their Legislatures have ratified the proposed amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery. This ratification was adopted by the Legislature of South Carolina on the 13th of November, and by that of North Carolina on the 1st of December. In order to render the amendment valid it must be ratified by three-fourths of the States; there being now 37 States, 28 are required. It has now been ratified by the following 27:

Illinois	Feb. 1	Nevada	Feb. 16
Rhode Island	Feb. 2	Louisiana	Feb. 17
New York	Feb. 3	Wisconsin	Feb. 22
Maryland	Feb. 3	Missouri	Feb. 24
Massachusetts	Feb. 3	Vermont	March 9
Pennsylvania	Feb. 3	Tennessee	April 5
West Virginia	Feb. 3	Arkansas	April 10
Michigan	Feb. 3	Connecticut	May 4
Maine	Feb. 7	Iowa	June 30
Ohio	Feb. 8	New Hampshire	June 30
Kansas	Feb. 8	South Carolina	Nov. 13
Minnesota	Feb. 8	North Carolina	Dec. 1
Virginia	Feb. 9	Alabama	Dec. 2
Indiana	Feb. 13		

It has been rejected by Delaware, Feb. 8; Kentucky, Feb. 23; New Jersey, March 1. But the result of the recent election in this last State secures its adoption there, so that no additional State is required.

Arkansas is in effect restored to its position as a member of the Union. This has been effected by the action of the people, without the intervention of a Provisional Governor appointed by the President. The first meetings looking to a State Convention were held in the autumn of 1863. The Convention met early in 1864, and proceeded to frame a State Constitution, abolishing slavery, repudiating the Confederate debt, and nullifying all the acts of the Confederate authorities with the exception of marriage certificates, acknowledgments of deeds, and a few others of similar character. It also organized a Provisional Government, with Isaac Murphy as Provisional Governor, who was empowered to order an election for a permanent Governor, and to submit to the people the acceptance or rejection of the Constitution. The election was held on the 14th of March, 1864. About one-half of the electors voted. There were 12,117 votes in favor of the Constitution, and only 226 against it. Though this proceeding was somewhat irregular, it was approved by President Lincoln, as substantially in accordance with his proclamation of amnesty. The State Government thus established has ever since been in effectual operation, although there was, until the final collapse of the Confederacy, another nominal State Government. The Legislature adopted the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States, prohibiting slavery and involuntary servitude except as punishment for crime. President Johnson, under date of October 30, 1865, recognized the authority of this State Government. He telegraphed on that day to Governor Murphy:

"There will be no interference with your present organization of State Government. I have learned that all is working well; and you will proceed and resume the former relations with the Federal Government, and all the aid in the power of the Government will be given in restoring the State to its former relations."

All accounts concur in representing the pacification of the State as complete. The Secretary of State officially declares, under date of October 13, 1865, that

"The State Government is in full and successful operation; the civil organization of all the counties in the State has taken place. The people generally are obedient to law, and are attending to their personal concerns. To some extent, however, disturbance is created by some of the old and influential citizens of the State, who were active participants in the rebellion, in advising disregard of a disfranchising law that prohibits from voting all persons who have aided or abetted the rebellion since the 18th day of April, 1864."

This account is confirmed by General Reynolds, the Military Commander of the Department, who says:

"At the time of the surrender of the Confederate forces in this Department more than half of the State of Arkansas was under our actual control. Governor Flannigan (Confederate) proposed that the county officers under him should be continued in office under Governor Murphy, Flannigan retiring. This proposition was promptly rejected, and the whole rebel State Government in all its parts ignored. I have ordered officers of the army to visit each county in the State. The reports of these officers confirm the statement that civil government is already re-established throughout the State; and that, as a general remark, the State of Arkansas has never enjoyed more quiet than at the present time. There is not a shadow of conflict between the civil and military authority; the latter sustains the former, and is careful not to usurp any of its functions. Gentlemen from every part of the State universally admit the successful and prompt restoration of civil law in the State. The only dissatisfaction existing prevails among a portion of returned Confederate officers and non-combatants. The returned soldiers of both sides are, as a rule, quiet and orderly, and disposed to return to peaceful pursuits."

In *Georgia* the State Convention assembled, as noted in our last Record, on the 25th of October. The ordinance repealing the ordinance of Secession was passed on the 30th. It reads thus:

"We, the people of the State of Georgia, in Convention at our Seat of Government, do declare and ordain that the ordinance adopted by the same people in Convention on the 18th day of January, A.D. 1861, entitled 'An Ordinance to dissolve the Union between the State of Georgia and other States united with her under a Compact of Government entitled the United States of America;' also an Ordinance adopted by the same on the 16th day of March, in the year last aforesaid, entitled 'An Ordinance to adopt and ratify the Constitution of the Confederate States of America;' and also all Ordinances and Resolutions of the same, adopted between the 16th day of January and the 24th day of March of the same year aforesaid, subversive or antagonistic to the civil and military authorities of the Government of the United States of America, under the Constitution thereof, be and the same are hereby repealed."

The section of the State Constitution prohibiting slavery reads as follows:

"The Government of the United States having as a war-measure proclaimed all slaves held or owned in this State emancipated from slavery, and having carried the same into full practical effect, there shall henceforth be no slavery nor involuntary servitude, save as a punishment for crime after legal conviction thereof: *Provided*, This acquiescence in the action of the Government of the United States is not intended to operate as a relinquishment, waiver, or estoppel of such claim for compensation

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of loss sustained by reason of the emancipation of his slaves as any citizen of Georgia may hereafter make upon the justice and magnanimity of that Government."

Another section of the Constitution provides that

"It shall be the duty of the General Assembly, at its next session, and thereafter as the public welfare may require, to provide by law for the government of free persons of color; for the protection and security of their persons and property, guarding them and the State against any evil that may arise from their sudden emancipation, and prescribing in what cases their testimony shall be admitted in the courts; for the regulation of their transactions with citizens for the legalizing of their existing and the contracting and solemnization of their future marital relations, and connected therewith their rights of inheritance and testamentary capacity; and for the regulation or prohibition of their emigration into this State from other States of the Union, or elsewhere. And further, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to confer jurisdiction upon courts now existing, or to create county courts with jurisdiction in criminal cases excepted from the exclusive jurisdiction of the Superior Court, and in civil cases whereto free persons of color may be parties."

Another section legalizes all civil officers who have been properly in office since January 1, 1865, and continues them in their functions until they are relieved according to the provisions of the law. The remainder of the Constitution provides for local affairs, and repeals certain portions of the former Constitution which are inconsistent with the new order of things.

There was a strong indisposition on the part of many members to repudiate the war debt of the State. But, under press of the formal notification from the President that no State could be recognized as having resumed the relations of loyalty to the Union that admits as legal obligations debts contracted in their names to promote the war of the rebellion, an ordinance was passed, the leading clause being as follows:

"*Be it ordained by the people of Georgia in Convention assembled*, That all the debts contracted or incurred by the State of Georgia, either as a separate State or as a member of the late partnership or Confederacy of States, styled the Confederate States of America, for the purpose of carrying on the late war of secession against the United States of America, or for the purpose of aiding, abetting, or promoting said war, in any way, directly or indirectly, be and the same are hereby declared null and void, and the Legislature is hereby prohibited forever from in any way acknowledging or paying the said debts, or any part thereof, or from passing any law for that purpose, or to secure or provide for the same said debts, or any part thereof, by any appropriation of money, property, stocks, funds, or assets of any kind to that object."

Another clause states that the annual income of the State having been sufficient to meet the current expenditures in a state of peace, all debts incurred during the war should be treated as incurred for carrying on the war, provided, however, that

"Nothing herein contained shall prevent any Legislature hereafter to assemble from making appropriations of money for the payment of any claim against the State, originating after the 19th of January, 1861, where it shall be made clearly to appear that such claim was founded upon a consideration disconnected with any purpose of aiding or assisting the prosecution of the late war against the United States, and not incidental to a state of war."

The Convention adopted an Address to the President of the United States, stating that the people of Georgia having repealed the ordinance of Secession, adopted a republican Constitution, affirming the supremacy of the Constitution, laws, and treaties of the United States, "recognizing the emancipation by the United States Government of persons previously held as slaves in the State, and ordaining in the fundamental law that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, shall hereafter exist in Georgia; and having done all things necessary and proper on their part, to the full and complete restoration of their State to her rights and privileges as a State and as a member of the American Union," request that "measures be taken to effect such restoration as speedily as possible." The delegates add, in the name of the people, that "it is their fixed intention to perform their whole duty as citizens of the United States; that their desire is to live, under the Constitution, in peace and harmony with the whole people, and to see sectional strife banished forever from the National Councils." They also express their entire confidence in the just and kind intentions of the President. The Convention adjourned on the 8th of November, after a closing address from Herschell V. Johnson, its presiding officer, in the course of which he speaks in very favorable terms of the conduct of the blacks during the whole period of the war. He said:

"It is one of the most remarkable events in all history that such a people, with such temptation to insubordination and insurrection as was constantly presented to them during all the period of the revolution, and most especially during the latter portion of it, should have been so quiet, so circumspect, so well-behaved, so subordinate. All over our State women and children have been left alone in their houses of abode without one single solitary male protector; and yet our women and children, thus unprotected, have been unmolested by the colored population, and permitted to enjoy safety and security, and as much of the comforts of home as was compatible with the condition of the country. The emancipation of the negroes among us is not the work of their own doing. They behaved themselves well during the war, and the shackles of slavery being knocked off, it is not strange that we should see listlessness, idleness, thriftlessness exhibited by them, and, in some cases even insubordination and a spirit of mutiny—not more, however, than, under the circumstances, reasonable men might have expected. I speak this for a twofold purpose: First, to pay a just tribute to that unfortunate class of our people; and, Second, to remind ourselves of the spirit which ought to animate us in our conduct toward them, and in maintaining the relationship which must necessarily exist between us in the future. Our conduct should be kind, humane, salutary, magnanimous. The black race must feel that the white man is not his enemy. The result of this will be the production of a feeling of mutual confidence between the two races. If we cultivate this feeling, and embody it in a wise and well-adjusted code of laws for the government of both classes—because laws that shall be enacted in reference to one class can not appropriately be suited to the other class, on account of their color and fundamental difference of race—we may indulge a hope that we may organize them into a class of trust-worthy laborers."

In *Florida* the State Convention met on the 25th of October. The ordinance annulling the ordinance of Secession reads thus:

"Whereas the armed opposition of the State of Florida to the Government of the United States has been subdued by the military power thereof; and whereas the people of the State of Florida are weary of the horrors of war and military rule and occupation of the country; and whereas they are desirous in good faith to restore the State to her former relations to the United States Government; and whereas the President has, by certain terms of amnesty, shown willingness and extended invitation to the Southern States thus to act: Therefore, be it ordained by the people of the State of Florida, in convention assembled, that the ordinance adopted by the Convention of the people on the 10th day of June, 1861, known as the Secession ordinance, be and the same is hereby annulled."

A strenuous effort was made by a few members to simply "repeal" instead of "annulling" the ordinance. The State debt created for carrying on the war was repudiated. The following are the ordinances prohibiting slavery, defining treason, regulating the qualifications of jurors, and regulating the admission of negro testimony:

"Whereas slavery has been destroyed in this State by the Government of the United States; Therefore be it ordained, etc., that neither slavery nor involuntary servi-

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tude shall in future exist in this State, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been convicted by the courts of the State; and all the inhabitants of the State, without distinction of color, are free, and shall enjoy the rights of person and property, without distinction of color."

"Treason against the State shall consist only in levying war against it, or in adhering to its enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or his confession in open court."

"The jurors of this State shall be white men, possessed of such qualifications as may be prescribed by law."

"In all criminal proceedings founded upon injury to a colored person, and in cases affecting the rights or remedies of colored persons, no person shall be incompetent to testify as a witness on account of color. In all other cases the testimony of colored persons shall be excluded unless made competent by future legislation. The jury shall judge of the credibility of the testimony."

In *Mississippi* Governor Humphreys requested the President to order the removal of the national troops from the State. The President replied that this removal would take place "when, in the opinion of the Government, peace, and order, and the civil authority have been restored and can be maintained without them. Every step will be taken, while they are there, to enforce strict discipline and subordination to the civil authority. . . . There is no concession required on the part of the people of Mississippi or the Legislature, other than a loyal compliance with the laws and Constitution of the United States, and the adoption of such measures giving protection to all freedmen or freemen, in person and property without regard to color, as will entitle them to resume their constitutional relations in the Federal Union." Governor Humphreys sent in, November 20, a message to the Legislature, in which he says that "under the pressure of Federal bayonets, urged on by the misdirected sympathies of the world, in behalf of the enslaved African, the people of Mississippi have abolished the institution of slavery;" and the work now before them is to provide for the new state of things. He argues at length, and with great force, that negroes should be allowed and compelled to testify in all cases. He says:

"No man, bond or free, under any form of government, can be assured of protection or security either of person or property except through an independent and enlightened judiciary. The courts, then, should be opened to the negro. But of what avail is it to open the courts and invite the negro to 'sue and be sued,' if he is not permitted to testify himself and introduce such testimony as he or his attorney may deem essential to establish the truth and justice of his case? Whether the witness be white or black it is the denial of the most common privilege of freedom, an unmeaning delusion, and the merest mockery. As a measure of domestic policy, whether for the protection of the person or property of the freedman, or for the protection of society, the negro should be allowed and required to testify, for or against the white and black, according to the truth. There are few men living in the South who have not known many white criminals to go 'unwhipped of justice,' because negro testimony was not allowed in the courts. . . . It is an insult to the intelligence and virtue of our courts, and juries of white men, to say or suspect that they can not or will not protect the innocent, whether white or black, against the falsehood and perjury of black witnesses."

Governor Humphreys then goes on to speak of the woeful condition to which the State has been reduced by sudden emancipation and subsequent measures. He says:

"Vagrancy and pauperism, and their inevitable concomitants, crime and misery, hang like a dark pall over a once prosperous and happy land. To the guardian care of the Freedman's Bureau has been intrusted the emancipated slaves. The civil law, and the white man outside of the Bureau, have been deprived of all jurisdiction over them. Look around you and see the result. Idleness and vagrancy have been the rule. Our rich and productive fields have been deserted for the filthy garrets and sickly cellars of our towns and cities. From producers they have been converted into consumers, and as winter approaches their only salvation from starvation and want is Federal rations, plunder, and pillage. Four years of cruel war, conducted upon principles of Vandalism disgraceful to the civilization of the age, was scarcely more blighting and destructive to the homes of the white man, and impoverishing and degrading to the negro, than has resulted in the last six months from the administration of this black incubus. Many of the officers connected with that Bureau are gentlemen of honor and integrity, but they seem incapable of protecting the rights and property of the white man against the villianies of the vile and villains with whom they are associated."

To avert these evils by satisfying the General Government of the disposition and ability of the people of the State to maintain order and civil government, and thereby to secure the withdrawal of the Federal troops, and consequently of the Freedmen's Bureau, leaving the Civil Government in the hands of the people of the State, Governor Humphreys recommends the immediate passage of certain laws. If these are not passed, he says, "the future is all uncertainty, gloom, and despondency. These measures are:

"*First*—That negro testimony should be admitted to our courts, not only for the protection of the person and property of the freedmen, but for the protection of society against the crimes of both races.

"*Second*—That the freedman be encouraged at once to enter in some pursuit of industry for the support of his family and the education of his children, by laws assuring him of friendship and protection. Tax the freedman for the support of the indigent and helpless freedmen, and then, with an iron will and the strong hand of power, take hold of the idler and the vagrant and force him to some profitable employment.

"*Third*—Pass a militia law that will enable the militia to protect our people against insurrection, or any possible combination of vicious white men and negroes."

The elections held on the 7th of November in several Northern States all resulted in favor of the Union party. In *New York* General Barlow's majority for Secretary of State is about 28,000; the majority of the other Union candidates exceeds 30,000, General Slocum running considerably ahead of his ticket.—In *New Jersey* Mr. Ward was elected Governor by nearly 3000 majority; there is also a Union majority in both branches of the Legislature, which insures the ratification of the Constitutional amendment, and possibly the gain of a United States Senator, it being claimed that the election of Mr. Stockton (Democratic) by the last Legislature was illegal.—In *Massachusetts* Mr. Bullock has a majority exceeding 50,000 for Governor; among the Representatives to Congress is General Banks.—In *Wisconsin* Mr. Fairchild, and in *Minnesota* Mr. Marshall, were elected Governors by decided majorities. —In *Ohio* Mr. Cox (Union) was elected by about 25,000 majority.—In *South Carolina* Mr. Orr's majority over General Hampton for Governor was about 600.—In *North Carolina* Mr. Worth had a large majority over Mr. Holden, the present Provisional Governor, and the character of the members chosen to Congress, with the single exception of Mr. Jones, from the "Mountain District," who was imprisoned at Castle Thunder, in Richmond, on account of his loyalty to the Union, is such as to indicate an unfriendly feeling to the Government. —In *Louisiana* Mr. Wells was chosen Governor, and the Democratic candidates for Congress were successful.

Henry Wirz, the keeper of the Andersonville prison, was found guilty upon the second charge against him, that of "murder in violation of the laws and customs of war," and was sentenced to be

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hung. The finding of the Court having been approved by the President, Wirz was hung on the 10th of November. He maintained to the last that he acted strictly in obedience to the commands of his superiors, and denied that he had ever been guilty of wanton cruelty to the prisoners under his charge, and declared that he had done all in his power to alleviate their condition.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* there are continual reports of successes and reverses of both parties; and accounts of slight difficulties on the Rio Grande, the boundary between Mexico and Texas. Nothing has as yet occurred during the month which demands special note.

From *Hayti* the report in our last Record of the suppression of the insurrection and the capture of Port Haytien was premature. The British appear in the mean while to have become incidentally involved. The insurgents had run down a steamer in which it was said was President Geffrard. The British steamer *Bull Dog* claimed that the vessel was a British mail-packet. Out of this grew a quarrel, the result being that the *Bull Dog* bombarded Port Haytien. In trying to run down a Haytien (insurrectionary) steamer it got aground, and was abandoned. It is not possible to say what complications may arise from this affair. Later reports say that Port Haytien has been taken, and that the insurrection is suppressed. How far these are reliable is yet a matter of doubt.

In *Jamaica* a riot, which has been magnified into a "negro insurrection," has taken place. The accounts are so distorted and magnified in the current reports that it is not now possible to present the actual facts. There seems to have been for a long time much dissatisfaction among the colored population of the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East. The Jamaica papers contain absurd reports of a general conspiracy, for what purpose is not told, embracing whites and blacks. On the 7th of October a riot took place in which several lives were lost. The military force of the surrounding region was summoned; the malcontents were put down; their reputed leaders hanged, and many others killed; according to report from 1500 to 2000 persons have in one way or another "suffered the penalty of an outraged law," forty having been hung, eighteen, on the 23d of October, upon a single gallows. Among these was William Henry Gordon, a Baptist clergyman, a man of large property, who was charged with being a ringleader.

The war on the River *Plata* goes strongly in favor of the Allies who so greatly outmatch the Paraguayans, five thousand of whom were captured in the town of Uruguayana on the 23d of September.

In *Peru* a revolution which has for some time been in progress has apparently proved successful. Señor Pezet, the President, having abandoned Lima without a battle.

In *Chili* war has been formally declared, or rather accepted, with Spain. The Spanish Government had complained that Chili had afforded aid and comfort to Peru in the late troubles with Spain; the difficulty was supposed to be settled, when on the 17th of September the Spanish Admiral Pareja arrived at Valparaiso with fresh demands, threatening to commence hostilities in four days if these demands were not complied with. The foreign ministers remonstrated against this precipitate action. On the 24th Pareja announced a blockade of all the ports of Chili. On the next day, Perez, the President of Chili, issued a proclamation announcing that Chili accepted the war thus forced upon her; and on the 26th Congress authorized a formal declaration of war. The Spanish Admiral, having but six vessels, modified his proclamation of blockade so as to include only the six principal ports. Beyond the blockade we have no information of any actual hostile operations.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Cabinet has been organized, Earl Russell being Premier, and Lord Clarendon Foreign Secretary.—The Fenian excitement still continues, and a number of arrests have been made. In Canada the alarm has reached a high pitch, and apprehensions are entertained of a rising in the Provinces and an irruption of Fenians from the United States.

The Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah* arrived at Liverpool on the 6th of November. Captain Waddell, her commander, surrendered the vessel to the British Government. After the beginning of April, when the Confederacy ceased to exist, up to the 28th of June she destroyed 29 whaling vessels in the Arctic seas, of which 25 were destroyed in the month of June. The Captain states that the first reliable tidings which he received of the downfall of the Confederacy was from a British vessel on the 28th of June, as he could not put faith in the statements of American ships. He then made straight for Liverpool, with the intention, if he found the news confirmed, of surrendering the vessel to the British Government. The surrender was accepted, and the Captain and crew unconditionally discharged. The vessel itself has been transferred to the American Government.

Editor's Drawer.

FROM Washington City come the two that follow. We would not believe the second one to be strictly true if it came from any other place than the National Capital, where every body, in Congress and out of it, is reliable:

A similarity of names frequently leads us into error. This was strongly exemplified by a faithful devotee of Scripture history, whose idea of following the precepts there laid down were practical as well as ideal. Recently her mistress and others were engaged in criticising the actions of one who, in many instances, had departed from the strict letter of the law and the benign injunctions of our Saviour. Bridget casually overhearing this portion of the conversation, availed herself of the departure of the visitors to speak to her mistress concerning this dereliction of prescribed duty to others; and remarked, with all the naïveté of her race: "An' shure, ma'am, isn't it wrong it is intirely that the ladies should spake in the manner they did about ithers? an' shure why don't they remimber what the gude buke says, when our blessed Saviour spake to *Mary M'Dillan* about being careful of who throws the first stane!"

BYRON has sung in exquisite numbers that—

"'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch-dog's bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

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But what must have been the feelings of a friend of ours who, during a recent sojourn at one of our first-class hotels in this "city of magnificent distances," was placed by the obliging clerk in a room in which the gas arrangements were somewhat defective, and, per consequence, necessitated the use of a candle. After retiring and courting the drowsy god, he found that there was a *bite* not entered on the bill-of-fare; so, striking a light, he found that his slumbers sweet had been disturbed by one of the big *bugs*, who had there taken board and lodging. After having said funeral services over its still breathing form, he thrust it and his match into a convenient basin of water. Upon repeated occasions of a similar disturbance the same disposition was made of the vermin and matches. Overcome with fatigue by these continual onslaughts, he finally went off to the land of Nod, and after the lapse of a few hours was awakened by strains of the most dulcet harmony, whose sweet notes, falling on his half unconscious ear, seemed the reality of angels' whisperings. From whence came they? Surely not from a serenade of his lady friends! Hastily arising he sought the cause, and found that the bugs, the victims of his wrath, had built a raft of the matches in the basin, and, floating thereon, were gently singing "Life on the ocean wave!"

I AM in debt to the Drawer, lo! these many years. Following good precedents, I send this as an installment upon the interest only:

During the rebellion I was invited, with others, to dine at a friend's house, and meet and, if possible, console General A——, of the Confederate Army, who was sojourning there, and nursing a wound in the back of his neck. This wound was received at Chickamauga, and some of the "baser sort" were ungenerous enough to say that the General caught it *running*. No one believed it *then*. But that is neither here nor there. Dinner was being enjoyed, and the conversation, such as it was, enjoyed too—at least by the General, who monopolized the whole of it. This was all well enough if the topics had been general, instead of the General being the topic. *His* exploits; how *he* manœuvred *his* brigade; what *he* would have done if he had been in Bragg's place! It was very interesting—very. I was greatly entertained, and listened *aures erecti*. But so was not one of us. S—— was a Northerner—a vivid Union man—dangerously *disloyal*. He sat and scowled, but spake no word. General A—— was dilating upon an escape he made from the Federal cavalry:

"The fact is, they run me so hard I had but one chance. I seized it, and dashed my horse over what I thought was a tolerable bank; but, gentlemen, judge of my astonishment when I found myself safe and sound after having leaped a precipice of at least thirty feet in height! Of course my horse was uninjured, and here I am!"

"Well," said S——, "that *was* a remarkable leap. It reminds me of an occurrence I once witnessed. I believe it was in the year 1833, just after the conclusion of the 'Black Hawk War.' Black Hawk and his son, the Prophet—yclept 'Tommy-hawk'—were on their return from Washington to their homes in the West. As they passed through the beautiful town of Canandaigua, in New York, an immense crowd had gathered in and around 'Blossom's,' to gain a sight of the braves. The upper piazza, about forty feet from the ground, was occupied by the magnates and *oi πολλοί*. John Gregg, Frank Granger, Alexander Duncan, Mark Sibley, Jared Willson were there. The pressure was immense. As the people below could not see the Indians, a call was made for 'Tommy-hawk' to mount the balustrade, which he did, and thus exhibit himself. But all at once, crowded from his perch, he was seen to fall headlong to the ground!" S—— paused.

"Well!" said the General, "was he killed?"

"Not at all!" rejoined S——. "You see he was a fellow of infinite presence of mind! As he descended he gracefully turned a somersault, and, drawing his knife from its sheath at his side, he struck it into one of the large columns which supported the piazza, quietly hung suspended to its handle until a ladder was brought, and he was extricated from his dilemma amidst the shouts of the populace!"

There was a moment's silence, and I hazarded a glance at the Brigadier.

"I suppose," said S——, coolly, "no one was present to witness *your* escapade, General? 'Tommy-hawk' had a little the advantage of you!" And S—— put his tongue into his cheek and was silent.

THE question of negro suffrage was submitted to the voters of this State (Wisconsin) at our annual election. The law required the ballots to be written or printed, "For negro suffrage." Those who opposed the measure were required to have written or printed on their tickets, after "suffrage," the word "No."

An Irishman who, it was supposed, wanted to oppose negro voting, was seen to vote in favor of it, and also to be busily engaged in electioneering in that direction. Finally, he was accosted by a person of like sentiment, to know his reasons for so doing. Pat replied, "By Saint Patrick, and ain't they nagers?—then let them *suffer!*"

HERE are several from a friend who, we trust, will come again:

The Rev. Doctor B——, of our city, while introducing to the audience Rev. Doctor S——, the famous missionary from India (his home by birth), concluded his remarks with the following left-handed compliment: "He comes to you from that land where every prospect pleases, *and only man is vile*." The modest missionary arose and blushingly rendered his thanks amidst the irrepressible mirth of the audience.

APROPOS to the highly-educated New Orleans belle, spoken of in the Drawer of September, I have one nearly resembling it, and a veritable incident:

While on a visit to Staten Island last summer I met a charming young lady from the South, lately arrived, and full of the usual boasts of Southern superiority in intellect and greatness. Noticing a portrait on the wall, I remarked to her that it bore a strong resemblance to Tom Moore, the poet. "Tom Moore!" she replied. "Who is he?—does he live here on the island!"

ON the 11th of December, 1864, a squad of Tennessee cavalry (Union), under Lieutenant Smith, made a dash into Shelbyville, then occupied by the rebels. As they were charging through the streets a private soldier, whose family resided in the place, suddenly exclaimed to the Lieutenant, "Look at the dirty scoundrels shooting at us out of my own house!" At the same time he raised his carbine,

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and crash went the charge through the window. "Take care!" said the Lieutenant; "your wife might be in the house." "Oh dear! I did not think of that!" was all the soldier had time to say, as a shower of rebel bullets compelled him to fly down street without knowing the result of his shot.

In proof that the most prominent men in a Massachusetts village are not always the most competent to serve on "School Committee," I take the liberty of sending you the following:

Not long ago an influential man, being placed in the responsible position of Chairman of the School Committee, prepared the Annual Report, which is distributed among the people for general perusal. In commenting upon the capabilities of the teachers he had the impertinence to remark: "He was sorry to say the lady teachers were generally deficient in the general information they were possessed of!"

One of our legal friends writes to the Drawer:

It so happened that our good citizens elected to the important position of Justice a full-set, lager-beer-shaped Dutchman—just as dumb as he looked. He spoke French as well as German. On a certain occasion two Frenchmen got into a quarrel, and after belaboring each other pretty soundly, resolved to settle the matter by a suit before our friend.

"Well, now," said the Alderman, with all the gravity of a Judge, "how will you be tried?—by French law or United States law?"

Both being French, agreed to be tried by the laws of France.

"Well, now, Henri," said his Honor, "you struck Jonas."

"Yes."

"Well, now, Jonas, you struck Henri."

"Yes."

"Well, then, you are both guilty, and by French law I fine you each five dollars!"

The parties paid the fine and left, poorer if not wiser men.

A few years ago I filled up a bond and warrant for a neighbor, and told him to go before an Alderman and sign it. It so happened that he called on my friend, the Dutch Alderman. When he returned the paper I found the Alderman's name affixed to the right hand seal—making himself responsible, of course, for the amount of the bond, and my neighbor's name to the left of the paper as the witness. My neighbor called on him with a new paper, but the Alderman became very indignant, refusing for a long while to have the paper properly executed, declaring that he knew what the law was.

The Rev. Mr. C——, the faithful pastor of a church in Warren County, New Jersey, was one day not long since addressing the Sabbath-school. He chose the subject of the miraculous feeding of the five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, twelve baskets full of fragments being gathered up after they had eaten. Question after question was asked and answered, and all went on smoothly until the pastor, aiming mentally at the twelve baskets of fragments, said, "Children, when all these people had eaten of the loaves and the fishes, what was left?" All were silent. Every face looked blank and puzzled. Waiting a moment, he repeated the question: "Children, when they had eaten of the five loaves and the two fishes, what was left?" Suddenly a little boy started up, in a tumult of joy at his discovery, and exclaimed, triumphantly, "Oh! I know—*the bones!*" The examiner was so completely nonplused by this unexpected reply, that he at once brought the exercise to a close.

In the early settlement of the State of Illinois the Rev. Mr. B——, a minister of the Old School Presbyterian Church, settled in one of its towns, and had as a member of his church a Mrs. Andrews, whose husband would indulge semi-occasionally in "good old Bourbon" until he became oblivious to surrounding objects, and would make his bed where he fell. Uncle Billy lived about three miles from town, and would frequently come into town of Saturdays, and after transacting his business would get most gloriously drunk. On one occasion he was found on Sunday morning in the yard of the Rev. Mr. B——, who, out of regard for the family of Uncle Billy, waked him up and invited him to come in and take breakfast with him. Uncle Billy, not having had any thing to eat for the past twenty-four hours, of course could not decline. After going into the house, and before breakfast was ready, Mr. B—— assembled his family for worship, and having a good subject before him, extended his prayer to a great length—at least so thought Uncle Billy, who, having the scent of the cooking viands before him, and not the fear of God, turned to the minister, and whispering loud enough to be heard by every member of the family, said, "Cut it short, Brother B——, cut it short—I'm awful hungry!"

Morrow is a town of some importance, about forty miles from Cincinnati. A new brakeman on the road, who did not know the names of the stations, was approached by a stranger the other day, while standing by his train at the dépôt, who inquired:

"Does this train go to Morrow to-day?"

"No," said the brakeman, who thought the stranger was making game of him; "it goes to-day yesterday week after next."

"You don't understand me," persisted the stranger. "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, why don't you wait until to-morrow, then, and not come bothering around to-day? You can go to-morrow or any other day you please."

"Won't you answer a civil question civilly? Will this train go to-day to Morrow?"

"Not exactly. It will go to-day and come back to-morrow."

As the gentleman who wanted to go to Morrow was about to leave in disgust another employé, who knew the station alluded to, came along and gave him the required information.

Reading in your November Drawer the anecdote of the *real* cockroach in the *mock* turtle-soup, "reminded me of a story" in my own experience, not many leagues from the beautiful "City of Elms:"

Returning from "a feast of reason" with a genial lady friend, we stopped at a restaurant to regale our "inner man" and woman, upon a dish for which the place was favorably noted, viz., fried oysters. Talking and eating, my "cousin" (of course!) called my attention to some oysters in the centre of her dish, which, while the rest were "done brown," were unaccountably black. Turning them over daintily, and bringing our knowledge of the "ologies" into use, we were not long in deciding that we had been enjoying ourselves, not with "a mice"—that

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would have been a luxury in comparison—but with the diffused flavor of about half a dozen (in the shell!) hideous, black, well-fried cockroaches!

I AM employed in the construction of the Oil City and Pit Hole Railroad; the men under my charge are principally Irishmen; one of them, Frank B——, is a particularly verdant specimen, recently imported from County Kerry. A few evenings since a party of them were seated round the stove, enjoying their pipes after supper, when the conversation turned on the various birds, beasts, and fishes, new and strange to them, which they had seen since their arrival in this country. One of the party said he had seen a bull-frog as large as the stove-lid. Frank, who had been quietly listening to all the wonders that were being related, here suddenly broke in:

"By Jabers! down in York State I saw one a dale bigger than that, and he had a shell on the back of him, wid letters marked all over it!"

After the laughter caused by this naïve remark had subsided, it was discovered that the "big frog wid the shell on him," which Frank had seen, was a turtle, an animal, I suppose, not frequently met with in Kerry.

"PIT HOLE is, of course, in the "oil diggings," and the Drawer is a great institution there, as every where else. One of its readers writes:

Many years ago there resided in the county of Warren, Pennsylvania, a wealthy gentleman by the name of R——. He was Irish by birth, but came to this country when a lad, and was extensively engaged in the lumbering business. He was somewhat irreligious, rarely if ever attending church, and considerably addicted to profanity; yet a man of great natural abilities, and possessed of many redeeming qualities. Toward the latter part of his life he became rheumatic; and at last, for several years, was wholly confined to the house. While still able to hobble about with a cane, he discovered one Sunday, during a time of high-water, that his boom had broken and his saw-logs were going over the dam. Methodist services were in progress at the school-house, and he mistrusted such of his sawyers as were not loafing on the tavern steps were in attendance at church. As the school-house was nearer than the tavern, the old gentleman hustled himself in that direction. Breathless with haste he rushed up to the open door, in full view of the audience, who were filled with astonishment to see him at "meeting." The minister stopped in the midst of his sermon, and the old gentleman sung out, "George Tabu!" "Here!" said Tabu. "Tom Martin!" "Here!" said Tom; and so on, till he had called over the names of half a dozen of his "hands." "Good gracious!" continued he, "you all here, and my logs going to the dogs!" There was a general stampede of men, women, and children, and the exercises for that day closed without benediction.

THESE are notes from a Hunting Journal:

R—— was a great lover of field-sports and an inveterate joker. Colonel T—— had a weakness for Nimrodic life, but could neither originate nor appreciate a joke—especially when at his own expense, as in this instance.

He and R——, in company with four others of "that ilk," were out in a swampy region famous as the resort of deer, bear, and small game *ad infinitum*, and for the production of very sizable mosquitoes, known to appropriate *not* infinitesimal portions of a hunter's "corpus" without any provocation whatever. The party had but a single "bar" for defense at night, so it was agreed that Colonel T—— and two others should take it for the first five hours, while the others sat by the fire and "smudged" it. Then they were to give it up to the expectant trio until morning. So agreed, so done. T—— and his relief under the bar in the arms of Somnus. Time, 8 P.M.; R—— on a log, distant a few feet from the unconscious sleepers, cautiously raising the corner of the bar with a crooked stick. A convulsive plunge from T——, with a yell of rage: "Get up! there's a *hole* in this thundering bar!" After a careful examination, finding all right (as far as *holes* went), the trio again lay down, and in a few minutes were once more in the "land of dreams." R—— again inserted the stick. Second result the same as the first, with the addition of this remark from T——:

"Boys, it's no use! I know there's no hole in the bar, but you see we're in a *swamp*, and the ground naturally breeds mosquitoes, and they come up *inside* in a swarm. If R—— can sleep under that bar he's welcome to it for me."

R—— and his friends "swallowed their throttles" vigorously for a space, and made no sign; when he said, in a semi-somnolent tone of voice that was inimitable, "Well, boys, I guess it's no worse under there than it has been here for the last hour; let's try it!" And they did; while the Colonel and his twain fought the enemy until morning, frequently expressing their surprise that R—— and the others were so intolerably thick-skinned as to endure without a murmur a torment they had found to be insupportable. That, however, was satisfactorily explained the next morning; but perhaps the Colonel didn't "relieve his mind" by venting some very harsh expressions, both loud and deep.

SOME years ago, while on an extended hunting-trip with a party of congenial spirits, able and willing to appreciate a joke, the following good one was added to my budget:

Our wagon-driver was a unique individual, who bore the euphonious cognomen of "Jack," a fair and suggestive handle to his surname, as you will presently see. He was an inveterate wag and mimic, prided himself upon his ability to imitate the calls and cries of all "varmints," and delighted to amuse himself by regaling our ears with nocturnal concerts, in which asinine music was largely predominant. To heighten the effect of this taste his ears were enormous, and, as he had not a particle of hair (how he lost it we could never discover), he was a perfect Midas in appearance.

One bright morning, while preparing breakfast, an old mountaineer appeared, whose physique was so singularly outlandish that, as he came up to the camp fire, we involuntarily winked at each other and prepared for some sport. His grizzled hair and beard surged in an unkempt mass down his breast and shoulders, leaving nothing of his countenance visible but nose and eyes. A more perfect specimen of a human goat could not well be imagined.

"Jack" had been down over the fire, frying-pan in hand, and, rising suddenly, confronted the singular apparition with amazement. Both stood for a moment gazing as if that were to be the last look. Then "Jack" slowly removed his drooping "chip," letting his ears stand out in bold relief, and leaning forward, still gazing intently in the old man's face,

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gave utterance to a "bleat" that would have charmed any male "Cashmere," in a prolonged Ba-a-a-a!

The person thus greeted, putting his arms akimbo, replied in a long-drawn and sonorous Eh-haw-haw-aw-a-a! that put all of "Jack's" former attempts in that line to the blush.

Need I say that as "Jack" tendered "the ancient" his "chip" there was laughter in that camp? *I* haven't recovered yet.

The following was on exhibition at the Pennsylvania State Fair, recently held at Williamsport, Pennsylvania:

Cencitive Plant this plant opens its leves at sunriz and closes them at sunsett or wen tetched.

Rev. Mr. Durrel, pastor of one of the Methodist churches in Trenton, New Jersey, related the following incident at the last session of the Annual Conference:

A certain minister had promised a little boy of his that he should accompany him to church on the following Sabbath. The little fellow, although not quite "four years old," was still old enough to remember the promise. But when church time came it happened that he was sound asleep, and his parents went away leaving him in bed. Some time after he awoke, and calling to mind the promise given him, he hurried down stairs only to find his father and mother gone. Determined not to be frustrated in this manner, he made his way into the street, and crossing to where the church stood, entered the open door. The minister at that moment was beginning his sermon. Fixing his eye upon his father, the little fellow waddled up the aisle, in his night-clothes, until directly opposite the pulpit, when he halted, and looking up at him, called out, "I des you fordot me!"

San Francisco boasts of a saloon called the Bank Exchange, where the finest wines and liquors are dispensed at twenty-five cents a glass, with lunches thrown in free. A plain-looking person went in one morning and called for a brandy cocktail, and wanted it *strong*. Mr. Parker, as is usual with him, was very considerate, and mixed the drink in his best style, setting it down for his customer. After the cocktail had disappeared the party leaned over the bar and said that he had no change about him then, but would have soon, when he would pay for the drink. Parker politely remarked that he should have mentioned that fact before he got the drink; when his customer remarked, "I tried that on yesterday morning with one of your men, but he would not let me have the whisky, so you could not play that dodge on me again!" This was too good for Parker, and he told the customer he was welcome to his drink, and was entitled to his hat in the bargain, if he wanted it.

The town of Astoria, Oregon, can boast of the smartest dog that has been heard from lately, if Van Dusen tells the truth in relation to the doings of his canine. While visiting Tillamook Beach this summer the dog was troubled very much with fleas, and had become tired of scratching. He was discovered one day hunting around the house for something, and finally picked up a piece of loose soft cotton batting, and started off for the beach with the cotton sticking out of his mouth. He went to the water, slowly backing down into it, and holding his head up so as to keep the cotton dry. The fleas started for his head as the dog kept backing in the water, and finally there was but the cotton out of the water, when suddenly cotton and all disappeared, and the dog made his appearance minus cotton and fleas. The cotton was picked out of the water, and was found actually alive with the fleas. Van says he saw the dog do it—so it must be so.

During the Pike's Peak excitement a party of young men passed through a small town in Missouri. They were in a fish-wagon, and had chalked in huge, ungainly letters, on the side, "Bound for Pike's Peak, or Bust!" This display created considerable merriment; but not so much as when, in the succeeding autumn, the identical party returned, with a wobegone appearance, and the following letters chalked in the place of their former exultant boast: "Busted, by thunder!"

The two that follow come from Canada:

We have a little five-year-old boy, called James, a quiet, thoughtful lad, with (what I once heard a lecturer on phrenology say of Daniel O'Connell) a "thunderin' big head." One Sabbath James came home from Sunday-school with the look of one who had a difficult problem troubling his mind. "Ma," said he, addressing his mother, "how do you open and shut your ears?" "Why do you ask that question?" was the reply. "Because," said James, "the minister told us in Sunday-school to-day that when we heard bad boys talking bad we should shut our ears; and when we heard our teachers and parents telling us of the Bible and heaven we should open our ears; and I have been trying mine all the way home, and I can't make them work!" His ma explained to him the moral sense in which the operation was performed.

The wild track of country lying between the Ottawa and the Georgian Bay, in Canada, is styled the Judicial District of Nippissing. A stipendiary magistrate, called Judge J——, is appointed to superintend this wild district; to preserve, as far as possible, law and order, and take cognizance of all breaches of the peace among the trappers, Indians, and shanty-men who compose its principal inhabitants, although there are a few settlers scattered through it who are chiefly traders in peltries.

In this district of Canada there are a number of licensed taverns, where the traveler can get accommodated with "rot-gut" and a portion of the floor before the fire for a bed. They are rough places to put up at, but answer the purpose of the hardy trappers and shanty-men. Although these taverns are licensed to sell liquor to white men, it is against the law to sell liquor to Indians. Some three or four of these tavern-keepers, and among them a French Canadian widow woman, were hauled up before Judge J—— for selling liquor to Indians, and fined. The Judge has long black hair, and is rather dark-complexioned, and it is said has a little of the Indian blood in him. One very cold day last winter the Judge, in company with several other men, called at the French widow's tavern to warm themselves. The Judge, who can enjoy a social glass at times, ordered a treat for all hands. When the men had filled their glasses the Judge took hold of the decanter to help himself, when the widow grasped it out of his hand, saying, "No, no, you can't have any; *it is against the law to sell liquor to Indians!*" A roar of laughter followed this hard hit. The Judge remonstrated, but it was of no

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avail, the widow persisting that she had been fined already for selling liquor to Indians, and was not to be caught again. The Judge had to stand the brunt of the laugh, and had the mortification of seeing his companions imbibing freely at his expense, while he couldn't get a drop himself—and apparently convinced in his own mind that a too rigid interpretation of the law don't answer at all times.

MR. RICE, Superintendent of the M. C. R. R., must be occasionally fond of clothing a joke in rhyme, if the following, as told by the Hillsdale *Standard*, is true. It states that a "dead-head" on the Central Road sent his expired pass to Superintendent Rice with the following on its back:

Bless my stars,
No more on the cars
As a dead-head I'll ride on a rail,
Unless Mr. Rice
Should take my advice,
And send me a pass by the mail.

To which Mr. Rice replied:

The Conductor will pass
This bundle of gas
From July to the middle of Lent;
Like any dead-head,
Without paying a "red,"
Let him ride to his heart's content.

"How did you get out of the draft?" said Jack Buttons to Pat.

"Och, and the Doctor, good luck to him! excused me."

"And what did he say was the matter?"

"Well, I don't jis remember, but it was some outlandish kind of a name."

"Did he say you was *non compos mentis?*"

"That's the very thing! and he said I had it bad too—he did!"

A MEMBER of the New York press-gang, who had the luck to be born in Ireland, was for many years in the habit of commuting on one of the railroads terminating in or near this city. Like certain other brethren of the quill, he is more or less hot-headed, and on entering the car his first care invariably is to take off his hat, and the next to hoist the nearest window, into which he thrusts his head. In the rather cool breezes of December and January he appears to enjoy it amazingly. Being questioned as to why he indulged in such an unusual exercise at that season, he let off the following reply: "You see, where I was brought up we hadn't much glass in the windows. Sometimes we thrust into the broken panes a hat; sometimes a head; and, you see, I got used to it early!"

TWO men (one from the Emerald Isle) were discoursing gravely together about the instant and apparently severe sentence passed and executed upon Mrs. Surratt. "Ah!" exclaimed Verdant, "there is a new President in the chair. If the old man [Lincoln] had been living, not one of the four would have suffered!" It mars the effect of even a bull to add "this is a bull;" but truth compels us to say that this had to be done before his neighbor saw the point.

A SCOTCH minister, named Downes, settled in a rural district in the North of Ireland, where the people are more Scotch in language and manners than in the Land o' Cakes itself. One evening he and a brother divine set out together to take part in some religious meeting. Meeting one of his parishioners on the way, the latter quaintly observed, "Weel, Mr. Downes, you clergymen 'll drive the deevil oot o' the country the nicht!" "Yes," replied the good minister, "we will. *I see you are making your escape!*" Tommy did not use the deevil's name in his pastor's presence again.

AN Irish medical student attended Glasgow University by way of polishing off for entering upon his profession. Joe was as reckless and ready-witted a fellow as ever entered those venerable halls. The misfortune was that he could not apply himself to study of any useful kind. At length the day of reckoning came, when "the studs" were to undergo the crucial test of an examination previous to receiving their diplomas. This was conducted by a burly English professor, who assailed Joe with the query, "Well, young man, suppose a man was blown up with powder, what would you do?" Nothing could be more innocent than the answer: "*I'd wait till he'd come down, Sir!*" By such sensible procedure he not only got his diploma but became a much respected physician afterward.

THIS is very good, and comes from Washington:

Among the many good things published during the year just closing, the Drawer has contained several which are told at the expense of our Congressional friends. One of these, in the October Number of the Magazine, concerning a member of the House from Missouri, reminds me of a story told of a representative from its neighboring State of Illinois. It runs in this wise, as related by "one who was there."

Colonel John F. Farnsworth, who commanded a regiment of Illinois cavalry during the war for the Union (and as gallant an officer as ever drew sword for his country), represented his district in Congress at the time the famous "Kansas Bill" was under discussion. The debate was long and exciting, and there was a great struggle among the members to obtain the floor. Colonel F., after many trials, at last obtained the floor, and proceeded to deliver a strong argument against the bill. The hour allotted to him had nearly expired. He had just finished one of his most eloquent passages, and had paused to take breath, when suddenly a small dog, which had found its way to the reporters' gallery, jumped upon the front bench, put his fore-feet over on the railing, and, looking straight down at the honorable member, commenced to bark furiously. The gallant Colonel, however, was not to be put down in this way. Turning round, he faced the canine intruder, and in the most dignified manner imaginable, and with a majestic wave of the hand, thus replied to the new-comer, amidst roars of laughter from the House and the galleries:

"There, my friend, that will do! One at a time, if you please. *Every dog* has his day; they've given *me* the floor for this evening!"

THEY have a Railroad Superintendent down in Georgia who has, in the course of "reconstruction," been appointed to the position without either a very liberal education or an intimate knowledge of the duties of his position. One day lately he was consulted by his station agent at this place as to running an extra train over the road, and it was suggested that the regular train "flag" the extra one.

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"*Flag it!*" said the new Superintendent; "what is that?" It was explained that the regular train should carry a red flag, to indicate that another train was behind. "No, *Sir!*" said he; "you can't do that on *this* road." "Well, Sir, perhaps then we may run it by telegraph," said the agent. "You can't do any such thing on *this* road—sure to have an acci*dent*. We have got a ske-*dool*, and we are going to run accordin' to the ske-*dool*," was the emphatic rejoinder of the new Superintendent. And the train *was* run according to the ske-*dool*.

The above may be thought a good joke, and the Superintendent may be set down as a fool, but if all railroad trains were run according to the ske-dool, or schedule, there would be no collisions. Stick to the "ske-dool." You Georgians got off the track, and had a grand smash-up, by not sticking to the "ske-dool."

NOT long since a lard, pork, and butter merchant on —— Street had a large iron, conical-shaped machine on the sidewalk in front of his store. Some one, unknown to the proprietor, labeled it "*Torpedo taken from the Harbor of Charleston!*" Of course a large crowd was assembled around it every day, and various speculations entertained in regard to its destructive power, etc.; one saying it might be loaded, and the sun drying the powder, cause it to explode; another, pointing out to a friend the magizine, touch-hole, etc., as he had seen them, and "knew all about 'em." At last the owner one night took off the torpedo label, and replaced it with "*This Lard Press for Sale*," which was what the machine really was—an instrument to press lard into cans. The usual crowd was there in the morning, but did not stay long, as their curiosity was easily satisfied. It is now impossible to find a man who ever went to see the Great Torpedo.

A TINKER was traveling in a country town, and having traversed many miles without finding any thing to do, he stopped, weary and hungry, at a tavern. Here he got into conversation with a glazier, to whom he related his troubles. The latter sympathized with him deeply, and, telling him he should have a job before long, advised him to go in to his dinner and eat heartily. The tinker took his advice, ate his fill, and when he returned to the bar-room he was overjoyed to hear that the landlord required his services to mend a lot of pans and kettles which had suddenly "sprung a leak." The tinker was at once set to work, accomplished the task, received a liberal sum in payment, and started on his way rejoicing.

Upon reaching the outside of the house he found the glazier, who said, "Well you see I told you the truth. I procured you a job of work; and how do you think I accomplished it?"

"I am sure I can not tell," replied the tinker.

"I will tell you," rejoined the glazier. "You told me you were weary, hungry, and dinnerless. I knew the landlord was well off, and doing a good business; and so I watched the opportunity, and started a leak in every utensil I could get hold of."

The tinker, with many thanks and a heart full of gratitude, resumed his journey; but he had not proceeded many yards before he reached the village church, when a brilliant idea struck him. The glazier had befriended him; he would befriend the glazier. The church, he thought, could afford to bear a slight loss in a good cause; so, taking a position where he could not be seen, he riddled every window in the edifice with stones, and then, highly elated with his exploit, retraced his steps to notify the glazier he would speedily have a very important job.

"Sir," said he, "I am happy to inform you that fortune has enabled me to return the kindness I received from you an hour since."

"How so?" asked the glazier, pleasantly.

"I have broken every pane of glass in the church," answered the tinker; "and you of course will be employed to put them in again."

The glazier's jaw fell, and his face assumed a blank expression, as he said, in a tremulous tone, "You don't mean that, do you?"

"Certainly," replied the tinker; "there is not a whole pane of glass in the building. One good turn deserves another, you know."

"Yes," answered the glazier, in a tone of utter despair; "but, you scoundrel, you have ruined me, for I keep the church windows in repair by the year!"

"THEY have a singular way of punishing robbery in China," said a missionary, who had just returned from the Celestial Empire, to a number of friends who had called in to hear his account of things in that land of marvels. "Does it cure the offender of his unfortunate propensities?" eagerly inquired a "philanthropist," whose interest in human beings was in exact ratio with their villainousness. "Well," replied the missionary, "I never saw the punishment inflicted but once. I will tell you how it was done, and then you can judge for yourself as to its reclaiming and converting powers. They put the culprit in a large mortar, and *then fired him head foremost against a stone-wall!*"

THE INQUEST.

POOR Peter Pike is drowned, and the neighbors say
The jury mean to sit on him to-day.
"Know'st thou what for?" said Tom.
Quoth Ned, "No doubt
'Tis merely done to squeeze the water out."

ONE of the grave and excellent Weeklies tells the following:

We have a friend, a Methodist preacher, and a jolly fellow he is. He has a large muscular frame, with corpulence to correspond; has a huge hand with a powerful grip—save us from giving him serious offense if he were a common sinner!—has inexhaustible vitality, and would not be over-delicate in perpetrating a joke, even if it should be a little rough, and has withal a homeliness which his complexion does not greatly relieve. This friend of ours is an earnest worker, and has a well-earned reputation as a revivalist. Some years ago he was holding a meeting at which quite an interest was awakened. A number of persons had come to the mourners' seat, and some had been converted. One evening a group, consisting of two or three young men and as many young ladies, were present, whose object in coming was to have merriment. Our friend the minister having noticed their manœuvres for a while, and thinking it was time they were checked, found his way to them, and, addressing himself to the young men, kindly requested them to observe the decorum befitting the place. One of them, whose ideas of politeness were hardly up to the mark, ventured in a rather ungracious manner to reply that they "had understood that miracles were worked there, and they had come to see some

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performed." Upon this our robust friend, the minister, coolly took the young man by the coat-collar, deliberately led him down the aisle, and, opening the door, without farther ceremony landed him outside, quietly remarking, "*We do not work miracles here, but we cast out devils!*"

THE FIRST NIGHT OF WINTER.

The snow-flakes idly float and whirl,
The sad winds restless moan,
And high above the shrouded eaves
The old trees writhe and groan;
While 'gainst my window's pleasant glow
The shivering vines are thrown.

I will not bar my cottage door,
Nor fold the curtains warm,
While every thing the summer loved
Is battling with the storm;—
The summer sweet, that blessed me so
When life was in its morn!

I'll crouch beside the hearth, and dream
Of summers yet to be;
Of joy-blooms on the shivering vine,
And on the moaning tree:
Oh! shivering, moaning, restless heart,
What summer waits for thee!

There is no thing so poor and mean
But still renews its prime;
Or from its lower, duller life
A golden stair doth climb:
In God's great love trust then, O heart!
To send *thy* summer-time.

Mrs. J. H. Thomas.

We print this just as it comes; it is intelligible, but lacks connection:

Last March had oil-fever; took a trip through Meade, Breckinridge, Grayson, and Hardin counties, Kentucky, in search of oil "Territory." At this time numerous bands of guerrillas and squads of "boys in blue" infested this section, whose chief ambition seemed to be not to come too conveniently close to each other; each, however, sound on capturing horse-flesh, especially if not loyal to *their* side. About the only difference in the manner of taking was that "Confeds" ordered you to dismount without ceremony, while "Federals" gave you a piece of paper; but, in either event, dismount you must. So, before starting, my guide, Parson L——, secured horses for us branded U. S. on one side, and C. S. on the other—which, as the Parson explained it, was to enable us, by turning the proper side, to prove our loyalty either way, as emergencies required. Some horses, it was said, were so well trained to this "strategy" that instinctively they, on meeting in the road, would turn the C. S. side to the "gray," and the U. S. to the "blue."

Arrived at Falls of Rough, on Rough River, in Grayson County. Chief productions of Grayson "seed ticks" and "natives." One of the latter, we were told by a "reliable gentleman," coming to mill at the "Falls," from the opposite side, left his oxen and wagon, *waded* across the stream, and walked a quarter of a mile up to the mill, to ask the miller if he could ford the stream. [If the reader don't readily see the point, should go back to where the stream was "*waded.*"]

Stopping over Sunday here with hospitable gent, Lafayette Green, present owner of the fine estate of his uncle, Willis P. Green, former M. C. from that district; was shown the tree where an early hunter of Kentucky lost his favorite "bear dog." Asked how it occurred. Says G.: "You see that fork, forty feet from the ground. Well, the dog seized the bear at the root of the tree, when Bruin made up the tree to the fork. The hunter then fired and killed the bear." After a pause, we inquired what that had to do with the dog. "Why, you see," rejoined G., "the dog held on to the bear, and when it fell it fell on top."

Next stopped overnight at Litchfield, county seat of Grayson, at the only hotel we saw in town. Our host before the war had been elected to the Legislature. On his way to the seat of Government, anxious to have correct time, going up Main Street, Louisville, compared time before a jeweler's store, and found his fifteen minutes too slow; returning down street soon after was much puzzled to find his time fifteen minutes too fast. [If the reader can't see the *point* here, like our hero, it's doubtful if he could have seen the *sign* there.]

My guide, the Parson, has officiated for a number of years in this section, and overnight we found it quite convenient—for the pocket at least—to stop over with some of his numerous "flock." Now these were about equally divided between "Union" and "Southern rights" men, as they call it; and at prayers I observed that in reference to welfare of rulers, obedience to authority, etc., passages were added or omitted to suit the occasion. So on returning I made free to quiz S—— thereupon. "Ah! yes, yes," says he; "prayers nowadays in Kentucky, to go safe, need to be *branded on both sides!*"

One of our Wisconsin correspondents sends a good one:

Many years ago, before railroads were even thought of so far West, there lived, near Clinton, Wisconsin, a farmer named Barr. He was obliged to bring his grain to market, a distance of fifty miles, with teams, and, for company and convenience, usually made the journey with several of his neighbors, who had to adopt the same means of transportation as himself—each taking a bag of oats to avoid the expense of purchasing on the road.

Barr's neighbors had noticed that he was usually the last one at the barn when the teams were fed for the night, at the "Traveler's Inn," where they were accustomed to "put up" on their homeward drive, but thought nothing of it until it so happened that neighbor A—— had purchased a quantity of shoe-pegs for a knight of the last, and had put them in a bag with other articles in his (A——'s) wagon.

After the teams were well cared for, and all were seated around the bar-room, engaged in a pleasant chat, a slight noise at the barn attracted the attention of A——, and taking a lantern, he proceeded to the barn to ascertain the cause.

On his way out he met Barr returning from the stable. "Any thing wrong?" inquired A——. "No; better go back," said Barr. But A—— was a man who wanted to "see for himself," and so he went to the barn. Nothing out of place; and he was about returning when he discovered the oats before the roan team were not eaten. Upon examination he found the *oats* to be about half a bushel of *shoe-pegs!* and the bag of pegs he had purchased being half empty, told the story. Barr had mistaken the bag in the dark, and the theft was thus discovered.

Returning to the bar-room he carelessly remarked, "Fine team, those roans—splendid! wouldn't be ashamed to drive them myself!"

"Yes," says Barr, feeling himself flattered. "I've been offered big price for them. No temptation, though; couldn't part with 'em."

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"Then the roans are yours?" interrogated A——.

"Yes."

"Well," said A——, "they're a fine team, but they *won't eat shoe-pegs.*"

"Shoe-pegs! what do you mean?" asked Barr.

"Why, I mean," replied A——, "that your team won't be cheated into eating *pegs* for *oats*, and would advise you to go to the right bag next time."

The others, beginning to see the joke, burst into a perfect yell of laughter; and ever after "shoe-pegs" was all that was needed to furnish merriment for the whole crowd.

It was probably a laudable desire of following in the footsteps of the Apostles which, one day last summer, led two of our clergymen out of town, and along the banks of a stream which brushes the soil of a certain section of Connecticut in search of trout. After having reached the place of operations it was agreed that, upon the conclusion of the day's sport, he who put the *last* fish upon the string should *not* have to carry the fish. They went to work in good earnest, and before night that string of fish *weighed some.* Along toward the close of day the dominies became somewhat scattered, but by previous agreement met at dusk, and concluded to give it up. "Now," said M——, "you see I put the last fish on the string; you may carry the load." "Not yet," said H——; "don't be so fast." And slowly putting his hand into his coat-tail pocket he drew forth a plump trout, and added him, as a clencher, to the already lengthened thread of results. "Now," said H——, "Brother M——, *you* may carry the fish!" Brother M—— couldn't agree to it; so, following the example of Brother H——, he drew from *his* pocket a *plumper trout*, and won the day! Both the reverends had been struck with the same idea, unknown to each other. H—— gave it up, and groaned beneath the load.

We have an Irishman employed in our store, in Chicago, to whom we give our letters each evening to post. The second evening we handed them to him, saying, "Well, David, I guess we'll have to trust you to mail these letters." "Sure," he replied, "and you may well do that! And did you get them all safe that I mailed last night?" And he has nearly every day since inquired of us, in all the honesty of his heart, whether we have "resaved all the lethers" mailed by him on the previous evening.

It was recently recorded as something remarkable that Gottschalk had composed a piece of music for thirty pianos. Upon reading which Mac declared it nothing wonderful, as he knew a man who had written several pieces for *forte-pianos!*

A "Lady Admirer" of the Drawer in Maryland gathers and sends the following:

One of the least known but most interesting parts of Virginia is that known as the Eastern Shore, comprising the counties of Accomac and Northampton. This part of the State was settled not long after the founding of Jamestown, and the country abounds in evidences of the wealth and rank of the former possessors of the now, in many cases, dilapidated homesteads.

Each estate had its burial-ground; and in these old family cemeteries are found some strange records of the past. An officer of our troops, recently stationed in Eastville, sends the following epitaphs, which are copied, "*verbatim et literatim*," from the tombs on the old estate of "Arlington," about six miles above Cape Charles, in Northampton County, and may serve to interest those of your readers curious in such matters:

"Under this Marble Tomb lies y body of Hon. John Custis Esq—City of Williamsburg and Parish of Bruton—formerly of Hunger's Parish on the Eastern Shore of Virginia—county of Northampton, the place of his nativity, aged 70 years, yet lived but Seven years, which was the space of time he kept a Bachelor's house at Arlington on the Eastern Shore of Virginia."

On the opposite side of the tomb there is engraved:

"This Inscription put on this Tomb by his own positive order."

On an adjoining tomb, supposed to be that of the grandfather of the above-named John Custis, is the following inscription, which is a rather curious specimen of spelling:

"Here lies the body of John Custis Esq, one of the Councill and Major Jenerall of Virginia, who departed this life 29*th* Janvray 1696, aged 66 Years, and by his Side a Son and Daughter of his Grandson John Custis whom he had by the Daughter of Daniel Parke Esq, Captain Jenerall and Chief Governor of the Leeward Islands.

"'Virtus Post funera.'"

Of the John Custis who "lived but Seven years" there is a tradition current that he caused the death of his wife by causing to be infected with small-pox a splendid dress he imported for her from Europe, and gave her as a present. His many quarrels with his wife, and their domestic troubles, were as notorious as those of his kinsfolk, Dr. Custis and his wife. Tradition saith that in the difficulties of the latter pair the Madame sometimes got the upper-hand, as was evidenced one day when they were driving near the shore of Chesapeake Bay, when they chanced to get into warm dispute about the result of a recently played game of whist. The Doctor avowed the result to be one way—the lady was positive it was another. The Doctor grew enraged, and told her if she did not yield her point he would drive into the bay. "Drive on, Sir!" was her reply. He turned his horses' heads toward the water and drove in, watching his wife's face for any signs of fear, but none were there. Deeper and deeper grew the water till the carriage was almost floating, the horses swimming; when, regarding him with calm eyes, the lady said, "Where are you going, Doctor Custis?" "To hell, Madame!" was his reply. "Drive on, then; I can go as far as you can!" said the lady. Doctor Custis stared a while, then turned his horses' heads for the shore, and drove home, "a sadder and a wiser man."

This story has been credited to the John Custis of Arlington; but residents of Northampton, conversant with all the family traditions of the county, say it is otherwise, and that the Doctor Custis mentioned lived some time after John Custis.

Captain D——, who copied the "Arlington" epitaphs, was at one time acting as Provost Marshal of the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and among other funny reminiscences tells the following:

I was sitting in my office one day when a worthy old lady of the neighborhood entered in quite an excited manner, and said, 'Capen D——, I want you to gi' me a purtect!" "What is the matter?" I said. "Why, you see I want a purtect agin cousin Jimmy. Cousin Jimmy he won't keep his cows outen my corn; and his childen's bin a chunkin

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["chunkin" is throwing sticks or chips] my childen; and, Capen, I want a purtect. I'm a pore lone 'oman, with *seven head* o' gal childen, and I can't have cousin Jimmy gwine on this way!"

Of course cousin Jimmy was advised to behave himself, and the "pore lone 'oman" and her "seven head o' gal childen" were accordingly very grateful.

CAPTAIN D—— was called upon to settle all manner of difficulties, many of which are not such as are generally thought amenable to military rule. A man came to him once complaining of the bad behavior of his wife, stating that she whipped him. Captain D—— called the wife, and inquired into the affair. She denied that she whipped her lord. She said she *only* "druv him outen the corn-field with a par o' scissors!"

"PHIL" sends a Sunday-school story, old as the hills, published years ago, and in all sorts of shapes, and then he adds another:

Lizzie was a pretty little girl of eight years. She was fond of dress, and longed for "a handsome ring with a stone in it." Her brother bought her one of paste, which was just as acceptable to her as a genuine diamond would have been. One day a friend visiting the family asked her, "Lizzie, where did you get your pretty ring?"

"Brother gave it me."

"Is it diamond?"

To which she very indignantly replied, "Well, I should think it ought to be; it cost *twenty-five cents!*"

A MEMBER of one of the sable bands of musicians in Boston wishing to resign his position, couched his request in the following terms:

"*Mr.* ——, *Esq.*:

"SIR,—Owing to the delinquency of my attendance to the band, and the hinderance of my progressiveness, I feel that I am obligated to tender this as my resignation.

"Yours truly, —— ——."

DURING the War of Rebellion, in the autumn of 1862, Generals Sills and Dumont, with their forces, drove from Shelbyville, Kentucky, the rebel armies of Generals Smith and Claiborn. Just afterward the Union Generals with their staffs were riding through the main street of the town, when they heard the cry "Halt!" coming from a little boy, about five years of age. The Generals, much amused at the order, accordingly halted. "Who are you?" cried the boy, "Feds or Rebs?" "We are Union men," replied the Generals. "All right!" said the boy. "You can pass on!"

SOME years ago Rev. A. M——, now pastor of one of our leading city churches, was stationed at Clarksburg, whence he often visited his flocks in the various quarters of the surrounding region. In those primitive days churches were not numerous and school-houses were far apart, and it was very common to hold "meeting" in the dwelling of some zealous brother, when the weather would not permit the use of "God's first temples." On one occasion the Rev. Mr. M—— held a meeting in the upper end of Harrison County, in the dead of winter, at the house of Brother B——. The house was neither large nor commodious. It was a small frame structure, unceiled, and without "underpinning," and being set up pretty high on four blocks, was rather frail than otherwise. The room was small, the congregation numerous, the seats few, the preacher eloquent, and the interest in the sermon profound. The snow had been tracked in till it lay pretty thick on the floor, and about the door had been beaten down into quite a glare of ice. About the middle of the sermon came in Brother M'W——, one of the pillars of the church, who had been detained unusually late. There was no chance for a seat, and in order to create the least possible interruption of the exercises Brother M'W—— quietly closed the door and took his stand with his back against it, with his feet advanced and his legs at a good angle for bracing. Now Brother M'W—— was not only a "pillar," but a weighty one—a full three hundred pounder, with corresponding breadth of base. He had not stood very long, absorbed in getting hold of the threads of the discourse, till his avoirdupois began to tell on the treacherous snow beneath his feet; and all at once, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, before he could possibly anticipate the catastrophe, his feet "skooted" forward, his legs followed, and the ponderous brother came down upon the floor with a "chugg" that shook the house like a young earthquake. The effect was tremendous. The sermon was instantly suspended, and the attention of the startled congregation directed to the door. But Brother M'W—— was not disconcerted for a moment. With perfect calmness he uttered a dignified "Ahem!" and composed himself into an easy sitting posture, as if his sitting down just then and there and in that particular manner was the most matter-of-course thing in the world, and had been intended by him from the moment he entered the door. The congregation smiled audibly, while the preacher searched long and vainly for some passage that appeared to have been left out of his Bible, and was compelled to hasten on to his "fifthly and lastly" because he couldn't find it.

As another illustration of the fertility of resource possessed by Brother M'W—— the following well-authenticated incident may be mentioned:

Many years ago, when he visited this city for the first time, he was much given to strolling around town looking at the sights, and being greatly attracted by the signs, didn't ponder the path of his feet as well as he should have done. The consequence was, that while his eyes were skyward, not being free from the influence of gravitation, he went down all at once into an uncovered cellar, from which he emerged in a few moments somewhat scratched and soiled, but perfectly cool and collected. Just then a gentleman came along, who, by the amused expression of countenance he wore, had evidently witnessed the sudden disappearance of our country friend, who immediately remarked, without addressing himself to any one in particular, that he guessed the man he was looking for wasn't down there.

"THE tailor makes the man!" emphatically declared a village philosopher. "No, Sir," replied a by-stander, "it is dress that makes the man." "Then what does the tailor make?" "Well, perhaps from ten to fifteen dollars profit on a suit."

THE only joke that Lieutenant-General Grant was ever known to perpetrate was one day during his campaign in Mississippi, when the rebel general Winter was coming up to attack one of the wings of his army, where the Commander-in-Chief happened

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to be himself present. "Gentlemen," said Grant, quietly knocking the ashes from his cigar, and looking around at the officers near him, "you see a severe *Winter* approaching, and I advise you to have the boys *keep up a good fire*."

"DOCTOR," said a hard-looking customer the other day to a physician, "I am troubled with a depression, an uneasiness about the breast. What do you suppose the matter is?" "All very easily accounted for," said the physician; "you have water on the chest." "Water! Come, that will do well enough for a joke; but how could I get water on my chest, when I haven't touched a drop for more than fifteen years?"

NOT long after his first brief, a circumstance occurred which elicited the first scintillation of Curran's genius, and rendered him a terror alike to the bench and the bar.

Lord Robertson, one of the presiding judges, was very unpopular both as a man and a jurist. He had undertaken to edit an edition of Blackstone, but being afraid of the critics, he simply gave it the title of "Blackstone's Commentaries, by a Member of the Irish Bar." Soon after the work appeared Curran was pleading a case before his lordship, when the judge interrupted him, and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the learned counsel has mistaken the law of this case. The law is so and so."

To which Curran tartly replied:

"If his lordship says so, the etiquette of the court demands that I submit, though neither the statute nor common law of the country should sanction his lordship's opinion; but it is my duty and privilege, too, to inform you, gentlemen of the jury, that I have never seen the law so interpreted in any book of my library."

Lord Robertson sneeringly replied, "Perhaps your library is rather small, Mr. Curran."

"I admit," said Curran, "my library is small; but I have always found it more profitable to read good books than to publish bad ones—books which their very authors and editors are ashamed to own."

"Sir," said the judge, "you are forgetting the dignity of the judicial character."

To this Curran promptly replied:

"Speaking of *dignity*, your lordship reminds me of a book I have read—I refer to 'Tristram Shandy'—in which, if your lordship has read it, you will remember that the Irish Buffer Roche, on engaging in a squabble, lent his coat to a by-stander, and after the fight was ended he discovered that he had got a good beating and lost his coat into the bargain—your lordship can apply the illustration."

"Sir," said the judge, very petulantly, "if you say another word I'll commit you."

"If you do, my lord," replied Curran, coolly, "both you and I shall have the pleasure of reflecting that I am not the worst *thing* your lordship has *committed*."

FROM Cherry Grove, Sangamon County, Illinois, we have two very clever stories, which the writer says he is sure have never been published.

We have a very eccentric character out West, a young man, best known by the *nom de plume* of "Beau Hackett." He was for a number of years connected with the press of Chicago, but has recently beaten his pen into a plowshare, I learn, and abandoned letters for the more profitable, though perhaps less pleasurable, occupation of farming. As many of his eccentricities have already figured in the public journals, I am only adding to the list by giving you the subjoined:

About four years ago Beau might have been seen one day sitting in front of the Planters' Hotel, St. Louis, in what he frequently termed his normal state—"dead broke." It so happened, too, that he was sadly in need of means with which to liquidate a small hotel bill and pay his passage to Chicago. Suddenly a bright idea seemed to strike him. He remembered an acquaintance in the city, and rushing into the hotel he indited the following note, which he dispatched by a messenger:

PLANTERS' HOTEL, — —, 1861.

DEAR L——: I have made a bet of twenty dollars that you will lend me that amount upon application. Please send it by the bearer, and I will divide the winning. Will send you your share of the bet immediately.

In haste, HACKETT.

Unfortunately L—— had not so much money about him, but the opportunity for making ten was too good to lose. He was not long in raising the money, and then, with itching palm, awaited the return. A second note came promptly, which ran as follows:

DEAR L——: I scarcely know how to thank you for your kindness. Inclosed find ten dollars—your share of the bet. As there was nothing said about the time in which I should return the twenty that I borrowed, please excuse payment until a more convenient period, when I can better spare it. Thine, etc., H.

"Sold! sold!" exclaimed L——, as he recognized the inevitable Hackettism. It is safe to presume that he never loaned twenty dollars on a bet again.

ON another occasion Beau was in want of a railroad pass from Cincinnati to Pittsburg. After obtaining an introduction to the passenger agent he represented that he was out of money, and as a speedy visit to the Iron City was a pressing necessity he would like to obtain a free pass.

"Never do business in that way," replied the agent.

"And it's seldom that I do," said the wag, assuming a melancholy air; "but my father is not expected to live, and under such circumstances I thought you might accommodate me."

"And under such circumstances I certainly will, although it is contrary to our rules," said the agent, patronizingly, at the same time surveying his customer from head to foot, and perceiving that his exterior indicated respectable distress.

The pass was given, and the recipient was off in a jiffy. Subsequently the agent learned that Beau's father had been dead about eighteen years. Meeting the bereaved youth upon the streets one day he exclaimed:

"Ah! good-morning! I believe I gave you a pass once to go and see your father die?"

"Never!"

"Dare say you have forgotten it. Did I not give you a pass, and to get that pass did you not tell me that your father was not expected to live?"

"Exactly."

"Your father has been dead these eighteen years."

"Right, within a few months."

"Yet you said he was not expected to live."

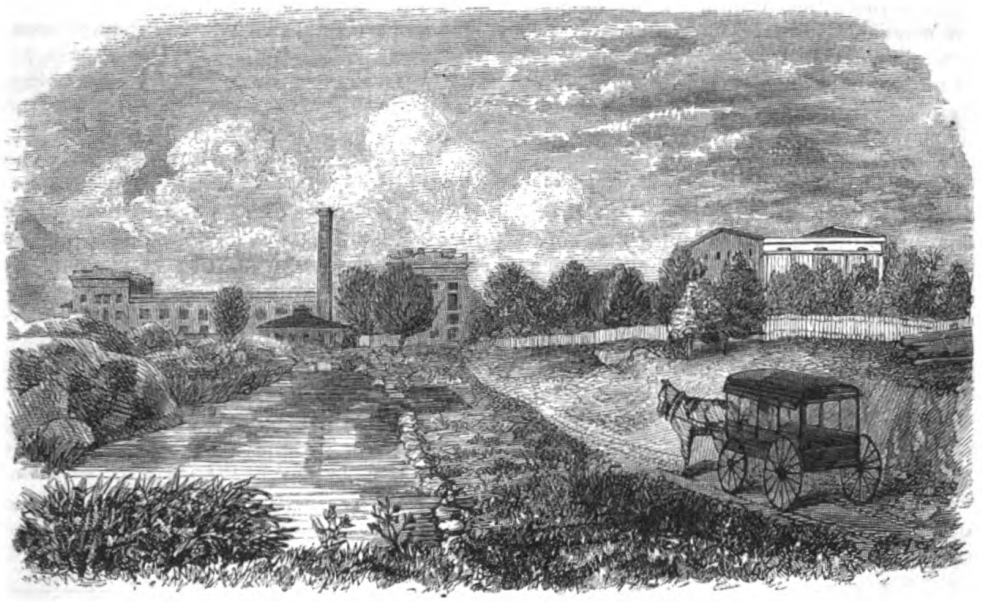
"No more he is; at least not till after the millennium."

The agent saw it. He acknowledged the soft soap, and often laughs at the joke, even unto this day.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No CLXXXIX.—FEBRUARY, 1866.—Vol. XXXII.



THE ASYLUM, FROM ROAD TO STEAMBOAT LANDING.

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND LUNATIC ASYLUM.

AT no very distant date I had the misfortune to be a patient in the Institution of which this article treats. It is not necessary for me to describe the form in which my affection manifested itself. I only mention it here to show that I have had ample means of seeing the details of the management of the Asylum. Since my recovery I have as a guest visited the Institution, and thus produced the drawings and narrative which are now commended to the reader's attention. Of their truthfulness I think there will be no question. Feeling no malice, I have certainly set down nothing in that spirit; and there is little which the managers could wish me to extenuate.

Blackwell's Island, notwithstanding its beauty, has no very good name. This arises from the fact that the Penitentiary was the first building erected upon it, and the island for a long time was known only as the site of that abode of crime. To none of the other structures it contains, indeed, would one like to be compelled to go—to the Work-house, the Almshouse, the Hospital, or the Insane Asylum; yet to the last two a compulsory visit might well be unattended with disgrace.

The Lunatic Asylum stands at that end of the island farthest from the city of New York, and is, as regards scenery, far better located than any one of the others. On the eastern side Ravenswood, with its luxuriant foliage and elegant architecture, appears. From the opposite bank of the river Bellevue Gardens and several noble mansions with their boat-houses and terraces look down. Then the eye, glancing unrestrained up the stream, sees the historic "Hell-Gate," with the adjacent smiling village of Astoria; farther on, the leafy shores of Ward's Island discover themselves. The picturesque ferry-boat landing on the Manhattan side at Eighty-sixth Street, with its surroundings of gayly-painted skiffs and sail-boats, and the Hotel rearing aloft its old rickety walls, form other objects of interest as the attention again reverts toward the city. In summer the river presents a continued scene of animation. Graceful yachts, helped by the swift current, glide by with even more than their wonted speed; the mammoth Sound steamboats plow past with increasing roar and turbulence of waters; and now and then skeleton race-boats, propelled by sturdy arms and active muscles, shoot swiftly along.

The Lunatic Asylum comprises three sepa-

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rate buildings, known as the "Asylum," the "Lodge," or Mad-house, and the "Retreat." I have named them in the order in which they are situated, the Asylum, or original and largest structure, being the one nearest the end of the island. This, though displaying irregularity in the architectural plan, is one of the most imposing edifices under the control of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Corrections. It consists of two wings, forming a right angle with their octagonal centre. Of these, one is inhabited by female, the other by male patients. The octagon is devoted to offices, parlors, and physicians' apartments.

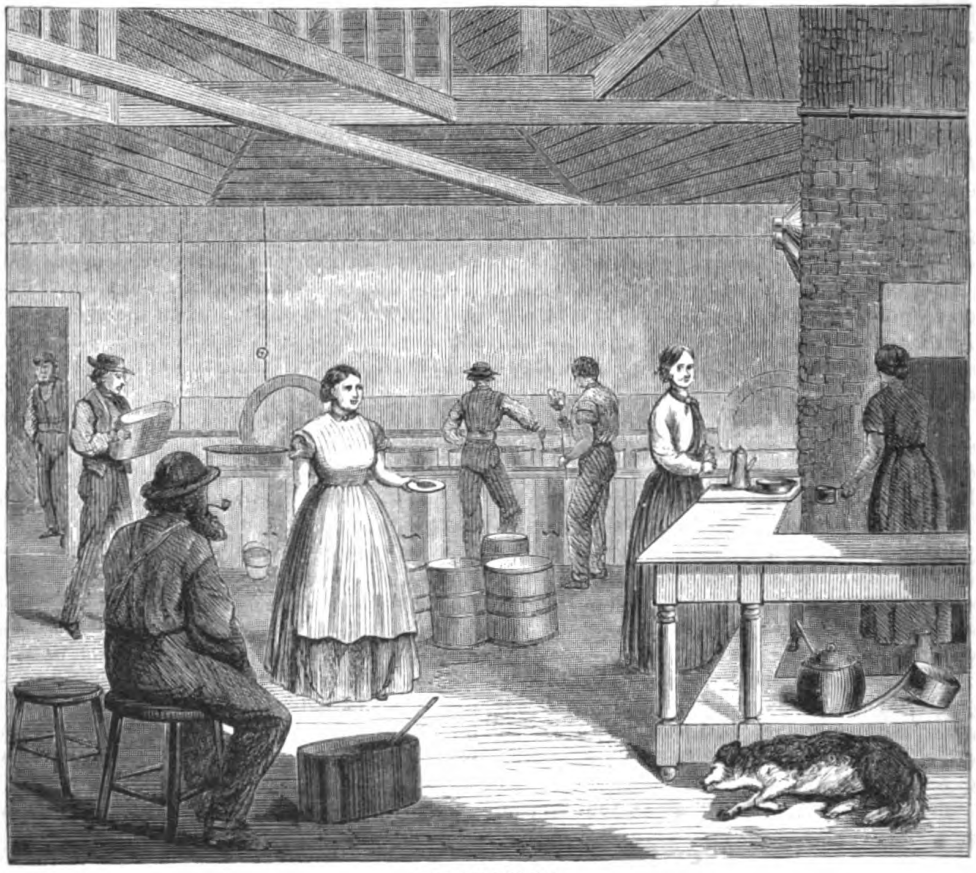
Each wing has three stories and an attic, which are divided into bedrooms on either side of a long hall. These halls are inscribed at their entrance, Male or Female Halls, 1, 2, or 3, according to their elevation and the sex of the denizens. The attic contains the sick-room.

The Lodge or Mad-house, to which access is never attainable by visitors, is the place of confinement for the most violent cases. All newcomers are, however, generally placed there until they disclose their characters. Then, if sufficiently mild, they are removed to the Asylum or the Retreat. The Retreat is a building formerly belonging to the Work-house, the institution adjacent to the Insane Asylum. It is now a receptacle for female patients, who usually outnumber the male more than two to one. In the Lodge there are four halls given up to females, while but two are inhabited by males.

There are other buildings which, though untenanted by the insane, are rendered necessary by the size of the Institution. Of these the most important is the Cook-house, where the food is prepared for use. This consists mainly of soup, boiled by means of steam-pipes in stationary kettles. From these it is carried in large tin vessels to the different halls of the three main structures. The engine-room occupies more than one-third of the Cook-house, inasmuch as, besides that necessary for cooking, it generates steam on which the warmth of the Asylum depends during winter. The washing of all the patients' clothes is performed in the same building, mainly by machinery.

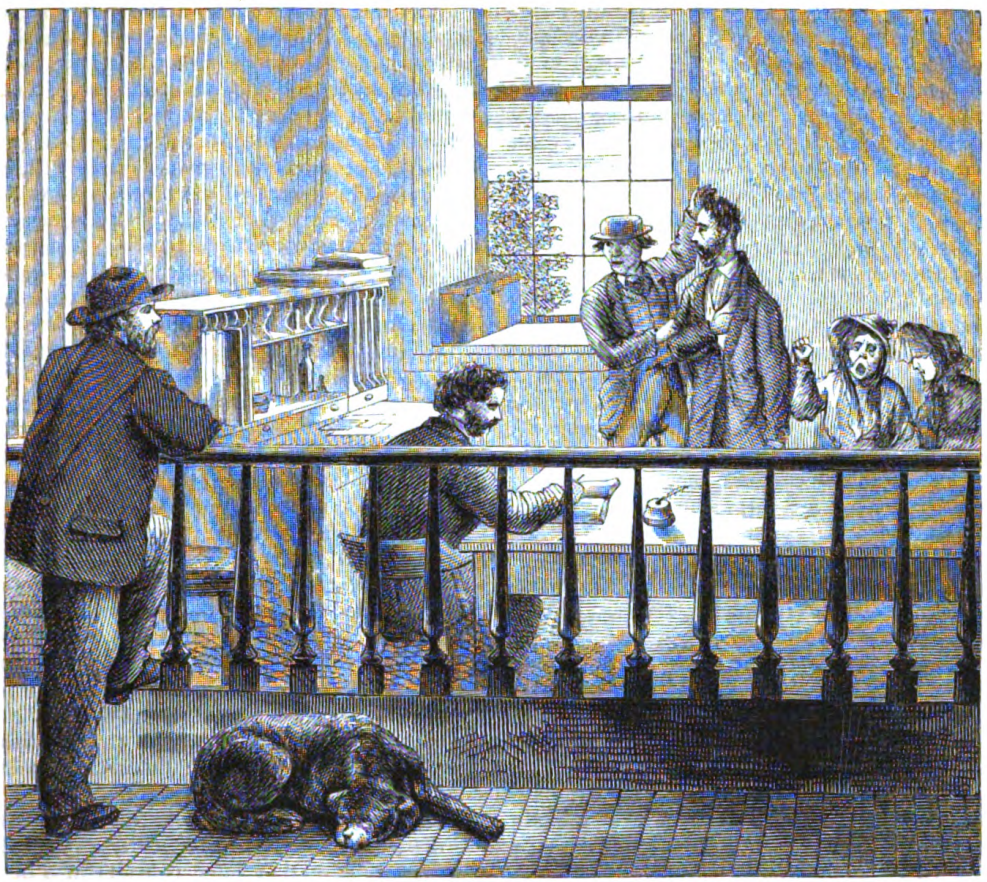
The Institution is supplied with water by submarine pipes connecting with the Croton reservoir. Large tanks in the several edifices keep up the supply when, as is not infrequently, the pipes are injured by anchors or otherwise.

Among the outhouses is a stable, a carpenter's shop, a blacksmith's forge, and a paint shop. A dead-house also figures near by. Four large wooden structures are erecting for the benefit of patients sent from other institutions upon the island—the Work-house, Alms-house, etc. When typhus may rage it is probable they will also be used as a fever hospital.



THE COOK-HOUSE.

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RECEIVING PATIENTS—THE EXAMINATION.

The Asylum grounds contain some fifteen or twenty acres (the island containing one hundred), and produce all the vegetables, except potatoes and turnips, used by the Institution. Of potatoes and turnips about two hundred bushels each are raised; tomatoes, two hundred bushels; carrots, one hundred; beets, one hundred and fifty; parsnips, one hundred and forty; other kinds in due proportion. The tilling of the land, like most of the work about the Asylum, is done by patients under the guidance of a paid official.

A considerable portion of the grounds is devoted to yards for the benefit of the insane, and an extensive garden blooms with many-colored flowers. Rarities are not infrequent. An ornamental summer-house adds to the charm of the spectacle, while grand old willows, horse-chestnuts, and button-woods, with other trees, make the scene immediately contiguous to the main Asylum exceedingly picturesque by their diversified and luxuriant foliage. The carriage road to the principal entrance runs through a densely-shaded avenue, and a fine vista presents itself—at the end of which the blue water gleaming in the sun, dotted here and there with a white sail, delights the eye. The aspect of nature can not be too highly estimated in its effects upon the better class of patients; it is the most prominent alleviation of the sufferings they feel in being separated from friends, and for no sin confined in durance vile. It affords them that on which they can build many a pleasant thought, and helps them to relieve their minds of the fancies which oppress them.

Among other noticeable objects pertaining to the grounds is a pond of considerable size, which, though of rather brackish water, is useful in the winter, furnishing ice for the Workhouse and the Asylum, and good skating for the officers and certain patients.

There are fifty-six officers, attendants, and employés salaried by the Commissioners. Of these the resident Physician holds the entire executive power. There are usually three assistant physicians and a chaplain attached to the Institution. An engineer and two watchmen are among the officials. The duties of the latter extend during the night as well as day. There are two attendants to each hall in the Asylum and Retreat. The Lodge is presided over by a female superintendent, and each hall has a single keeper. The Matron has the charge of the general housekeeping in all the buildings, and stands highest in rank among the female attachés. A gardener and a cook are noticeable, as well as the attendants in the sick-room. The laundry, wash-house, and kitchen include most of the other employés.

The number of patients is usually about 800.

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More than one-half—perhaps two-thirds—are of foreign nativity: Ireland annually furnishing 150, and Germany 60. The usual number of admissions during a year is 340, while discharges and deaths amount to a similar number. Of male patients who are single there are more than of those who are married, while with females it is the reverse. The female majority in respect to age lies with those between 30 and 40 years; the male between 20 and 30. The term of residence of those discharged is generally from three to six months, though not a few have spent three years in the Asylum, and some from six to eighteen. The latter are usually discharged unimproved.

I shall not trouble my readers with medical subdivisions of the forms of insanity; suffice it to say that mania afflicts more than four-fifths of the patients—dementia, or idiocy, and general paralysis being the misfortune of the remainder. Mania includes the violent and raving madman and those oppressed by a single delusion. From six to twelve improper subjects are annually sent to the Institution. These are mostly persons laboring under a short-lived delirium occasioned by intoxicating drink, though sometimes a criminal, relieved for a time from the penalty of his crime by a plea of insanity, makes his appearance from a court of justice.

Even where the criminal is really a lunatic it is not considered that the Asylum is the proper place for him, there being at Auburn, erected by the State, an asylum for insane convicts, which combines as far as may be the comforts of an asylum with the strength of a prison.

In the construction of ordinary asylums attention is given more to the homelike comforts than to the great strength of the establishment. It is the moral power that holds the patients more effectually than strong rooms, and probably there is no asylum in the country, except that at Auburn, from which a sane man could not readily escape. In the Asylum on Blackwell's Island there are no rooms really stronger than the usual sleeping-rooms of the hotels in the city, and the only appearance of extra strength is in the cast-iron sashes of the windows, which might be readily broken. They are well adapted, however, to common cases of insanity, but are insecure for the criminal insane with dangerous propensities, and afford to those who feign the disease. in order to escape punishment for their offenses, ready facilities for elopement. One of the unhappiest results of the reception of this class is, that the other insane feel truly degraded by the association, and are fearful that their own lives are endangered. Many of the patients are exceedingly sensitive, and feel deeply any real or fancied injury or injustice. It becomes with them a matter of complaint that murderers even occupy the same halls with them and sit at the same table. Expressions of feeling arouse a spirit of ill-will and antagonism, and serious quarrels and difficulties result.

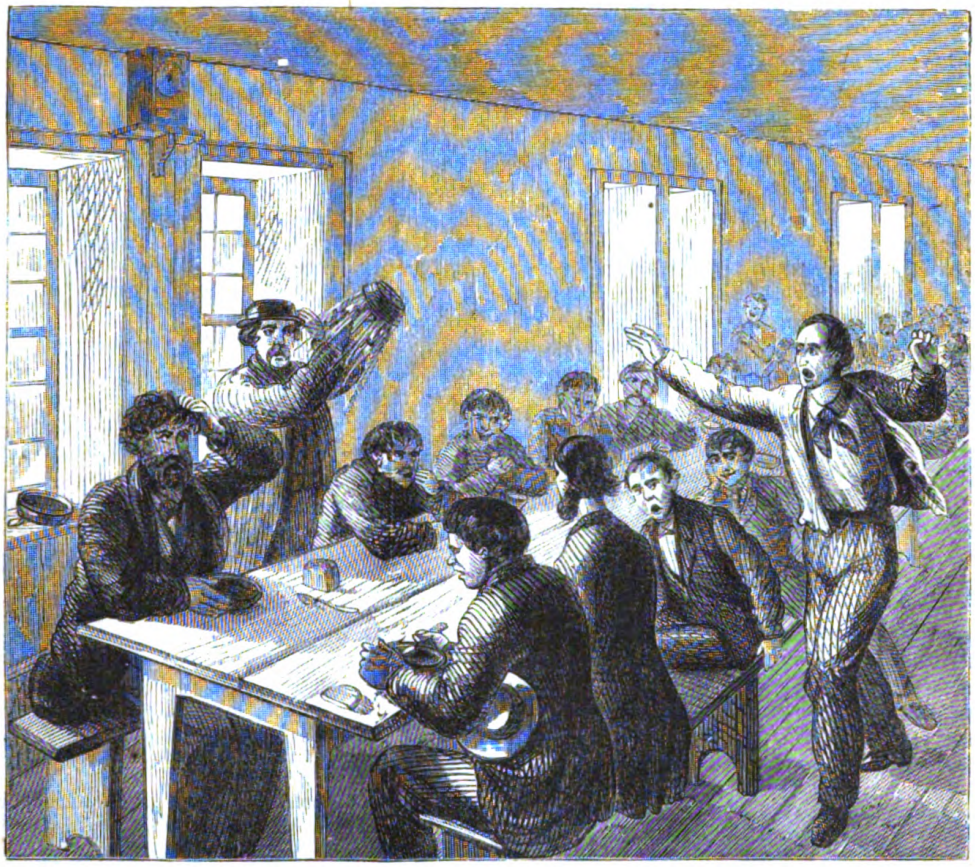
There are usually between thirty and forty persons with suicidal tendencies confined in the Institution. Most of their manifestations are, however, made previous to admission. The greatest care is taken to prevent the success of their attempts at self-destruction while incarcerated, yet one or two annually effect their purpose. The nature of the attempts is various: jumping from windows and heights, hanging, starvation, strangulation, cutting throat or arm, drinking laudanum or morphine, and beating the head against the wall are enumerated. Considering the disproportion of the sexes within the Asylum, it may be stated that such cases are equally divided between them.

The clank of chains and fetters is no longer heard in the Asylum. All means are taken to conceal every prison-like appearance. Iron doors are nowhere seen; entrance to the different halls is, of course, only obtainable by a key; but, though extremely strong, ordinary locks are used; bolts and bars are not visible. The iron gratings of the windows correspond in their openings to the size of the panes of glass before them, so that a casual glance would detect nothing peculiar. The most violent cases are put simply into a cell containing only a mattress and a wooden vessel; and where that is insufficient to prevent harm a strait-jacket of bed-tick closely fastening the arms to the sides is used; but it is rarely worn.

The same care now extends to the clothes of the patients; these were formerly of striped cloth resembling that upon convicts in other buildings on the Island. Within a few years they have been exchanged for suits of navy blue, so that patients in whom some degree of sanity exists present a respectable appearance; the females are attired in calico gowns. Appreciation of their apparel is a great inducement to cleanliness and neatness. The majority of the insane are furnished with clothes by the Commissioners, though many are provided by friends and relatives with such necessaries. At times, however, some of these are not allowed to wear their own garments, their destructive natures necessitating stronger and less valuable attire. Most of the inmates of the Lodge are thus clad.

The food, as I have said, consists mostly of soup with spoon meat, the impracticability of allowing the insane the use of knives and forks rendering this essential. The bill of fare is not luxurious, though better than in other institutions upon the Island. Beef soup, really meriting great commendation, is served three times weekly for dinner; mutton and salt beef once. The soup is thickened with Indian meal, and contains a variety of vegetables. Occasionally, in the season, other vegetables, such as radishes, accompany the main dish; but this is seldom. The bread is very good, and of all edibles furnished there is always an abundance. Friday is a black day with those of squeamish stomachs, for mush and molasses is then provided instead of soup. The breakfast

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AT DINNER.

is composed of bread and coffee; the supper of bread, butter, and tea. Frequently, as patients are recovering from their disease, and manifest a desire for employment, they are furnished with it, and attendants' fare; this has greater variety, and includes roast meats, with coffee.

It would be desirable that each unfortunate should occupy a separate bedroom, and, as far as possible, this is done; but the overcrowded state of the Institution prevents it as a general rule. In one hall of the Retreat there are no bedrooms, and bedsteads line the walls merely. In most of the small bedrooms, also, two sleep, though on separate mattresses. Disturbances occasionally arise through this arrangement.

Most of the patients are from the lower ranks of life. They are in general friendless or poor. Persons able to afford it, and gifted with natural feeling, would, of course, prefer to send their diseased relatives or friends to other than a charitable institution. Many, however, arrive, committed by the city magistrates, their friends being ignorant of their affliction or whereabouts until weeks, or perhaps months, after their presence in the Asylum. Manifesting dangerous symptoms in the street, they are arrested by the police, brought to the station-house, thence to the Tombs; the physicians there file a certificate, and the steamboat transfers them to the Lunatic Asylum.

The time of many is mainly passed in coursing from one end of the long hall to the other, some rapidly, with violent gestures and occasional exclamations, invectives, and oaths; others, with dejected countenances and hanging heads, pace wearily to and fro. Some will stand or sit motionless for hours together, and of them there are those who would not go to their meals unless bid. Some, again, are loquacious, sociable with their companions, delighted at the presence of visitors; while others sedulously avoid all society, and will not speak even if addressed.

The main treatment on which reliance is placed for cure consists in sedatives and tonics, the freedom from active excitements, and the establishment of correct habits. As happiness or unhappiness in all depends much upon mental training, so whatever tends to establish an evenness of temper aids not only in preventing insanity, but in actually restoring the diseased mind to its normal condition.

By far the majority of those in confinement being of an uncultivated class, it would be difficult to find means to alleviate the weariness they experience in their seclusion. But there are many to whom books and papers would prove highly valuable. Of these and such like inducements to mental ease the Institution exhibits a great deficiency.

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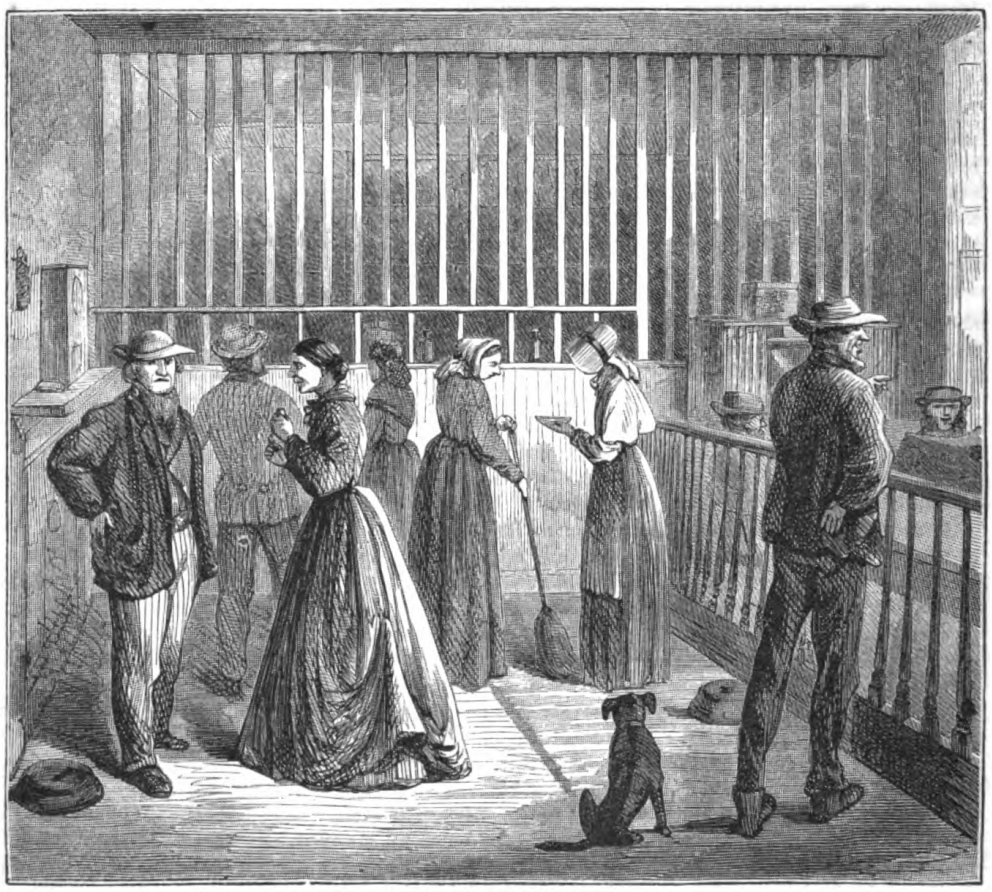
The position in this Asylum of a patient from the better classes of society is not enviable. Crazy though he may be, he has yet the instincts, prejudices, and habits of the class to which he belongs, and being in daily companionship with his opposites in every respect his sensibilities are shocked on every side. Amidst the ignoble mass there are at times scholars and gentlemen. Men who have obtained distinction in their various walks of life find in this Institution a temporary resting-place or a final abode. Clever actors, fine musicians, artists, literary men, lawyers, doctors, and clergymen have been numbered among the inmates. Insanity, like death, is no respecter of persons.

Visitors to this Institution, if they come provided with the proper ticket, will, upon presenting it to the clerk, be shown through a single female hall of the main building, usually Hall 3. I have supposed that ladies are of the party; if none but gentlemen are present, they are escorted in addition through male Hall 3.

In these two halls the quieter and better class of patients are confined. The Lodge and the Retreat are, as a rule, closed from public curiosity, the indecencies in both word and action of many of the inmates rendering them unfit for scrutiny. The reason for refusing all applications to see more of the lunatics, is the unhealthy excitement induced by an influx of strange faces among them, reviving, as it necessarily must, old associations and starting anew delusions which have almost died out. Visitors, though always treated with politeness, are not at all desired by the physicians of the place. The cleanliness and neatness every where apparent always commands admiration. The white-washed walls and spotless floors show constant attention; certain of the patients, under the guidance of attendants, sweeping and dusting the boards daily, and thoroughly scrubbing them once a week.

After contemplating the strangely attired, close shaven residents, chatting, perhaps, with some mild-eyed, ladylike monomaniac, shuddering at the approach of a haggard wretch with uncouth gesticulations, receiving urgent prayers from many to effect their release, the sight-seer descends the long winding staircase of the octagon and proceeds to the grounds for further spectacles.

Here, if the weather be favorable, he will doubtless find inclosed in a yard, profusely set with trees, a motley crowd of men. Almost every variety of dishabille is visible. Some are playing or wrestling with each other, some engaged in altercation, some in quiet social converse. Occasionally one starts as on a foot-race, another jumps as if for a wager. Sing-



THE OFFICE AND DRUGGERY

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ing, preaching, howling is heard, producing a Babel of the most discordant noises.

Having gazed sufficiently the summer visitor strolls into the garden, the season being summer, and there consulting his watch learns he has just time in which to walk the quarter of a mile to the steamboat dock, and the whistle of the vessel coming up the river quickens his steps. He is soon after landed at Twenty-sixth Street, joyful at having "done" the Lunatic Asylum; but that he has seen and heard merely a hundredth part of what is most interesting the succeeding conversations will, I hope, prove.

With a stranger the insane are often slow to unbosom themselves. If I occasionally seem to push the sportive vein too far, to be insufficiently filled with compassion for misfortune, the reader will please accept as my excuse that I, too, have been a madman, and feel entitled to greater license than the ordinary pleasure-seeker.

The female patients (as well as the male) exhibit every variety of ugliness of feature. It would seem, from a general survey of the inmates, that the demon of insanity prefers the most repelling abode. The "fair" sex is really represented but three or four times among the five or six hundred women in the Institution, so at least to the casual spectator it would appear. Their close-cropped hair, slovenly attire, and maniacal expression, are doubtless among the causes of this. And again many have contracted a habit of sitting in the broiling sun until the skin peels off from their noses.

If a painter wished to depict the Witch Scene in Macbeth he would here find the finest models—yet prominent among all monstrosities, a very paragon of hideousness, stands Ann Barry. The pen is inadequate to describe her, but the pencil, in the accompanying illustration, may help the imagination of the reader. Contemplation of her grotesque bulk induces the thought that, like the monster in "Frankenstein," she became distracted through the sensation her appearance ever caused among her fellows. Her gigantic head with its red, bushy, unkempt hair, is supported by a huge misshapen body covered usually by a coarse blue cotton gown, while her arms and hands would astonish a prize-fighter. Upon meeting her for the first time one experiences a feeling akin to awe. Notwithstanding her terrific aspect, this singular creature is of a most tractable disposition and very useful in the Cook-house, carrying heavy vessels. Her conversational powers are not extensive; to all questions she replies by monosyllables, given in a deep bass voice like the growl of a wearied lion. Her appetites are strong, yet she is not devoid of love for the fine arts. Music, or what doubtless to her is such, is her great delight. Would you fill her soul with soft content, place in her hands a guitar. Hugging it as though it were the idol of her heart, she will sit absorbed in ecstasy for a whole afternoon producing a monotonous tum, tum, tum. Though



ANN BARRY.

stupid, Ann seems always happy, and doubtless is one of those who are satisfied with their position in the Asylum.

With her there is usually associated in the mind of the resident her fellow-patient, Norah. She has the same carroty locks with the same frizzled texture (though not so profuse). But while Ann is sedate and rarely smiles, a continual grin overspreads the innocent face of Norah. To glance at her is to excite a simper; a protracted look will influence her risibles to such an extent as to close her eyes and involve her whole frame in wriggles and contortions; then a pleasant expression upon your face, and she will beat the ground with both feet, turn her body from side to side, and amidst chuckles and snickers conceal her beaming countenance awkwardly with both hands and her apron. All this would be very pretty in a child of three years of age, but it is supremely ludicrous in the forty-five years Norah numbers, and the spectator's mirth soon equal hers. To her concluding grunt, "Ugh, ugh! go away! go away, there! stop it!" he is hardly able to attend. Upon her picture being taken she went through every variety of emotion, ending with suspicious glances at the artist, when her modesty burst forth in tears, evading all the endearing words and efforts of the attendants to repress. Norah always impresses her acquaintance as an elderly and overgrown baby. When provoked she wears the sullen, angry look of a spoiled boy, and emits a roar, intermingled with broken words, while she stamps savagely upon the ground. In person Norah is rather un-

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NORAH.

wieldy. She may frequently be found at the entrance to Female Hall 3, where she assumes the sinecure office of door-keeper, ever seeming in an intense state of satisfaction with nothing in particular, and indulging in a vacant reverie. She may also be occasionally met carrying pails of water from the Cook-house. Her intelligence is sufficient to enable her to eat and drink, wear her clothes and sleep when she should. She also reads in the visages of those about her their expression, a scowl rendering her frantic; her mental acumen is not otherwise noteworthy.

It is customary, during pleasant weather, for the female attendants in the Lodge to give their charges an early morning airing. In troops of fifteen or twenty, two by two, these fantastically garbed patients proceed through the walks of the Asylum grounds. Prominent in their midst is one styled the "Queen," who may be seen in the sketch of the Doctor's Morning Round through the Lodge, rejoicing in her crown of artificial flowers and old rags. The usual number of sceptre-bearers are present in this Institution; there are some six kings; Prince Albert rows in a small boat belonging to the resident physician.

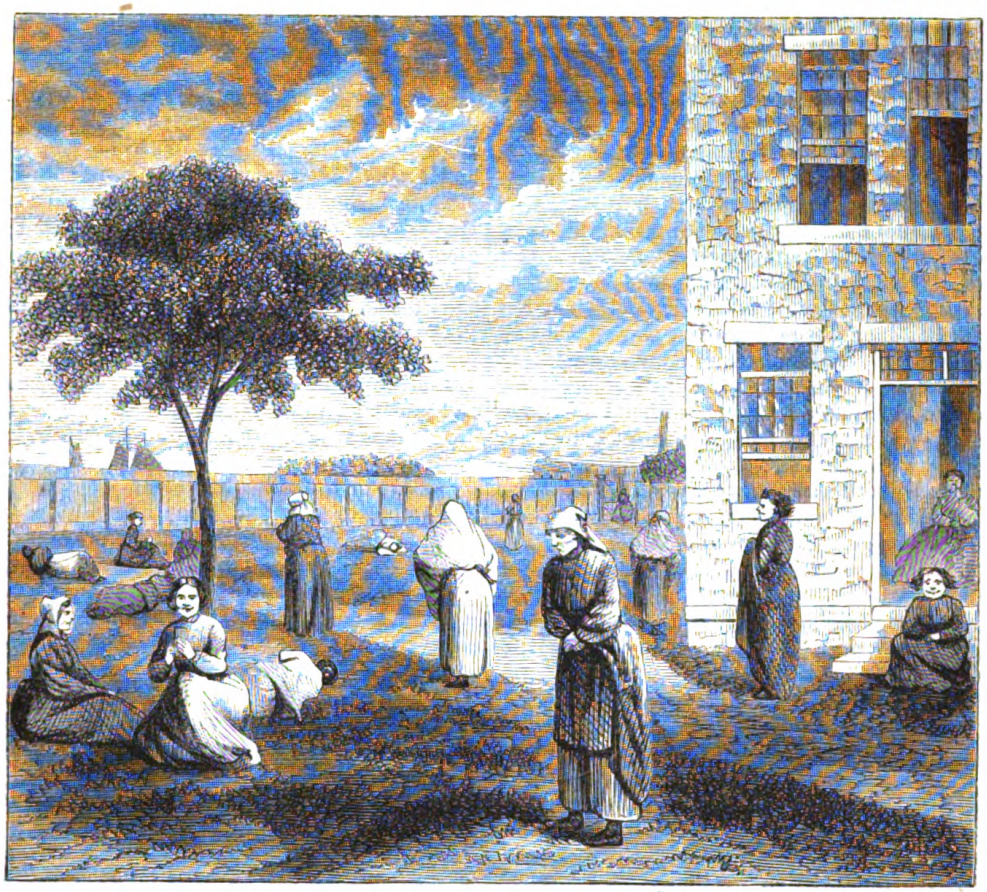
Now and then, from the motley ranks promenading, there will dart some particularly hilarious member who is soon brought back by threats, entreaties, or force. The principal of these undisciplined stragglers is a gross, portly woman, who with wheedling smiles on her sensual countenance attacks every man who may happen to be a few yards off with demands for tobacco. If her request is complied with she pockets her treasure, pats the donor on the back or cheek, in token of thanksgiving, and rejoins her companions at a pace scarcely warranted by her unwieldy proportions.

Another oddity among these poor creatures is one who seems to imagine herself a steam-boiler, her mouth being the valve. At the bidding of her keeper, or for her own ease, she will emit, during her excursions, a screech that would do honor to the whistle of the largest boat on the river. It is given with a passionless expression and an energy of purpose that are extremely comical. Leaving her and her associates to wander leisurely back to the Lodge, let us pass that building and enter the gate of



THE DOCTOR'S MORNING ROUND.

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THE RETREAT AND YARD.

the yard of the Retreat. Here we are at once assailed by the complaining old maid Miss B.

This lady is a neatly attired personage, some forty years of age, of a plain but by no means unpleasant cast of features. Her hair is very gray and in thick curls. The only peculiarity in her appearance is induced by the great care which she takes of herself, and consists of a mask made from a pasteboard box, with two rough holes cut therein, to protect her skin from the sun. A fan of the same material is held in her right hand. The left is, as a rule, occupied in buttonholing visitors. The story of her wrongs is endless. She wishes that she could write a book to horrify the world with her dire revelations of the fiendish corruptions and abuses that exist in the Asylum. She is cognizant of murders that have been committed, and gazing carefully about informs you in a thrilling whisper that she has more awful secrets but dare not breathe them: her life would be taken should she do so. Her discourse is coherent, and she is generally judged sane by those who talk with her. The writer himself once had that belief. He knew what it was to be treated as if crazy. Since, however, she rushed up to him one day, dissolved in tears and crying "outrage," and exhibited a bruised finger, he has changed his opinion concerning her. The unheard of atrocity by which such serious injury was inflicted was caused by a frolicksome patient snatching from her lap some needlework. Miss B. pursuing her to regain the goods stumbled against a table and fell. Ten arsons and forty assassinations were as nothing to this villainy, to judge from her denunciations.

If it were not for that girl she would never have stumbled, if it were not for that stumble she would not have hurt herself, the girl was guilty of all—a perfect monster, should such things be, etc., etc. Poor Miss B. you are crazy, no doubt of it; but there are others as crazy unconfined. If you had friends willing to support you, you would not remain here. You are just insane enough to be wretched.

Miss B. is rivaled in loquacity by Mrs. N., who, however, possesses a far wilder imagination. Her style is different also, being that of a preacher. At times she has informed the world in general, and the writer in particular, that the whole Institution belongs to her, not a rag worn on the place but is hers; but that her servants somehow have got the upperhand and order her when she should order them, though a reckoning will surely come. Her mood changing, she has declared that every doctor now on the island, and many who have left it, is her husband. Mrs. N. has singular facility in extempore rhyming, yet occasionally the right

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word eludes her grasp; and it is amusing to hear her without a pause, overthrowing on all sides sense and syntax, rush headlong through sentence after sentence before arriving at the destined goal.

An altercation now going on in the yard arrests our attention. Two women stand shaking their clenched hands at each other. One of them is a tall German with disheveled hair, sun-burnt skin, and toothless mouth. Her enunciation is rapid in the extreme and pitched in a high key. Part of her discourse is in her native tongue, part in broken English, but all so jumbled together, so strangely uttered as to render us unable to get at her meaning. We are less fortunate in respect to her Irish opponent — a wrinkled hag, whose maledictions, given with equal ferocity, are every where interlarded by profane expressions and obscenity.

Satisfied at length that no serious harm will be inflicted by either we approach a crouching figure, whose preternatural ugliness fixes the eye. She is engaged in embroidering strange characters on a strip of cotton cloth.

"What have you there?" we ask, irreverently.

"Take care, don't dare to touch it; hell yawns before you!" is the response; and affrighted eyes gaze into ours.

"What's the matter?"

"This is sacred. It contains a dispatch from the Almighty God. It is worth millions on millions. I am the Queen of Heaven!"

Rash mortals that we were; we effect our retreat.

And now there advances toward us with light, tripping footstep and outstretched hand a plump female. Her clothing is soiled and slovenly worn. Her countenance is unctuous with the milk of human kindness and mutton-suet. Her discolored teeth are fixed in the thigh-bone of a sheep, and her bare arms glisten to the elbows with the fat of the animal. As she nears us she drops the bone, her head falls to one side, and her mouth expands in a loving leer. It is she—the irrepressible "Moonshine." Woe is me that I am a man. It is I who have drawn the creature to us. I have whiskers, I am therefore adored. That fearful scene is to be repeated.

She sidles hesitatingly up to me and extends her dripping digits—my modesty takes alarm—I retire. She grows bolder, pouts her lips and essays to kiss me; both arms are now extended, and a tender embrace would surely follow did I not precipitately dodge behind a companion. In a low murmur are constantly emitted expressions of affection. Finally she gets wearied by my shy manner and sportively claps me on the back. I thenceforward bear a love-token on my coat, the imprint of her greasy hand. To state it mildly, Miss M. is continually playing the ancient game of Copenhagen; without much regard, however, to certain of its rules.

But where is our accomplished friend Fanny L. Our search for her is interrupted by a red-faced woman in the raggedest of gowns, who seizes us by both arms, and, rapidly vociferating, commands us with threats to tell father that Moll Maguire has a litter of pigs and the old sow is dead. She also insists upon our making Pat Mulrooney keep away from Biddy M'Ginnis, the ould varmint, the ugly baste. Ha, ha, did we see Tim O'Flaherty climb the greased pole — didn't he fall sudden. Ann Sullivan sha'n't wear her silk dresses into the dairy; and we must tell father that Teddy Roche doesn't mind his business, and she wants to go home.

I gravely enter a note in my pocket-book and promise all that is asked.

Fanny is at length found, and a mock introduction is given her to the familiar faces about.

"Dr. Patch, the distinguished—"

"Happy to meet you, Sir. I have heard of a relative of yours, who ascended into fame by descents into the water. He was an exceedingly *decent* performer—Mr. Sam Patch. Do you remember;" and forthwith Fanny recites with appropriate and striking gestures several stanzas from well-known verses in honor of the hero of Niagara Falls. Her delivery both in word and action would excite the admiration of the eloquent Gough and do no discredit to Mrs. Kemble.

"The gentleman before you," some one remarks, "is not unworthy of his illustrious ancestor. He also has jumped over waterfalls. The ladies wear them very large now, and occasionally lose them."

"Ah! then he is doubtless acquainted with the Maid of the Mist," Fanny replies, quickly; "for I presume he was gallant enough to present it to the lady, who, having let it drop, missed it."

"We have heard much of your vocal powers, Miss L., will you not favor us with a song?"

"'Sing a song of sixpence,' shall I, gentlemen? 'a pocket full of rye.' A bottle of rye whisky is meant by the poet, I surmise; it often induces singing for sixpence. Ha, ha! As for me I have only a wry face."

"Pshaw, Fanny, be serious; we are exceedingly fond of music, and would delight to hear you."

"Well, what will you have? What is your favorite style? Operatic or the simpler ballad? Sad or gay?"

"Sing us the melody you like best."

"Well, the one I sing oftenest is the Blind Girl. It suits me, for I am always groping in the dark."

She strikes at once into a plaintive air, which with its pathetic words absorbs the attention of her visitors. She sings with real feeling and true expression, and her voice, though not rich, is very sweet. Upon our repeated requests she sings another and yet another.

"We are infinitely indebted to you, Miss L., but we are not yet satisfied. We know how much farther you are capable of pleasing us,

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and long to see you dance. You are not tired, we hope?"

"Oh no, I have not yet thought of *re*tiring, and so, of course, could not of tiring. What will you have?"

"Any thing you please."

She straightens herself, extends her shabby skirts with both hands after the approved manner of danseuses, and assumes a graceful attitude. Then, humming the music that should be played, she bounds into the first figure. Chassé-ing, pirouette-ing she performs many of the more difficult feats of the Terpsichorean art, every movement full of ease and elegance. Her agility is surprising, for she must number full forty-five years, and her locks are quite gray.

We clap our hands loudly as with a superb courtesy she sinks at our feet.

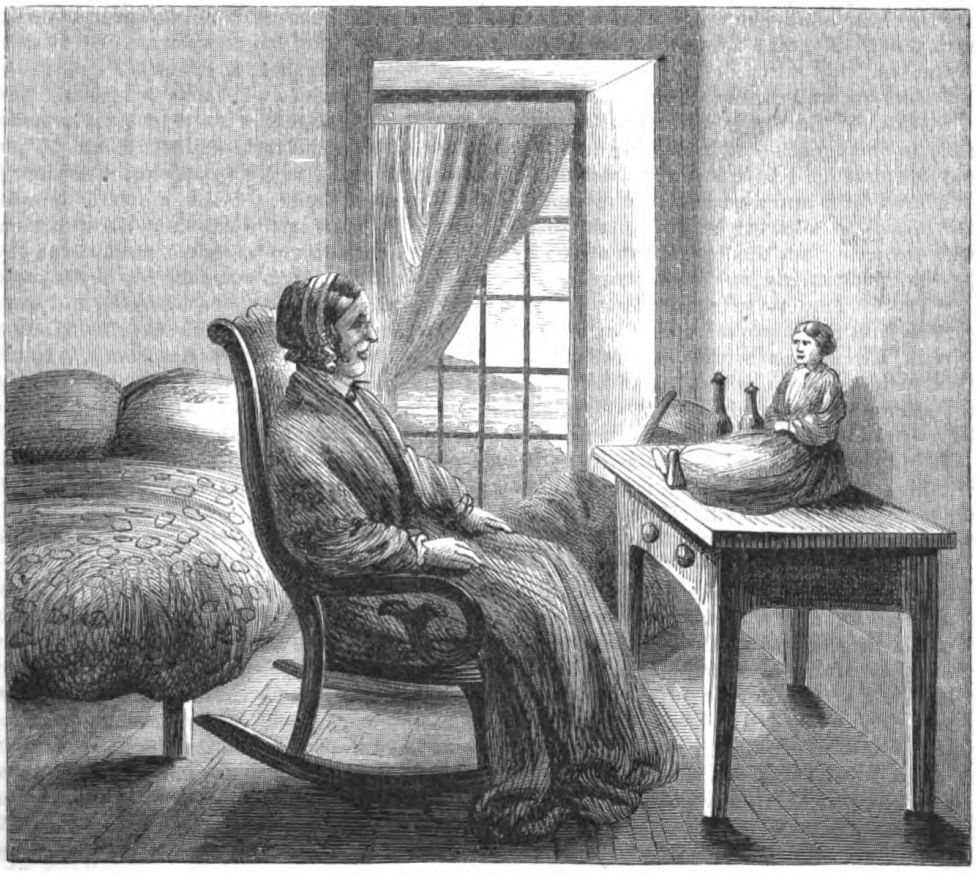
"The Cachuca, Fanny, the Cachuca!"

"Certainly, my lords. You will excuse my slippers, they are, ha! ha! the best I have, but their fit is charming." She protrudes her bare toes to our gaze, and then, throwing us a smile, launches into the wild dance with all the abandon of a Spanish señorita. The languor, the fire, the passion of its voluptuous figures are given *con amore*, yet chastely. Our plaudits are renewed with fervor at its conclusion, and we bid her farewell.

Fanny was unquestionably at one period gifted with much beauty and more than ordinary intellect; sparks of the latter even now remain and frequently burst forth in repartee. Yet all her fine qualities were during their perfection prostituted to base uses—she has been one of the celebrities of the demi-monde. Her acquaintance with men prominent in the world is extensive, and she delights to relate anecdotes concerning them. One of the most singular of her delusions is connected with a young physician attached to the Asylum. She believes him the Deity, and sits daily at his door, sadly disturbing his reflections by pouring forth melody after melody. She makes him presents of bouquets of weeds, and grasses, and is never happier than when she sees him.

The interesting "Moonshine" I have mentioned is conjoined with her in persecutions of this doctor, but shows less good taste in her demonstrations—being wont to fill the keyhole of his door with gristle and fat, and thrust into his room old pieces of newspaper carefully tied up with various-colored string. At the approach of evening he usually finds a dozen of these missives on his floor.

For some reason (probably her long residence in the Asylum) "Mrs. Buchanan" is the female patient best known to the public—she is often inquired after by the visitor. Her name indicates her monomania; she believes President James Buchanan to have been her hus-



"MRS. BUCHANAN."

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band. A quiet, motherly-looking old lady, she is always decently attired and inhabits a comfortable bedroom in Hall 3 of the main building. A large doll is ever with her, which she sometimes imagines is one of her children, no less than forty-five of whom, she affirms, have blessed her union with the Ex-Chief Magistrate. In times past Mrs. B. had some kittens, which she also nursed as her offspring.

The writer made a call upon her not long since, and wishing to be well received, and knowing her predilection for distinguished guests, announced himself, his modesty consenting, as traveling tutor to the Prince of Siam, then visiting the United States. She hoped the king, my master, was well, and did me all the courtesy in her power, inviting me into her apartment and giving me a seat. In the course of our conversation I ventured to say that it was strange that the wife of a President should be in her position.

Oh no, not strange at all, some political end. She would soon be free, Mr. Buchanan was coming that very afternoon. (Mr. B. has been coming every day for the last six years, yet the old lady is as cheerful as a cricket.) She suffers no disappointment, for she forgets every thing said or done as soon as it has passed.

I also hazarded the remark that I was informed and believed the venerable President was deceased. She burst into a laugh, and turned to my companion with the exclamation:

"Do hear him!—he would impose upon me with that! No, Sir; I had a letter from him yesterday."

"Are you well cared for here, madam?"

"Well, Sir, the fare is without variety. The soup is very good—but is nothing to the ten courses to which I have been accustomed."

I burst forth into rage at the inhumanity of her spouse in allowing her to remain so long with strangers, but was brought to a stop by a horrified look on my host's features.

"Do not dare to speak so, Sir! Mr. Buchanan is as much grieved at our separation as myself. Circumstances are uncontrollable; but I am resigned to the will of my Maker." And she uttered a long homily, as most Christian old ladies would in her imagined position.

Being informed that I was an artist desirous of taking her portrait, Mrs. B., with her sweetest smile, consented to sit. Upon the completion of the picture we respectfully withdrew.

Most of the amusements of the patients are only acceptable to convalescents or to monomaniacs. Of such a character are draughts, chess, dominoes, and cards. These games are continually played by certain of the insane, and great skill is not infrequently found among them. Loggerheads and quoits are at the disposal of those to whom it is safe to intrust them, and who are desirous of exercising with them. At one time daily military drills, with drum and fife, took place in the yard of the Asylum. It was amusing and instructive to see the invigorating effect of the martial airs upon even the demented. They would go through the evolutions, too, with an exactitude that was surprising; and stimulating the melancholic cases to exertion, the drill probably not a little helped to promote their recovery. Falstaff, gazing from afar, might think he beheld his ancient army in the grotesque company before him.

Fine facilities for swimming are afforded on the island; a small shanty serves as a bath-house at its extremity, and male and female patients enjoy in the season the luxury of a dash into the East River. Mention of sharks having been seen occasionally deters the timid from venturing in, but no accident from the presence of that fish is recorded as having happened to island residents. There are sometimes discovered among the patients accomplished performers in the water—men conversant with all known feats, and able to spend half a day disporting on the surface. Good skating is also to be obtained in the winter.

Each inmate is allowed, as far as is possible, if he is fit for it, to busy himself with his favorite pursuits. The penman finds ample occupation, under the doctor's direction; the cabinet-maker, painter, carpenter—all may work at their various employments. A museum until lately existed, in which specimens of the more curious work of inmates was exhibited. Drawings showing infinite patience were exposed; needle-work of the most outré character. The larger part of the museum, however, consisted of contributions from outsiders.

Fishing is to be had, but it is by no means as good as formerly. Lobster-nets are, however, set at the proper time, and not a few of the shell-fish find their way into them. There is one eccentric whose whole time is devoted to the piscatory tribe. He is a sort of hermit; has built a hut in the marsh at the upper end of the island, where he spends most of the day, coming to the Cook-house for his meals (when he has not amply provided himself), and to his proper hall at bedtime. He is called Hudson, and his grizzly hair, long as a woman's, is coiled, Chinese fashion, at the back of his head, under a variety of handkerchiefs, rags, and an old hat. He speaks little English, knowing apparently just enough to enable him to ask for fish-hooks and tobacco, for he is a continual smoker. He is of German nativity.

Another prominent disciple of Isaak Walton is "Black Jimmy," a jolly, clever darkey, whose romantic story of his incarceration, as given by himself, runs thus. He is not wholly a negro, his father having been an Indian, and he inherits some of the characteristics of the savage people to which he is allied. His former master, whose coachman he was, is declared by him to have also had Indian blood in his veins, and was once the Mayor of New York. Jimmy, as time progressed, manifested matrimonial inclinations, and as his tastes leaned toward his father's race, a young squaw became the favored object of his addresses. This most beautiful

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of women (Jimmy grows rapturous in picturing her charms) favored his suit, adoring him. But their marriage was not to be. When does the course of true love run smooth? The Mayor interposed, influenced by jealousy. He informed his servant that if he espoused the fair Indian—being, as he was, half red man himself—he would become equal to him, the Mayor, and such a thing could not be. Jimmy, infatuated, would not listen, and his master, by the high hand of power, shortly transferred him to the Lunatic Asylum. It will be surmised by the reader, doubtless, that Jimmy's insanity manifested itself first in love-making to a beautiful guest of his employer.

At the conclusion of his story the writer remarked that the narrator was certainly "done."

"Oh! no," Jimmy wittily replied; "I ain't done, I'm accomplished!" And this is not far from the truth. An ingenious tinker, he repairs all the umbrellas, pans, knives, rings, and spectacles brought him by attendants. He soles and patches shoes, makes tobacco-pipes and fancy canes—in fact, is a sort of mechanical Admirable Crichton. Jimmy's great delight, however, is in fishing, and many a fine mess of black-fish, bass, and eels does he furnish for the resident physician's table. There are the remains in him of a once surprising agility, but some injury has so affected his right leg that it bends with difficulty, and he drags it stiffly as he walks. His countenance is capable of the most ludicrous expression. His fancies, as a rule, appear to tickle him amazingly, and he may not unfrequently be found convulsed with smothered laughter. His eyes close, every muscle of his face is contorted, and his body writhes in a vain attempt to free himself from the grasp of mirth. An artist might seize the habitual grin that adorns his features, but the chuckle would have to be left to imagination.

Jimmy is not unable to utter brilliant sayings, but he talks sad nonsense most of the time. He is also a most amusing stammerer, working his jaws full five minutes before the word escapes. I subjoin a specimen of his style of conversation:

"Good-mornin', Mr. D."

"Good-morning, Jimmy, that was a capital eel you caught me yesterday. You shall have your tobacco to-morrow."

"I knew it! Honors as honors. When you deal with re-re-sponsibilities of course you will, will—I know honors. I know gentlemen. Gentlemen al-al-al-al-al—" Jimmy seems going into a fit.

"Now, James, be careful what you say. Don't do it. I would advise you to well consider—"

"D-arn it, look here, Mr. D.! You think you've c-caught a gudgeon, but I've caught m-more fish 'n you have—kickle, kickle! ha, ha, ha! he, he, he!" And convinced "he had me there," my black friend goes off shuffling with his lame leg, and shrugging his shoulders with glee.

Jimmy has all the negro fondness for high-sounding words, and inasmuch as one of his numerous professions is that of corn-cutter-general, I informed him that he was a distinguished chiropodist. He labored to commit it to memory, and ever after announced himself in that capacity as a "stingus kiropokus." A large book being under my arm one day, he gravely asked if it was a "Hokopeekus," that being his nearest approach to the word Encyclopædia.

On Christmas and New-Year's Day all the talent of the Institution is usually assembled, and an entertainment is given. An exhibition of this character is present to my mind in which a magic-lantern was the prominent feature, the slides of which were mainly furnished by a young artist recovering from an attack of mania. His productions were mostly of a comic character, and numbered some two hundred pictures. He was helped in the mechanical contrivances by an ingenious physician, since deceased. The designs were all original, and drew forth enthusiastic plaudits. The war of Secession was waged at the time, and many of the drawings were political. John Bull was represented in one about to fight a duel with Brother Jonathan. They stood boldly confronting each other, according to the code, until Brother Jonathan pointed his pistol, when J. B.'s countenance fell, and he raised his right leg in an attempt to leave. A "Magic Mirror" excited much amusement; it had the quality, according to the lecturer, of reflecting upon the character instead of the face of the in-looker. Some dozen figures presented themselves. "Brother J. saw some pumpkins." J. B. very small potatoes indeed, and Jeff Davis no less a personage than Old Nick himself.

A menagerie was shown, which numbered among its inmates all known animals, and included the far-famed Gyascutas. All the specimens passed through a cage on the curtain, the giraffe with great difficulty. The female elephant was only got through by means of pulleys and the forcible endeavors of three men, but when the turn of the monster male elephant, "Atlas," came, it was found only his head would enter the cage. The lecturer then announced that, unwilling to disappoint the spectators, he would have the animal cut up and his vast proportions be shown them in parts. Accordingly a procession appeared, which a hyena led, drawing in a cart a tusk; a musk-rat with his cart brought up the rear in more than one sense, conveying as he did the tail of Atlas! There was also a "Magic Microscope," in which a feather in a young lady's cap, properly magnified, exhibited a number of young men on a string—the limits of a magazine article forbid me to mention more. A fine pianist, who had been a patient, accompanied the pictures; and a solo player on the cornet-a-piston added to the delight. Vocal music also found skillful exponents.

A complete minstrel band at one period

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pertained to the island, with its bones and tambourine, giving concerts on the holidays. Gentlemen from the city used to favor the Asylum with sacred music every Sabbath, but of late have discontinued the practice.

On the last Fourth of July a novelty was inaugurated. a ball was given in the large hall of the Retreat, and certain male and female patients intermingled in the mazy dance. An athletic Irishman distinguished himself by his pigeon-wings and extraordinary agility. Norah was there, hopping up and down as though pins were in each shoe. And Jimmy the fiddler was lost in ecstasy: a perpetual smile oozed through his bristly mustache; and his left leg beat time extravagantly to the wheezings and shriekings of his instrument. But the ball was a success—no accident occurred—patients, physicians, and visitors were equally delighted.

A comic lecturer and ventriloquist well known to the public has not infrequently given performances in the Institution, and they were of a character exceedingly acceptable to the inmates. His fate was most sad. He died the terrible death of a hypochondriacal maniac; not a single pleasing fancy illumined his piteous confinement. He was an illustration of the danger of allowing an active intellect to run into aimlessness. He obtained a competence, retired from business, and went mad. He voluntarily committed himself to the Asylum two years ago, and his story ran thus:

"I bought me a house; ordered and paid for furniture to be put therein; arrived at it one night and found it empty; slept on the floor; became disgusted and sold it next day for a mere song. I then reflected; found I had lost a large sum of money; knew I ought to be under care; and came here for it."

From the deepest melancholy he rapidly sank into hypochondria of the most extravagant character. He was living in the midst of putrefaction; he could eat nothing; his meat was decomposed; milk was a mass of gangrene. He became a walking skeleton, and would unmistakably have starved himself to death had not food been forced upon him. His shrieks as the detested viands entered his mouth were appalling. Opium may be named as another cause of his madness. He had addicted himself to the habitual use of that drug. Such got to be the unhealthy state of his constitution that a slight scratch on one of his feet caused it to swell inordinately. He would point to it with despair. "That foot is dead! Look at it! Isn't it horrible? It is all gangrene. Pah! how it ——! I shall die of cholera from that foot." He finally imagined himself a corpse. Passing his door one afternoon the writer heard a cry (as he understood it) for coffee.

"Bring me my coffee, my coffee!"

"What do you want coffee for, Doctor?—haven't you had your dinner?"

"Coffee!" exclaimed the poor man, testily; "I didn't say coffee. I said coffin. I am dead. I won't keep long. I ought to have been buried two days ago."

Clinging to this delusion he had to be dressed and undressed by the attendants, for he would do nothing for himself. He was a corpse; no such thing could be expected of him. Out of this living death he soon now passed into the reality. A case of more unmitigated woe I have never seen, before or since; yet the sufferer was one who had convulsed large audiences with laughter at his finished imitations of a hypochondriac!

Shortly after his decease another miserable man breathed his last within the walls of the Asylum. An educated Hungarian exile, he practiced law in the city even while a patient. His death was caused by consumption. He was ever talking of his position in his native land—how he was wealthy and noble. Some of his



THE PREACHER.

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PADDY DISCOURSING.

hallucinations while upon his sick bed were amusing. Two holes for ventilation were in the wall near the ceiling, and through them he imagined the Doctor was playing upon him with a large magnetic battery in the room above. I tried in vain to disabuse him of this belief, employing incontestible arguments, but to no purpose.

We want fresh air after contemplating these cases of extreme wretchedness. A stroll about the grounds will recreate our sickened souls. Coming up the pathway toward us is a form I recognize; the placid countenance of Black Charley is about to pass.

"How are you, Charley?"

"Quite well, tank you, massa."

"In a hurry?"

"No, no great, massa."

"I have here some friends who lack instruction. Will you not edify them by a discourse?"

"Can't preach widout notes, Sah."

I know Charley's peculiarity, and at once hand him a scrap of blank paper. He surveyed it for a few moments, and then rapidly enunciated the following:

"Bredren, de Queen of Sheba, Moses and de prophets, de New Jerus'lem for eberlasting. Yea, berily, eben so, now and foreber. Selah. In de beginning was de word, and de word was made in six days out ob nothing. Paul an apostle to dem dat am wid Nebuchadnezzar—peace. Blessed am de merciful, for dey shall pluck corn on de Sabba' day," etc.

Charley speaks as if reading from a book. There is no question but that the piece of paper is of service to him; he never was known to preach without it. His is certainly a Scriptural discourse, and delivered with earnest purpose, yet we are not sorry when he commences singing, in his weak, lackadaisical way, the words of an old Methodist hymn.

While he is so occupied let us talk with "Paddy," who is hitching desperately at his trowsers in the potato-patch yonder. He picks up his hoe as we approach and vindictively lacerates the ground.

"Paddy!"

"Ah, go long wid ye; I'm busy." Then a sudden idea strikes him; he rushes up to us, thrusts his bleared eyes and haggard, twitching mouth into my face, and catching me by the lappel of my coat propounds the question:

"D'ye remimber the ponies I gave your father—three colts and a bay mare—beauties, every son of 'em?"

"No, Paddy, you never gave them; they were bought at a good price."

"D'ye mind that, now? Wasn't I the largest land-owner in the County Killarney? D'ye know Tim O'Brien's tavern? He was next door to me. Take this." He puts in my hand a bit of broken crockery, and closes my fingers upon it, "Keep that, now. D'ye mind? D'ye mind that?"

He hitches his trowsers again and is off, with a painful, nervous step. I turn my back, wondering, as I move away, if he were not a horse-jockey at one period, when my sleeve is pulled, and lo! Paddy once more. He motions me to extreme caution, slips another bit of an old plate into my hand, "D'ye mind that, now?" and is gone.

As the artist is putting the finishing touches to a likeness of him he has picked up during the adventure just related an attenuated and spectacled figure looks over his shoulder at the drawing, and then, with irrepressible indignation gleaming in his eyes and quivering in every word, declares that he will have no such work done in the land.

"'Thou shalt not make to thyself the likeness of any thing in the heavens above or in the earth beneath.' Dare ye disobey the Second Commandment?"

The artist, in despair with the portrait he

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has obtained with such difficulty, mildly suggests that it can hardly be considered the likeness of any thing.

"New Jerusalem" looks puzzled, but solves the question by asking for some tobacco, which is given.

"It is mine," he returns, as he pockets it. "All you have is mine."

We look our gratitude for the use of his property and retire from the presence of the "Special Messenger."

Continuing our walk we soon reach the entrance of the main Asylum; and there before it, comfortably smoking under a large willow-tree, we descry two individuals that deserve notice.



OLD TONY

The little, bent old man with the long white beard is the oldest resident of the Institution, having been a patient some thirty years. An amiable Frenchman, it is one of his boasts that he once served under Napoleon the First. Devoted to his pipe, he raises all his own tobacco; and as he cures it, it would prove innocuous to a babe. He may be subject to aberration occasionally, but strongly-marked symptoms of insanity have not been manifested by him for a long time. He is very useful in his way, having a great liking for the medical officers, and doing them many services.

His companion is M——, an Irishman, who, without any peculiar delusion, is certainly daft. He talks sense much of the time, but is also an utterer of the most "highfalutin" nonsense. He has a learned friend among the patients, with whom he is fond of discoursing ethics and politics, and a more amusing dialogue than theirs it would be difficult to conceive. One utters his tirade against the Government, with a voluble intermingling of things in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth; then the other with the utmost solemnity will reply, and, evidently thinking he is rebutting his friend's arguments, talks upon an entirely diverse theme with endless pertinacity and confusion. A more ridiculous caricature of a debate was never imagined. M—— ran away from the Asylum not long since and entered the army, securing no inconsiderable bounty-money. The state of his mind was, however, soon discovered, and he was sent to his former abode, declaiming against "sycophancy and conspiracy."

As we turn from him there enters the Asylum an active figure carrying a pail of whitewash with its proper brushes. His whole person from his hat to his shoes is ornamented with the chalky fluid. His features exhibit shrewdness which their owner does not possess. Cassidy is a billionaire in imagination. He lords the whole island. He lives but to amass money, and hence we always see him in a working dress. He superintends and repairs the Institution, declaring that if he relaxed his vigilance for a single day the whole place would go to ruin. He is really worth to the Commissioners seven or eight hundred dollars a year; being in masonry and other mechanical pursuits a valuable assistant. He is a miser with no real wealth; the interest accruing from his vast possessions being paid in notes of one hundred dollars on the "Bank of Love." One of the watchmen officiates as his man of business, and delights him weekly with an account of his accumulations. Cassidy will not, however, part with twenty-five cents in charity. His fancied treasures are without doubt as much enjoyed by him as the real fortunes of many men of his cast of mind. What a striking satire is his history upon the lives of some called sane!

A yell from the yard opposite us attracts our attention. It proceeds from the throat of that dismal being rapidly making the circuit of the inclosure. He seems to consider himself a vocal newspaper; his cries day after day being, as it were, the headings to sensation items.

"Arrival of the *Great Eastern!*—Queen Victoria has a set-to with the Prince of Wales!—A Priest-Ridden Community!—Cholera Morbus!—Grand smash up of the European Congress!—Horace Greeley swallowed by the monster Miscegenation," etc.

All of these disjointed sentences are jerked out at the top of his voice. Of vast importance, too, he deems them, repeating them with emphasis to every stranger he may happen to see.

A conversation with "John Brown" in the same yard would give birth to the strangest ideas ever entertained by the fancy. He will inform his auditor that a large nest of snakes

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resides in his stomach which ought to be extracted.

"Now, doctor, there is only one place from which they can be taken; under this rib. See. Insert a knife—magnetized, you know—then it won't hurt me at all. There is a boa constrictor among them. I know by his twisting."

He also says he would have been President long ago, if it were not for, for—but his reasons are more numerous than excellent.

"Dobler's" eccentricities are shown by action rather than speech; he seems unable to do any thing without reference to mathematical rules. If he sees a stone at some distance from him which he wishes, he is impelled to approach it by a series of zigzag movements. He first gazes at it, makes some abstruse calculation, and then with regular paces marches away to the west of it. Here, meditating a moment, he proceeds at a right angle. Having thereafter described with his steps a series of triangles, equilateral and isosceles, he is perhaps within a few feet of it. This is an awful moment, and demands much thought. Finally a rapid advance, a sudden putting out of his arm, and the stone is his.

Another individual not far off is either engaged in the cultivation of acrobatic powers or has inaugurated some new religious ceremony. Ever and anon he stoops and kisses with solemnity the ground between his feet.

A patient is dead; there passes us in the road yonder a rough pine coffin on a trestle carried by two lunatics. The first of these is "John Dunn," an inmate of the Lodge. His appearance is that of a savage beast; a brutal, sensual mouth is ill-concealed by his bristly beard, and two swinish eyes illumine his swarthy countenance. The conception formed of his character is not exceeded by the reality. Cruel as he may be, he is harmless unless provoked; and again John's ferocity seems rather the work of idiocy than aught else. I should judge him absolutely ignorant of what would produce a feeling of pain in others. A playful blow from him intended to testify to his good-humor will as likely as not be administered to a part of the body that will feel the injury for a month.

I hope to be pardoned for giving a striking illustration of his selfish instincts, his total want of humanity. A patient in the sick-room was given up by the doctors, and his demise being every minute expected John was told to get a coffin ready. He mistook the order for an announcement that the man was dead, and soon appeared by the bedside with his "red box." To his disgust the patient was still breathing. He was summoned then for nothing, and his anger burst forth in an exclamation to the sufferer, intermingled with oaths, "M-m-m! Why don't you die? Why don't you die?"

As we follow the coffin on its way to the Dead House we descry, standing in the centre of the island, with one hand upon a tree and anxiously surveying the water upon all sides



RAFFERTY.

of him, an example of heroic perseverance that deserves better success than he has met with. "Rafferty" (with some degree of education and born in the Middle Ages) would have rivaled all brother alchemists in perseverance in the chase after the philosopher's stone. For the past five or six years he has stood morning and afternoon in that same position awaiting the drying up of the East River. His bosom is depressed or elated by the rising or the falling of the tide; occasionally the water is very low and then Rafferty trembles with delighted anticipation. The spirits, however, sadly interfere with his plans. Marine, mundane, and aerial, they are all opposed to him. He fights against hope, encouraged only by visions in his dreams. Latterly he has come early into the office before setting forth on his protracted watch, and solicits a pass to the city from the attendants. He is usually told he must procure a beaver hat of the latest Parisian style and a standing collar before the document can be granted him.

While we gaze upon him the doctor's small boat, laden with officers, nears its landing. Erect in the prow, and brandishing a boat-hook, is the famous "Admiral." He is adorned, as usual, by a battered old silk hat profusely ornamented with tags of string and colored cloths, a clay pipe showing its bowl among them. His ragged blue coat displays an extravagant amount of buttons of various patterns. Slightly bent by his eighty years, the Admiral yet exhibits an elasticity of muscle that is wonderful. His head in both its facial and cranial

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THE ADMIRAL.

formation is a puzzle to the man of science. It would appear that once, when somewhat of the consistency of soft gutta-percha, it had been caught between two heavy rocks and thereby lost its pristine regularity. One eye is much lower than the other, and over it his forehead projects, a beetling mass of bone. Remove his hat, look upon him from every point, similar abnormal developments present themselves. A curiosity in mind, manner, and person, his like dwells not on the globe. A story runs that he was once a pirate. No question exists that he has been a sailor, and he doubtless once served on a privateer. Much coaxing will at times induce him to sing a nautical song in which a sea-fight is represented as crowning with success the efforts of the narrator's party. He then appears a veteran relating his experience, his excitement waxing intense as he approaches the climax, his arms and features, nay, his whole body illustrating every phase of the conflict. The Admiral is much teased by his fellow-oarsmen, but though his imprecations are of a fearful nature, his bark is far worse than his bite. He seems to have an idea that he is a wit, and his attempts at it are of a most ludicrous character. His manner is abrupt and his sentences hurried and broken.

But we have arrived at the Dead House, and "Mr. Quigley," opening the door, presents himself to receive the deceased. A saturnine smile enlivens his cynical aspect, though he proceeds in a business-like way to deposit the coffin in its proper place and discharge its bearers. Mr. Quigley is happy; he is of a social nature, and has now an addition to his company. A corpse is to him a gleam of sunshine permeating his abode. When one is beside him he is in his normal condition, two or three enable him to forget every trouble, but should five honor at the same time his humble habitation Quigley is exalted to the tenth heaven of serene bliss. The occasional *post-mortem* examination made by the physicians are by him attended with professional enthusiasm.

Having promised him my skeleton after my decease, I am an esteemed and valued friend of his, and we shall be allowed to examine at our leisure the dwelling in which he passes



QUIGLEY.

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most of his time. It consists of two apartments in a small low-roofed wooden building, the first we enter being merely an unfurnished receptacle for coffins with their occupants. The second is the dissecting-room and Quigley's snuggery. Six months ago this would have delighted the soul of Dickens; a rusty, musty, dusty spectacle, it abounded on all sides with strange sights. A witch's cavern or a magician's work-shop were suggested to the mind of the beholder; an artist saw in reality the conventional den of an alchemist. Strange looking instruments lay on the floor, bits of old iron and broken plates intermingled with a miscellaneous collection of pots and pans. In the middle of the room stood a table with hollowed and metal covered surface, adorned with rags, knives, and edibles. Overhead hung the stuffed skin of an alligator, and other nondescripts in sad want of repair were on the walls; with them antiquated prints, a cracked and fanciful mirror, dried herbs, a rat-trap, a curious fish, a bird-cage smothered in dirt and feathers, ragged garments, a Japanese hat. A large stove, filling the imagination with thoughts of red-hot irons and boiling oil, gloomily rested in one corner. A whizzing above him and the visitor instinctively dodged; no, it was not the expected bat—a couple of harmless pigeons merely have flown over, and then a glance near the ceiling discovered a dove-cote with some dozen dingy denizens. One bird sits on an old-fashioned lantern rustling with a bough of withered leaves, and several cats jump over the floor to their hiding-places. The room has since been cleaned, the trumpery taken out, and now presents the appearance which our sketch indicates.

Mr. Quigley can not, perhaps, be called crazy; but, as will have been seen, his characteristics are not those of a natural man.

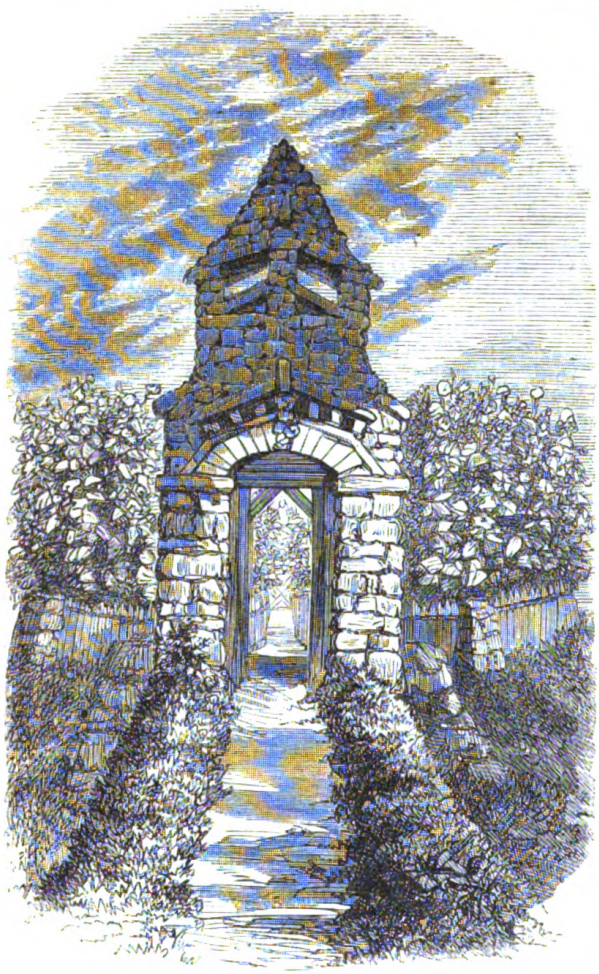
And now let us end our journeyings with an excursion to "Fort Maxey." At the farthest extremity of the Island the ground on which it stands has been rescued from the grasp of Neptune by the indefatigable endeavors only of its proprietor, whose name is given to the structure—Thomas Maxey, Esq., architect, mason, carpenter, civil engineer, philosopher, and philanthropist.

The fort is a circular mound of earth, on which stands a wall some four feet high, built of blocks of clay and grass dug from the marsh behind it. Through the wall project the mouths of several large wooden cannon, which, when presented to him by the Commissioners during the past war, Thomas accepted with many thanks, declaring they would be a great protection to the Island and city in frightening off rebel privateers. He has erected a house of novel appearance within this parapet containing two sleeping apartments, a kitchen, and sitting-room, together comprising a space less than twelve feet by eight. His garden shows a taste for the sublime, none but the tallest flowers being therein admitted. The hollyhock and sunflowers sadly interfere with a view of his interesting domicile. He is now building a stone magazine back of this to contain his ammunition, which exists in vast quantities—in his imagination. The whole structure, together with the long embanked road leading to it, is the work of his own hands, and has occupied more than three years of what he deems his valuable time. Nor is the work without value to the Commissioners, for in the process of construction he has, in order to render it accessible, dug several ditches through the marsh, and thus drained and rendered useful a great part of it. The extent of his labors and of the work may be understood when it is said that at least sixteen square rods have been



WITHIN FORT MAXEY.

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GATEWAY TO FORT MAXEY.

raised from eight to ten feet, and that a great part of the material was carried a considerable distance.

He has also ornamented the causeway leading to the fort by a stone gate, the erection of which would seem to mark an era in architecture, as it is not built according to the rules of any ancient or modern school. A great incentive to his labor has been that, deeming the proprietorship vested in himself, he indulged the fond hope that the Corporation of the city would appreciate the importance of the situation and purchase the whole for the advantage of the metropolis. The engraving exhibits two large openings near the top of the gate; these, Thomas says, are to accommodate wild geese, who will deposit eggs therein and raise their progeny. As will be surmised, it is not the first time he has been after wild geese.

Passing under this gate we proceed along the embankment until we come to a bridge. This we stand admiring, for its oddities are worthy of some little attention, when there rushes up to us from the fort beyond an excited figure crowned with a woman's bonnet of antique date.

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present to you Mr. Thomas Maxey. These distinguished guests of the Commissioners, Sir, have admired all your workmanship that they have seen, but desire you will favor them with deeper insight into your domain."

"Yes, yes, it isn't done yet; when the magazine and other improvements are finished, then—"

"It is a wonderful performance, Mr. Maxey."

"Yes, it will be valuable to Government, no doubt of it; but my gains are small. Is this a good bill?" He exhibits an undeniable five-dollar greenback.

"First-rate!"

"Dr. ——'s son gave it to me. Many gentlemen pay me well for my trouble in showing the improvements."

"Why, yes, your pocket-book seems bursting."

"Oh it's not all money. I wish to keep some root-beer and gingerbread for visitors; but it is hard to get them."

"Ah, this is the house. May we go in?"

"Certainly." And he pushes open the door. We enter one at a time, the building will not hold more than three (and they knock one against the other), so filled is it with woodwork and the masonry of an oven. The furniture consists of the refuse of the Institution. The proprietor is sorry he has nothing to offer us.

"By-the-by, Mr. Maxey, you have not yet given me the solution of that problem I once proposed to you."

"What problem?"

I enunciate the old college question for debate: "Can a Chimera, ruminating in vacuum, disseminate second intentions?"

Mr. M. looks puzzled: "I hardly understand, Sir."

"Pshaw! a man of your intellect! It is plain enough."

I repeat the formula, emphasizing each word.

"Well, Sir, it is doubtful if Apollo and the Nine Muses ever sowed seeds in Uruguay. The moon and the stars now revolve in their orbits; electricity and the printing-machine have worked wonders, but—"

"Do you think, Sir," I seriously ask, "that Briareus has any thing to do with it?"

"Brirus? Well, it is perhaps probable. What did you say—the Crimea?"

"Yes."

"Diana and mythology."

"Pshaw! Mr. Maxey, you're a man of genius; but you can't have carefully studied the question I propounded. You are straying from it. Hadn't you better think it over?"

Tom's jaw hangs in a vacant expression as

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THOMAS MAXEY AT HOME.

he replies: "Perhaps I had. My larnin', Sir, may not be equal to yours, but—"

"Of course you'll master it; and now good-day, Sir."

Hands are shaken around the circle, and leaving Tom jabbering at us from behind his parapet about the duties of Government until we are out of his sight. After pausing to take a sketch of "Black Jimmy," whom I see on the dock, busy at his piscatorial occupation, I take my leave, having closed my sketches of the lunatics on Blackwell's Island.

Visitors are usually eager to know the cause of this or that case of insanity, and pleasure undoubtedly would be conferred by the gratification of their curiosity. Romance upon romance lies in the past of the unfortunate patients (though occasionally they are demented through reasons too vile to mention), but it is impossible as a general rule to arrive at the facts. A large proportion of those confined here being foreigners, poverty, with its attendant ills, the want of friends, despair have driven them mad. Cultivation of one mental faculty to the exclusion of others is also a frequent promoter of hallucination.

The public mind, filled with the fictions of novel writers, indulges the notion that in all insane asylums persons of perfect sanity are unjustly imprisoned against their will. Whatever may be the state of certain private establishments, I am confident that no instance of the kind exists in the Institution of which I have treated; none at least without good excuse. Sometimes, as has been shown, improper cases are consigned to the resident physician's care, who keeps them of course for a short period, until assured of their sound mental condition, when they are discharged. The certificates of two physicians testifying to the derangement of a patient upon entrance compels this course of conduct.

There are within the walls, it is true, a few no more crazy than many outsiders; but they are destitute of friends, and a passage to the world at large would intensify their idiosyncrasies and finally compel their return to the Asylum. Any person able and willing to take them out and try them in their respective professions would be gladly welcomed by the resident physician. They excite pity which to a certain extent can not be shown them.

The public ear would listen with credulity, I suspect, to dire tales of cruelty practiced by the officers. I can not honestly oblige it. Abuses to a limited degree unquestionably exist, and ever must, in this Institution and others of like character. While human nature is as it is, provocations of an exasperating description can not be overlooked at all times without a strength

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of intellect that is rare. Patients are occasionally struck by the attendants, but the head physician and his educated assistants do their utmost to prevent all such manifestations of impatience. They are gentlemen of heart and mind, and their subordinates, beneath them in cultivation, have the kindliness of disposition, the compassionate feelings of the ordinary man.



BLACK JIMMY.

EUTHANASY.

COME gently, Death, when, at the close of Life,
Worn with the march and weary of the strife,
I draw my latest breath;
Like some kind friend, who, with a noiseless tread
And silent voice, draws nigh unto my bed,
So come thou gently, Death.

Oh, let me close my eyes like one who sleeps
While o'er my sense thy dreamless slumber creeps,
And let me softly lie
With calmly folded hands upon my breast,
Like one who after labor takes his rest,
So let me gently die.

Oh, may my end like that of some sweet day,
When the red sunset pales and fades away,
Be tranquil, calm, and still;
And may a feeling of serene repose
With gentle radiance soften Life's sad close,
And peace my bosom fill.

May kindly faces gather round my bed,
The cherished friends with whom my heart is wed;
And gently, softly fall
Death's twilight shadow; may I, listening, hear
Like silver harp-strings, sounding sweet and clear,
Angelic voices call.

Whether it be when summer skies are fair,
And summer birds make music in the air,
Oh, gently time my breath;
Or in the winter when the chilly snow
Wraps, like a shroud, the cold, dead earth below,
Oh, gentle be my death.

Come like the change which paints the autumn leaf,
And let the parting hour on earth be brief,
The last beneath the skies;
Come gently, Death, when my Life's race is run,
When I the victor's fadeless wreath have won,
And close my weary eyes.

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HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.



CHARLES ELLET.

X.—CHARLES ELLET AND HIS NAVAL STEAM RAMS.

Revolutions in Modes of Warfare.—Steam Rams.—Merrimac and Monitor.—Sketch of the Life of Charles Ellet.—His Public Services.—His Comprehensive Plan for Western Rivers.—Correspondence with the Navy Department.—Letter to the President.—Rebel Force on the Mississippi.—Alfred W. Ellet.—The Ram Fleet.—Naval Battle.—Death of Colonel Ellet.—Charles Rivers Ellet.—Adventures on the Yazoo.—Running the Batteries.—Loss of the Queen of the West.—Career of the Indianola.—Death of Charles R. Ellet.

THE discovery of gunpowder and the introduction of steam-power have revolutionized the practice of war, though the art remains essentially the same as ever. The spear has been dropped for the rifle, and the chariot has given place to the cannon. For more than two centuries the improvements in warfare have been mainly in experimenting with gunpowder and in means for resisting its effects. England, France, and America have been foremost in the race of discovery and ingenuity. The prize has been, especially of late, naval supremacy. "Who rules the sea rules the land," is the maxim, while the converse is not equally true. The contest has been finally narrowed down to one of ordnance and of armor. From the field, or rather from the sea, the question is transferred to the foundry and the ship-yard.

The problem is to construct a navigable vessel which, while invulnerable itself, is powerful for offense. Each has in turn kept producing heavier guns, which has necessitated heavier armor. It was reserved for America to enlighten the world on this as it has on many important subjects. We had found the available form which offered the best resistance to ordnance. We could construct a vessel which can not be sunk or pierced by ordinary weight of metal; but we have not yet constructed one which may not be run down by a weapon especially adapted for the purpose. The struggle between guns and plates is still undecided. But it is evident that a change in the character of naval warfare is impending, the importance of which is not sufficiently appreciated.

Steam, although long used both on land and water as a transporting agent, has never been adopted as a direct instrument of war itself. Although less terrible and destructive than gunpowder, it possesses advantages of production and control which will make it ere long probably a formidable instrument of war. The first person to advocate and illustrate the advantages of steam as a weapon for naval warfare was Charles Ellet, the originator and commander of the famous ram fleet on the Mississippi. Others have indeed speculated upon the possibilities of fighting with steam, but to him supereminently belongs the merit of having first given it practicable shape, as also the distinction of dying a martyr to its demonstration.

All will recollect how, a very few months ago, the nation was startled by the announcement that two powerful steam rams were lying in the Mersey, with which, it was believed, the rebels might raise the blockade; and how much we were relieved when the British Government seized and afterward purchased them, showing its sense of their value by paying for them while unfinished more than a million of dollars in coin. Nor can we overlook the performances of the rebel rams in the waters of North Carolina, in Mobile Bay, at Savannah, at Charleston, and elsewhere.

Let us recall the memorable 8th of March, 1862, when the Merrimac made her appearance in Hampton Roads, and was literally having it all her own way with our fleet there. General Wool telegraphed that he expected she would pass out into the ocean and prey on our blockading squadrons. With what breathless anxiety did we listen to the particulars of her resistless onset upon and into the Cumberland, crushing in the oaken sides of the massive frigate as if they had been made of laths, and in three-fourths of an hour sinking her, with a large portion of her crew, in the bottom of the bay. The iron-clad monster then turned upon the Congress, and disdainfully shaking from her coat of mail the most ponderous shot and shells, deliberately chose her position, and in a few moments smashed the proud ship of war into a wreck. Flames were kindled. The sinking ship became a caldron of fire. The

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wounded were consumed in the conflagration. A spark reaches the magazine. There is a thunder roar. The air is filled and the sea covered for a moment with burning fragments, and the ship has disappeared forever. And now the triumphant Merrimac, flushed with victory, turns upon two other United States frigates. But seeing them both aground, and having no fear of their escape, the conqueror, in his impenetrable coat of mail, returns to his lair, behind Craney Island, to come out again and finish his work on the morrow.

The awful tidings ran along the wires to the remotest city in our land. None can forget the anguish of that night, or the dread with which the morning was awaited. How great was the relief when it was known that the Monitor had, in the night, crept into that bay! And how miraculous was the salvation it wrought! Had the Merrimac possessed the speed and power of a ram, instead of being mainly a floating battery, the little Monitor would speedily have disappeared beneath the waves. No missile which either vessel could throw could pierce the armor of the other. A powerful ram would have demolished either.

As a new, important, and original application of principles well known in naval warfare, the claim of invention of the *Ram* is worth more than a passing notice. The navies of the leading nations already show signs of adopting and incorporating the ram principle. It may be interesting to know something of its inception and history. The name of Ericsson is indelibly connected with the history of the great rebellion, and with naval science in general. So is the name of Ellet entitled to most prominent mention as the man who not only contributed largely to the resources of his country in his profession, but who also rendered his country inestimable service by his origination, construction, and command of the Steam Ram Fleet of the Mississippi. A brief sketch of the life of this eminent man can not but be of service to his countrymen.

Charles Ellet was born on the 1st of January, 1810, at Bucks Manor, Berks County, Pennsylvania. His first years were spent on the farm of his father, and his first education was gained from the teachings of his noble mother. At sixteen he was sent to Bristol school, where he showed great aptitude for classics and mathematics. Two years later he became assistant surveyor to Judge Wright, of Maryland. In less than three years, with his savings, he went to Paris to complete his education. Returning, after two years of study, to his former position, he was soon appointed Assistant Engineer on the James River and Kanawha Canal, then in construction, of which he afterward became chief.

During this period, about the 24th year of his age, he advocated the use of wire suspension bridges, and proposed to the authorities of Georgetown to bridge the Potomac. The plan was rejected on account of his extreme youth. On the 31st of October he was married to a most amiable lady, the daughter of Judge Daniel, of Lynchburg, Virginia. Two years he spent in various works at the West, and there became impressed with the boundless possibilities of the great valley of the Mississippi. He had before published a work,* which is a thorough and exhaustive treatment of the economy of traffic by road, canal, railway, and river. As such his calculations were much used both in this country and Europe, though not always with an acknowledgment of the author.

In 1840 he proposed to the city and council of St. Louis to build a wire bridge across the Mississippi. But the proposition was rejected. The following year he constructed the suspension bridge across the Schuylkill, at Fairmount, a beautiful structure, and the first upon this continent. He was subsequently engaged on several of the most important roads, canals, and bridges then in course of building; and, indeed, there are few of the great projects for public improvement of that time which did not receive the benefit of his professional counsel. In 1847 he commenced the suspension bridge at Wheeling for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, one thousand feet span, the longest in the world. At the same time he threw across the temporary bridge at Niagara Falls, which was afterward replaced by the present noble edifice by Mr. Roebling.

From that time his reputation was deservedly great as a civil engineer. During his connection with the Hempfield and Virginia Central railways he made several visits to Europe, where he was received as one of the heads of his profession. In 1848-9, at Wheeling, while engaged on the bridge, he made a series of observations and calculations on the Ohio River, with a view to the improvement of its navigation. It is well known that the waters of the Ohio are subject to great floods and corresponding droughts. This tendency increases, as the country is settled, by the rapid drainage. The depth of water on the bar at Wheeling varies from twenty inches to more than forty feet. Mr. Ellet shrewdly conceived that by hoarding the excess of water it might be rendered serviceable for navigation, besides averting the great damage by floods. His calculations and surveys were published in the Transactions of the Smithsonian Institute. His plan was, in effect, to make of the Ohio River a canal one thousand miles long, which should be navigable at all seasons for boats of ordinary tonnage.

Although Mr. Ellet was a Civil Engineer, he was soon after, contrary to the usual practice, chosen by the War Department to survey the Lower Mississippi. The inhabitants of Louisiana complained to Congress that the periodical inundations were sweeping away and destroying millions in actual property, besides arresting the development of the State. His

* "The Laws of Trade in Reference to Works of Internal Improvement." Philadelphia, 1837.

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report to the Government, with that on the Ohio, are published in one volume,* and comprise at this day the most comprehensive and exact knowledge we have of the Mississippi valley and its confluent streams.

Mr. Ellet found that the use of dykes, or levees, along the banks caused the water to rise higher between them, because the river was previously wont to fill the swamps adjacent. Either fresh outlets must be formed for the tremendous accumulation of water somewhere above the present delta, or the levees must be raised indefinitely, at an enormous cost, and with a continual danger of breaking away. His remedy proposed for the navigation of the Ohio seemed to be the most natural, the most secure, and the cheapest, as well as the most beneficial to apply to the Mississippi. He advocated the building of dams on the Ohio or other tributaries, to improve their navigation and secure the lower valley from inundation, and urged Congress to adopt the work for the general benefit of the country.

Colonel Bailey, on a small scale, turned the expedient to good account, on the Red River, in extricating the gun-boat flotilla.

It will be remembered that in the disastrous Red River Expedition conducted by General Banks, in April, 1864, the gun-boats, in retreating down the river from Grand Ecore to Alexandria, were arrested in their progress by the shallow water at Grand Rapids, just above Alexandria. The flotilla was thus caught in a trap. The army was compelled to remain at Alexandria to protect the gun-boats.

Colonel Bailey extricated the fleet from its desperate situation. He constructed two solid piers, projecting from either shore, so as to dam the waters of the river, throwing a strong current into the centre, thus creating sufficient depth of water to float the boats down the stream. The rapid current of the river and the scarcity of materials for building the dams rendered it a work of great labor. It was, however, accomplished in the course of a fortnight, and the fleet was saved. The skill and energy of Colonel Bailey in this achievement were so conspicuous that, by a joint resolution of Congress, there was tendered to him the thanks of the nation.

Mr. Ellet, by actual survey, pointed out the sites for the dams on the Ohio, and demonstrated that their cost and management were insignificant compared with their efficiency. That they would produce the effect desired he claimed was matter of scientific proof. Taking the two plans together, for the Mississippi and the Ohio, they present a grand scheme of public improvement, by which, at the same time, and by the same expedient, the navigation of the great rivers of the West may be improved, and their borders relieved and ultimately protected from inundation, and the whole valley rendered habitable.

* "Ellet on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers." Philadelphia, 1853.

When we consider that the area drained by the Mississippi is a million and a quarter of square miles, and that ten thousand miles of its streams are navigable, we may gain some idea of the bold and magnificent scheme by which he proposed to maintain the navigation of the great rivers through the droughts of summer, by supplying to their volume of water from artificial lakes or reservoirs, to be constructed on the tributary streams. The plan thus suggested, though received at first as a wild and chimerical project, has won its way to public confidence. The city of Pittsburg formally petitioned Congress to adopt the plan, with a view to military defense as well as navigation. The Emperor of the French has tried the plan on a small scale. It is not improbable that there may be those now living who will see the plan realized, and who may regard its projection as one of the most beneficent steps in the world's history.

It is not a little singular that Mr. Ellet should have contemplated this as the great work of his life. So much was he impressed with its usefulness and its grandeur that he named his son, in honor of the work, Charles Rivers Ellet. How strange, indeed, that the father and the son should have perished in the effort to improve the navigation of the Mississippi by a plan of their discovery, but still by one so different from that which the father had originally contemplated!

It was in the winter of 1854–5, at Lausanne, in Switzerland, that home of wandering savans, during the siege of Sebastapol, when the Russians spoke of sinking their splendid fleet, that Mr. Ellet first revolved in his mind the plan of protecting and strengthening war vessels, so that they might be used as rams, that thus, instead of sinking their fleet the Russians might sink that of their allies, and raise the blockade of the harbor. In December, probably, he wrote to the Russian Government giving a detailed statement of his plan, which was thankfully received; but in consequence of the death of the Emperor soon after was overlooked and never acted upon. In the following April (26th) he addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, through Mr. John Y. Mason, our Minister at Paris, with the same propositions. These, with a reply and rejoinder from our Navy Department, were afterward published (Richmond, 1855) in pamphlet form, and circulated widely both in the South and in Europe. We were at that time slightly menaced with war with England on the right of search question.

In his prefatory note, dated Richmond, December 1, 1855, Mr. Ellet says:

"People are accustomed to regard the art of naval warfare as the art of manœuvring cannon, and throwing shot and shell. I wish them to reflect upon the power of a moving steamboat driven against the enemy who has no means of resistance but his batteries, and to decide which is the more certain warfare. I wish, therefore, to compare the number of fighting steamers which may be sent to any port in the United States from the shores of Europe with the number of river steamers, coasting steamers,

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steam-tugs, and even ferry-boats, which might be found ready to meet them here."

This remarkable pamphlet, upon which must be based his claims to the paternity of the steam ram, is so forcible and explicit, that it should be given entire did space allow. Like all he ever wrote, it is clear, earnest, well reasoned, and nervous in style. He says:

"My plan is simply to convert the steamer into a battering ram, and to enable her to fight, not with her guns, but with her momentum. In short, I propose to strengthen the steamer throughout, in the most substantial manner, so that she may run head on into the enemy, or burst in his ribs, or drive a hole into his hull below the water-line. A hole only two feet square, four feet under water, will sink an ordinary frigate in sixteen minutes."

He then minutely details the altering or building of ships for his purpose. And then, he adds:

"I have read accounts of five or six accidental collisions at sea in the last six months; sometimes by steamers running into sailing vessels, and sometimes by sailing vessels running into steamers; and in every case the vessel struck in the waist was sunk, and the vessel which ran into her was able to keep on her course. For harbor defense, however much we may continue to build and arm forts and batteries, I think we should not neglect also to build *floating-batteries—rams*—great steamers, as near shot and shell proof as they can be made, with a strength of hull, speed, and power, that will enable them to crush in the side of a man-of-war by simple collision.

"To my understanding the efficacy of the plan which I recommend is self-evident. *And I hold myself ready to carry it out in all its details whenever the day arrives that the United States is about to become engaged in a naval contest.*"

To this letter the following remarkable answer was returned:

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D C., *March* 21, 1855

"SIR,—The receipt of your letter of the 25th ult. is acknowledged, and the department tenders you its thanks for the views expressed therein. The suggestion to convert steamers into battering rams and by the momentum make them a means of sinking an enemy's ships, was proposed as long ago as 1832, and has been renewed many times since by various officers of the navy. No practical test has been undertaken; but with the necessary speed, strength, and weight, a large steamer on the plan proposed by you would introduce an entire change in naval warfare.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES W. WELCH,

"Acting Secretary of the Navy."

In reply to this, Mr. Ellet, on the 16th of August, sent another letter to the Navy Department, through Mr. Buchanan, then our Minister in London, in which letter he still more strenuously urges the adoption of his plan. The Secretary of the Navy, J. C. Dobbin, in a very courteous reply, dismissed the subject, stating that the department had no power, but by special vote of Congress, "to undertake the construction of proper vessels and machinery for experimenting."

In the letter which elicited this last reply Mr. Ellet discusses the objections which are likely to be raised against his plan, such as that his own vessel might be sunk or hopelessly damaged in engine or vital parts by the collision or by hostile shot. With our late remarkable experience we can see that these objections fall to the ground. But from the data before him he reasoned correctly that the danger from collision would be immensely against the vessel struck; and in the danger from shot, he entered into a nice calculation of the probabilities of a vessel being struck in a vital part, between the points of extreme range and that of close contact, by which he showed that the chances were reduced to an inappreciable fraction.

When we consider how the allied fleet bombarded the fortress of Sweaborg, defended by about 800 guns for the space of forty-five hours, without suffering the loss of a single man by the enemy's shot, "in consequence of the continual movement of the ships," as the Russian General alleged, and as we also recall some very remarkable engagements of our own in the late war, we may appreciate the prevision of our advocate. The bombardment of Port Royal and the experience of blockade-runners confirm the result of his calculations.

Among the cases of accidental collisions cited are several remarkable ones, all tending to the support of his theory. The well-known sinking of the Arctic by the Vesta, with great loss of life; the Wellington, of 131 guns, damaged by a sailing ship; the Imperatrice steamer sunk almost immediately by the schooner Commerce; the Victoria ship, sunk in two minutes by a small Sardinian steamer; the brigantine Henry, run into by a diminutive steamer and lost immediately.

In 1842 the Hudson River steamer Empire, coming into New York with a new pilot on a misty morning, ran fairly into a new wharf, with the full power of the engine, forcing the bow of the boat through the timber facing of logs 18 inches square, then through a solid stone filling 8½ feet thick, and then through earth and rubbish 17 feet further, making a chasm of 12 feet wide at the logs, 27 feet long, and 17 feet deep. The only injury sustained by the boat was the breaking of one of her oblique braces and a slight leak at the stem.

Now if such is the effect of a frail river steamer upon an object of this sort, what must be expected of a vessel built and armed for the very purpose of a ram? There is another example, memorable for the tragical, mysterious manner in which it occurred. It may be recollected that, a few years ago, an American vessel, with an English captain, was hired, it is supposed, to run down a Russian ship of war in the Baltic. He strengthened his bows with solid timber, and followed the war vessel out of St. Petersburg, and in the gray of dawn next morning, when near the Categat, while his crew were asleep or below decks, he took the helm himself and ran into the Russian ship with the power of sails merely, and instantaneously sunk her with her crew of three hundred souls.

"The practical conclusion," says Mr. Ellet, "to be drawn from these facts is apparent. If vessels built for ordinary commercial purposes and propelled either by steam or sail invariably sink the vessel they strike with their bow, when running with any considerable velocity while themselves receiving but little injury from the collision, it follows of necessity and *à fortiori*, that a steamer expressly designed

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for such conflict, well fortified at the bow, strongly built throughout, divided longitudinally and centrally by a solid partition, reaching from kelson to deck and from stem to stern, and transversely by other partitions, separating the hull into six or eight water-tight compartments, and horizontally by one or more partitions or floors of which one shall be below the water-line when light—I say it follows of necessity that such a vessel skillfully framed and properly fastened, may be driven at high speed against any ship of ordinary construction, in the certainty that the ship struck will go down and the battering ship float."

All this, which is familiar knowledge to us in 1865, was foreseen and reasoned out in 1855. At that time Mr. Ellet was living in Richmond. His views, as set forth by his pamphlet, addresses to Congress, and by conversation and newspaper communications, were all well known. Here, indeed, is the germ of the idea wrought out but partially by the rebels after their seizure of the Navy-yard at Norfolk. To the suggestion that the enemy could strengthen his ships and meet them, ram with ram, it is only necessary to add that this is a fundamental condition of all civilized warfare, and will occur under every species of construction, armament, or defense.

Coming to the priority of claims to invention we should premise that the ram (*Aries*) is of ancient date as a warlike instrument. In the battles between the Greeks and Phœnicians, they used on their ships a metal-covered prow, *rostrum*, with which to crush in the sides of their opponents, and mention is made of a pyramid of these vanquished vessels, *columna rostrata*, in Rome at a late date. It is, however, the steam ram with which we are now concerned. The first mention of it, according to the "London Engineer," is to be attributed to Sir Isaac Coffin, of the British Navy in 1824. This mention is, however, incidental in his system of steam manœuvring, and the ram principle is quite subordinate to guns in his estimate. The next is the one referred to in the letter of Mr. Welch, of the United States Navy Department. Commodore Barron, it appears, in 1832, drew up a system of steam tactics for naval vessels, which in his own words is styled "a means of attack and defense upon sea which is destined to effect as great a revolution in naval warfare as steam has in transportation both on sea and land."

The Navy Department has not published this nor any of the subsequent plans referred to; but enough is seen from the discussions of that time to discover that the ram principle was but dimly discerned. Steam was then in its infancy, and the so-called plans were regarded then as they are now, as visionary and conjectural in character, speculating as to what might ultimately be done with steam rather than specifying how it was to be done. In fact, the ram theory then and for many years after was derided. Indeed the wonder is so little was done or said on the subject, as with the example of the ancients before them the plan of sinking an enemy's ship by running it down is one which might suggest itself to any thoughtful person, and has incidentally been used before the introduction of steam. By a well-known rule of law, and a very obvious and natural one too, it is not sufficient to hint at or suggest an improvement, but it must be demonstrated in order to claim the patent of invention.

Sir Howard Douglass, an eminent English naval authority, admits that it was not until the French had begun building a powerful ram in 1858, or rather a powerful iron ship of war, with a projecting iron prow, called a "beak" or "rhinoceros," that the British gave any serious attention to the subject, and then only to ridicule it. In 1859 the British Government ordered a ram to be built on the Thames. But the mere mention of her proportions shows how obscurely they had entertained the true theory of the proposed change. Like her French predecessor she was to be heavily armored, carrying 36 guns, and when ready for sea was to be of 9000 tons burden, 1200 horse-power, and 26 feet draught. In short, this idea of making the ram a mere adjunct to the floating battery—an irreconcilable difference of function—was constantly copied and repeated until the present war, and including the Merrimac.

The Stevens battery, commenced in 1841, was no exception, her great draught and length unfitting her for a serviceable ram. The Dunderberg, commenced twenty years later, repeated the mistake, and is essentially a floating battery. The error which seems to have affected all naval architects in the construction of rams up to the time of Mr. Ellet, has been in ascribing too much importance to weight, whereas he showed that the crushing power of a vessel was the weight multiplied by the velocity. Mr. Nasmyth, in 1860, stated before the Royal Society for the advancement of science, that the subject of steam rams was an old subject with him; that as early as 1845 he had proposed it, and that "now he felt confident it would be possible to construct a vessel which would dash into the Warrior like a bandbox." So also in 1861, Mr. Donald M'Kay, the eminent American ship-builder, earnestly advocated their use in a letter to the Navy Department.

At the outbreak of the rebellion Mr. Ellet's mind was greatly agitated on this subject, and he repeatedly urged its importance on the Navy Department, upon the President, and upon members of Congress. After the seizure of the Norfolk Navy-yard, and when the report came that the rebels were converting frigates and powerful steamers, both on the coast and on the Mississippi, into iron-clad rams, his alarm and impatience knew no bounds. He besieged his personal friends, even to the verge of importunity, to induce the Government to take action before it was too late. In a printed memorial to Congress, dated Georgetown, February 6, 1862, just a month before the appearance of the Merrimac, he used these words:

"Steam Rams.—It is not generally known that the rebels now have five steam rams nearly ready for use. Of these two are on the Lower Mississippi, two are at Mobile, and one is at Norfolk. The last of the five is doubtless the most formidable, being the steam frigate Merri-

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mac, which has been so strengthened that, in the opinion of the rebels, it may be used as a ram. But we have not yet a single vessel at sea, nor, so far as I know, in course of construction, able to cope with a well-built ram. If the Merrimac is permitted to escape from the Elizabeth River, she will be almost certain to commit great depredation on our armed or unarmed vessels in Hampton Roads, and may even be expected to pass out under the guns of Fortress Monroe and prey upon our commerce in Chesapeake Bay. Indeed, if the alterations have been skillfully made, and she succeed in getting to sea, she will not only be a terrible scourge to our commerce, but may prove also to be a most dangerous visitor to our blockading squadron off the harbors of our Southern coasts.

"I have attempted to call the attention of the Navy Department and of the country so often to this subject during the last seven years, that I almost hesitate to allude to it again; and would not do so here but that I think the danger from these tremendous engines is very imminent, but not at all appreciated."

All the world knows the sequel. That his fears were not verified was due more to the unskillfulness of the enemy than to any adequate preparation on the part of the Navy. The Government, in its alarm, looked about for counsel. Mr. Stanton, who was at the head of the War Department, knew something of Mr. Ellet's ability as an engineer, and of his anxiety to serve the country. Ten years earlier Mr. Stanton was retained as the prosecutor in a suit at law between the city of Pittsburg and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, of which Mr. Ellet was engineer. The feeling engendered in the long and bitter litigation, it is said, survived the occasion, so that a coldness amounting almost to dislike was maintained between them. To his honor be it said, Mr. Stanton waived all personal feelings in the interests of the nation, and summoned his old adversary to his aid.

Mr. Ellet at once proceeded to Fortress Monroe, where he gathered the leading facts of the combat which had just occurred between the Merrimac and the Monitor, and suggested provisions for further safety. Speaking of the conflict between the two iron-clads, Engineer Stimers, in his report of the encounter says, of the Merrimac:

"She attempted to run us down and sink us, as she had the Cumberland yesterday. Her bow passed over our deck, and our sharp upper-edged side cut through the light iron shoe upon her stem and well into her oak. She gave us a tremendous thump."

What might have been the fate of the Monitor if the ram had been properly constructed, and the vessel enabled to make more speed! The career of Mr. Ellet from that time is matter of public history. During the first months of the rebellion his anxiety was intense. Living in Washington, and having surveyed nearly every mile of the theatre of war on the Potomac, and, as chief engineer of the Virginia Central Railway, perfectly familiar with the rolling-stock and transportation of the enemy, he offered his services time after time to the Government. We must remember that these were the days when General Scott was at the head of the army, and General M'Clellan was reviewing his army of two hundred thousand men in the defenses of Washington, while the more enterprising enemy was carrying off the locomotives and cars from under his guns. With his fiery spirit thus chafed, Mr. Ellet indited his famous letter to the President in October, 1861, on "The Army of the Potomac and its Mismanagement." He wrote:

"You are aware, Sir, that I have been for many weeks vainly endeavoring to obtain an interview with Major-General M'Clellan for the purpose of submitting to him the evidence that the rebel army, which has so long threatened this Capital, is wholly dependent for its existence as an organized body on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and the extensions of that work to Richmond, and to the West and Southwest: That the destruction of that road and its motive power, as matters now stand, would be equivalent to the destruction and disastrous dispersion of the army which it supplies with food, munitions of war, and reinforcements; that this road and all its connections north of James River are very deficient of locomotive engines and rolling-stock; vital facts, on which I had a right to ask to be heard, because as an engineer long in the actual professional control of large portions of these works, I was necessarily very familiar with their condition.

"Based upon these facts, I desired to submit to the Commanding General a plan by which this already exceedingly deficient supply of locomotive engines could be almost instantaneously reduced; the railroad line which sustains the rebel army, and all its tributaries, could be for a season disabled; and how a strong division might then be placed between that army, thus crippled, and its sources of supply, both to prevent it from restoring its communications and to cut off its inevitable retreat.

"The plan, in fact, contemplated the immediate and entire destruction of the insurgent army almost without bloodshed; provided, only, that the facts could be submitted to the General in command, and he would have the prudence to act upon them with *absolute secrecy* and prompt dispatch.

"Although General M'Clellan knew of my long connection with these works, and of my intimate local knowledge, I was obliged, in order to procure a brief interview with him, to develop parts of my plan to yourself, to several members of your Cabinet, to General Scott, and gentlemen of his Staff, to General M'Clellan's Aid, and to other distinguished persons, and with all these efforts, supported by your own written request that he would hear me, so great, apparently, was the pressure upon the General's time, that I was finally obliged to abandon the effort as hopeless.

"I would not have passed through this ordeal for any conceivable personal interest of my own; but I was willing to submit to any sacrifice where so deep a stake was involved as the prompt suppression of this most foul and wicked rebellion.

"While I was thus patiently visiting the General's head-quarters, day after day, to offer with my life to destroy the enemy's means of transportation, and with the destruction of that transportation to terminate the war in Virginia, the General himself, apparently unconscious of the magnitude of the issue involved, allowed that enemy to come over both the Catoctin Mountain and the Blue Ridge and seize the great locomotive engines on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and convey them away, over mountains and valleys, in sight of the very watch-fires of our own camps on the Upper Potomac.

"Let me repeat the statement of a transparent fact. The true base of the rebel army of the Potomac is Manassas Junction. From that point all supplies are now conveyed to the army north of the Junction by common teams.

"But south of this true base—unlike the great armies of past times—they have no common road transportation, but depend wholly on their railroads. These railroads, and the country which they traverse, from Manassas Junction to the Gulf of Mexico, are, in a military sense, wholly unprotected. Even now you may strike in south of that position almost any where with a small division under a gallant leader, *and march southwardly almost with impunity*—disabling the railroads and machinery as you advance to prevent pursuit by the rebel army of the Potomac, and

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avoiding the large cities if you have not force sufficient to take them. It will be unnecessary to invest these cities, even to render them harmless. By temporarily crippling their railroads and canals merely, they will be sufficiently invested.

"By thus disabling the unprotected railroads and machinery south of Manassas, you will at once place the rebel army before Washington, starving and helpless, at the mercy of your General here—provided he is then able to put any part of his vast, patriotic, and fiery masses in forward motion."

What a commentary is this upon the strategy of those unhappy times! The publication of this pamphlet caused much and angry discussion which led to the publication of a second on the same subject. Experience, however, proved that Mr. Ellet was right. The rebel army was finally crippled and destroyed by the destruction of its communications. Both of these pamphlets are remarkable performances. In the second Mr. Ellet says:

"The rebellion is not, as it is represented in anonymous publications from the head-quarters of the army to be, on the eve of its final overthrow. Ignorance and puerile imbecility can not overthrow it. Victories upon victories in Kentucky and on the Mississippi, though purchased by torrents of the dearest blood of the West, will leave it still in full vigor, in a more contracted field perhaps—though even that is doubtful, but more concentrated and in undiminished strength. This rebellion must be essentially crushed, if at all, quickly; and it must receive its death-blow in Virginia, where the military strength of its upholders is chiefly concentrated. It must be broken down by the capture, or by the irretrievable defeat of the rebel army of Manassas."

About this time Admiral Foote reported from Island No. 10 that the rebels had, on the Mississippi, thirteen gun-boats, eight of which could be used as rams, and still others building. The Navy Department, engrossed by its Herculean task to blockade a coast over three thousand miles in length, had built no boats to meet these rebel rams. The navy complained of want of authority for this service. The gun-boats, which were then upon the Mississippi had been ordered by the War Department through the foresight of General Fremont. In this dilemma Secretary Stanton, with his characteristic boldness, assumed the responsibility and sent Mr. Ellet to the West to purchase and convert into rams such vessels as he deemed best suited for the purpose.

Accordingly, with a Colonel's commission in his pocket, he set out upon this mission on the 26th of March. The Boards of Trade in the cities of Pittsburg, Cincinnati, New Albany, and St. Louis were requested, by telegraph, to assist him. At Pittsburg he purchased five powerful tow-boats, the Lioness, Samson, Mingo, Fulton, and Homer. The hulls were strengthened, the bows filled with solid timber, the boilers protected by a double tier of oak 24 inches thick, and the pilot-house plated against musketry. At Cincinnati he purchased four side-wheel steamers of great power, as being more readily handled in the strong current of the Mississippi—the Queen of the West, Monarch, Switzerland, and Lancaster. The alterations were pushed as rapidly as possible, but there still remained the most important part of the expedition to be supplied—the crew.

The navy looked askance at the innovation, and the river craftsmen saw all sorts of obstacles in the way. It was difficult to get either pilots, engineers, crews, or sharp-shooters. Colonel Ellet here threw the whole force of his fascinating influence into the work. He had full confidence in the success of his enterprise, and won his way to the hearts of all whom he approached. He sent for his brother, and received permission to recruit from the army for this dangerous service as it was popularly esteemed.

His brother, Alfred W. Ellet, then a Captain in the Fifty-ninth Illinois, brought his own company, with another from the Sixty-third Illinois, and met the boats at Cairo. Pilots and engineers were still hard to be obtained; but by dint of his wonderful persuasive eloquence he succeeded in convincing those around him that the service was not so perilous as was commonly supposed. For firemen he was mainly indebted to negroes.

While he was thus employed the rebel flotilla at Fort Pillow attacked our fleet of iron-clads on the 10th of May, and, although the enemy suffered from shot, two of our gun-boats, the Cincinnati and the Mound City, were sunk by the rebel rams. There was the greatest fear lest they might renew the attack and sink the remainder of our fleet, and thus destroy our ascendency on the Mississippi. At this juncture Alfred Ellet was sent down with the five stern-wheelers and such crews as he could collect. Their appearance at Fort Pillow, although calculated to give little comfort to our fleet, so frail and worthless did they look, had the happiest effect upon the rebels, who telegraphed their arrival as something formidable. By a display of strength the point was gained. The rebel boats did not venture to attack and soon after began the evacuation.

A few days later the Colonel, with the side-wheel boats, arrived and made several demonstrations in order to drill his men, and to inspire his fleet with confidence. He begged of commander Davis, to whose orders he was subject, for permission to run by the fort and engage the hostile fleet below, if he could only be accompanied by a couple of gun-boats; for it must be understood the rams had not a gun on board at this time larger than a musket. They were painted black so as to make them look as formidable as possible. Each boat was provided with twenty sharp-shooters, who fired from loop-holes. The Queen of the West was Colonel Ellet's flag-ship. The Monarch was commanded by Alfred Ellet. The pilot of the Queen of the West, named Collins, volunteered for this service, and heroically discharged the responsibilities which devolved upon him.

On the 5th of June the enemy burned his camp preparatory to evacuation. During the night Alfred W. Ellet floated down in a yawl

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to a point opposite the fort, and with the first dawn of light raised the Stars and Stripes over the abandoned works. That night the gun-boats were tied to the shore three miles above Memphis. The rams having been detained were twenty miles further up the river. Before daylight, however, they were steaming down the river, and at half past four overtook the gun-boat fleet drawn out in line of battle above the city. The rebel gun-boats and rams were hidden by a bend in the river below. Colonel Ellet, suspecting that an engagement might take place, although he had received no notification from Commander Davis, had hurried down, and was rounding into the shore when the first shot was fired by the rebels. At this he gave orders to steam out, and as his vessel turned her head down stream, standing on the open deck with his arm stretched toward the cannonading, he shouted across to his brother of the Monarch just behind him, "Follow me and attack the enemy."

His great concern was now to infuse confidence into the hearts of his crew, some of whom had shown signs of demoralization. Animated by the inspiration of the sublime moment he ordered his engineer to put on all steam, and the majestic ship with great rapidity rushed down the channel. Eighty, ninety, one hundred pounds pressure was successively reported. Dashing outside the line of gun-boats so as to get at once a clear view of the enemy, and a fair sweep against them, he shot past the iron-clads and plunged upon the nearest hostile craft, which proved to be the General Lovell, a New Orleans tow-boat fitted as a gun-boat and ram. The crash was tremendous. The Queen's chimneys reeled and shook; the upper works of both boats were shattered, and for a moment it seemed as if they might both go down together. The result was, however, precisely what Colonel Ellet had calculated. In five minutes the Lovell had sunk with the loss of the greater part of her crew, while Colonel Ellet's own vessel was comparatively uninjured.

Before the Queen, arrested by the shock, could regain her headway she was attacked by two of the rebel rams, the Bragg and Price. The former made a lunge at the Queen striking her in the wheel-house; but the blow not being fairly aimed did not seriously injure the Queen, disabling one wheel only. The Bragg, then glancing off, ran afoul of her consort the Price, stripping her wheel completely from her side. The wounded steamer makes for the Arkansas shore, and, careening, sinks nearly out of sight. While these scenes were transpiring a brisk fire was being kept up by the sharp-shooters and the cannon on both sides. Colonel Ellet stepped out upon the forward part of the deck to observe the effect of the blow upon the Lovell, when he received a pistol-ball in the knee from one of the rebel boats which disabled him.

At this instant down came the Monarch and rushed into the Beauregard. Although the blow was well parried the rebel ram was so badly pierced as to sink in a few minutes. The gun-boats had by this time come to close quarters, and were pouring in shot and shell in incessant discharges. The gallant onset of the rams, however, broke the rebel spirit for serious resistance. Four of their vessels had been sunk or disabled in twenty minutes, and the rest were endeavoring to escape. "Save himself who can" was now the word.

The Jeff Thompson, completely riddled by shot, ran upon the Arkansas shore, where she was blown up. All who were not wounded escaped to the woods pursued by our exploding shells. The Sumter, raked fore and aft and abandoned by the crew, was deserted. The Little Rebel, the flag-ship, crippled by shot and pursued by a ram, plunged upon the shore when Commodore Montgomery and the crew leaped over her sides and made for the timber. In the general consternation three of the rebel rams ran into each other, and our gun-boats poured into them, thus entangled, broadside after broadside completely riddling their hulls and upper works. The Van Dorn turned upon her heel and fled, panic-stricken, down the river. The Monarch and Lancaster followed her in hot pursuit.

Never was victory more prompt or decisive. In twenty minutes the fate of the rebel fleet was settled. In one short hour every vessel of that fleet but one was either sunk, burned, blown up, or captured. All the naval pretensions of the rebels on the Mississippi were, by this sharp, short conflict dissipated. While the action was in progress the bluffs of the city of Memphis were lined with spectators, many of whom had been invited by the rebel Commodore Montgomery to witness the sinking of the whole Yankee fleet. Their surprise and chagrin at the sudden and unexpected turn of affairs was equaled only by their admiration of the intrepid manner in which the Union rams had plunged into the fray.

Colonel Ellet was disabled by a bullet-shot into his knee. Very singularly he was the only man on board the ram-fleet who was injured. Not one of our gun-boats received any serious harm. The wreck of the rebel fleet was terrible. The explosion of the magazine in one of the boats scattered fragments to the distance of a mile. We took nearly one hundred prisoners, and about one hundred and fifty perished by shot, drowning, or the flames. As Fleet Captain Davis was pursuing the Van Dorn in the Benton, Colonel Ellet sent his son and nephew with a small party on shore to demand the surrender of the city. Having delivered the message the two young cousins, Charles and Edward Ellet, proceeded to the Post-office, followed by a mob, who fastened the doors upon them when they ascended to hoist the national banner in place of the rebel flag. After the delay of a couple of hours they rejoined the fleet.

Meanwhile a deputation of citizens had cross-

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ed to the Colonel's flag-boat. While this conference was going on Fleet Captain Davis returned in the Benton, the Van Dorn having escaped, and, in virtue of his rank, commenced the negotiations anew. In his official report Commander Davis gives the following account of the action, which, though not entirely agreeing with the account of other observers, is, in all essentials, correct. It is natural that there should have been a little rivalry and some jealousies between the ram and gun-boat fleet:

"While the engagement," writes Commander Davis, "was going on in this manner two vessels of the ram-fleet, under command of Colonel Ellet, steamed rapidly by us and ran boldly into the enemy's line. Several conflicts had taken place between the rams before the flotilla (of gun-boats) led by the Benton, moving at a slower rate, could arrive at the closest quarters. In the mean time, however, the firing from the gun-boats was continuous and exceedingly well directed. The General Beauregard and the Little Rebel were struck in the boilers and blown up.

"The ram, Queen of the West, which Colonel Ellet commanded in person, encountered with full power the rebel steamer General Lovell and sunk her, but in so doing sustained pretty serious damage. Up to this time the rebel fleet had maintained its position and used its guns with great spirit. These disasters compelled the remaining vessels to resort to their superiority in speed as the only means of safety. A running fight took place which lasted nearly an hour, and carried us ten miles below the city. The attack made by the two rams under Colonel Ellet, which took place before the flotilla closed in with the enemy, was bold and successful."

The damage to the Queen, as we have stated, was in consequence of a side blow from one of the enemy's rams and not from her shock with the Lovell. The wound in Colonel Ellet's knee proved upon examination to be of the class called dangerous but not necessarily fatal. The ball had lodged in the bones of the joint. Inflammation set in, amputation he stoutly resisted, declaring "the life should go first." His delicate and highly nervous frame sunk under the pain, which grew intense. He still persisted in attending to his duties, and making the necessary preparations for moving down to Vicksburg. His family arrived; he grew worse in spite of their care, nor would he could he consent that one of the boats of his fleet should be detached to convey him homeward.

On the 19th of June he bade adieu to his brother Alfred, upon whom the command now devolved, and who was on the point of starting down the unexplored river. His parting salutation on this occasion breathes the same fervor and the prevailing idea of his life. "Alfred, stand to your post." Colonel Ellet was conveyed to Cairo on the Switzerland, and expired in great peace and serenity of mind on reaching the wharf on the morning of the 21st. His remains were conveyed to Philadelphia, where they were buried with conspicuous honors. This stroke of affliction proved too great for his sorrowing wife, whose broken heart kept feebly beating until she had followed her earthly hopes to the grave, and then soon after rested with him forever.

The brief yet glorious career of their son, CHARLES RIVERS ELLET, will interest every



CHARLES RIVERS ELLET.

reader. Charles was born in Georgetown, District of Columbia, 1843. His precocity of intellect and highly sensitive nature made him alike the cause of pride and of anxiety to his parents. In 1855 he accompanied his father to Europe and remained two years in one of the schools of Paris. At the outbreak of the war he was scarcely eighteen years of age. He was at that time engaged in reading medicine, and had attended his first lecture, when the terrible battle of Bull Run filled the streets and houses of Georgetown with our wounded soldiers. Charles immediately volunteered as nurse or assistant surgeon, and devoted himself many weeks untiringly to the care of the wounded.

Soon after, learning that his father was projecting the enterprise of steam rams on the Mississippi, he hastened to the West, and reached Cairo just as the first and rudest of them was to be sent down the river. The young but zealous patriot was assigned to duty as a medical cadet. At the naval battle which we have described, at Memphis, he was on board the Switzerland, and came up to the assistance of the disabled Queen, and was soon after sent on shore as we have related by his wounded father, to bear a letter demanding of the authorities the surrender of the city.

On the 20th of June Alfred Ellet, summoned by those patriotic calls of duty which are more imperious than even fraternal love, commenced the movement of the little fleet down the river toward Vicksburg. Charles, struggling between the fond love of a dying father and the calls of an imperiled country, followed his uncle. Four hundred miles of unknown stream extended between them and the bluffs of Vicksburg. In those distant waters, far removed from all facilities for naval architecture and supplies, obstacles were encountered by the gun-boat fleet which few can comprehend.

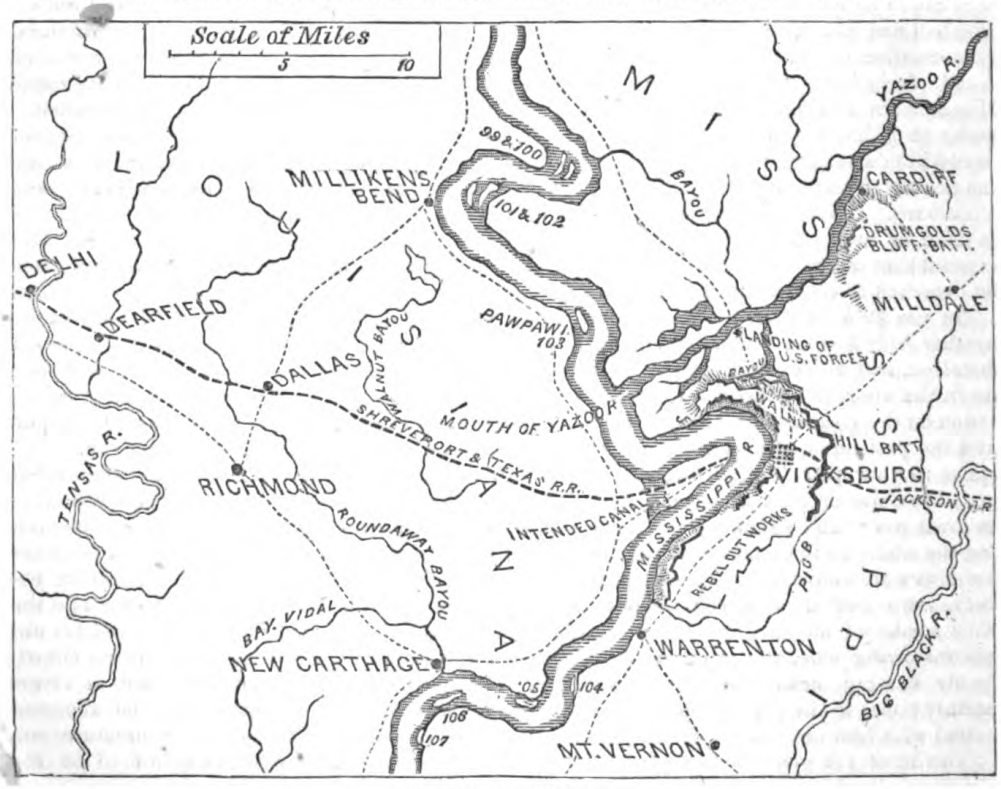
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Admiral Foote stated to the writer that the struggle to get his boats ready for the conflict was vastly greater than that which he encountered in the hour of battle. The gun-boats encountered many of the hindrances inevitable in great enterprises. It was known that Admiral Farragut was ascending the river from New Orleans. Therefore, without waiting for the gun-boat fleet, Alfred Ellet started with his rams alone, without a gun larger than a musket, and with no armor which could resist a 32-pound shot.

When they arrived at the mouth of the Yazoo, just above Vicksburg, on the 24th, they learned from one of the inhabitants that Admiral, then Commodore, Farragut's fleet was anchored just below the batteries. The next day young Charles was commissioned to convey a letter from Commodore Davis to Farragut. It was an enterprise demanding both sagacity and courage. Making his way through the deep stagnant swamps, on the western banks of the Mississippi opposite Vicksburg, at times dodging the rebel pickets by rushing into the water, where the myriads of mosquitoes were hardly less deadly than hostile bullets, he spent the whole night in getting across the isthmus which the river there forms, and the next morning as he stood half buried in fog and brushwood on the shore he fired a pistol, and thus called the attention of the Hartford which was out in the river. A boat was sent ashore, moving cautiously in fear of an ambuscade, and took him and the few accompanying him on board.

After a thorough cross-examination, through fear that he might prove but a rebel spy, our hero was sent back with special dispatches under an escort of one hundred marines. Through the communication thus opened an agreement was made that Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Ellet was to guard with his rams the upper part of the river and the mouth of the Yazoo against any raid from rebel craft. In the mean time Alfred Ellet had steamed up the Yazoo in the Monarch in pursuit of several rebel transports and unfinished gun-boats. Charles Ellet followed him up the Yazoo in the Lancaster. They ascended the river sixty-five miles to Liverpool Landing, where they found a raft or boom constructed across the narrow and tortuous stream supported by a battery. As soon as the rebels caught sight of the two black rams, steaming so vengefully up the stream, unaware that they had not a single cannon on board, they set fire to three of their gun-boats, the Van Dorn, the Livingston, and Lady Polk.

At that time there were less than twenty guns mounted at Vicksburg, and none on the Yazoo near the city. Communication with the lower fleet was continually kept up until the 28th, when Commodore Farragut, in whose character the most chivalric bravery was blended with the most consummate prudence, apprehensive that the little force of unarmed rams might be overpowered, made his first passage of the batteries in the Hartford with the Richmond and six other gun-boats, not, however, without serious loss of life. The heroic achievement rang through the land exciting enthusiasm in all patriot hearts. Then followed the



VICKSBURG AND VICINITY.

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first weary siege of Vicksburg under the combined fleets of Farragut and Davis and the land-forces of General Williams. Two reconnoissances were made up the Yazoo to learn something of the condition of the iron-plated ram Arkansas then completing.

On the 10th of July Charles Ellet received the melancholy intelligence of the death of both father and mother, and of the prostration of his beloved and only sister. These griefs compelled him to leave the stormy scenes of war for a time and to hasten up the river. Those who were with Charles Ellet in these sad hours remember well how manfully and yet how sorrowfully he bore up against this stroke, and yet how he regretted to withdraw from the front of the enemy. Four days after this the Queen of the West and the Tyler which had been sent up the Yazoo encountered the new rebel ram Arkansas, heavily plated and with a formidable battery. After a running fight of an hour, during which the Tyler and the Carondelet were very severely handled by the rebel ram, the rebel ran through the whole fleet, exploding the boiler of the Switzerland and doing other damage to various vessels of the Union squadron, and took refuge beneath the guns of the Vicksburg batteries. "Her appearance," says Commander Davis, "was so sudden and the steam of almost every vessel in the squadron so low, or, in other words, so entirely unprepared were we, that she had an opportunity to pass without positive obstruction, though she was severely injured by shot."

The consternation that was produced in the fleet that day is indescribable. Nothing was known of the injuries which the rebel ram had received, and by the force of imagination and mystery it seemed as if the enemy had really produced a boat impervious to the heaviest batteries, and one which would prove a deadly antagonist. Anxiously was the little black craft watched as she lay at the wharf all day. The next day, when she steamed up around the point so as to be visible to our fleet, quite a panic was created. There was a general fear that the monster might come up and sink the whole fleet of thirty vessels at her leisure. A consultation was held. Something must be done to revive the waning courage of the patriot crews, and to get rid if possible of the foe.

Colonel Alfred Ellet volunteered to go down in the ram Queen of the West, accompanied by the Essex, and attack the Arkansas at the wharf. Every day the rebels were strengthening their batteries. On the 22d of July, at the dawn of day the expedition started. At first the Essex led followed by the Benton. Soon the ram Queen of the West came rushing by the other two steamers to plunge with all her speed into the Arkansas. As she passed the Benton the Commodore stood upon the deck and waving his hand, shouted out his kindly wishes in the words, "Good luck! good luck!" Unfortunately these words of cheer were understood to be a command, "Go back! go back!"

In reluctant obedience to the supposed command, just as the ram was entering the fiery ordeal she was rounded to, when the explanation was made. In such enterprises moments are invaluable. It was now quite light. The rebels opened their batteries and poured in a fearful storm of shot and shell upon the doomed Queen. In the midst of this terrific fire Colonel Alfred Ellet, with Lieutenant Hunter as his second in command, anxious to redeem the disastrous mistake, again brought the ram into position and plunged forward at the top of his speed, aiming at the beam of the rebel craft.

In consequence, however, of the strong eddies under the bluff, and the impossibility of calculating the proper momentum of the ram, the blow was not quite fair, and instead of crushing in the side of the Arkansas only damaged the shaft of her engine. The injury, however, which the ram received was quite severe. The Essex was in the mean time doing good service, plunging several very effective shots into the Arkansas. Commodore Porter, in his report to Flag Officer Davis, says:

"Permit me to draw your attention to Master Willie Coates, of only fourteen years of age. This young gentleman volunteered to act as my aid. His conduct was throughout the action marked with great coolness and bravery."

All the while fifty rebel guns in battery were pouring forth a storm of shot and shell. The Queen of the West, which, by her own velocity and the swift current of the river, had been carried far down the stream was now compelled, while exposed to the deadly fire, to struggle slowly and laboriously up against the strong flow of the stream. Round shot plowed through her furnaces, over and under her boilers, and made a complete wreck of her upper works. Yet strange to say, of her two officers, four soldiers, and three negro firemen, all of whom were volunteers, not one was injured. Those who witnessed the scene were overpowered with the amazing temerity of the actors.

In August sickness made such ravages in the fleet and among the land-troops that the siege of Vicksburg was abandoned. The lower fleet passed down by the batteries to New Orleans, and the gun-boats returned to Helena. It was during this interval that the Benton, with the rams Monarch, Lancaster, and others, captured the rebel steamer Fair Play, at Milliken's Bend, with a cargo of five thousand muskets, and equipments and ammunition, *en route* for the Trans-Mississippi army. This was about the 20th of August. The gun-boats Benton and Mound City, with three of Colonel Ellet's rams, left the rest of the fleet for a trip up the Yazoo River, hoping to destroy some transports which they had learned were there. They soon came to a band of rebels erecting a battery on a bluff which commanded the stream. After a short but brisk conflict the rebels ran, and boats were sent on shore which captured and destroyed the battery. Two 42-pounders, two 32-pounders, one 20-pound howitzer, and a brass 12-

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pound Mexican gun, and a large amount of ammunition were taken.

On the 1st of November following the Marine Brigade was ordered to be raised for the purpose of keeping open the river, the last of the existing rebel boats having been destroyed near Baton Rouge. On the 5th Charles Rivers Ellet was made Colonel, and placed in command of the rams proper, while his uncle Alfred, as General, took the Marine Brigade. General Ellet commenced at once the reconnoissance of Yazoo River as the key to Vicksburg. In this service he had been fighting sharp-shooters and fishing up torpedoes when General Sherman made his desperate but unsuccessful attack upon the rebel strong-hold at Chickasaw Bluffs. General Grant, betrayed by the imbecility or treachery of a subordinate officer, had been unable to reach him for co-operation by a march through the heart of Mississippi.

On the 29th of December General Sherman, in conjunction with Admiral Porter, determined to try to force the passage of Yazoo River at Haines Bluff. The bluff bristled with heavy siege-guns, and the river was obstructed by a strong raft of timber. In these arduous enterprises of the river fleet deeds were performed almost every hour meriting particular recital. Admiral Porter, speaking of these scenes, says truly in his report: "The operations of the navy in the Yazoo are worthy to be ranked among the brightest events of the war. The officers in charge of getting up the torpedoes and clearing eight miles of the river distinguished themselves by their patient endurance and cool courage under a galling fire of musketry from well protected and unseen riflemen, and the crews of the boats exhibited a coolness and coolness seldom equaled. The navy will scarcely ever get credit for these events. They are not brilliant enough to satisfy our impatient people at the North, who know little of the difficulties attending an expedition like the one mentioned, or how much officers and men are exposing themselves, while they wonder why we do not demolish mountains of granite."

The gallant young Colonel with all a young man's glowing ambition and zeal had, perhaps rather importunately, urged upon the Admiral to give him something to do. Perhaps a little nettled by this pertinacity, or possibly wishing to test the mettle of the enthusiastic volunteer, the Admiral selected him to lead the way up to the frowning batteries on the bluff, and to blow up the raft. Fitting a torpedo raft or *devil*, as it was called, of his own invention to the ram Lioness, young Ellet made all ready, and at 10 o'clock waited on the Admiral to say that he had two tons of powder on the bow of his boat and to ask how he was to proceed. He was informed that he was to steam up directly to the raft, which was within fifty feet of the huge guns upon Drumgold's Bluff, and force the raft, if possible, by blowing it up with his torpedoes. The dauntless young fellow asked,

"Don't you expect the enemy will be firing into my large powder all this while?"

"Oh yes," said the impetuous sailor, "but you must not mind bullets or shells, you know!"

"Admiral," was the reply, "I am not afraid of them; but I wished to know how you expected the thing was to be done."

Admiral Porter thus describes the result:

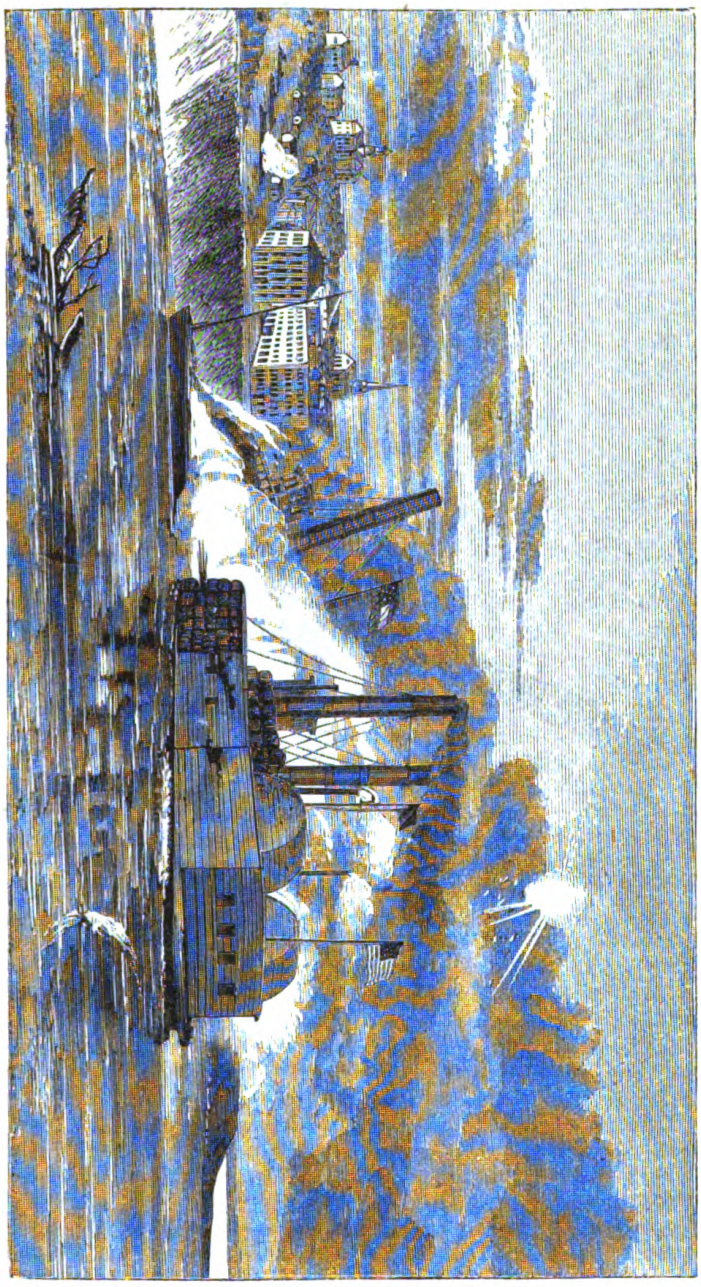
"Ten thousand men were to have been thrown right at the foot of the cliffs, risking the loss of the transports, while all the iron-clads were to open fire on the batteries and try and silence them temporarily. The ram Lioness, under Colonel Ellet, was fitted with an apparatus for breaking torpedo wires, and was to go ahead and clear the way. Colonel Ellet was also provided with fifteen torpedoes to blow up the raft and enable the vessels to get by if possible. This desperate duty he took upon himself cheerfully, and no doubt would have performed it well had the opportunity occurred. The details of the expedition were left to me, and it was all ready to start at 3.30 A.M. A dense fog unfortunately set in at midnight and lasted until morning, when it was too late to start. It was so thick that vessels could not move. Men could not see each other at ten paces. The river is too narrow for operations in clear weather, much less in a fog. After the fog there was in the afternoon every indication of a long and heavy rain."

In the report which the Admiral made two days after, he says: "On the night of the 31st of December, when it was intended to assault the batteries by land and water, Colonel Ellet took upon himself the perilous duty of running up in the Lioness, in face of the batteries, to clear out the torpedoes or break the wires, and to plant torpedoes on the raft which had batteries at each end of it. No doubt he would have performed it or lost his life and his vessel. I have great confidence in the commander of the rams and those under him, and take this opportunity to state to the department how highly I appreciate the commander and his associates."

In the spring of 1863 General Grant assumed command of the armies operating before Vicksburg. The history of those eventful days, whose incidents of endurance and heroism can scarce find a parallel in the pages of romance, can not here be narrated. Upon the withdrawal of our forces before the arrival of General Grant the rebels had brought out from the Yazoo into the Mississippi one of their large river boats, the City of Vicksburg, which lay at the wharf piled up with cotton bales, and which they were evidently preparing for some formidable enterprise.

On the 1st of February Admiral Porter ordered Colonel Ellet to pass down by the batteries, and if possible destroy the steamer at the wharf. The next morning, at daylight, as he steamed down the river in the Queen of the West, the rebels opened a very heavy fire upon him from their augmented batteries. The rebels had moored their steamer in such a position that it was impossible to strike her fairly. One of the guns of the Queen, for the rams were now armed, was shotted with what were called turpentine balls, so as to set fire to the rebel craft. In the short, sharp conflict which ensued both steamers were set on fire. The

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THE QUEEN OF THE WEST AND THE VICKSBURG.

flames, however, were in both cases extinguished. On board the Queen of the West they were compelled to cut loose the flaming cotton bales while assailed by a murderous fire from the rebel batteries.

Immediately after this Colonel Ellet was sent down the Mississippi to the mouth of Red River, where the rebel transports were busy conveying supplies to Port Hudson. In a short cruise of three days Colonel Ellet captured and destroyed three large steamers loaded with stores, and valued at not less than $400,000, besides destroying large amounts of army stores at Vidalia and other points. Wherever he appeared he struck terror into the foe. On the 10th the Queen started on another cruise to the Red River accompanied by a little ferry-boat, the De Soto. Of the party on board there were the correspondents of the *New York Herald*, Mr. Finlay Anderson; of the *Chicago Tribune*, Mr. Boardman; and of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, Mr. M'Cullough. The two steamers swept vengefully along, destroying whatever could be of use to the enemy. On the 10th they ascended the Red River as far as Atchafalaya, destroying a large amount of provisions.

Learning that there was a small battery of 32-pounders some thirty miles farther up the city at Gordon's Landing, now Fort De Russey, and that there were three steamers lying there, he pushed boldly up the river for their capture. Just before dusk the point was made. The rebel steamers had evidently got news of their approach, and were hurrying up their fires. As they rounded an abrupt point in the stream the fort opened fire upon them with four 23-pounders. These guns were in fine position, and their range was so effective that Colonel Ellet ordered the pilot to back the Queen out. By floating down 60 yards they would be out of all danger. But the pilot, in the attempt to withdraw, ran the steamer aground on the right-hand shore.

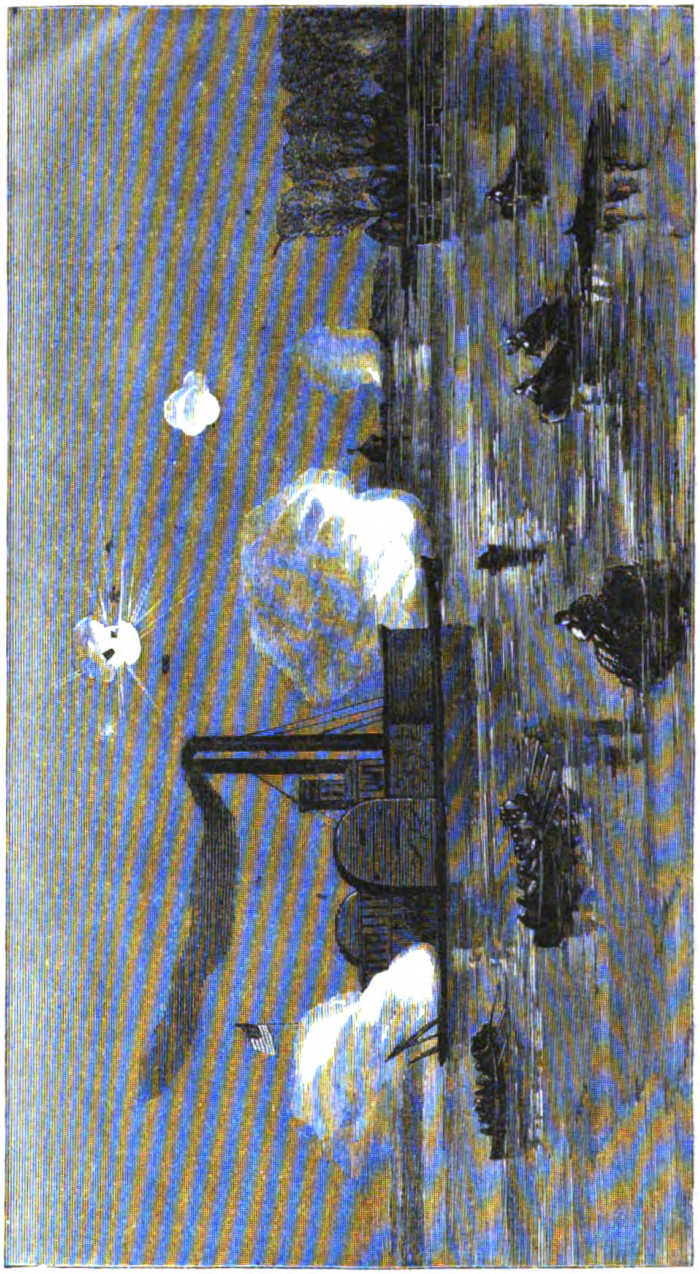
The situation of the unfortunate Queen was now desperate. Nearly every shot from the enemy's batteries struck the boat. A 23-pound ball pierced the steam-pipe. Instantly the bulwarks and the cabin were filled with the suffocating and scalding vapor. The yawl had disappeared. The scene which ensued can not be better described than by the pen of the correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, who shared in all the perils of the awful scene which he so graphically delineates:

"Shot were flying; shell were bursting; and, worse

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than all, we could not reply. The enemy had our exact range, and every explosion told with fearful effect. Your correspondent sought the pilot-house, and thus became an unwilling witness of the terrible affair. Three huge 32-pounder shells exploded on the deck, not twenty feet from our heads.

"The air was filled with fragments and exploding shells, which flew before, behind, and all about us. Soon we heard a crash among the machinery below. Word was passed up that the lever which regulates the engines was shot away. Another crash, and we learned the escape-pipe was gone. Still another, and the steam-chest was fractured. The whole boat shook with the rush of the escaping steam, which penetrated every nook and cranny. The engine-room was crowded with engineers, firemen, negroes, and prisoners, who had sought that place under the impression that it was the safest. All this time while we supposed we were blown up, and were looking every moment to be launched into eternity, the batteries played upon the unfortunate vessel, and pierced her through and through. Men crowded to the after-part of the vessel. Some tumbled cotton bales into the river, and, getting astride of them, sought to reach the De Soto, a mile below. The yawl was tied to the stern, and a man stood there with a loaded pistol threatening to shoot the first one who entered it. The cry was raised for Colonel Ellet, and men were sent forward to look after him. The negroes in their fright jumped overboard and were drowned. Some of our men were scalded. Word was sent to the De Soto to come alongside to remove us. She came as near as she dared, and sent her yawl, but before it returned, she herself was compelled to move down the river out of range.



LOSS OF THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

"As I have before stated, I was in the pilot-house when the explosion occurred, and took the precaution to close the trap-door, thus keeping out a quantity of steam. There was still enough to make breathing almost impossible, that came through the windows in front of us. I had sufficient presence of mind to cram the tail of my coat into my mouth and thus avoid scalding. Shortly we discovered that to remain would induce suffocation, and we opened the trap-door, and, blinded by steam, sought the stern of the vessel.

"Groping about the cabin, tumbling over chairs and negroes, I sought my berth, seized an over-coat, leaving an entire suit of clothes, my haversack, and some valuable papers behind, and emerged upon the hurricane-deck. The shell were flying over my head, and here was obviously no place for me to remain. Looking over, I saw the woolly pate of a negro projecting over the stern below me, and calling to him to catch my over-coat, I swung myself over by a rope, and landed directly upon the rudder. At this time it was suggested that a boat be sent to hurry up the De Soto, and among those who entered it was your correspondent. We reached it in about ten minutes, passing on the way several men on cotton bales, among them Colonel Ellet and Mr. M'Cullough of the *Commercial*.

"The yawl had reached the boat and was busily engaged in picking up the crew, when three boat-loads of Confederate soldiers cautiously approached the vessel and boarded her. Of course there was no resistance, and our boys became their prisoners.

"The De Soto hearing several men shout from the shore, '*Surrender*,' was allowed to float down stream, picking up, as she floated, several who had escaped on cotton bales. When she reached a point ten miles below, the yawl overtook her with others who had been similarly preserved."

Charles Ellet was ever of the opinion that he was betrayed by his pilot. But those familiar with the treacherous and tortuous navigation of that stream, especially at that point,

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judge that the grounding was accidental. No one was killed on the Queen. An engineer, the surgeon, and Mr. Anderson were captured with the boat.

The chagrin and surprise of the rebels at the discovery of what a cheap extemporized craft had done them so much damage, and caused them such commotion and alarm, may be imagined. The secret was out. Why should *they* not strike terror also, and learn of their enemies? It was a great loss of prestige to us, and a great gain of information to them.

Charles made his way sorrowfully in the Era back toward Vicksburg. He received more than a hundred shots from field-batteries as he passed Ellis's Cliffs, Palmyra Island, and New Carthage. The announcement of the loss of the Queen caused deep concern at Vicksburg, both in the fleet and on the shore. Though many blamed Colonel Ellet for his rashness, all admitted that it was a failing which leaned to virtue's side. The rebels speedily repaired the Queen, and advanced with her to attack our fleet.

The following extracts from a letter written by Rear-Admiral Porter, from the Yazoo River, on the 26th of February, 1863, in reference to the scenes we are now describing, will be read with interest. The reader will perhaps see indications in it of the rivalry between the ram-fleet and the gun-boats:

"We are all in quite a state of excitement here in consequence of the appearance of the ram Queen of the West at Warrenton, seven miles below Vicksburg, with the rebel flag flying. She was discovered early yesterday morning with steam up ready for a start. The account I received from Commodore Ellet led me to believe that she was in such a condition that she could not be repaired for some time. You may judge of my surprise, then, when told she was near Vicksburg. I always thought that the ram crew skedaddled without any necessity; and now I am pretty well convinced of it. At all events they spoiled a very important operation—holding possession of the Mississippi River between Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and cutting off all supplies.

"The rebels had only one vessel on the whole river; that was the Webb, a worn-out leaky vessel, and not in any way to be feared; hence we should have had all things our own way. There were on the way and past Vicksburg twelve good guns, such as they have not got in all rebeldom—at least in this part of it—and three vessels. One, it is true, was an old ferry-boat that we had captured; but she had a gun on, and would have answered to protect the coal barges, while the other two cruised together. Well, all that was knocked in the head by the ram getting ashore under a battery.

"The prize New Era and the persons who escaped were only saved from capture by meeting the Indianola, which vessel made the Webb turn back, and she (the Webb) escaped up Red River. I knew that Brown would take care of the Webb by himself; but I have no idea that he will be a match for the Queen and the Webb both ramming him at the same time. The Indianola is a weak vessel, and the only good thing about her is her battery."

The Indianola, as has been mentioned, had been sent down past the batteries at Vicksburg by Admiral Porter, under the command of Lieutenant-Commander George Brown, to the aid of Colonel Ellet. On the 15th of February, when groping her way slowly along through a dense fog, she met Colonel Ellet ascending the river in the Era, about ten miles below Natchez. Here he first learned of the loss of the Queen of the West.

On consultation with Colonel Ellet, Commander Brown decided to continue down the stream as far as the mouth of Red River with both of the boats. As they were nearing Ellis's Cliffs the Era, which was leading, signaled her consort that there was danger ahead. Almost immediately the rebel steamer Webb appeared. But the Webb was not disposed for battle against such odds. She turned upon her heel, and, rushing down the stream, speedily disappeared in the river fog, which was so dense as to render a vigorous chase impossible. The Indianola threw two 11-inch shots at the retreating steamer, but they both fell short.

The two patriot boats then continued down the Mississippi until they reached the mouth of Red River on the 17th, where the Indianola maintained a rigid blockade until the 21st. As they could obtain no Red River pilot, it was not safe to venture up the stream. As the Era was unarmed, and had several prisoners on board, it was decided for Colonel Ellet to ascend the river with that boat to Vicksburg to communicate with the squadron there. After the lapse of a few days Commander Brown learned that the rebels had repaired the Queen of the West, and would soon be ready with that powerful ram, aided by the Webb and four cotton-clad boats, to attack the Indianola. This rendered it necessary immediately to communicate with the squadron above. As no boat had been sent down to Commander Brown's assistance, he feared that Colonel Ellet had not reached the fleet. He had reached the squadron, and earnestly begged permission to take down one of the other rams to the assistance of the Indianola. For doubtless good reasons, but of which we are not informed, the permission was not granted.

As the Indianola was slowly ascending the swift current of the Mississippi, delayed by her coal barges, which were alongside, on the 24th, about nine o'clock of a very dark night, four rebel steamers were discovered in chase. The Indianola instantly prepared for action, and turned around to face its foes. The Queen first struck the Indianola, inflicting no serious damage. Then came the Webb.

"Both vessels," reports Commander Brown, "came together bows on with a tremendous crash, which knocked nearly every one down on board of both vessels, doing no damage to us, while the Webb's bow was cut in at least eight feet." The engagement now became general and at close quarters. The cotton-clads kept up a heavy fire with field-pieces and small-arms; but Commander Brown devoted all his attention to the rams, as they were the only antagonists he feared. The battery of the Indianola was of but little avail, since the night was so dark as to render accuracy of aim impossible. Five times the rebel rams struck the Indianola, but each time at such an angle that no vital injury was inflicted.

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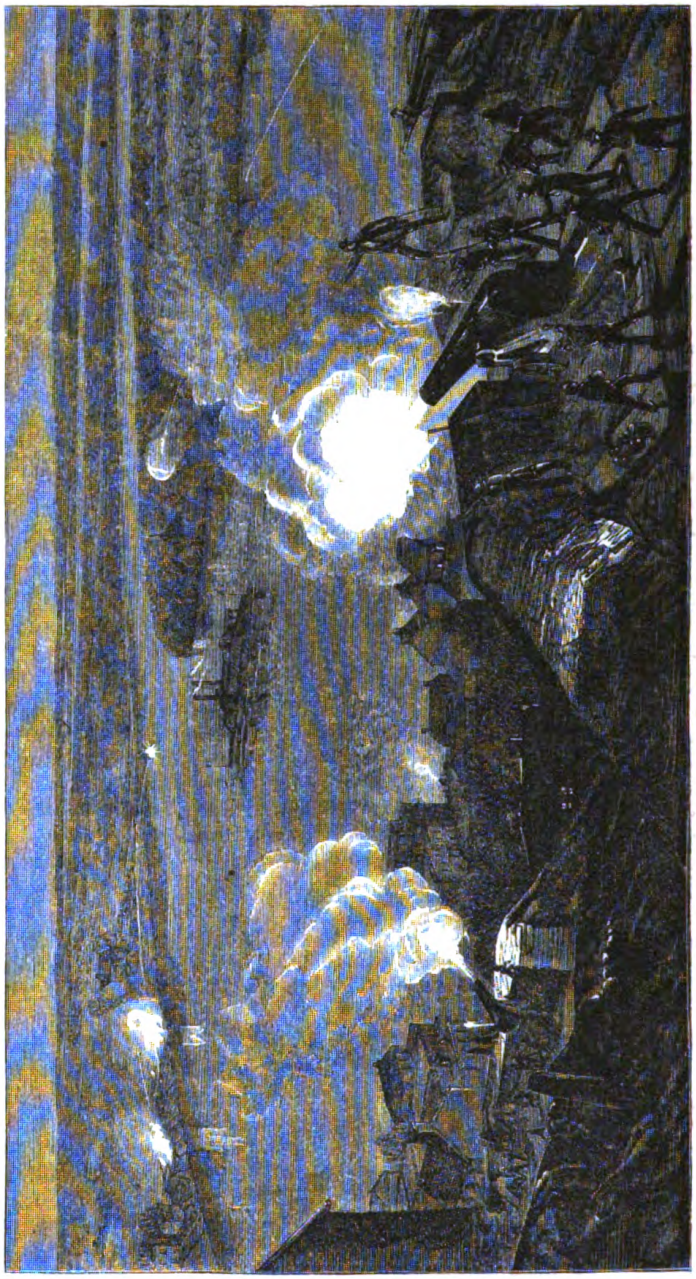
The sixth blow was from the Webb. It crushed in the starboard wheel, disabled one of the rudders, and started several leaks. Again the Webb struck a seventh blow upon her sorely-wounded antagonist, fair upon the stern, crushing in the timbers, and pouring in floods of water. The wound was so severe as to disable the ship from any further efficient action. Her gallant commander, as she was fast sinking, ran her ashore, and surrendered the steamer, not with dishonor, shattered and water-logged, to four vessels mounting ten guns and manned by over a thousand men. This disaster occurred about thirty-five miles below Vicksburg.

The rebels speedily commenced repairing the Indianola, intending, with that splendid steamer added to the Queen of the West, to enter upon a brilliant career of river victories. The final destruction of the Indianola was one of the most ludicrous events of the war. Admiral Porter thus describes his share of the adventure:

"Ericsson saved the country with an iron Monitor — why could I not save it with a wooden one? An old coal barge, picked up in the river, was the foundation to build on. It was built of old boards in twelve hours, with pork barrels on top of each other for smoke-stacks, and two old canoes for quarter boats. The furnaces were built of mud, and only intended to make black smoke, and not steam.

"Without knowing that Brown was in peril, I let loose our Monitor. When it was descried by the dim light of the morn never did the batteries of Vicksburg open with such a din. The earth fairly trembled, and the shot flew thick around the devoted Monitor. But she ran safely past all the batteries, though under fire for an hour, and drifted down to the lower mouth of the canal. She was a much better looking vessel than the Indianola.

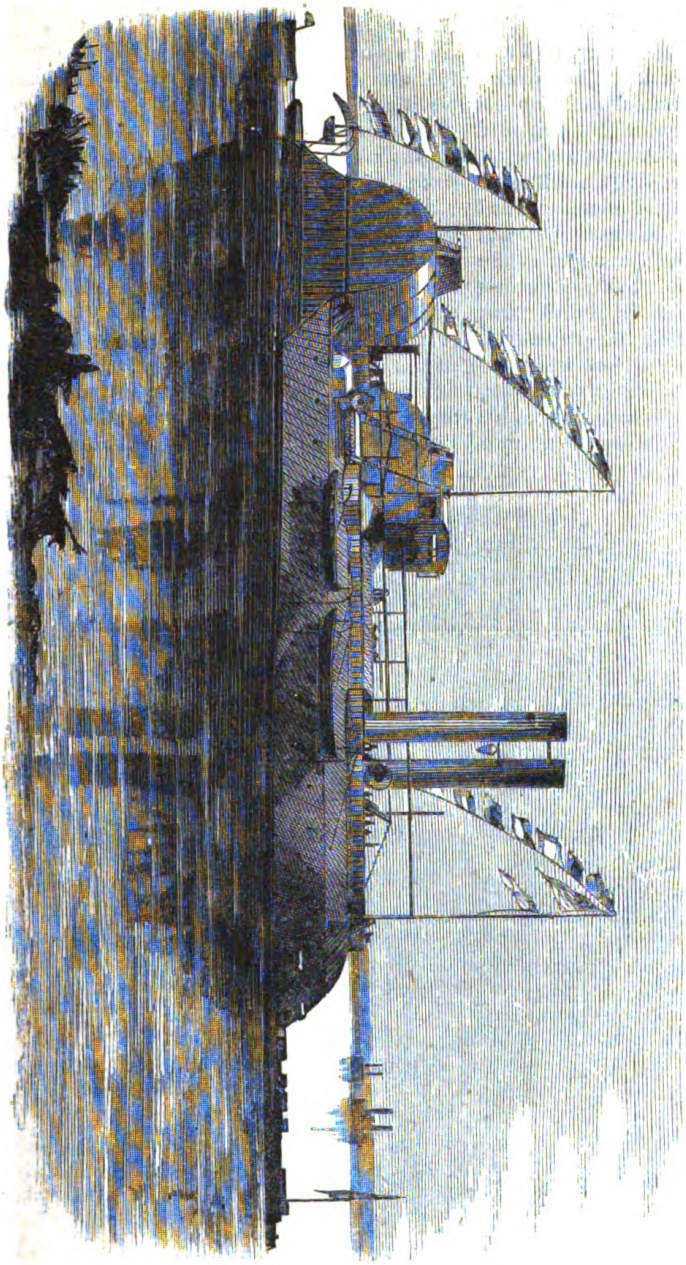
"When it was broad daylight they opened upon her again with all the guns they could bring to bear, without a shot hitting her to do any harm, because they did not make her settle in the water, though going in at one side and out at the other. She was already full of water. The soldiers of our army shouted and laughed like mad."



THE INDIANOLA PASSING THE BATTERIES AT VICKSBURG.

Information of the approach of the terrible turreted Monitor, which, unharmed, had floated past all the batteries, was sent by the rebels to the Queen of the West and the Indianola, which were lying under the batteries of Warrenton, eight miles below Vicksburg. The Queen of the West instantly got up all steam, and rushed as fast as her engines could drive her down the river, while the sham Monitor drifted past the forts and batteries of Warrenton, impelled only by the five-knot current. The Indianola was undergoing repairs near where she was taken. The authorities at Vicksburg, apprehensive that the steamer might be captured by the mud-scow in disguise, dispatched an order for the Indianola to be instantly blown up. The train was fired, the magazine exploded, and the steamer was scattered in fragments.

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THE SWITZERLAND.

The chagrin of the rebels when they heard of the hoax which had been played upon them was indescribable. The *Richmond Examiner* of March 7 thus speaks of the occurrence:

"The reported fate of the Indianola is even more disgraceful than farcical. Here was perhaps the finest iron-clad in the Western waters, captured after a heroic struggle, rapidly repaired, and destined to join the Queen of the West in a series of victories. Next we hear that she was of necessity blown up, in the true Merrimac-Mallory style; and why? Laugh and hold your sides lest ye die of a surfeit of derision, O Yankeedom! Blown up because forsooth a flat-boat or mud-scow, with a small house taken from the back garden of a plantation put on top of it, is floated down the river before the frightened eyes of the partisan rangers. A Turreted Monster!

"'A most unfortunate and unnecessary affair,' says the dispatch. Rather so! 'The turreted monster proves to be a flat-boat, with sundry fixtures to create deception.' Think of that! 'She passed Vicksburg on Tuesday night, and the officers, believing her to be a turreted monster, blew up the Indianola, but her guns fell into the enemy's hands.' That is passing odd. Her guns fell into 'the enemy's hands' after she was blown up! Incredible! Mallory and Tatnall did altogether better than that with the Merrimac.

"'The Queen of the West,' continues the facetious dispatch, 'left in such a hurry as to forget part of her crew, who were left on shore.' Well done for the Queen of the West and her brave officers! 'Taken altogether,' concludes the inimitable dispatch, 'it was a good joke on the Partisan Rangers, who are notoriously more cunning than brave.' Truly an excellent joke! So excellent, that every man connected with this affair should be branded with the capital letters 'T. M.,' and enrolled in a detached company, to be known by the name of 'The Turreted Monster' henceforth and forever."

The Queen of the West was also subsequently destroyed by the rebels to avoid capture. Admiral Farragut ascended the river, running the deadly batteries of Port Hudson with the Hartford and the Albatross. The rebels still had the iron-clad Missouri and the ocean steamer Webb in Red River. Admiral Farragut deemed it necessary to have one or two rams below Vicksburg. Accordingly, on the 26th, the Switzerland, under the command of Charles Ellet, and the Lancaster, under command of Lieutenant John A. Ellet, brother to Alfred, started to run past the batteries at Vicksburg. They were assailed by a storm of shells hurled in a hundred circling lines around them. When directly in front of the city the Lancaster was struck by a heavy shot crashing through her hull, and the Switzerland had her boilers pierced by two shots, instantly enveloping the whole ship in scalding steam. Lieutenant-Colonel Ellet, after he had seen all the crew in the boats, fired his pistol into the cotton bales, so as to make sure of the destruction of the ship, and then rowed to his crippled consort.

The Switzerland escaped, and with boilers repaired, did valiant patrol and dispatch duty between the armies of General Grant and General Banks until the fall of Vicksburg and Port

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Hudson, which freed the great river from the foul banner of rebellion forever.

With the close of the hot summer, and also with the substantial close of his labors, which had for months tasked his mental and physical energies to the utmost, Charles R. Ellet applied for leave of absence, and in August retired to the home of his uncle, Dr. Ellet, at Bunker Hill, Illinois. A severe facial neuralgia had long troubled him, for which he was in the habit of taking some opiate. On the night of the 16th of October he complained of not feeling well, and said to his aunt before retiring that he would take something "for the pain in his face." Undoubtedly the ingredient was morphine, as he had frequently administered it before, preparing it himself. Whether from an over-dose, or from some weakness of the system, morning found him cold, and the soul gone from its earthly casket.

He was but twenty years and five months old, and though so young had passed through perils and borne responsibilities such as few experience in a long lifetime. With remarkable acuteness and activity of intellect he read and discussed with avidity the philosophical works of Comte, Buckle, Mill, and Cousin. His conversation, tone, and manners were gentle, almost womanly. His massive brow, large, lustrous eyes, and long, straight black hair and expressive features ever attracted the attention of the observing. No reward awaits him on earth; but the love of friends and the veneration of his countrymen will enshrine his memory. In all the records of romance a more truly chivalric spirit can nowhere be found.



INDIAN SUMMER.

AN autumn sun, a golden haze,
The first of bright October days
In a calm radiance shining:
A meadow, stretching broad and green,
And on its breast in silver sheen
A ribbon streamlet twining.

Swift rushing from its mountain source
It leaps the downward rocky course,
In haste to leave the shadow.
It winds the valleys, dimly seen,
It threads the mountain's wild ravine,
And drops into the meadow.

So softly taken to its breast
What wonder that it loves the rest,
Its ocean home forgetting?
With dreamy murmurs creeps the tide,
And none who saw the spot could chide
Its lingering and regretting.

Nature lies quiet, with hushed breath:
That life most glorious in its death
Its hectic flush is showing;
A crimson tint on wood and hill,
A golden light, and all so still,
So wondrous in its glowing.

In brighter robes than those of May
The fair Year burns her life away,
As if, for Summer mourning,
Like Eastern brides she sought the fire,
And perished grandly on his pyre,
Exulting in that burning.

Calm skies above, fair fields below:
The sunshine sleeps, the waters flow
With effortless outgiving.
And with a thousand happy things,
My heart too lies at rest, and sings
The joy, the joy of living!

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AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.

IN EIGHT SECTIONS.

§ 6.—A BRUISED DAISY.

OF a sudden it occurred to us that Shaugh and his pony were missing.

"Confound that boy!" said Mr. Fitz Patrick. "I believe that if St. Peter set him to keeping pike while he stretched his legs for an hour he'd go off sky-larking with some young Irish saints of his own age, and leave the new arrivals to swing the bar for themselves!"

"Now that I think of it," said I, "it must have been he whom I saw, without taking any particular notice of him at the time, scampering his pony down toward our last gate, while I was tying the thongs around our future barbecue."

What *had* become of Shaugh may just as well be recorded here. The cast of my lasso drove him crazy with wonder and emulation. Without the leave which he would have been certain to ask under any ordinary circumstances of enthusiasm, the young scamp had taken advantage of our absorption in the Irish buffalo hunt, and gone back to the house as fast as his pony's legs could carry him. There he surreptitiously possessed himself of the laundresses best clothes-line, and tying one end of it into a slip-noose, coiled it around a tenpenny spike driven into the peak of his saddle-tree, in imitation of my pommel. So much for the intelligibility of that which now follows.

To return to our party. On our way home, finding the sun somewhat oppressive, we descended into the grateful shade of a ravine, about thirty feet below the general level of the pasture-field, bounded on the left by a picturesque scarp of limestone crags densely wooded at the top, and on the right by an almost equally steep bank of turf, thickly planted with evergreens from base to summit. The floor of this miniature "*cañon*" was so narrow that for forty or fifty yards we were obliged to travel single-file. Before we entered this cool dell Miss Fitz Patrick and I had been comparing our experiences of horse-nature, to my great delight and edification. The good sense, discretion, and acuteness of her remarks charmed me no less than her enthusiasm and *lovingness* (if you will forgive me for setting up a branch mint of the vernacular, to supply deficits in the coinage of Webster and Worcester); and I thought to myself what moral regeneration would result to the turf, what physical regeneration to that frail, night-blooming cereus sisterhood of our American women, if all young ladies of eighteen entered with such refined zest as Daisy into the art and science of horsewomanship. As we approached the ravine we were studying with the greatest interest an equine friendship which seemed to have sprung up between her Arab and my American. At the entrance to the dell Miss Fitz Patrick said to me: "Let me go first, please, and keep close behind me; I should like to see whether Hadji will miss Cholooké, and if so how he will show it." Accordingly Miss Fitz Patrick took the lead of our column; I went next; then the Captain; and our model host closed the rear. The result of our experiment was very interesting. Every few rods Hadji neighed for his new friend, or tried to turn his head and look for him over his shoulder. In the study of this modern Damon and Pythias we amused ourselves for two-thirds of the way through the ravine. Just as we reached an abrupt bend in the direction of the miniature "*cañon*" our ears were greeted by a confused hullabaloo of shouts, trampling hoofs, and roars of taurine indignation. We turned the corner, and lo! the performers in the concert!

Tearing down on us like a locomotive in rawhide came the fiercest, blackest, ugliest, and biggest of all the veteran bulls in the herd! His eyes were bulged and bloodshot with rage; his tail stood stiff and perpendicular like a flagstaff, with a hairy pennant drifting back from it on the wind. Behind him came Shaugh, yelling at the top of his lungs, belaboring his ragged little pony into a frenzy, and holding his surreptitious clothes-line ready for a throw. There were not two seconds to lose. I leaped down and drew my own and Daisy's horses close against the rocky side of the glen, judging that the momentum of the bull in turning the curve would be likely to throw him over against the opposite bank.

"Do you see that shelf?" said I, pointing to a ledge of limestone just above her horse's head, which projected scarcely two inches from the face of the cliff. "Gather up your skirt—there! Stand up on your saddle." (I leaped to my own and stood up.) "Quick! give me your hand; now your foot—just as if you were mounting!"

"But what will become of you?"

"Daisy, for God's sake! Oh! quick, dear Daisy! Now—up we go!"

Standing on Cholooké, I took her little foot upon my palm and lifted her to that meagre foothold with as little exertion as if she had been a feather. If we had had half an hour to plan and execute this course we should have failed. We had ten seconds and succeeded. The very horses seemed inspired: of their own accord they hugged the bank as if they had been nailed there, and Cholooké never stirred or trembled. In that moment how I thanked God for having blessed me with the gift of making horses love me—for showing me that this alone is education! I might have cowed Cholooké by pain—the thing that some parents would call "breaking his will"—but my product would have been a *coward:* in the day of danger he would have trembled under me, and that beautiful girl, now standing on a ledge scarcely broad enough to hold her foot, would have gone down with me to be trampled into shreds in a pool of bloody mire! Horseman! whosoever you be, thank God if you have made your horse believe in you, for then there shall never be danger so black that he shall not face it with

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you unswerving; the least caress of your hand means, "*Ne timeas! Cæsarem vehis!*" and you can go nowhere that he dare not follow.

Like the statue of some lovely saint, marble white, but sweet and brave withal, Daisy Fitz Patrick stood in her niche, with—ah! here the saintly metaphor breaks down—with her arms clasped round a mortal's neck—that mortal's my own.

The act was one of necessity. In it she chose between life and death. It was indicative of nothing personal to me. Pure and unashamed, the beautiful girl might have no idea how sweet the clasp was to me. But my heart found it so sweet that I could have staid thus the livelong day—ay, for a life long! Then I knew how much I loved her, and felt how completely my happiness was merged in hers—how I loved her, had been loving her, loved her at first sight. I would not for my soul's sake have taken advantage of her utter helplessness to ask her a question whose solution involved the joy or the misery of her whole future; but none can ever know the severity of self-control which kept me from that unfairness. Would she have been as glad had her safety rested on any other support—supposing me a wooden prop, an iron bar, a brass handle, a distant relation—any thing capable of being clung to or held on by? This whole train of thought and the action which accompanied it occupied not more than thirty seconds from the time when I first descried the bull charging up the narrow defile. Then a pair of bloodshot eyes glowered fiercely at our side, and Taurus shot by. As he passed Daisy's Arabian he made one angry lunge sidewise, and laid the beautiful animal's flank open with a gash ten inches long. The victim uttered a human cry of anguish, and knowing where to find his best friend, reared to the height of Daisy's waist, and looked at her with piteous, swimming eyes, like a wounded deer. The pain his suffering cost her at once deadened her to her own danger. With the tears brimming over her eyelids she reached one arm forward to caress him, just as the bull flashed past doing none of us further injury. Before I could catch her and set her on my own saddle she lost her balance and went down between her Arabian and Cholooké. Never losing hold of her, I jumped from the saddle, and would have saved her had not Hadji, in dropping to all fours, caught her with his off fore-foot and carried us both beneath his hoofs. Not knowing what he did in his restive misery he tapped his mistress on the top of her head. She gave no cry, but her eyelids closed at once like the petals of a lily, and with one little sob lay pulseless on my heart. Until now I had never wished that it henceforth might not beat again.

In relating this sorrowful scene I have been too much absorbed in the peril of one dearer to me than all the rest of the world to speak of Mr. Fitz Patrick and the Captain. Seeing the bull as soon as I, and knowing that there was no time to turn their horses, they dismounted and scrambled up the wooded side of the ravine, drawing their horses after them. One glance had revealed to them our situation. To have hastened to our help would have been both murderous and suicidal. It could only obstruct the passage, and preclude the possibility of our getting out of danger on either side. They now rode up to us with anguish-smitten faces, and heads drooping to conceal their despair. Dismounting, they fell on their knees by the side of the lovely creature, stroking away the fibrous sunshine of her golden hair, dabbled in her own and Hadji's blood. A convulsion of anguish passed over the father's face—the paralysis of the first shock was over, and with an exceedingly bitter cry he fell prostrate by the side of his dead "baby," pressing her soft, snow-white cheek to his own. The Captain, like one in a night-mare, seemed frozen where he knelt. When either moved his lips to speak he whispered only, and this only whisper was, "O Daisy! O Daisy! Dead—dead—dead!"

Parting away Daisy's silky amber locks, I discovered that there was no bone fracture, though a slight cut in the scalp was bleeding profusely. I took from my belt a broad Wostenholm bowie-knife (slung there that morning to give Daisy a better idea of the *vaquero* rig), and held its burnished blade over the lovely girl's lips. There was the faintest film on the steel when I looked at it. I also fancied that I could perceive a slender intermittent pulse, and my own heart, which seemed to have stopped, began throbbing once more like a trip-hammer.

"Mr. Fitz Patrick, thank God that you are mistaken. Your daughter is not dead."

The two men leaped to their feet and stared at me with bewildered eyes. "Don't tell me that!" cried the elder, clasping me by the arm; "don't be so cruel as to tell me that to console me! To be disappointed would be worse than the first shock! I *live* for her! She is my joy, my crown, my morning glory and my evening song! I shall die if you deceive me! Daisy! O Daisy, my own Daisy! I love you better than any blessedness on earth!"

"*So do I*," said the Captain, solemnly.

"*And so do I*," was my answer. "Do you think that she who is the dearest object of three strong men's affection can thus take away the sunshine from the lives of all? Where is your nearest physician?"

"Five miles across the fields; eight from my lodge-gate," replied the father, mechanically.

"In which direction from here?"

"When you reach the field level you will see nearly due east the spire of the parish church of Killimakeough; you can not fail to recognize it; on such a sunshiny day as this it shines like snow. The doctor lives a few doors from the church. Any body in the village will direct you exactly."

Crossing the mouth of the ravine we saw one of Mr. F. P.'s tenants driving a farm-cart. I called him and he halted. I lifted Daisy from the ground, and taking the sweet weight in my

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arms like a baby carried her to the farmer—Cholooké following, as he always did, without my touching his bridle. Each of the gentlemen led his horse, coming after me in Indian file. Fortunately the open level into which we emerged was a hay-field. We covered the bottom of the cart with a thick layer of hay, and after Mr. Fitz Patrick had taken his seat at the back of the cart, lifted Daisy in and put her head on his lap, I bid the one an audible "Good-by," with "God bless you!" To the other I looked it, and prayed silently, "*God keep you for me!*" The moment that the cart was ready to return to the house I leaped into the saddle.

"Can I do any thing more to help you?" asked Trevannion, in an eager, quivering voice.

"No, thank you, Captain. In fifteen minutes Daisy will be in the care of her old nurse."

"Then I will accompany Von Haarlem. Perhaps something may happen to one of us, d'ye see, and then the other will be left to bring the doctor."

§ 7.—THE AFFAIR COMES OFF.

This conversation was the work of ten seconds, and when it was over Trevannion followed me out of the narrow gulch without uttering a word. Once arrived in the open, I caught him making an all-comprehensive examination of Cholooké, myself, and my equipments. Putting together this look and the reason for not accompanying him which he gave to Daisy's father, I immediately fathomed his plan, and tacitly accepted the arrangement. Climbing out of the ravine we almost instantly saw the spire which Mr. Fitz Patrick had given me as our winning-post. Here was the opportunity to settle our dispute like gentlemen. Yesterday we spoke of putting our horses in train for a week or two. We must now enter the lists untrained. Yesterday we looked upon each other's presence as a tacit insult; neither of us could be frank with the other; each disliked the other because we knew that we were not frank. To-day we could have no suspicions of each other, because suspicion had developed into certainty—an intellectual condition as painful, but much more satisfactory. Over Daisy's sweet piteous face (now white as alabaster, and before we got back to Nestledown to be, perhaps, as dead) we had thrown off the masks which Anglo-Saxons hate, and said to each other that which never had been said in Daisy's living ear. What an adamantine wall rises, heaven-high, between to-day and to-morrow!"

"You have lived here during a part of your childhood, Captain?"

"Yes—aw—that is to say, my father once owned the estate a mile or so behind us, and exchanged it for his present seat in Wiltshire, when I was quite a small lad—eight years old or some trifling matter of that kind, you know."

"Then you don't know the 'cuts across-lots,' as they say among my countrymen?"

"No, indeed. Sorry about it too—wish I did—but whenever the family were obliged to go to Killimakeough they always went round by the road."

While we talked I had been gently jockeying my horse until I had gradually brought him up to his regular gait—a steady, swinging trot of long stride and good for all day. Cholooké never wasted an inch of momentum in perpendicular action, but crept close to the ground with flattened back and straight neck, so that a string stretched from his nose to his croup would have touched him almost every where. The Captain began to feel that he had smiled at Cholooké somewhat prematurely. By the time that Cholooké was warmed into his work it became manifest that Inkermann could not stand the pace, and to the great chagrin of his master insisted on "breaking" every ten rods or so. The Captain relieved his feelings by a military expression not found in Jomini, and gave Inkermann his head. Again I pressed Cholooké slightly, and still lying down to his trot he shot three lengths ahead of the chestnut, keeping that position for a couple of minutes. In spite of the terrible anxiety which abstracted both of us from slighter interests, I could not but feel a thrill of happy pride when I saw Trevannion's face beaming with involuntary admiration of an animal possessing Cholooké's splendid level action, his freedom from worry and sweat, his obedience to the slighest twist of my finger, and his step regular as clock-work.

Before us spread a country which deserved to be called the Irish Paradise. I am not much of an admirer of Dr. Watts, but the only expression which I could think of as at all adequate to the lovely meadows we were traversing was "Sweet fields dressed in living green." Yet there is hardly a tract in Ireland which could not be added to this paradise by the abolition of absenteeism and the culture (not to speak of benevolence) of an enlightened selfishness.

As we rode on, Cholooké still trotting without a sign of distress, and Inkermann galloping to keep at his side, I mapped out in my mind the ground we should have to pass over, that I might save as much of the distance and run as little of the risk as possible in this steeple-chase over a country absolutely unknown to either myself or my competitor. Half a mile ahead the level plateau we were now crossing became abruptly undulatory. The sun was now high enough to show the details of a landscape, which, looked at in an oblique light, merged all the hills and valleys into one uniform plain. Here and there I could see a hill rising to the height of a hundred feet or more; now and then a precipitous bank which at home I should have called a bluff; and beyond all these a scrubby woodland several miles in breadth, reaching as nearly as I could reckon to the spire and the still invisible hamlet of Killimakeough. Here and there through the emerald warp of the meadows Nature, singing at her work with the voices of birds and the bleating of lambs, shot from her shuttle the silver thread of a brook, and (if it be not

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too fanciful to push the metaphor so far) broidered the fabric-like one of those priceless webs of Arras which on the walls of kings perpetuate the pleasures and labors of mankind with groups of browsing kine, and sheep half drowned in grass; the sun meanwhile darting his inevitable golden pencil into every crevice of the rocks to gild their homeliest lichens. The exquisite beauty of this view saddened me. Does Nature mock us? How could she be glad when Daisy might never see her again?

But this was no way to reach the Doctor. Our horses had been given abundant time to get their second wind; we had four miles before us still, and we were now coming to that rolling meadow-land where the gallop might be advantageously substituted for the trot.

"Shall we try a little scamper?" said I, turning to the Captain. "If I had been permitted to choose the ground myself I could not have been better pleased. This is the best possible arena for a final test of our schools and our animals. To be sure it's baby-play compared with a pass in the Sierra or a California chaparral—'Not so deep as a well,' etc. 'But 'twill do, 'twill serve.' Cholooké and I are a risky pair—we've jumped off almost every thing but the roof of a house, swum together, climbed together, fought together; and I beg you won't think I undervalue your riding (for all that *we* can boast depends on experience, habituation, you know. I suppose we never should have learned out of any horn-book but Old Grand-dam Necessity's!) when I ask you to recall us to common sense, if you see us going any where where it would be reckless to follow."

"I say, can't you stop preaching? You ride a great deal better than you preach. If I were you, d'ye see, aw—I'd—well, aw—I'd adorn the former walk entirely. Now harkye, old fellow (I call you old fellow, you know, because you're going to marry my wife or I'm going to marry yours, which is being something like brothers-in-law, isn't it?), have the goodness, aw, to show me where you mean to go, and by— no! I won't swear, for I promised my sister I wouldn't whenever I happened to think of it in time. Well, on the honor of a guardsman and a gentleman, I'll follow you if it breaks my neck, but begin preaching to me again and hanged if I don't clear out and leave you to talk to the pigs, like St. Anthony!"

"You couldn't get away from me if you tried," said I, smiling.

"You think so? Aw! Here goes, then! Pick up your feet, Inkermann! For Daisy and England!"

"Here goes with you! Lope, Cholooké! For Daisy and America!"

Certainly Inkermann knew how to run. At each bound the magnificent animal packed his fore-legs against his belly like a scared stag. Taken out of the trot, in which he was professional, and abruptly put upon the run, where comparatively he might be regarded as an amateur, Cholooké needed about half a minute to familiarize him with the new status. He changed his gait without hesitation, before the word of command was fairly off his master's lips, for his *nous* was almost human, his ambition Napoleonic, and himself as quick-witted as the shrewdest of the race which reared him.

Meanwhile the thorough-bred got four or five lengths ahead. About this gap I gave myself not the slightest uneasiness, letting Cholooké take his own time to close it without so much as a hint from my spur. Had our ground been even, and the race an ordinary affair of three straight heats, I should very likely have crowded him a little more. But I saw that the make of the land was all in my favor.

For a hundred rods I saw the Captain's back, and the long flossy ends of his military whiskers streaming over his shoulders like the insignia of a two-tailed bashaw. Once or twice I saw his face also. The look which he threw back at me was one of perfect good-nature—a smile, but not the "superior" one. Then I knew that at bottom he was a sterling good fellow. A snob would have been supercilious when he thought himself on the winning horse; but the prime article of manhood ripens in the saddle; puppyism, if it be the husk, not the kernel, is blown away by the gale which sweeps past the dashing rider. I smiled too; but there was no merit in that, when I knew so well what would happen three minutes after.

I was admiring the magnificent play of Inkermann's muscles (could he have been frozen motionless at any stage of his action the resultant form would have been a model for heroic sculpture), the noble figure and the steadfast seat of my rival, and the beauty of that loveliest part of Ireland through which we were flying, when Inkermann's pace slackened, and, without any increased effort on my part, Cholooké came up with him. Just ahead of us the ground sloped thirty degrees. In accordance with his school Trevannion had slightly pulled upon his curb. I instantly dropped the reins on Cholooké's neck, and gave him the word "Go!" We passed the Captain like lightning—rushed down the hill at a pace which made him sit aghast—and looked back from the foot of the slope to see him cautiously stealing down the declivity with a countenance like night, and his horse's head held firm in hand as a jib-boom with the stays fresh-tautened. From that moment Trevannion grew reckless. As he afterward told me he had bargained to race with a horse, not a devil—to which I replied that this diabolic breed was the only one known to crack riders in my country.

We had now reached another level; and Trevannion had changed places with me. It was now his duty to follow wherever I led; and it is only just to him to say that he never hesitated, his horse never balked at the hedges and ditches over which Cholooké went flying. Indeed he made a number of clever leaps which could not have been bettered by my own horse. At one moment he was within half a length of

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me; but as I had an undoubted right, and meant to use it as the best lesson an American could teach him, I proceeded to take him over a series of brush-heaps laid with the twigs toward us like an *abatis*—which my horse's familiarity with the California chaparral enabled him to vault with the greatest ease—none of them being comparable for risk or difficulty with the ordinary thicket of manzanita; none of them distressing Cholooké, who jumped them like a cat; but all of them *flogging* poor Inkermann till his scratched hocks bled at every leap. Once through the thicket myself, I turned to find the Captain farther in my rear than ever before. Inkermann came to the ground with all four hoofs between jumps. Cholooké, after landing on his fore-feet, brought down his hind ones only as the first motion of another spring—so that his progress was a perpetual oscillation, without pause—without loss of momentum. This is what I mean by jumping like a cat; and the horse that can do that (*ceteris paribus*) need never fear the horse that can not.

Emerging from the thicket we were once more on level ground, Cholooké at least fifty feet ahead, and showing no sign of fatigue, while Trevannion's horse, fretted by his unusual exercise and the heavy hand which had been kept on his snaffle at the very moment when he most needed his head, was reeking and foaming as if just emerged from a bath of soap-suds. Feeling that I could afford to be generous I held my animal slightly in and let Trevannion come alongside. Sure now that he could not pass me, even on his own gait, I wished to win the battle by intrinsic superiority of horse-flesh. I knew Cholooké could out-trot Inkermann—I believed he could also outrun him.

We were now on our last stretch. Not only the spire but the transept of the church itself was visible before us—and the scattered cottages of Killimakeough sent up here and there a spiral of peat smoke between the trees. I spoke to my horse, patted him on the neck, and tickled his flanks with the blunt rays of my Mexican spurs. He pricked his ears forward—laid his neck flat as an ironing-board—and flew. As on the trot so on the run he made every pound of muscular tension tell in the forward direction. His run was like that of an antelope—perfectly level. Inkermann had a longer reach than he, but canceled that advantage, as in the trot, by throwing away the surplus of his action on the perpendicular line. His running was that of the stag—*parade* had spoiled a fine race-horse in him; *curb* being in inverse ratio to *progress*. A year with Hiram Woodruff would have made him Cholooké's formidable rival. As it was, the Captain and I had as fine a neck-and-neck contest as it ever fell to my lot to behold.

The "pisintry" scattered as we crossed their potatoe-fields—digging a dinner for them at every flash of our hoofs—fairly bombarding them with their own murphies before they had time to take off their Grand Panjandrum hats to our excellencies. We looked behind us, and there stood a row of them, still holding on to the "little round button on top," while their eyes bulged with all the Irishman's stupefaction of delight in a horse-race. Now we shot through a flock of geese, flushing them into the air with a terror which recalled the long-lost traditions of their flying ancestors. We jumped hedges and peat-walls; horse-ponds, harrows with the teeth uppermost in awful menace; cabbage gardens, pig-pens, and stone heaps. Our horses were mad with ambition—like us they seemed to know that from the skies they were looked down on this day by the Goddess of Liberty and Saint George of Cappadocia. We could not shake each other off; and there, only half a mile ahead, stood the church of Killimakeough! Neither of us spoke, but the drops were raining from our red foreheads.

But the battle was not to be a drawn one. I have now to write several sentences for the communication of a fact which silently accomplished itself in less than as many seconds.

Before we could rein our horses in we were within ten feet of the brink of a long-abandoned quarry. The rolling ground over which our course lay, naturally descended into a steep-sided ravine thirty feet deep, winding laterally from us to a distance of a hundred yards each way. At its bottom the artificial excavations had been carried half a dozen feet lower. From our own to the opposite brink of the ravine was a distance of fifty yards. The width of the bottom was not far from thirty yards. Below us, half-way down the declivity, an outcropping shelf of limestone projected four feet into the ravine, extending parallel with its general course ten or twelve feet on each side of us. During the long disuse of the quarry the débris lying on the shelf had been weather-worn into a coarse soil, and this in its turn converted into a loose sod, kept green by tricklings from lateral crevices in the wall of the ravine. The bottom of the ravine was a much broader level than the shelf, equally green and turfy up to the edge of the perpendicular excavations. These latter had now become obscured by the formation of a bog dotted here and there with standing pools, but to the eye of a stranger seemed abundantly firm for the purpose of any rider careful enough to pick his way.

Running neck and neck at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, we pierced a narrow strip of scrubby evergreen timber, and without the slightest premonition were on the brink of the chasm. The dark foliage had masked the place till it was too late.

I have heard people speak of coolness in some desperate danger as a heroic and unusual quality. A mistake. It is common to the human race. Where men are not cool their danger is *not* desperate. So long as there exists a conceivable alternative to facing danger fair and square an ordinary man is flurried. His perplexity arises from the ability to choose and the infinitesimal period given him to choose in.

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But make his course plain, simple, and single, and he whose knees smite under him in life's petty risks, sees every detail that lies before him as in a lightning flash, and does the best that can be done, either as divine hero or inspired coward.

I shall not, therefore, be accused of bravado when I say that after the first jump of my nerves and chill of my blood I was so cool that between the evergreens and the quarry brink (not quite ten feet) I thought of every thing that I ought to do for my own and Trevannion's life. I thought of all that would be involved in my own death. I saw my white-haired father sitting on the veranda of the parsonage at home, and my little brown-haired sister Nellie reading the morning paper to him as he and she sat at the wicker lunch-table under the grape-trellis, rich with promises to pay, maturing in October. I knew it was lunch time then because in about one-millionth of a second the longitude and reckoning had calculated themselves for me. I saw the heading of the paragraph which would greet them in the next steamer's files of the London *Star:* "The American traveler Von Haarlem killed in an Irish steeple chase." I heard my sister's shriek of agony, and the groan with which my father would fall to the floor, whispering, "My boy! my boy!" I thought of the will I had not made—the will I might have made had I been granted time—the will I might still make if my orderly thought had instrument swift as itself to make it permanent—a page in the tenth of a second, the whole in twice as long. I thought what Daisy would say, and feel, and do when I was gone forever—how long it would take her to fill my place with other interests—and whether so young a love as I had hoped she felt would die hard or easily. I thought of poor Trevannion, whose mother and sisters thought every thing of him, up there at the old Grange in Wiltshire. I thought of a sweet pale face veiled with sunny hair—(ah! Daisy again! *twice* thought of where the others flashed once into my thought!)—and whether she would ever smile on this summer world once more if neither of us got to the doctor. I thought of the place where we were to die as a most appropriate burial-ground; that deep rift was our grave; the evergreens through which we burst to reach its brink, what nice duty they would do us for funereal cypresses!

But over all other thoughts rose that great American thought of thoughts, "*How to get out of the fix?*"

The ass Alborak carried Mohammed over all the measureless acres of Al Ferdoos in a single night, between the tipping and the spilling of a water-pitcher. In his "Mental Philosophy" Dr. Upham mentions this fable as a wonderful illustration of the *comparative* nature of measurements in time. My experience would have afforded him as good an illustration had it not come too late. Trevannion looked at me with a stern, solemn face that had no fear in it, and in addition to all the other things I had time to think of was the thought that after all the Englishman may be nothing but a non-essential glaze over the man, and that I should have liked him some time or other if we had been together long enough. Inkermann reared and tried to swerve. That would have been going over backward—death absolutely certain. To go foremost was that minus a millionth chance. So Trevannion smiled (not the superior smile), and, as I jumped Chololoké, jumped Inkermann after me.

I had seen a whole herd of buffalo take such leaps from the edges of "*draws*" between the steep bluffs of our American plains in Nebraska; and Chololoké had followed them with me in his saddle, though not under such headway and with such disadvantages of landing-place. Here, as always, I let him have his whole head, and Trevannion obeyed my quick-shouted order to treat his horse likewise.

I struck the first ledge—my glorious animal crouched like a cat, but did not fall. Just as Trevannion landed behind me—Inkermann's nose at my very bridle-elbow—I jumped once more. Chololoké still kept his feet. "*On boy!*" I cried in his back-laid ear; and with one magnificent spring he cleared the pavement of bare limestone and landed in the bog beyond. Five feet further and he would have struck solid soil; but there was not on earth a horse who could have done that. Trevannion's horse reached the rock pavement—came to his haunches, and slid into the treacherous mire without unseating his rider—sloughing (or "*slewing*" as we pronounce it at home) ten feet behind Chololoké's haunches.

Then it was that my noble Chololoké saved his master for the last time.

Pedigree in one unchallenged succession back to the Norman conquest could never have taught him *nous!* In the misunderstood horse-flesh, for which I had paid a dray-horse price at that San Francisco stable, dwelt that priceless power, Genius!

While Trevannion's thorough-bred struggled in the bog with wild terror—maddened eyes bulging from the sockets at every desperate plunge, miring himself and his master hopelessly deeper—my democratic American coolly bethought himself of Platte River quicksands, and called to our common aid resources which had brought him scathless from many a perilous ford of that deceitful stream.

He began *treading* the bog like the laborer in a wine-press. The ooze flowed fast into his hoof-marks, but not faster than he could trample. He had struck knee-deep, like Inkermann; but by the time that the latter had sunk to his girths *he*, with my weight on him, had risen three inches. I turned to Trevannion.

"Get on his back and jump to your shore of the bog!" I shouted. "You can easily do it from the saddle."

Trevannion was deadly pale; but his lip never quivered as he shook his head and answered,

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"He broke my right leg on that rock when he slipped."

Cholooké seemed to know he had all our lives on his dear old shoulders! Tramp, tramp, tramp went his legs, tireless as a churn-dasher. He was gaining on the ooze! Another inch of us was out.

"Oh, Trevannion! forgive me, and may God forgive me, for bragging about our horses and bringing you into this scrape!"

"Don't you mind that, old fellow! My fault! I say, if you ever get out, don't you let Miss Fitz Patrick know I was in love with her, or jealous of you, or any thing. Not on account of pride, you know, but it might make her feel badly, d'ye see. Really think she liked you best from the first."

"Don't talk that way, Trevannion!" said I, with the tears running down my cheeks. "I was an older man than you, three or four years, and I oughtn't to have let our American dislike of Englishmen make me so careless as to rouse you. You sha'n't die if I live, my boy!"

Cholooké neighed that instant in indorsement; and rearing with one mighty effort that took his fore-feet clear out of the bog, sprang like an antelope. Thank God, when he struck, though it was little more than a yard forward, he got both his fore-hoofs on the further side of a hummock of swamp sedge! Before it could give way he had *clawed* his hind legs up to it. I say "*clawed*," for the action was that of an animal with nails rather than hoofs. Again, and just as the hummock disappeared backward into the ooze, he got from it its last possibility of "purchase"—deluged Trevannion and Inkermann with a shower of black mud, and put his fore-hoofs on unyielding bottom.

Another instant, and my glorious horse was standing erect, with his master astride of him, on the broad, hard pavement of limestone at the foot of the further bluff!

I jumped down, put my arms round his neck and kissed his brown, silky cheeks with a love and an *empressement* surpassing that of Titania for Bottom—to say nothing of the sanity and reason which hers had not. Cholooké answered my caress by rubbing his pinky-white nose against my beard, then gave himself one good universal shake which made the mud fly, and, turning to fix his honest brown eyes on Inkermann, neighed with all his might.

Paler still from the increasing pain of the broken leg, Trevannion swung his cap around his head and cried:

"Three cheers for the Yankee Trotter! Hurrah! *Hurrah!!* HURRAH!!!"

Even in such a little matter Trevannion showed himself the *man* and the delicate, cosmopolitan *gentleman;* for he did not give that bastard cheer, "Hurr*ay!*" which he knew to be the abomination of Americans, but said, "Hurr*ah!*" even though he was by nature bigotedly British, had a smashed *tibia*, and sat a horse not only mad with terror but almost withers-deep in mud.

It was the work of an instant to snatch my lariat down from Cholooké's pommel. I drew three yards slack from one end of it and hitched it firmly round a fallen block of limestone. The rest of the coil I cast to Trevannion. I had to argue with him before I could persuade him to fasten it round his own body below the arms, for he wished to save Inkermann and himself at once by attaching it to the saddle-girth. When I showed him that the double salvation could be accomplished he obeyed me, and lying on his back let me draw him to *terra firma* across the slippery ooze. I then left him to the surveillance of Cholooké, who, with all the unconsciousness of intellectual grandeur, at once began browsing along the rank grassy border (that he had done any thing unusual never entering his dear old head!) and proceeded to rescue Inkermann. This was a harder job.

It involved trifling risk, but a great deal of what our English cousins do not hesitate to call by a name unpleasing to our more fastidious American ears—"nastiness." I fired the lasso-loop of the lariat over Inkermann's head, and hauling the shore end taut, made a sort of guy or "man-rope," by which I managed to drag myself across the bog to the slowly-sinking saddle. I there loosened from about Inkermann's neck the loop, which was within a few seconds of strangling him, and tied it around the girth-straps as low as I could reach through the ooze. Then, dragging myself hand over hand across the bog and to the rocky brink again, I began hauling in with all my might and main; the Captain alternately calling between involuntary groans of sickening pain, "Inkermann! Come, pretty boy! So there! Inkermann! Come, brave fellow! Inkermann!" and cursing himself for not having made of his horse such an intimate friend as I had made of Cholooké.

It took a good while for us to make the thorough-bred understand that we really intended to save him; but at last, as he felt my steady pull and found that he was really sinking no further, he put forth some sensible auxiliary efforts of his own, and in ten minutes more stood by the side of Cholooké, looking rather like the first frame set up in the day by an artist commissioned for an equestrian statue than an animal who had ever shown his paces along Rotten Row, and belonged to the stables of her Majesty's Guards.

When all necessity for human help was over, as always happens, a dozen people appeared at the edge of the quarry just above us. I hired a sufficient number of them to carry the Captain in their arms up a steep pathway to a tolerably comfortable cabin forty yards from the brink; and after ascertaining that the fracture was not a compound one, set off on Cholooké to finish our sadly-interrupted steeple-chase to Killimakeough. I should run the risk of appearing ungenerous (had not the Captain insisted on my doing Cholooké justice) when I say that Cholooké went up the precipitous pathway from the

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bog like a cat—more easily, indeed, than any of the human cortége—while Inkermann was so utterly demoralized that no coaxing could make him attempt the rocky steps up the bluff side, and he had finally to be hoisted in slings by a quarry-derrick brought to the brink for that purpose!

Sorrowfully and alone I finished the remainder of my steeple-chase to Killimakeough. I was saved a painful dilemma by finding *two* doctors in the village. One of these I immediately dispatched to the shanty in which my friend and antagonist lay suffering. The other I took back with me to Nestledown by the road, mounting him on the best horse I could find at the stable of the post-chaise station.

Every step of Cholooké's increased my anxiety. I had no longer any sense of rivalry to act as a stimulus and keep me from brooding over the possible injury which might have occurred to the lovely little Daisy from the accident at the close of our run, and rode so fiercely that the doctor on his fresh animal could hardly keep up with my Cholooké, just from his steeple-chase.

I can not (to any man who has ever loved I need not) convey in words the relief I felt on reaching Nestledown at being ushered with my doctor into the pleasant parlor where I had held skeins for Daisy the day before, and finding her brown eyes open, her soft cheeks tinged with a lovelier pink as I came in, and her spirits entirely rallied from the shock under which, two hours before, she had fainted in my arms.

There was literally nothing for the good, blarneying family physician to do except justify her faintness by an elaborate Latin prescription, as follows:

R. Aq. Pura ℥ ij
Syrup. Simp. ℥ i
Cinnamon Ol. gtt. xv
Signa
40 drops every hour
till relief is obtained.
O'Flaherty.

This and the information that "Moi leddy is subjaik to sim'lar attacks in the present febrile state o' th' atmosphere," put a stop to all the little darling's self-recriminations at having caused so much trouble—"especially *I*," as she said, "who love horses so, and can ride with any lady in the county."

The doctor, according to instructions, put her under strict orders not to rise from her sofa the rest of the day.

Here she found it hard to obey. She had never let any body else superintend preparations for her father's birth-day party since she was indeed, as now and always in name, "his baby."

If I had already proposed and been accepted in set terms, I could not have been happier than I was when I saw how gracefully she consented to delegate all the active arrangements for the festival to me, making her sofa the supreme directory to which I was to come for all general features of the plan.

[*Private and Confidential: to be read only by people who have been in love.*—I would be ashamed to tell any body but *you*, that I felt really gratified when after delegating all the arrangements to me, as above, she added: "And Captain Trevannion can help you, you know. Oh! by-the-way! *Who beat?* That naughty little Shaugh, who was near killing us all, when he came up to the house and stole into the room to ask me to have papa forgive him, told me that you and Captain Trevannion rode a steeple-chase in to Killimakeough to get the doctor for me. *Did* you? *Who beat?*"

"*I* beat," said I, ungenerously. But *you* know the temptation, my confidant! Then my better nature added, "by a mere accident. That is to say, Cholooké beat for me."

Daisy smiled, with a happy look in her eyes. Then Daisy blushed to think she had smiled.

You may remember that both the Captain and I had made a pretty frank avowal to Mr. Fitz Patrick that morning. *He* never betrayed our confidence to Daisy. The Captain never betrayed mine, I am sure. But Daisy found it out. How *do* you think she did it?]

The apathetic public may begin to read again.

§ 8.—THE AFFAIR SETTLED.

I spent the rest of the day in getting ready for the festival and looking after Trevannion. Shaugh would have jumped off the highest round tower in all Celtic Archæology to reinstate himself in our good graces. So I kept him and his pony running post to and from Killimakeough to bring bulletins of the Captain. By evening it was found safe to bring him round by the road to Nestledown on a litter. The fracture was a very simple one; it had been well set, and no inflammation had settled in. We excused his non-appearance to Daisy by saying that he was helping me.

I believe that I became, in that short period of emergency, *au fait* in the management of a whole Irish estate. Closeting myself occasionally with the steward I saw to the punctilious dispatch of separate invitations (a point of Daisy's tactful making, and one which kept the whole "pisintry" devoted for the next year) to every cabin on the whole estate; to the purveyance of a festive yet temperate amount of the "*matarials*" for punch with the real peat flavor; to the outdoor fire-place for the barbecue whose essential I had lassoed in the morning; to gay ribbons by the block for the women, and sprightly handkerchiefs by the bale for the men. I had all the bagpipers in the country lodged safely within the barn inclosures before sundown. I had ready the five receipts for one year's rent of their cabins and little "pratie patches," which were always presented on the birthday to that number of widows whose husbands had died in the Squire's service, and who were always falling short a pound or two in their payments. I tasted the big plum-puddings made overnight to be eaten next day by the tenants as cold as they could be with flaming brandy-sauce after the barbecue, and after approving them carried a little saucerful off the raisinest side to Daisy's sofa to have my critical taste pronounced excellent by that brown-eyed little connoisseur.

In fact I worked all day under a sort of inspiration. What that was will be understood by those exceptional people whom I took into

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my confidence in a recent paragraph. I succeeded so well that before my work was done I heard the following colloquy take place in the cow-yard as I was passing behind a high wall on an errand to the farther stables.

Shaugh.—"And if all Amiricans is the likes o' him, divil the wonder is it that Ould Ireland's all the time immigratin' to that country, shure! Faix an' isn't it a pity that a gintleman like him isn't an Irishman?"

Molly M'Laughlin (Milkmaid).—"Arrah be aisy! Nivir tell me! Sure an' he *is* an Irishman, then! Look at the blue eyes o' him, and see him on a horse! The saints rist his sowl! He may ha' been changed in his cradhle—but who, barrin' an Irishman, can sit a baste the loikes o' him, and look so wicked out o' the tail o' his eye and be so good to the poor? Whisht! whisht! I knew it the minute I set eyes on him—he's an Irishman and don't know it, that's all, macushla."

Having finished my errand at the stables, which was to send down a led saddle-horse and a baggage-cart to meet Daisy's brother at the harbor, where he was expected that evening on his way home from college to the birthday festival, I returned to the house, dressed for dinner, and spent an hour in Mr. Fitz Patrick's library.

We had met on the Continent—had traveled together for months, and knew each other still more thoroughly by his having been my guest at my lonely bachelor country-seat near Throg's Neck, when he visited America.

From the library I went once more to Daisy's sofa, ostensibly to report progress—really to make progress further if Heaven so willed. Ah! there is no false modesty in that proviso, for hopeful as a man may be, he trembles when his whole future life is at stake!

The barbecue had gone off splendidly. That sturdy invalid, the Captain, was roaring with laughter as he lay under sumptuous Afghans lighted into more dazzling rainbow glory by the sunset rays sifted slanting upon his litter through the elm and linden boughs of the lawn; and the ecstatic tenantry who caused his outburst were putting their sturdy legs and still sturdier brogans through every variety of twist and palpitation excitable by the squeak, shriek, groan, and scream of the national pipes under impulse of the national elbow and the guidance of the national fingers. The women were brilliant in their ribbons; the men gorgeous in their neckerchiefs. The widows forgot their afflictions in gratitude for their receipts. The children were romping every where—playing hide and go seek behind the old tree-trunks, holding royal slabs of pudding marked with semi-lunar bites.

The Squire—happy as must be every man who lives to make others so—sat, with his face beaming on his people's sports, in a great rustic chair. Daisy, flushed with healthy excitement, sat on a little camp-stool clasping his right hand. That bright fellow, the very image of him, standing on his left, was the young Squire, just from college. I stood behind him, leaning on the back of his chair.

Shaugh suddenly ran up to me, and whispered with great trepidation:

"Oh! yer Honor, your horse has run away! Just the minute he heard the pipes he bolted out o' the stable and leapt the gate, and divil the wan o' us could catch him!"

"Never mind," said I, laughingly; "he can't run far—not off the estate certainly."

I understood the matter perfectly. When I was camped out in California, I frequently gave him the range of the neighboring river-bottoms, and at the sound of the horn which our cook blew to bring the party in to dinner he invariably forded the Merced and struck a bee-line for camp. So, the first thing I knew he had his pinky-white nose over my shoulder, licking the salt off of my dinner-plate. Undoubtedly the bray of the pipes had revived his old memories of the dinner hour.

The jig over, Squire Fitz Patrick rose from his chair and beckoned me round to his right hand beside Daisy.

"Boys!" said he, addressing the tenantry, "I want to talk to you a minute or so."

"*Whist! whist!*" ran through the happy crowd. "The Squire is afther givin' us a spache!"

Every body turned toward our group.

"All of you know me! I've tried to be a good landlord!"—("Faith an' we do!" "Ye have that!" "An' well ye've succaded!" were the grateful echoes which interrupted him.)—"You know my son, Mr. Robert, and my daughter, Miss Daisy."—(More grateful echoes of "Hivin bless their swate young faces!" "They're the sunlight o' the poor!" "Sure an' it's the dear Lord knows 'em too if He hears the prayers o' the widdy and the orphan!")—"And now I have to introduce you to another member of the family—another son of mine—" (Here the Squire's voice broke down for an instant; Daisy blushed and hid her face on her father's shoulder; I looked, without turning my head, at Trevannion, who was pale as when he sat Inkermann in the bog, and through all my unspeakable happiness my heart ached for him almost as if we were now in each other's places; but, pale as he was, he smiled—not the *superior* smile, but one of true, self-forgetful manliness. God bless him!)—"another son of mine, the gentleman who will always feel toward you as I feel, whether you stay here where you were born and reared, or go to make new homes for yourselves in his own happy country—my new son—the gentleman who is to be Miss Daisy's husband—Mr. Von Haarlem."

So saying he put Daisy's little hand in mine, and again sat down in the rustic seat under the linden.

The more impressible women of the tenantry were beginning to cry, with that tender, yet most audible Irish wail which may well unnerve the strongest man.

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"For God's sake say something!" said the Captain. "They'll stop if you speak. They expect it of you; and that wail makes my leg ache again. Speech! speech!"

So I began:

"Boys! yes, and girls too! I've just received from your noble landlord—generous as I know he's been all his life long—the greatest gift he ever gave, even on a birthday! I wish to introduce to you (for you know all the rest of us) one true-hearted friend, who will stand beside me as my groomsman when the thing which has been begun here is blessed in church—my friend—the friend of your older and younger Squire—the friend of your guardian angel and mine—the friend of your dear young mistress—Captain Trevannion!"

"Ah, meboy!" said the Captain, smiling, "you forgot to introduce the brave fellow who has done the most for you."

Just then a pinky-white nose, as of old, stole over my shoulder—but, better than of old, between that shoulder and Daisy's—the nose of Cholooké.

"Faith an' he *is* an Irishman!" said Shaugh, standing in the front rank of the tenantry. "Would a horse love him like that if he wasn't? Three cheers for the horse that loves Miss Daisy's husband!"

And again the air was rent—O! how deservedly—with cheers for the hero who had saved life, love, and honor for me, reputation for himself and his country—the real hero of the "International Affair."

SWEET CLOVER.

"——My letters back to me."

I.

I KNOW they won the faint perfume,
That to their faded pages clings,
From gloves, and handkerchiefs, and things
Kept in the soft and scented gloom

Of some mysterious box. Poor leaves
Of summer! Now as sere and dead
As any leaves of summer shed
From crimson boughs when autumn grieves.

The ghost of fragrance! Yet I thrill
All through with such delicious pain
Of soul and sense, to breathe again
The sweet that haunted memory still.

And under these December skies,
As soft as May's in other climes,
I move, and muse my idle rhymes
And subtly sentimentalize.

I hear the music that was played,
The songs that silence knows by heart;
I see sweet burlesque feigning art,
The careless grace that curved and swayed

Through dances, and through breezy walks
I feel once more the eyes that smiled,
And that dear presence that beguiled
The pauses of the foolish talks,

When this poor phantom of perfume
Was the Sweet Clover's living soul,
And breathed from her as if it stole,
Ah, Heaven! from her heart in bloom!

II.

We have not many ways with pain:
We weep weak tears, or else we laugh;
I doubt, not less the cup we quaff,
And tears and scorn alike are vain.

But let me live my quiet life;
I will not vex my calm with grief,
I only know the pang was brief,
And there an end of hope and strife.

And thou? I put the letters by:
In years the sweetness shall not pass;
More than the perfect blossom was,
I count its lingering memory.

Alas! with Time dear Love is dead,
And not with Fate. And who can guess
How weary of our happiness
We might have been if we were wed?

ITALY, 1861.

W. D. H.

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RED JACKET (BY WIER).

THE RED JACKET MEDAL.

MR. WILLIAM L. STONE has performed an acceptable work in bringing out a new edition, with a few corrections, and many additions, of the Life, written by his father, bearing the same name, of the famous orator-chief of the Senecas, whom we know as Red Jacket.*

It is not our purpose here to present even a sketch of the life of Red Jacket. We merely premise that he was born about 1750, near the place where now stands the beautiful village of Geneva, in New York. His original name was O-te-ti-ani, "Always-Ready." Long after, when his eloquence had made him the Chief Sachem of his tribe, he received the name, by which he should be known, of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, "He-that-keeps-them-awake." He received the name Red Jacket from a richly-embroidered scarlet jacket presented to him by the British for the services which he rendered them during the war of the Revolution. When the first was worn out another and another was given him, and long after, in 1794, he received still another from the United States, "in order to perpetuate the name to which he was so much attached." He died in 1830, worn out not so much by years as by intemperance. His remains after having been buried were disinterred, and the bones are now (December, 1865) kept in a wooden chest by the remnant of his tribe; but it is said, we hope truly, that "measures are on foot by the Buffalo Historical Society to give the bones an appropriate burial."

In spite of Mr. Stone's admirable work, in

* *The Life and Times of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha*, or Red Jacket, by WILLIAM L. STONE; *with a Memoir of the Author*, by his Son. Albany: J. Munsell.

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RED JACKET (BY DARLEY).

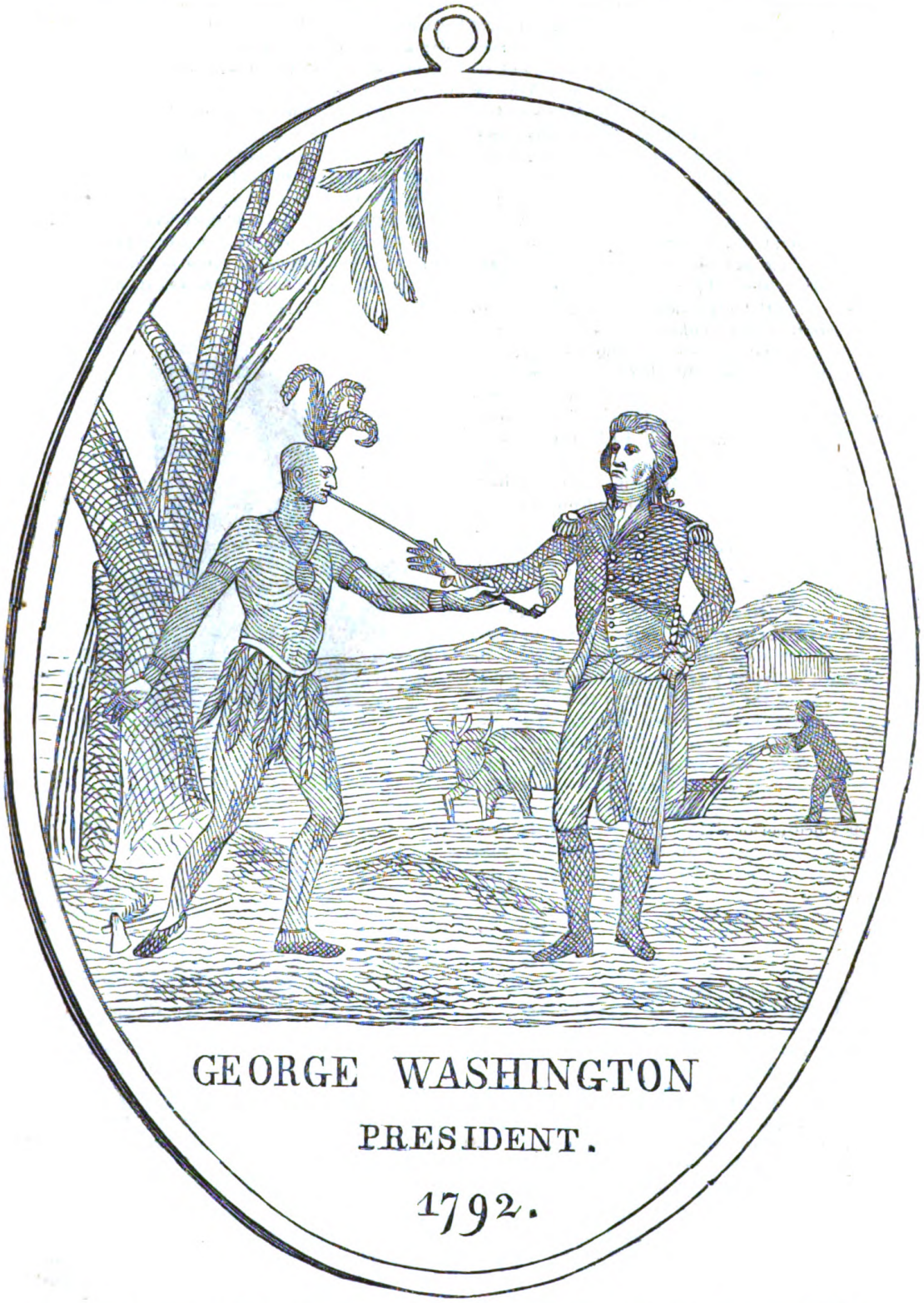
which "He-that-keeps-them-awake" is presented in his true character as orator and statesman, the popular idea of Red Jacket is founded upon a poem by Fitz-Greene Halleck, in which he is presented as a warrior as well as an orator.* Our present purpose is, however, simply to speak of the relic of Red Jacket, which has an interesting history. In 1792 he went to the Federal capital as a member of an embassy from the Six Nations. Washington, on this occasion, presented him with the silver medal, of which our engraving presents a transcript, of the exact size of the original. It is of pure silver, upon which the design is engraved. To the mind of Red Jacket there was something symbolical in this medal. Its costly material was emblematical of the great value of the friendship which was ever to subsist between the United States and the Indians; its brightness indicated the perfect purity of the peace between the two peoples. Its pure surface would show the slightest tarnish which might accidentally come upon it; and both parties, giver and receiver, could then set to work to remove the stain. Red Jacket always wore this medal on state occasions. He never sold it, though sometimes in his later years, when hard pressed for means to buy whisky, he is said to have put it in pawn. Upon his death it fell into the hands of James Johnson, his successor in the sachemship. In 1851 Johnson seems to have been prevailed upon to sell the medal to some parties who wished to secure it for the State Museum at Albany. This transfer was prevented by Mr. E. S. Parker, who paid the sum for which it was to have been sold, and has had it in his possession ever since.*

The life of Mr. Parker presents some interesting features. He is apparently of pure Indian descent. In 1848–'49 he read law, but by the rules of the Supreme Court of the State

* This poem is entitled "Red Jacket: on looking at his Portrait by Wier." The poem certainly does not at all convey the idea of the portrait. From the poem Darley made a drawing, in which Red Jacket is presented in blanket, leggins, and top-knot as an Indian "brave" on the war-path. We present a copy of this drawing; and also, by favor of Mr. Stone, its possessor, of the portrait by Wier.

* It is said that there are in existence other medals, each purporting to be the genuine Red Jacket medal. Possibly copies of it may have been made when it was at one time or another in pawn in the hands of those to whom Red Jacket had pledged it for whisky. But none of these copies were ever owned by Red Jacket himself. The original medal, from which our drawing was made, is, as we write, open to public inspection at the Jewelry Establishment of Messrs. Browne and Spaulding, in Broadway, N. Y., by whom, with the assent of the owner, it was placed at our disposal for illustration. We have in our possession the most abundant proof that it is the genuine, and only genuine, medal presented by Washington to Red Jacket.

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none but white male citizens could practice in that Court. He was not "white," and consequently could not be admitted to the bar. He abandoned the law, and adopted the profession of Civil Engineer. He was employed in his new profession upon the State canals until 1855, having in the mean time been chosen as Chief Sachem of his people. He then became First Assistant Engineer upon the Chesapeake and Albermarle Ship Canal in North Carolina

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and Virginia, where he remained until an Engineer was no longer required upon that work. He was then appointed Constructing Engineer in the Light-house district of the Upper Lakes; then, in 1857, he became Superintendent of the construction of the public buildings at Galena, Illinois. These completed, he was transferred in the same capacity to Dubuque, Iowa. "During all this time," he writes, "I did not neglect the interests of my people, being frequently compelled to visit Albany and Washington on their account." In May, 1863, he was, without any solicitation on his part, appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of Volunteers, with the rank of Captain, and sent to the Army of the Tennessee. He reported at Vicksburg just four days before its surrender to General Grant. With Grant he went to Chattanooga, and witnessed the battles thereabout in the autumn of 1863. Next spring, Grant having been appointed Lieutenant-General, Mr. Parker accompanied him to the East as Assistant Adjutant-General, and was with him during the entire campaigns from the Rapidan to the surrender of Lee. During this time, in August, 1864, he was appointed Military Secretary to the Lieutenant-General, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In February, 1865, at the special request of the Lieutenant-General, he was, with the rest of Grant's personal staff, promoted to the rank of Colonel by brevet. In August, 1865, he was appointed by the President one of the Commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace with the Southwestern Indians, many of whom had been allies of the Confederacy. The efforts of the Commissioners were very successful; they succeeded in making a general treaty of peace with twelve Indian tribes.

To us this seems much. Yet the man who has since performed all these duties was only a few years ago excluded from the bar in the State of his birth simply and wholly because he was not "white." The world does move, after all; and we wonder whether the man who was thought worthy to be chosen Military Secretary by our Lieutenant-General would now, should he desire admission, be excluded from the bar. If there be any existing "rule" of the Supreme Court of the State requiring this, we very respectfully suggest to their Honors the Judges to rescind it as soon as possible. We do not think that their judicial dignity would be seriously impaired should it happen that they were some day called upon to listen to a motion or plea from Mr. Parker, Successor to Red Jacket, Sachem of the Senecas, and Brevet-Colonel, U. S. V.



E. S. PARKER.

THE WITNESSES.

ABOVE each blood-washed field of strife
Which God in mercy stoops to bless,
From end to end across the land,
Unseen of mortal man they stand,
The Nation's silent witnesses.

All seamed with blood-red scars they fell
Amid the battle's feverish breath;
Their requiem was the cannon's note,
The jarring sounds of war which smote
In vain the ear of Death.

They heeded not the blinding smoke,
The low, sad groan, the deafening roar,
The fiery onset's sudden clash,
The battle's fierce, tumultuous crash,
Who sank to rise no more.

Their hearts were wedded to the cause
For which their costly blood was shed;
They held their precious lives as naught
Compared with that for which they fought,
With that for which they bled.

Theirs is the warrior's wreath below,
And theirs the martyr's crown on high;
Revered of all who love their land,
Their names on Fame's bright roll shall stand,
And there shall never die!

For blest are they who give their lives
In Freedom's cause, her battle fought;
The babe shall learn to lisp their praise,
And poets celebrate in lays
The deeds which they have wrought.

They are the witnesses above
The shadowy battle-mounds which rise;
Unseen of mortal man they stand,
And with uplifted arm and hand
Point they toward the skies.

Take heed, ye rulers, that your deeds
Be pure and honest in God's sight,
Before those witnesses that stand
Above the graves which fill our land—
Be mindful of the Right!

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ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE AND LAW.

ON the morning of Monday, the twenty-eighth of July, Miss Gwilt—once more on the watch for Allan and Neelie—reached her customary post of observation in the park by the usual roundabout way.

She was a little surprised to find Neelie alone at the place of meeting. She was more seriously astonished, when the tardy Allan made his appearance ten minutes later, to see him mounting the side of the dell with a large volume under his arm, and to hear him say, as an apology for being late, that "he had muddled away his time in hunting for the books; and that he had only found one, after all, which seemed in the least likely to repay either Neelie or himself for the trouble of looking into it."

If Miss Gwilt had waited long enough in the park on the previous Saturday to hear the lovers' parting words on that occasion, she would have been at no loss to explain the mystery of the volume under Allan's arm, and she would have understood the apology which he now offered for being late, as readily as Neelie herself.

There is a certain exceptional occasion in life—the occasion of marriage—in which even girls in their teens sometimes become capable (more or less hysterically) of looking at consequences. At the farewell moment of the interview on Saturday, Neelie's mind had suddenly precipitated itself into the future; and she had startled Allan indescribably by inquiring whether the contemplated elopement was an offense punishable by the Law? Her memory satisfied her that she had certainly read somewhere, at some former period, in some book or other (possibly a novel), of an elopement with a dreadful end—of a bride dragged home in hysterics—and of a bridegroom sentenced to languish in prison, with all his beautiful hair cut off, by Act of Parliament, close to his head. Supposing she could bring herself to consent to the elopement at all—which she positively declined to promise—she must first insist on discovering whether there was any fear of the police being concerned in her marriage as well as the parson and the clerk. Allan being a man, ought to know; and to Allan she looked for information—with this preliminary assurance to assist him in laying down the law, that she would die of a broken heart a thousand times over rather than be the innocent means of sending him to languish in prison, with his hair cut off, by Act of Parliament, close to his head.

"It's no laughing matter," said Neelie, resolutely, in conclusion; "I decline even to think of our marriage till my mind is made easy first on the subject of the Law."

"But I don't know any thing about the law, not even as much as you do," said Allan. "Hang the law! I don't mind my head being cropped. Let's risk it."

"Risk it?" repeated Neelie, indignantly. "Heavens! have you no consideration for *me*? I won't risk it! Where there's a will there's a way. We must find out the law for ourselves."

"With all my heart," said Allan. "How?"

"Out of books, to be sure! There must be quantities of information about the law in that enormous library of yours at the great house. If you really love me you won't mind going over the backs of a few thousand books for my sake!"

"I'll go over the backs of ten thousand!" cried Allan, warmly. "But when I've found the books, what then?"

"What then! You must look in the index for 'Marriage,' to be sure; and turn to the right place, and get it all thoroughly arranged in your own head, and then come here and explain it to me. What! you don't think your head is to be trusted to do such a simple thing as that?"

"I'm certain it isn't," said Allan. "Can't you help me?"

"Of course I can, if you can't manage without me! Law may be hard, but it can't be harder than music, and I must, and will, satisfy my mind. Bring me all the books you can find on Monday morning—in a wheel-barrow, if there are a good many of them, and if you can't manage it in any other way."

The result of this conversation was Allan's appearance in the park with a volume of Blackstone's Commentaries under his arm on the fatal Monday morning when Miss Gwilt's written engagement of marriage was placed in Midwinter's hands. Here again, in this, as in all other human instances, the widely discordant elements of the grotesque and the terrible were forced together by that subtle law of contrast which is one of the laws of mortal life. Amidst all the thickening complications now impending over their heads—with the shadow of meditated murder stealing toward one of them already from the lurking-place that hid Miss Gwilt—the two sat down, unconscious of the future, with the book between them; and applied themselves to the study of the law of marriage, with a grave resolution to understand it, which, in two such students, was nothing less than a burlesque in itself!

"Find the place," said Neelie, as soon as they were comfortably established. "We must manage this by what they call a division of labor. You shall read—and I'll take notes."

She produced forthwith a smart little pocket-

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MISS GWILT AND THE GORGONS.—[SEE JANUARY NUMBER, PAGE 194.]

book and pencil, and opened the book in the middle, where there was a blank page on the right hand and the left. At the top of the right-hand page she wrote the word *Good.* At the top of the left-hand page she wrote the word *Bad.* "'Good' means where the law is on our side," she explained; "and 'Bad' means where the law is against us. We will have 'Good' and 'Bad' opposite each other, all down the two pages; and when we get to the bottom we'll add them up, and act accordingly. They say girls have no heads for business. Haven't they! Don't look at me—look at Blackstone, and begin."

"Would you mind giving me a kiss first?" asked Allan.

"I should mind it very much. In our serious situation, when we have both got to exert our intellects, I wonder you can ask for such a thing!"

"That's why I asked for it," said the unblushing Allan. "I feel as if it would clear my head."

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"Oh, if it would clear your head, that's quite another thing! I must clear your head, of course, at any sacrifice. Only one, mind," she whispered, coquettishly; "and pray be careful of Blackstone, or you'll lose the place."

There was a pause in the conversation. Blackstone and the pocket-book both rolled on the ground together.

"If this happens again," said Neelie, picking up the pocket-book, with her eyes and her complexion at their brightest and best, "I shall sit with my back to you for the rest of the morning. *Will* you go on?"

Allan found his place for the second time, and fell headlong into the bottomless abyss of the English Law.

"Page two-hundred-and-eighty," he began. "Law of husband and wife. Here's a bit I don't understand, to begin with: 'It may be observed generally, that the law considers marriage in the light of a Contract.' What does that mean? I thought a contract was the sort of thing a builder signs when he promises to have the workmen out of the house in a given time, and when the time comes (as my poor mother used to say) the workmen never go."

"Is there nothing about Love?" asked Neelie. "Look a little lower down."

"Not a word. He sticks to his confounded 'Contract' all the way through."

"Then he's a brute! Go on to something else that's more in our way."

"Here's a bit that's more in our way—'Incapacities. If any persons under legal incapacities come together, it is a meretricious and not a matrimonial union. [Blackstone's a good one at long words, isn't he? I wonder what he means by meretricious?] The first of these legal disabilities is a prior marriage, and having another husband or wife living—'"

"Stop!" said Neelie. "I must make a note of that." She gravely made her first entry on the page headed "Good." "I have no husband and Allan has no wife. We are both entirely unmarried at the present time."

"All right, so far," remarked Allan, looking over her shoulder.

"Go on," said Neelie. "What's next?"

"'The next disability,'" proceeded Allan, "'is want of age. The age for consent to matrimony is, fourteen in males and twelve in females.' Come!" cried Allan, cheerfully. "Blackstone begins early enough at any rate!"

Neelie was too business-like to make any other remark, on her side, than the necessary remark in the pocket-book. She made another entry under the head of "Good." "I am old enough to consent, and so is Allan too—go on," resumed Neelie, looking over the reader's shoulder. "Never mind all that prosing of Blackstone's about the husband being of years of discretion and the wife under twelve! Abominable wretch! the wife under twelve! Skip to the third incapacity, if there is one."

"The third incapacity," Allan went on, "is want of reason."

Neelie immediately made a third entry on the side of "Good:" "Allan and I are both perfectly reasonable—skip to the next page."

Allan skipped. "A fourth incapacity is in respect of proximity of relationship."

A fourth entry followed instantly on the cheering side of the pocket-book—"He loves me and I love him—without our being in the slightest degree related to each other. Any more?" asked Neelie, tapping her chin impatiently with the end of the pencil.

"Plenty more," rejoined Allan; "all in hieroglyphics. Look here: 'Marriage Acts, 4 Geo. iv. c. 76, and 6 and 7 Will. iv. c. 85' (*q*). Blackstone's intellect seems to be wandering here. Shall we take another skip, and see if he picks himself up again on the next page."

"Wait a little," said Neelie; "what's that I see in the middle." She read for a minute in silence over Allan's shoulder, and suddenly clasped her hands in despair. "I knew I was right!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Heavens, here it is!"

"Where?" asked Allan. "I see nothing about languishing in prison, and cropping a fellow's hair close to his head, unless it's in the hieroglyphics. Is '4 Geo. iv.' short for 'Lock him up?' and does 'c. 85' (*q*) mean, 'Send for the hair-cutter?'"

"Pray be serious," remonstrated Neelie. "We are both standing on a volcano. There!" she said, pointing to the place. "Read it! If any thing can bring you to a proper sense of our situation *that* will."

Allan cleared his throat, and Neelie held the point of her pencil ready on the depressing side of the account—otherwise the "Bad" page of the pocket-book.

"'And as it is the policy of our law,' Allan began, 'to prevent the marriage of persons under the age of twenty-one, without the consent of parents and guardians'"—(Neelie made her first entry on the side of "Bad.") "I am only seventeen next birthday, and circumstances forbid me to confide my attachment to papa"—"'it is provided that in the case of the publication of bans of a person under twenty-one, not being a widower or widow, who are deemed emancipated'"—(Neelie made another entry on the depressing side. "Allan is not a widower, and I am not a widow; consequently, we are neither of us emancipated")—"'if the parent or guardian openly signifies his dissent at the time the bans are published'"—("which papa would be certain to do")—"'such publication shall be void.' I'll take breath here, if you'll allow me," said Allan. "Blackstone might put it in shorter sentences, I think, if he can't put it in fewer words. Cheer up, Neelie! there must be other ways of marrying, besides this roundabout way, that ends in a Publication and a Void. Infernal gibberish! I could write better English myself."

"We are not at the end of it yet," said Neelie. "The Publication and the Void are nothing to what is to come."

"Whatever it is," rejoined Allan, "we'll treat

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it like a dose of physic—we'll take it at once, and be done with it." He went on reading—"'And no license to marry without bans shall be granted, unless oath shall be first made by one of the parties that he or she believes that there is no impediment of kindred or alliance'—well, I can take my oath of that with a safe conscience! What next? 'And one of the said parties must, for the space of fifteen days immediately preceding such license, have had his or her usual place of abode within the parish or chapelry within which such marriage is to be solemnized!' Chapelry! I'd live fifteen days in a dog-kennel with the greatest pleasure. I say, Neelie, all this seems like plain sailing enough. What are you shaking your head about? Go on, and I shall see? Oh, all right; I'll go on. Here we are—'And where one of the said parties, not being a widower or widow, shall be under the age of twenty-one years, oath must first be made that the consent of the person or persons whose consent is required, has been obtained, or that there is no person having authority to give such consent. The consent required by this Act is that of the father—'" At those last formidable words Allan came to a full stop. "The consent of the father," he repeated, with all heedful seriousness of will and manner. "I could not exactly swear to that, could I?"

Neelie answered in expressive silence. She handed him the pocket-book, with the final entry completed, on the side of "Bad," in these terms—"Our marriage is impossible, unless Allan commits perjury."

The lovers looked at each other across the insuperable obstacle of Blackstone, in speechless dismay.

"Shut up the book," said Neelie, resignedly. "I have no doubt we should find the police, and the prison, and the hair-cutting—all punishments for perjury, exactly as I told you—if we looked at the next page. But we needn't trouble ourselves to look; we have found out quite enough already. It's all over with us. I must go to school on Saturday, and you must manage to forget me as soon as you can. Perhaps we may meet in after-life, and you may be a widower and I may be a widow, and the cruel law may consider us emancipated, when it's too late to be of the slightest use. By that time no doubt I shall be old and ugly, and you will naturally have ceased to care about me, and it will all end in the grave, and the sooner the better. Good-by," concluded Neelie, rising mournfully, with the tears in her eyes. "It's only prolonging our misery to stop here, unless—unless you have anything to propose?"

"I've got something to propose," cried the headlong Allan. "It's an entirely new idea. Would you mind trying the blacksmith at Gretna Green?"

"No earthly consideration," answered Neelie, indignantly, "would induce me to be married by a blacksmith!"

"Don't be offended," pleaded Allan; "I meant it for the best. Lots of people in our situation have tried the blacksmith, and found him quite as good as a clergyman, and a most amiable man, I believe, into the bargain. Never mind! We must try another string to our bow."

"We haven't got another to try," said Neelie.

"Take my word for it," persisted Allan, stoutly, "there must be ways and means of circumventing Blackstone (without perjury), if we only knew of them. It's a matter of law, and we must consult somebody in the profession. I dare say it's a risk. But nothing venture, nothing have. What do you say to young Pedgift? He's a thorough good fellow. I'm sure we could trust young Pedgift to keep our secret."

"Not for worlds!" exclaimed Neelie. "You may be willing to trust your secrets to the vulgar little wretch, I won't have him trusted with mine. I hate him. No!" she continued, with a momentary color and a peremptory stamp of her foot on the grass. "I positively forbid you to take any of the Thorpe-Ambrose people into your confidence. They would instantly suspect *me*, and it would be all over the place in a moment. My attachment may be an unhappy one," remarked Neelie, with her handkerchief to her eyes, and papa may nip it in the bud, but I won't have it profaned by the town-gossip!"

"Hush! hush!" said Allan. "I won't say a word at Thorpe-Ambrose, I won't indeed!" He paused, and considered for a moment. "There's another way!" he burst out, brightening up on the instant. "We've got the whole week before us. I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll go to London!"

There was a sudden rustling—heard neither by one nor the other—among the trees behind them that screened Miss Gwilt. One more of the difficulties in her way (the difficulty of getting Allan to London), now promised to be removed by an act of Allan's own will.

"To London?" replied Neelie, looking up in astonishment.

"To London!" reiterated Allan. "That's far enough away from Thorpe-Ambrose, surely? Wait a minute, and don't forget that this is a question of law. Very well, I know some lawyers in London who managed all my business for me when I first came in for this property; they are just the men to consult. And if they decline to be mixed up in it, there's their head clerk, who is one of the best fellows I ever met with in my life. I asked him to go yachting with me, I remember; and though he couldn't go, he said he felt the obligation all the same. That's the man to help us. Blackstone's a mere infant to him. Don't say it's absurd; don't say it's exactly like *me*. Do pray hear me out. I shouldn't breathe your name or your father's. I should describe you as a young lady to whom I was devotedly attached. And if my friend the clerk asks where you live, I'll say the north of Scotland or the west of Ireland, or the Channel Islands, or any where else you like. My friend, the clerk, is a total stranger to Thorpe-Ambrose and every body in it (which is one recommendation); and in five minutes' time he'd put me up to what to do (which is

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another). If you only knew him! He's one of those extraordinary men who appear once or twice in a century—the sort of man who won't allow you to make a mistake if you try. All I have got to say to him (putting it short) is, 'My dear fellow, I want to be privately married, without perjury.' All he has got to say to me (putting it short) is, 'You must do So-and-So, and So-and-So; and you must be careful to avoid This, That, and The other. I have nothing in the world to do but to follow his directions; and you have nothing in the world to do but what the bride always does when the bridegroom is ready and waiting!" His arm stole round Neelie's waist, and his lips pointed the moral of the last sentence with that inarticulate eloquence which is uniformly successful in persuading a woman against her will.

All Neelie's meditated objections dwindled, in spite of her, to one feeble little question. "Suppose I allow you to go, Allan?" she whispered, toying nervously with the stud in the bosom of his shirt, "Shall you be very long away?"

"I'll be off to-day," said Allan, "by the eleven o'clock train. And I'll be back to-morrow, if I and my friend the clerk can settle it all in time. If not, by Wednesday at latest."

"You'll write to me every day?" pleaded Neelie, clinging a little closer to him. "I shall sink under the suspense, if you don't promise to write to me every day."

Allan promised to write twice a day, if she liked—letter-writing, which was such an effort to other men, was no effort to *him!*

"And mind, whatever those people may say to you in London," proceeded Neelie, "I insist on your coming back for me. I positively decline to run away, unless you promise to fetch me."

Allan promised for the second time, on his sacred word of honor, and at the full compass of his voice. But Neelie was not satisfied even yet. She reverted to first principles, and insisted on knowing whether Allan was quite sure he loved her. Allan called Heaven to witness how sure he was; and got another question directly for his pains. Could he solemnly declare that he would never regret taking Neelie away from home? Allan called Heaven to witness again, louder than ever. All to no purpose! The ravenous female appetite for tender protestations still hungered for more. "I know what will happen one of these days," persisted Neelie. "You will see some other girl who is prettier than I am, and you will wish you had married her instead of Me!"

As Allan opened his lips for a final outburst of asseveration the stable-clock at the great house was faintly audible in the distance, striking the hour. Neelie started quietly. It was breakfast time at the cottage—in other words, time to take leave. At the last moment her heart went back to her father; and her head sank on Allan's bosom as she tried to say, Good-by. "Papa has always been so kind to me, Allan," she whispered, holding him back tremulously when he turned to leave her. "It seems so guilty and so heartless to go away from him and be married in secret. Oh do, do think before you really go to London; is there no way of making him a little kinder and juster to *you?*" The question was useless; the major's resolutely unfavorable reception of Allan's letter was there in Neelie's memory to answer her as the words passed her lips. With a girl's impulsiveness she pushed Allan away before he could speak, and signed to him impatiently to go. The conflict of contending emotions, which she had mastered thus far, burst its way outward in spite of her after he had waved his hand for the last time, and had disappeared in the depths of the dell. When she turned from the place, on her side, her long-restrained tears fell freely at last, and made the lonely way back to the cottage the dimmest prospect to look at that Neelie had seen for many a long day past.

As she hurried homeward the leaves parted behind her, and Miss Gwilt stepped softly into the open space. She stood there in triumph, tall, beautiful, and resolute. Her lovely color brightened while she watched Neelie's retreating figure hastening lightly away from her over the grass.

"Cry, you little fool!" she said, with her quiet, clear tones, and her steady smile of contempt. "Cry as you have never cried yet! You have seen the last of your sweet-heart."

CHAPTER XII.

A SCANDAL AT THE STATION.

An hour later the landlady at Miss Gwilt's lodgings was lost in astonishment, and the clamorous tongues of the children were in a state of ungovernable revolt. "Unforeseen circumstances" had suddenly obliged the tenant of the first-floor to terminate the occupation of her apartments, and to go to London that day by the eleven o'clock train.

"Please to have a fly at the door at half past ten," said Miss Gwilt, as the amazed landlady followed her up stairs. "And excuse me, you good creature, if I beg and pray not to be disturbed till the fly comes."

Once inside her room, she locked the door, and then opened her writing-desk. "Now for my letter to the major!" she said. "How shall I word it?"

A moment's consideration apparently decided her. Searching through her collection of pens, she carefully selected the worst that could be found, and began the letter by writing the date of the day on a solid sheet of note-paper, in crooked, clumsy characters, which ended in a blot made purposely with the feather of the pen. Pausing sometimes to think a little, sometimes to make another blot, she completed the letter in these words:

"Hon Sir,—It is on my conscience to tell

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you something which I think you ought to know. You ought to know of the goings-on of Miss, your daughter, with young Mister Armadale. I wish you to make sure, and what is more, I advise you to be quick about it, if she is going the way you want her to go, when she takes her morning walk before breakfast. I scorn to make mischief where there is true love on both sides. But I don't think the young man means truly by Miss. What I mean is, I think Miss only has his fancy. Another person, who shall be nameless betwixt us, has his true heart. Please to pardon my not putting my name; I am only an humble person, and it might get me into trouble. This is all at present, dear Sir, from yours, A WELL-WISHER."

"There!" said Miss Gwilt, as she folded the letter up. "If I had been a professed novelist I could hardly have written more naturally in the character of a servant than that!" She wrote the necessary address to Major Milroy; looked admiringly for the last time at the coarse and clumsy writing which her own delicate hand had produced; and rose to post the letter herself before she entered next on the serious business of packing up. "Curious!" she thought, when the letter had been posted, and she was back again making her traveling preparations in her own room: "here I am, running headlong into a frightful risk—and I never was in better spirits in my life!"

The boxes were ready when the fly was at the door, and Miss Gwilt was equipped (as becomingly as usual) in her neat traveling costume. Her thick veil, which she was accustomed to wear in London, appeared on her country straw bonnet for the first time. "One meets such rude men occasionally in the railway," she said to the landlady. "And though I dress quietly, my hair is so very remarkable." She was a little paler than usual; but she had never been so sweet-tempered and engaging, so gracefully cordial and friendly, as now, when the moment of departure had come. The simple people of the house were quite moved at taking leave of her. She insisted on shaking hands with the landlord—on speaking to him in her prettiest way, and sunning him in her brightest smile. "Come!" she said to the landlady, "you have been so kind, you have been so like a mother to me, you must give me a kiss at parting." She embraced the children all together in the lump, with a mixture of humor and tenderness delightful to see, and left a shilling among them to buy a cake. "If I was only rich enough to make it a sovereign," she whispered to the mother, "how glad I should be!" The awkward lad who ran of errands stood waiting at the fly-door. He was clumsy, he was frowsy, he had a gaping mouth and a turned-up nose—but the ineradicable female delight in things charming accepted him, for all that, in the character of a last chance. "You dear dingy John!" she said kindly at the carriage door. "I am so poor I have only sixpence to give you—with my very best wishes. Take my advice, John—grow to be a fine man, and find yourself a nice sweetheart! Thank you a thousand times!" She gave him a friendly little pat on the cheek with two of her gloved fingers, and smiled, and nodded, and got into the fly.

"Armadale next!" she said to herself as the carriage drove off.

Allan's anxiety not to miss the train had brought him to the station in better time than usual. After taking his ticket and putting his portmanteau under the porter's charge, he was pacing the platform and thinking of Neelie—when he heard the rustling of a lady's dress behind him, and turning round to look, found himself face to face with Miss Gwilt.

There was no escaping her this time. The station wall was on his right hand, and the line was on his left; a tunnel was behind him, and Miss Gwilt was in front, inquiring in her sweetest tones whether Mr. Armadale was going to London.

Allan colored scarlet with vexation and surprise. There he was, obviously waiting for the train; and there was his portmanteau close by, with his name on it, already labeled for London! What answer but the true one could he make after that? Could he let the train go without him, and lose the precious hours so vitally important to Neelie and himself? Impossible! Allan helplessly confirmed the printed statement on his portmanteau, and heartily wished himself at the other end of the world as he said the words.

"How very fortunate!" rejoined Miss Gwilt. "I am going to London too. Might I ask you, Mr. Armadale (as you seem to be quite alone), to be my escort on the journey?"

Allan looked at the little assembly of travelers and travelers' friends collected on the platform near the booking-office door. They were all Thorpe-Ambrose people. He was probably known by sight, and Miss Gwilt was probably known by sight, to every one of them. In sheer desperation, hesitating more awkwardly than ever, he produced his cigar-case. "I should be delighted," he said, with an embarrassment which was almost an insult under the circumstance. "But I—I'm what the people who get sick over a cigar call a slave to smoking."

"I delight in smoking!" said Miss Gwilt, with undiminished vivacity and good-humor. "It's one of the privileges of the men which I have always envied. I'm afraid, Mr. Armadale, you must think I am forcing myself on you. It certainly looks like it. The real truth is, I want particularly to say a word to you in private about Mr. Midwinter."

The train came up at the same moment. Setting Midwinter out of the question, the common decencies of politeness left Allan no alternative but to submit. After having been the cause of her leaving her situation at Major Milroy's, after having pointedly avoided her only a few days since on the high-road, to have de-

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clined going to London in the same carriage with Miss Gwilt would have been an act of downright brutality which it was simply impossible to commit. "Damn her!" said Allan, internally, as he handed his traveling companion into an empty carriage, officiously placed at his disposal, before all the people at the station, by the guard. "You sha'n't be disturbed, Sir," the man whispered, confidentially, with a smile and a touch of his hat. Allan could have knocked him down with the utmost pleasure. "Stop!" he said from the window. "I don't want the carriage—" It was useless; the guard was out of hearing; the whistle blew, and the train started for London.

The select assembly of travelers' friends, left behind on the platform, congregated in a circle on the spot, with the station-master in the centre.

The station-master—otherwise Mr. Mack—was a popular character in the neighborhood. He possessed two social qualifications which invariably impress the average English mind—he was an old soldier, and he was a man of few words. The conclave on the platform insisted on taking his opinion before it committed itself positively to an opinion of its own. A brisk fire of remarks exploded, as a matter of course, on all sides; but every body's view of the subject ended interrogatively, in a question aimed point-blank at the station-master's ears.

"She's got him, hasn't she?" "She'll come back 'Mrs. Armadale,' won't she?" "He'd better have stuck to Miss Milroy, hadn't he?" "Miss Milroy stuck to *him*. She paid him a visit at the great house, didn't she?" "Nothing of the sort; it's a shame to take the girl's character away. She was caught in a thunder-storm close by; he was obliged to give her shelter; and she's never been near the place since. Miss Gwilt's been there, if you like, with no thunder-storm to force *her* in; and Miss Gwilt's off with him to London now in a carriage all to themselves, eh, Mr. Mack?" "Ah, he's a soft one, that Armadale! with all his money, to take up with a red-haired woman, a good eight or nine years older than he is! She's thirty if she's a day. That's what I say, Mr. Mack. What do you say?" "Older or younger, she'll rule the roast at Thorpe-Ambrose; and I say, for the sake of the place, and for the sake of trade, let's make the best of it; and Mr. Mack, as a man of the world, sees it in the same light as I do, don't you, Sir?"

"Gentlemen," said the station-master, with his abrupt military accent, and his impenetrable military manner, "she's a devilish fine woman. And, when I was Mr. Armadale's age, it's my opinion, if her fancy had laid that way, she might have married Me."

With that expression of opinion the station-master wheeled to the right, and intrenched himself impregnably in the strong-hold of his own office.

The citizens of Thorpe-Ambrose looked at the closed door and gravely shook their heads. Mr. Mack had disappointed them. No opinion which openly recognizes the frailty of human nature is ever a popular opinion with mankind. "It's as good as saying that any of *us* might have married her, if *we* had been Mr. Armadale's age!" Such was the general impression on the minds of the conclave when the meeting had been adjourned and the members were leaving the station.

The last of the party to go was a slow old gentleman, with a habit of deliberately looking about him. Pausing at the door, this observant person stared up the platform, and down the platform, and discovered in the latter direction, standing behind an angle of the wall, an elderly man in black, who had escaped the notice of every body up to that time. "Why, bless my soul!" said the old gentleman, advancing inquisitively by a step at a time, "it can't be Mr. Bashwood!"

It *was* Mr. Bashwood—Mr. Bashwood, whose constitutional curiosity had taken him privately to the station, bent on solving the mystery of Allan's sudden journey to London—Mr. Bashwood, who had seen and heard, behind the angle in the wall, what every body else had seen and heard, and who appeared to have been impressed by it in no ordinary way. He stood stiffly against the wall, like a man petrified, with one hand pressed on his bare head, and the other holding his hat—he stood, with a dull flush on his face, and a dull stare in his eyes, looking straight into the black depths of the tunnel outside the station, as if the train to London had disappeared in it but the moment before.

"Is your head bad?" asked the old gentleman. "Take my advice. Go home and lie down."

Mr. Bashwood listened mechanically, with his usual attention, and answered mechanically, with his usual politeness.

"Yes, Sir," he said, in a low, lost tone, like a man between dreaming and waking; "I'll go home and lie down."

"That's right," rejoined the old gentleman, making for the door. "And take a pill, Mr. Bashwood—take a pill."

Five minutes later the porter charged with the business of locking up the station found Mr. Bashwood, still standing bare-headed against the wall, and still looking straight into the black depths of the tunnel, as if the train to London had disappeared in it but a moment since.

"Come, Sir!" said the porter. "I must lock up. Are you out of sorts? Any thing wrong with your inside? Try a drop of gin-and-bitters."

"Yes," said Mr. Bashwood, answering the porter exactly as he had answered the old gentleman; "I'll try a drop of gin-and-bitters."

The porter took him by the arm and led him out. "You'll get it there," said the man, pointing, confidentially, to a public house; "and you'll get it good."

"I shall get it there," echoed Mr. Bashwood,

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still mechanically repeating what was said to him; "and I shall get it good."

His will seemed to be paralyzed; his actions depended absolutely on what other people told him to do. He took a few steps in the direction of the public house—hesitated; staggered—and caught at the pillar of one of the station lamps near him.

The porter followed and took him by the arm once more.

"Why, you've been drinking already!" exclaimed the man, with a suddenly-quickened interest in Mr. Bashwood's case. "What was it? Beer?"

Mr. Bashwood, in his low, lost tones, echoed the last word.

It was close on the porter's dinner-time. But when the lower orders of the English people believe they have discovered an intoxicated man their sympathy with him is boundless. The porter let his dinner take its chance, and carefully assisted Mr. Bashwood to reach the public house. "Gin-and-bitters will put you on your legs again," whispered this Samaritan setter-right of the alcoholic disasters of mankind.

If Mr. Bashwood had really been intoxicated the effect of the porter's remedy would have been marvelous indeed. Almost as soon as the glass was emptied the stimulant did its work. The long-weakened nervous system of the deputy-steward, prostrated for the moment by the shock that had fallen on it, rallied again like a weary horse under the spur. The dull flush on his cheeks, the dull stare in his eyes, disappeared simultaneously. After a momentary effort he recovered memory enough of what had passed to thank the porter, and to ask whether he would take something himself. The worthy creature instantly accepted a dose of his own remedy—in the capacity of a preventive—and went home to dinner as only those men can go home who are physically warmed by gin-and-bitters, and morally elevated by the performance of a good action.

Still strangely abstracted (but conscious now of the way by which he went), Mr. Bashwood left the public house a few minutes later in his turn. He walked on mechanically, in his dreary black garments, moving like a blot on the white surface of the sun-brightened road, as Midwinter had seen him move in the early days at Thorpe-Ambrose when they had first met. Arrived at the point where he had to choose between the way that led into the town, and the way that led to the great house, he stopped, incapable of deciding, and careless, apparently, even of making the attempt. "I'll be revenged on her!" he whispered to himself, still absorbed in his jealous frenzy of rage against the woman who had deceived him. "I'll be revenged on her," he repeated in louder tones, "if I spend every half-penny I've got!"

Some women of the disorderly sort, passing on their way to the town, heard him. "Ah, you old brute," they called out, with the measureless license of their class; "whatever she did she served you right!"

The coarseness of the voices startled him whether he comprehended the words or not. He shrank away from more interruption and more insult into the quieter road that led to the great house.

At a solitary place by the wayside he stopped and sat down. He took off his hat and lifted his youthful wig a little from his bald old head, and tried desperately to get beyond the one immovable conviction which lay on his mind like lead—the conviction that Miss Gwilt had been purposely deceiving him from the first. It was useless. No effort would free him from that one dominant impression, and from the one answering idea that it had evoked—the idea of revenge. He got up again and put on his hat and walked rapidly forward a little way—then turned without knowing why and slowly walked back again. "If I had only dressed a little smarter!" said the poor wretch, helplessly. "If I had only been a little bolder with her she might have overlooked my being an old man!" The angry fit returned on him. He clenched his clammy trembling hands and shook them fiercely in the empty air. "I'll be revenged on her," he reiterated. "I'll be revenged on her if I spend every half-penny I've got!" It was terribly suggestive of the hold she had taken on him, that his vindictive sense of injury could not get far enough away from her to reach the man whom he believed to be his rival, even yet. In his rage, as in his love, he was absorbed, body and soul, by Miss Gwilt.

In a moment more the noise of running wheels approaching from behind startled him. He turned and looked round. There was Mr. Pedgift the elder, rapidly overtaking him in the gig, just as Mr. Pedgift had overtaken him once already on that former occasion when he had listened under the window at the great house, and when the lawyer had bluntly charged him with feeling a curiosity about Miss Gwilt!

In an instant the inevitable association of ideas burst on his mind. The opinion of Miss Gwilt, which he had heard the lawyer express to Allan, at parting, flashed back into his memory, side by side with Mr. Pedgift's sarcastic approval of any thing in the way of inquiry which his own curiosity might attempt. "I may be even with her yet," he thought, "if Mr. Pedgift will help me!—Stop, Sir!" he called out, desperately, as the gig came up with him. "If please, Sir, I want to speak to you."

Pedgift Senior slackened the pace of his fast-trotting mare without pulling up. "Come to the office in half an hour," he said. "I'm busy now." Without waiting for an answer, without noticing Mr. Bashwood's bow, he gave the mare the rein again, and was out of sight in another minute.

Mr. Bashwood sat down once more in a shady place by the road-side. He appeared to be incapable of feeling any slight but the one unpar-

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donable slight put upon him by Miss Gwilt. He not only declined to resent, he even made the best of Mr. Pedgift's unceremonious treatment of him. "Half an hour," he said, resignedly. "Time enough to compose myself; and I want time. Very kind of Mr. Pedgift, though he mightn't have meant it."

The sense of oppression on his head forced him once again to remove his hat. He sat with it on his lap, deep in thought; his face bent low, and the wavering finger of one hand running absently on the crown of the hat. If Mr. Pedgift the elder, seeing him as he sat now, could only have looked a little beyond him into the future, the monotonously-drumming hand of the deputy-steward might have been strong enough, feeble as it was, to stop the lawyer by the road-side. It was the worn, weary, miserable old hand of a worn, weary, miserable old man; but it was, for all that (to use the language of Mr. Pedgift's own parting prediction to Allan), the hand that was now destined to "let the light in on Miss Gwilt."

CHAPTER XIII.

AN OLD MAN'S HEART.

PUNCTUAL to the moment, when the half hour's interval had expired, Mr. Bashwood was announced at the office as waiting to see Mr. Pedgift by special appointment.

The lawyer looked up from his papers with an air of annoyance: he had totally forgotten the meeting by the road-side. "See what he wants," said Pedgift Senior to Pedgift Junior, working in the same room with him. "And if it's nothing of importance put it off to some other time."

Pedgift Junior swiftly disappeared, and swiftly returned.

"Well?" asked the father.

"Well," answered the son, "he is rather more shaky and unintelligible than usual. I can make nothing out of him, except that he persists in wanting to see you. My own idea," pursued Pedgift Junior, with his usual sardonic gravity, "is, that he is going to have a fit, and that he wishes to acknowledge your uniform kindness to him by obliging you with a private view of the whole proceeding."

Pedgift Senior habitually matched every body—his son included—with their own weapons. "Be good enough to remember, Augustus," he rejoined, "that My Room is not a Court of Law. A bad joke is not invariably followed by 'roars of laughter' *here*. Let Mr. Bashwood come in."

Mr. Bashwood was introduced, and Pedgift Junior withdrew. "You mustn't bleed him, Sir," whispered the incorrigible joker, as he passed the back of his father's chair. "Hot water bottles to the soles of his feet, and a mustard plaster on the pit of his stomach—that's the modern treatment."

"Sit down, Bashwood," said Pedgift Senior, when they were alone. "And don't forget that time's money. Out with it, whatever it is, at the quickest possible rate, and in the fewest possible words."

These preliminary directions, bluntly but not all unkindly spoken, rather increased than diminished the painful agitation under which Mr. Bashwood was suffering. He stammered more helplessly, he trembled more continuously than usual, as he made his little speech of thanks, and added his apologies at the end for intruding on his patron in business hours.

"Every body in the place, Mr. Pedgift, Sir, knows your time is valuable. Oh dear, yes! oh dear, yes! most valuable, most valuable! Excuse me, Sir, I'm coming out with it. Your goodness—or rather your business—no, your goodness gave me half an hour to wait—and I have thought of what I had to say, and prepared it, and put it short." Having got as far as that he stopped with a pained, bewildered look. He had put it away in his memory, and now, when the time came, he was too confused to find it. And there was Mr. Pedgift mutely waiting; his face and manner alike expressive of that silent sense of the value of his own time which every patient who has visited a great doctor, every client who has consulted a lawyer in large practice, knows so well. "Have you heard the news, Sir?" stammered Mr. Bashwood, shifting his ground in despair, and letting the uppermost idea in his mind escape him, simply because it was the one idea in him that was ready to come out.

"Does it concern *me*?" asked Pedgift Senior, mercilessly brief, and mercilessly straight in coming to the point.

"It concerns a lady, Sir—no, not a lady—a young man, I ought to say, in whom you used to feel some interest. Oh, Mr. Pedgift, Sir, what do you think! Mr. Armadale and Miss Gwilt have gone up to London together to-day—alone, Sir, alone—in a carriage reserved for their two selves! Do you think he's going to marry her? Do you really think, like the rest of them, he's going to marry her?"

He put the question with a sudden flush in his face, and a sudden energy in his manner. His sense of the value of the lawyer's time, his conviction of the greatness of the lawyer's condescension, his constitutional shyness and timidity, all yielded together to his one overwhelming interest in hearing Mr. Pedgift's answer. He was loud—he was loud, for the first time in his life, in putting the question.

"After my experience of Mr. Armadale," said the lawyer, instantly hardening in look and manner, "I believe him to be infatuated enough to marry Miss Gwilt a dozen times over if Miss Gwilt chose to ask him. Your news doesn't surprise me in the least, Bashwood. I'm sorry for him. I can honestly say that, though he *has* set my advice at defiance. And I'm more sorry still," he continued, softening again as his mind reverted to his interview with Neelie under the

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trees of the park. "I'm more sorry still for another person who shall be nameless. But what have I to do with all this? and what on earth is the matter with you?" he resumed, noticing for the first time the abject misery in Mr. Bashwood's manner, the blank despair in Mr. Bashwood's face, which his answer had produced. "Are you ill? Is there something behind the curtain that you're afraid to bring out? I don't understand it. Have you come here—here in my private room, in business hours—with nothing to tell me but that young Armadale has been fool enough to ruin his prospects for life? Why, I foresaw it all weeks since, and what is more, I as good as told him so at the last conversation I had with him in the great house."

At those last words Mr. Bashwood suddenly rallied. The lawyer's passing reference to the great house had led him back in a moment to the main object, from which he had been wandering farther and farther away ever since he had entered the room.

"That's it, Sir!" he said, eagerly; "that's what I wanted to speak to you about; that's what I've been preparing in my mind. Mr. Pedgift, Sir, the last time you were at the great house, when you came away in your gig, you—you overtook me on the drive."

"I dare say I did," remarked Pedgift, resignedly. "My mare happens to be a trifle quicker on her legs than you are on yours, Bashwood. Go on, go on. We shall come in time, I suppose, to what you are driving at."

"You stopped and spoke to me, Sir," proceeded Mr. Bashwood, advancing more and more eagerly to his end, now that he had it at last in view. "You said you suspected me of feeling some curiosity about Miss Gwilt, and you told me (I remember the exact words, Sir)—you told me to gratify my curiosity by all means, for you didn't object to it."

Pedgift Senior began for the first time to look interested in hearing more.

"I remember something of the sort," he replied; "and I also remember thinking it rather remarkable that you should *happen*—we won't put it in any more offensive way—to be exactly under Mr. Armadale's open window while I was talking to him. It might have been accident of course; but it looked rather more like curiosity. I could only judge by appearances," concluded Pedgift, pointing his sarcasm with a pinch of snuff; "and appearances, Bashwood, were decidedly against you."

"I don't deny it, Sir, I only mentioned the circumstance—"

"Well? why did you mention it?"

Under the threatening influence of the lawyer's keenly watchful eye Mr. Bashwood summoned his courage, and ventured a little nearer to the object that he had in view.

"I mentioned it, Sir," he replied, "because I wished to acknowledge that I *was* curious and *am* curious about Miss Gwilt."

"Why?" asked Pedgift Senior, seeing something under the surface in Mr. Bashwood's face and manner, but utterly in the dark thus far as to what that something might be.

There was silence for a moment. The moment passed, Mr. Bashwood took the refuge usually taken by nervous unready men, placed in his circumstances, when they are at a loss for an answer. He simply reiterated the assertion that he had just made. "I feel some curiosity, Sir," he said, with a strange mixture of doggedness and timidity, "about Miss Gwilt."

There was another moment of silence. In spite of his practiced acuteness and knowledge of the world, the lawyer was more puzzled than ever. The case of Mr. Bashwood presented the one human riddle of all others which he was least qualified to solve. Though year after year witnesses, in thousands and thousands of cases, the remorseless disinheriting of nearest and dearest relations, the unnatural breaking-up of sacred family ties, the deplorable severance of old and firm friendships, due entirely to the intense self-absorption which the sexual passion can produce when it enters the heart of an old man, the association of love with infirmity and gray hairs arouses, nevertheless, all the world over, no other idea than the idea of extravagant improbability or extravagant absurdity in the general mind. If the interview now taking place in Mr. Pedgift's consulting-room had taken place at his dinner-table instead, when wine had opened his mind to humorous influences, it is possible that he might, by this time, have suspected the truth. But, in his business hours, Pedgift Senior was in the habit of investigating men's motives seriously from the business point of view; and he was on that very account simply incapable of conceiving any improbability so startling, any absurdity so enormous, as the absurdity and improbability of Mr. Bashwood's being in love.

Some men in the lawyer's position would have tried to force their way to enlightenment by obstinately repeating the unanswered question. Pedgift Senior wisely postponed the question until he had moved the conversation another step. "Well," he resumed, "let us say you feel a curiosity about Miss Gwilt. What next?"

The palms of Mr. Bashwood's hands began to moisten under the influence of his agitation as they had moistened in the past days, when he had told the story of his domestic sorrows to Midwinter at the great house. Once more he rolled his handkerchief into a ball, and dabbed it softly to and fro from one hand to the other.

"May I ask if I am right, Sir," he began, "in believing that you have a very unfavorable opinion of Miss Gwilt? You are quite convinced, I think—"

"My good fellow," interrupted Pedgift Senior, "why need you be in any doubt about it? You were under Mr. Armadale's open window all the while I was talking to him; and your ears, I presume, were not absolutely shut."

Mr. Bashwood showed no sense of the interruption. The little sting of the lawyer's sar-

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casm was lost in the nobler pain that wrung him from the wound inflicted by Miss Gwilt.

"You are quite convinced, I think, Sir," he resumed, "that there are circumstances in Miss Gwilt's past life which would be highly discreditable to her if they were discovered at the present time?"

"The window was open at the great house, Bashwood; and your ears, I presume, were not absolutely shut."

Still impenetrable to the sting, Mr. Bashwood persisted more obstinately than ever.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken," he said, "your long experience in such things has even suggested to you, Sir, that Miss Gwilt might turn out to be known to the police?"

Pedgift Senior's patience gave way. "You have been over ten minutes in this room," he broke out; "can you, or can you not, tell me in plain English what you want?"

In plain English—with the passion that had transformed him, the passion which (in Miss Gwilt's own words) had made a man of him, burning in his haggard cheeks—Mr. Bashwood met the challenge, and faced the lawyer (as the worried sheep faces the dog) on his own ground.

"I wish to say, Sir," he answered, "that your opinion in this matter is my opinion too. I believe there is something wrong in Miss Gwilt's past life which she keeps concealed from every body—and I want to be the man who knows it."

Pedgift Senior saw his chance, and instantly reverted to the question that he had postponed. "Why?" he asked for the second time.

For the second time Mr. Bashwood hesitated. Could he acknowledge that he had been mad enough to love her, and mean enough to be a spy for her? Could he say, "She has deceived me from the first, and she has deserted me now her object is served? After robbing me of my happiness, robbing me of my honor, robbing me of my last hope left in life, she has gone from me forever, and left me nothing but my old man's longing, slow and sly, and strong and changeless, for revenge—revenge. That I may have, if I can poison her success by dragging her frailties into the public view—revenge, that I will buy (for what is gold or what is life to me?) with the last farthing of my hoarded money and the last drop of my stagnant blood." Could he say that to the man who sat waiting for his answer? No: he could only crush it down and be silent.

The lawyer's expression began to harden once more. His first suspicions of Mr. Bashwood's motive—suspicions not even remotely approaching the truth—now dawned on his mind. After a moment's considering, he determined to state them openly, and to bring the interview in that way, if in no other way, to an end.

"One of us must speak out," he said; "and as you evidently won't I will. I can only account for this extraordinary anxiety of yours to make yourself acquainted with Miss Gwilt's secrets in one of two ways. Your motive is either an excessively mean one (no offense, Bashwood, I am only putting the case), or an excessively generous one. After my experience of your honest character and your creditable conduct, it is only your due that I should absolve you at once of the mean motive. I believe you are as incapable as I am—I can say no more—of turning to mercenary account any discoveries you might make to Miss Gwilt's prejudice in Miss Gwilt's past life. Shall I go on any further? or would you prefer, on second thoughts, opening your mind frankly to me of your own accord?"

"I should prefer not interrupting you, Sir," said Mr. Bashwood.

"As you please," pursued Pedgift Senior. "Having absolved you of the mean motive, I come to the generous motive next. It is possible that you are an unusually grateful man; and it is certain that Mr. Armadale has been remarkably kind to you. After employing you under Mr. Midwinter in the steward's office, he has had confidence enough in your honesty and your capacity, now his friend has left him, to put his business entirely and unreservedly in your hands. It's not in my experience of human nature—but it may be possible nevertheless—that you are so gratefully sensible of that confidence, and so gratefully interested in your employer's welfare, that you can't see him in his friendless position, going straight to his own disgrace and ruin, without making an effort to save him. To put it in two words. Is it your idea that Mr. Armadale might be prevented from marrying Miss Gwilt if he could be informed in time of her real character? And do you wish to be the man who opens his eyes to the truth? If that is the case—"

He stopped in astonishment. Acting under some uncontrollable impulse, Mr. Bashwood had started to his feet. He stood with his withered face lit up by a sudden irradiation from within, which made him look younger than his age by a good twenty years—he stood gasping for breath enough to speak, and gesticulated entreatingly at the lawyer with both his hands.

"Say it again, Sir!" he burst out, eagerly; recovering his breath before Pedgift Senior had recovered his surprise. "The question about Mr. Armadale, Sir!—only once more!—only once more, Mr. Pedgift, please!"

With his practiced observation closely and distrustfully at work on Mr. Bashwood's face, Pedgift Senior motioned to him to sit down again, and put the question for the second time.

"Do I think," said Mr. Bashwood, repeating the sense but not the words of the question, "that Mr. Armadale might be parted from Miss Gwilt if she could be shown to him as she really is? Yes, Sir! And do I wish to be the man who does it? Yes, Sir! yes, Sir!! yes, Sir!!!"

"It's rather strange," remarked the lawyer, looking at him more and more distrustfully, "that you should be so violently agitated, simply because my question happens to have hit the mark."

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The question happened to have hit a mark which Pedgift little dreamed of. It had released Mr. Bashwood's mind in an instant from the dead pressure of his one dominant idea of revenge, and had shown him a purpose to be achieved by the discovery of Miss Gwilt's secrets which had never occurred to him till that moment. The marriage which he had blindly regarded as inevitable, was a marriage that might be stopped—not in Allan's interests, but in his own—and the woman whom he believed that he had lost might yet, in spite of circumstances, be a woman won! His brain whirled as he thought of it. His own roused resolution almost daunted him by its terrible incongruity with all the familiar habits of his mind and all the customary proceedings of his life.

Finding his last remark unanswered, Pedgift Senior waited a little, and considered again before he said any thing more.

It was quite plain to him that, in putting the question which had so violently agitated the deputy-steward, he had unintentionally offered Mr. Bashwood a chance of misleading him, which Mr. Bashwood had eagerly—too eagerly—accepted on the spot. "One thing is clear," reasoned old Pedgift. "His true motive in this matter is a motive which he is afraid to avow. That's enough for *me*. If I was Mr. Armadale's lawyer, the mystery might be worth investigating. As things are, it's no interest of mine to hunt Mr. Bashwood from one lie to another till I run him to earth at last. I have nothing whatever to do with it; and I shall leave him, free to follow his own roundabout courses, in his own roundabout way." Having arrived at that conclusion, Pedgift Senior pushed back his chair, and rose hastily to terminate the interview.

"Don't be alarmed, Bashwood," he began. "The subject of our conversation is a subject exhausted, so far as I am concerned. I have only a few last words to say, and it's a habit of mine, as you know, to say my last words on my legs. Whatever else I may be in the dark about, I have made one discovery, at any rate. I have found out what you really want with me—at last! You want me to help you."

"If you would be so very, very kind, Sir?" stammered Mr. Bashwood. "If you would only give me the great advantage of your opinion and advice—?"

"Wait a bit, Bashwood. We will separate those two things if you please. A lawyer may offer an opinion like any other man; but when a lawyer gives his advice—by the Lord Harry, Sir, it's Professional! You're welcome to my opinion in this matter; I have disguised it from nobody. I believe there have been events in Miss Gwilt's career, which (if they could be discovered) would even make Mr. Armadale, infatuated as he is, afraid to marry her—supposing, of course, that he really *is* going to marry her; for though the appearances are in favor of it so far, it is only an assumption after all. As to the mode of proceeding by which the blots on this woman's character might or might not be brought to light in time—she may be married by license in a fortnight if she likes—*that* is a branch of the question on which I positively decline to enter. It implies speaking in my character as a lawyer, and giving you, what I decline positively to give you, my professional advice."

"Oh, Sir, don't say that!" pleaded Mr. Bashwood. "Don't deny me the great favor, the inestimable advantage of your advice! I have such a poor head, Mr. Pedgift! I am so old and so slow, Sir, and I get so sadly startled and worried when I'm thrown out of my ordinary ways. It's quite natural you should be a little impatient with me for taking up your time—I know that time is money to a clever man like you. Would you excuse me—would you please excuse me, if I venture to say that I have saved a little something, a few pounds, Sir; and being quite lonely, with nobody dependent on me, I'm sure I may spend my savings as I please." Blind to every consideration but the one consideration of propitiating Mr. Pedgift, he took out a dingy, ragged old pocket-book, and tried, with trembling fingers, to open it on the lawyer's table.

"Put your pocket-book back directly," said Pedgift Senior. "Richer men than you have tried that argument with me, and have found that there is such a thing (off the stage) as a lawyer who is not to be bribed. I will have nothing to do with the case, under existing circumstances. If you want to know why, I beg to inform you that Miss Gwilt ceased to be professionally interesting to me on the day when I ceased to be Mr. Armadale's lawyer. I may have other reasons besides, which I don't think it necessary to mention. The reason already given is explicit enough. Go your own way, and take your responsibility on your own shoulders. You *may* venture within reach of Miss Gwilt's claws, and come out again without being scratched. Time will show. In the mean while I wish you good-morning—and I own, to my shame, that I never knew till to-day what a hero you were."

This time Mr. Bashwood felt the sting. Without another word of expostulation or entreaty, without even saying "Good-morning" on his side, he walked to the door, opened it softly, and left the room.

The parting look in his face, and the sudden silence that had fallen on him, were not lost on Pedgift Senior. "Bashwood will end badly," said the lawyer, shuffling his papers, and returning impenetrably to his interrupted work.

The change in Mr. Bashwood's face and manner to something dogged and self-contained was so startlingly uncharacteristic of him, that it even forced itself on the notice of Pedgift Junior and the clerks, as he passed through the outer office. Accustomed to make the old man their butt, they took a boisterously comic view of the marked alteration in him. Deaf, apparently, to the merciless raillery with which he was assailed on all

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sides, he stopped opposite young Pedgift; and looking him attentively in the face, said, in a quiet absent manner, like a man thinking aloud, "I wonder whether *you* would help me."

"Open an account instantly," said Pedgift Junior to the clerks, "in the name of Mr. Bashwood. Place a chair for Mr. Bashwood, with a footstool close by, in case he wants it. Supply me with a quire of extra double-wove satin paper, and a gross of picked quills to take notes of Mr. Bashwood's conversation; and inform my father instantly that I am going to leave him and set up in business for myself, on the strength of Mr. Bashwood's patronage. Take a seat, Sir, pray take a seat, and express your feelings freely."

Still impenetrably deaf to the raillery of which he was the object, Mr. Bashwood waited until Pedgift Junior had exhausted himself, and then turned quietly away.

"I ought to have known better," he said, in the same absent manner as before. "He is his father's son all over—he would make game of me on my death-bed." He paused a moment at the door, mechanically brushing his hat with his hand, and went out into the street.

The bright sunshine dazzled his eyes, the passing vehicles and foot-passengers startled and bewildered him. He shrank into a by-street, and put his hand over his eyes. "I'd better go home," he thought, "and shut myself up, and think about it in my own room."

His lodging was in a small house, in the poor quarter of the town. He let himself in with his key, and stole softly up stairs. The one little room he possessed met him cruelly, look round it where he might, with silent memorials of Miss Gwilt. On the chimney-piece were the flowers she had given him at various times, all withered long since, and all preserved on a little china pedestal, protected by a glass shade. On the wall hung a withered colored print of a woman, which he had caused to be nicely framed and glazed, because there was a look in it that reminded him of her face. In his clumsy old mahogany writing-desk were the few letters, brief and peremptory, which she had written to him at the time when he was watching and listening meanly at Thorpe-Ambrose to please *her*. And when, turning his back on these, he sat down wearily on his sofa-bedstead, there, hanging over one end of it, was the gaudy cravat of blue satin which he had bought because she had told him she liked bright colors, and which he had never yet had the courage to wear, though he had taken it out morning after morning with the resolution to put it on! Habitually quiet in his actions, habitually restrained in his language, he now seized the cravat as if it were a living thing that could feel, and flung it to the other end of the room with an oath.

The time passed; and still, though his resolution to stand between Miss Gwilt and her marriage remained unbroken, he was as far as ever from discovering the means which might lead him to his end. The more he thought and thought of it, the darker and the darker his course in the future looked to him.

He rose again, as wearily as he had sat down, and went to his cupboard. "I'm feverish and thirsty," he said; "a cup of tea may help me." He opened his canister, and measured out his small allowance of tea less carefully than usual. "Even my own hands won't serve me to-day!" he thought, as he scraped together the few grains of tea that he had spilt, and put them carefully back in the canister.

In that fine summer weather the one fire in the house was the kitchen fire. He went down stairs for the boiling water with his tea-pot in his hand.

Nobody but the landlady was in the kitchen. She was one of the many English matrons whose path through this world is a path of thorns; and who take a dismal pleasure, whenever the opportunity is afforded them, in inspecting the scratched and bleeding feet of other people in a like condition with themselves. Her one vice was of the lighter sort—the vice of curiosity; and among the many counterbalancing virtues she possessed was the virtue of greatly respecting Mr. Bashwood as a lodger whose rent was regularly paid, and whose ways were always quiet and civil from one year's end to another.

"What did you please to want, Sir?" asked the landlady. "Boiling water, is it? Did you ever know the water boil, Mr. Bashwood, when you wanted it? Did you ever see a sulkier fire than that? I'll put a stick or two in, if you'll wait a little and give me the chance. Dear, dear me, you'll excuse my mentioning it, Sir, but how poorly you do look to-day!"

The strain on Mr. Bashwood's mind was beginning to tell. Something of the helplessness which he had shown at the station appeared again in his face and manner as he put his tea-pot on the kitchen-table, and sat down.

"I'm in trouble, ma'am," he said, quietly; "and I find trouble gets harder to bear than it used to be."

"Ah, you may well say that!" rejoined the landlady: "*I'm* ready for the undertaker, Mr. Bashwood, when *my* time comes, whatever you may be. You're too lonely, Sir. When you're in trouble it's some help—though not much—to shift a share of it off on another person's shoulders. If your good lady had only been alive now, Sir, what a comfort you would have found her, wouldn't you?"

A momentary spasm of pain passed across Mr. Bashwood's face. The landlady had ignorantly recalled him to the misfortunes of his married life. He had been long since forced to quiet her curiosity about his family affairs by telling her that he was a widower, and that his domestic circumstances had not been happy ones; but he had taken her no further into his confidence than this. The sad story which he had related to Mr. Midwinter of the drunken wife, who had embarrassed his relations with his employer, and who had ended her miserable life in a lunatic asylum, was a story which he had shrunk from

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confiding to the talkative woman, who would have confided it in her turn to every one in the house.

"What I always say to my husband when he's low, Sir," pursued the landlady, intent on the kettle, "is, 'What would you do *now*, Sam, without Me?' When his temper don't get the better of him (it will boil directly, Mr. Bashwood), he says, 'Elizabeth, I could do nothing.' When his temper does get the better of him, he says, 'I should try the public house, missus; and I'll try it now.' Ah, I've got *my* troubles! A man with grown-up sons and daughters, tippling in a public house! I don't call to mind, Mr. Bashwood, whether *you* ever had any sons and daughters? and yet, now I think of it, I seem to fancy you said yes, you had. Daughters, Sir, weren't they?—and, ah, dear! dear! to be sure! all dead."

"I had one daughter, ma'am," said Mr. Bashwood, patiently—"Only one, who died before she was a year old."

"Only one!" repeated the sympathizing landlady. "It's as near boiling as it ever will be, Sir; give me the tea-pot. Only one! Ah, it comes heavier (don't it?) when it's an only child? You said it was an only child, I think—didn't you, Sir?"

For a moment Mr. Bashwood looked at the woman with vacant eyes, and without attempting to answer her. After ignorantly recalling the memory of the wife who had disgraced him, she was now, as ignorantly, forcing him back on the miserable remembrance of the son who had ruined and deserted him. For the first time since he had told his story to Midwinter, at their introductory interview in the great house, his mind reverted once more to the bitter disappointment and disaster of the past. Again he thought of the by-gone days, when he had become security for his son, and when that son's dishonesty had forced him to sell every thing he possessed to pay the forfeit that was exacted when the forfeit was due. "I had a second child, ma'am," he said, becoming conscious that the landlady was looking at him in mute and melancholy surprise. "A son whom I did my best to help forward in the world, and who has behaved very badly to me."

"Did he now?" rejoined the landlady, with an appearance of the greatest interest. "Behaved badly to you—almost broke your heart, didn't he? Ah, it will come home to him, sooner or later! Don't you fear! Honor your father and mother wasn't put on Moses's tables of stone for nothing, Mr. Bashwood. Where may he be, and what is he doing now, Sir?"

The question was in effect almost the same as the question which Midwinter had put when the circumstance had been described to him. As Mr. Bashwood had answered it on the former occasion, so (in nearly the same words) he answered it now.

"My son is in London, ma'am, for all I know to the contrary. He was employed, when I last heard of him, in no very creditable way, at the Private Inquiry Office—"

At these words he suddenly checked himself. His face flushed, his eyes brightened; he pushed away the cup which had just been filled for him, and rose from his seat. The landlady started back a step. There was something in her lodger's face that she had never seen in it before.

"I hope I've not offended you, Sir," said the woman, recovering her self-possession, and looking a little too ready to take offense on her side, if necessary, at a moment's notice.

"Far from it, ma'am, far from it!" he rejoined, in a strangely eager, hurried way. "I have just remembered something—something very important. I must go up stairs—it's a letter, a letter, a letter. I'll come back to my tea, ma'am. I beg your pardon, I'm much obliged to you—you've been very kind. I'll say good-by, if you'll allow me, for the present." To the landlady's amazement he cordially shook hands with her, and made for the door, leaving tea and tea-pot to take care of themselves.

The moment he reached his own room he locked himself in. For a little while he stood holding by the chimney-piece, waiting to recover his breath. The moment he could move again he opened his writing-desk on the table. "That for you, Mr. Pedgift and Son!" he said, with a snap of his fingers as he sat down. "I've got a son too!"

There was a knock at the door—a knock, soft, considerate, and confidential. The anxious landlady wished to know whether Mr. Bashwood was ill, and begged to intimate, for the second time, that she earnestly trusted she had given him no offense.

"No! no!" he called through the door. "I'm quite well—I'm writing, ma'am, I'm writing—please to excuse me. She's a good woman; she's an excellent woman," he thought, when the landlady had retired; "I'll make her a little present—my mind's so unsettled, I might never have thought of it but for her. Oh, if my boy is at the office still! Oh, if I can only write a letter that will make him pity me!"

He took up his pen and sat thinking anxiously, thinking long, before he touched the paper. Slowly, with many patient pauses to think and think again; and with more than ordinary care to make his writing legible, he traced these lines:

"My dear James,—You will be surprised, I am afraid, to see my handwriting. Pray don't suppose I'm going to ask you for money, or to reproach you for having sold me out of house and home when you forfeited your security, and I had to pay. I am willing and anxious to let by-gones be by-gones, and to forget the past.

"It is in your power (if you are still at the Private Inquiry Office) to do me a great service. I am in sore anxiety and trouble on the subject of a person in whom I am interested. The person is a lady. Please don't make game of me for confessing this, if you can help it. If you knew what I am now suffering, I think you

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would be more inclined to pity than to make game of me.

"I would enter into particulars, only I know your quick temper, and I fear exhausting your patience. Perhaps it may be enough to say that I have reason to believe the lady's past life has not been a very creditable one, and that I am interested—more interested than words can say—in discovering, within a fortnight from the present time, what her life has really been.

"Though I know very little about the ways of business in an office like yours, I can understand that, without first having the lady's present address, nothing can be done to help me. Unfortunately, I am not acquainted with her present address. I only know that she went to town to-day, accompanied by a gentleman, in whose employment I now am, and who (as I believe) will be likely to write to me for money before many days more are over his head.

"Is this circumstance of a nature to help us? I venture to say 'us,' because I count already, my dear boy, on your kind assistance and advice. Don't let money stand between us—I have saved a little something, and it is all freely at your disposal. Pray, pray write to me by return of post! If you will only try your best to end the dreadful suspense under which I am now suffering, you will atone for all the grief and disappointment you caused me in times that are past, and you will confer an obligation that he will never forget, on

"Your affectionate father,

"Felix Bashwood."

After waiting a little to dry his eyes Mr. Bashwood added the date and address, and directed the letter to his son at "The Private Inquiry Office, Shadyside Place, London." That done, he went out at once and posted his letter with his own hands. The mail of Monday night would take it to London and would deliver it the next day. The Tuesday would pass; and if the answer was sent by return of post, the answer would be received on Wednesday morning.

The interval day, the Tuesday, was passed by Mr. Bashwood in the steward's office at the great house. He had a double motive for absorbing himself as deeply as might be in the various occupations connected with the management of the estate. In the first place, employment helped him to control the devouring impatience with which he looked for the coming of the next day. In the second place, the more forward he was with the business of the office the more free he would be to join his son in London, if necessary, without attracting suspicion to himself by openly neglecting the interests placed under his charge.

Toward the Tuesday afternoon vague rumors of something wrong at the cottage found their way (through Major Milroy's servants) to the servants at the great house, and attempted ineffectually through this latter channel to engage the attention of Mr. Bashwood, impenetrably fixed on other things. The major and Miss Neelie had been shut up together in mysterious conference; and Miss Neelie's appearance after the close of this interview plainly showed that she had been crying. This had happened on the Monday afternoon; and on the next day (that present Tuesday) the major had startled the household by announcing briefly that his daughter wanted a change to the air of the sea-side, and that he proposed taking her himself, by the next train, to Lowestoft. The two had gone away together, both very serious and silent, but both, apparently, very good friends for all that. Opinions at the great house attributed this domestic revolution to the reports current on the subject of Allan and Miss Gwilt. Opinions at the cottage rejected that solution of the difficulty on practical grounds. Miss Neelie had remained inaccessibly shut up in her own room from the Monday afternoon to the Tuesday morning, when her father took her away. The major, during the same interval, had not been outside the door, and had spoken to nobody; and Mrs. Milroy, at the first attempt of her new attendant to inform her of the prevailing scandal in the town, had sealed the servant's lips by flying into one of her terrible passions the instant Miss Gwilt's name was mentioned. Something must have happened, of course, to take Major Milroy and his daughter so suddenly from home—but that something was certainly not Mr. Armadale's scandalous elopement, in broad daylight, with Miss Gwilt.

The afternoon passed, and the evening passed, and no other event happened but the purely private and personal event which had taken place at the cottage. Nothing occurred (for nothing in the nature of things *could* occur) to dissipate the delusion on which Miss Gwilt had counted—the delusion which all Thorpe-Ambrose now shared with Mr. Bashwood, that she had gone privately to London with Allan in the character of Allan's future wife.

On the Wednesday morning the postman, entering the street in which Mr. Bashwood lived, was encountered by Mr. Bashwood himself, so eager to know if there was a letter for him, that he had come out without his hat. There *was* a letter for him—the letter that he longed for from his vagabond son.

These were the terms in which Bashwood the younger answered his father's supplication for help—after having previously ruined his father's prospects for life:

"Shadyside Place, *Tuesday, July* 29.

"My dear Dad,—We have some little practice in dealing with mysteries at this office; but the mystery of your letter beats me altogether. Are you speculating on the interesting hidden frailties of some charming woman? Or, after *your* experience of matrimony, are you actually going to give me a step-mother at this time of day? Whichever it is, upon my life your letter interests me.

"I am not joking, mind—though the tempta-

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tion is not an easy one to resist. On the contrary, I have given you a quarter of an hour of my valuable time already. The place you date from sounded somehow familiar to me. I referred back to the memorandum book, and found that I was sent down to Thorpe-Ambrose to make private inquiries not very long since. My employer was a lively old lady, who was too sly to give us her right name and address. As a matter of course we set to work at once, and found out who she was. Her name is Mrs. Oldershaw—and if you think of *her* for my stepmother, I strongly recommend you to think again before you make her Mrs. Bashwood.

"If it is not Mrs. Oldershaw, then all I can do, so far, is to tell you how you may find out the unknown lady's address. Come to town yourself as soon as you get the letter you expect from the gentleman who has gone away with her (I hope he is not a handsome young man for your sake); and call here. I will send somebody to help you in watching his hotel or lodging; and if he communicates with the lady, or the lady with him, you may consider his address discovered from that moment. Once let me identify her and know where she is—and you shall see all her charming little secrets as plainly as you see the paper on which your affectionate son is now writing to you.

"A word more about the terms. I am as willing as you are to be friends again; but, though I own you were out of pocket by me once, I can't afford to be out of pocket by you. It must be understood that you are answerable for all the expenses of the inquiry. We may have to employ some of the women attached to this office, if your lady is too wide-awake, or too nice-looking, to be dealt with by a man. There will be cab-hire and postage-stamps—admissions to public amusements, if she is inclined that way—shillings for pew-openers, if she is serious, and takes our people into churches to hear popular preachers, and so on. My own professional services you shall have gratis; but I can't lose by you as well. Only remember that—and you shall have your way. By-gones shall be by-gones, and you will forget the past.

"Your affectionate Son,

"JAMES BASHWOOD."

In the ecstasy of seeing help placed at last within his reach the father put the son's atrocious letter to his lips. "My good boy!" he murmured tenderly; "My dear, good boy!"

He put the letter down, and fell into a new train of thought. The next question to face was the serious question of time. Mr. Pedgift had told him she might be married in a fortnight. One day of the fourteen had passed already, and another was passing. He beat his hand impatiently on the table at his side, wondering how soon the want of money would force Allan to write to him from London. "To-morrow?" he asked himself. "Or next day?"

The morrow passed; and nothing happened. The next day came—and the letter arrived! It was on business, as he had anticipated; it asked for money, as he had anticipated—and there, at the end of it, in a postscript, was the address added, concluding with the words, "You may count on my staying here till further notice."

He gave one deep gasp of relief; and instantly busied himself—though there were nearly two hours to spare before the train started for London—in packing his bag. The last thing he put in was his blue satin cravat. "She likes bright colors," he said, "and she may see me in it yet!"

TO THE UNRETURNING BRAVES.

UNMENTIONED, unreturning braves!
Who perished far from friends and home,
And found unmarked but sacred graves
Beneath the blue of heaven's dome:

To you, who left alike behind,
And left for aye, your friends and fears,
To danger, not to duty blind,
We yield the tribute of our tears.

Blithely, as when ye swung the axe,
Tended the loom or tilled the lands,
Ye slung your knapsacks on your backs
And took your rifles in your hands.

Warm were the kisses on your lips,
And tears, save yours, filled every eye;
On all but you there fell eclipse,
But cheerily ye went to die.

Proud of your strength ye marched away;
Thankful to God he made you men;
Nor found, until ye fell, the day
Ye doubted your return again.

Ye perished in a hostile land,
In prison, hospital, or fight;
But never lifted lawless hand,
Nor struck a blow but for the right.

'Tis sweet to soldier's dying ear
To catch the cheer of victory;
But sweeter far than victor's cheer
Is death that makes a people free.

Whether the field was lost or won
On which ye perished, reck not ye;
Success is sure in duty done;
To die for right is victory.

Sleep off all care and rest in peace,
The ranks are full at battle's call;
Truth's champions can not decrease,
God fights for those who fall.

Soft stream the sunshine overhead,
Green grow the grasses on your graves;
Heaven will remember you, though dead,
Ungarlanded, immortal braves.

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DIAMONDS AND OTHER GEMS.

WHEN our neighbor Peter O'Leum bade his Sally buy the finest set of jewels to be had for money in New York—for had he not just sold the Jackass Pit, flowing 400 barrels daily, for $150,000 cash, to a company which was going to issue $2,000,000 of stock, and to declare monthly dividends of two per cent.?—he strengthened his account at his bankers, and prepared for a good strong pull. For, said he, I don't know nothin' myself about di'monds or them trash, but now I'm rich my Sally shall wear as handsome jewels as the best of them Fifth Avenue folks.

So Sally bought the most expensive diamonds she could find, and her bill ran as follows:

Mr. Peter O'Leum

Dr. to Tiffany & Co.

ALL BILLS PAYABLE IN GOLD.

To 1 brooch (14 brilliants)	$7,500
" 2 ear-rings (brilliants)	6,500
" 1 necklace (16 brilliants)	8,500
	$22,500

Peter paid the bill like a man, and every body was satisfied—Peter himself, Mrs. Peter, and, above all, the jeweler. Peter showed the bill to his acquaintance, and was pleased at being congratulated on his liberality. Mrs. Peter showed the diamonds to her acquaintance, but her circle being small, she went to Saratoga to do her treasure justice. There her career was not as brilliant as she had anticipated. People stared at the diamonds, and at the lady, but went no further. It was the private opinion, publicly expressed, of some leading "floor managers" that the gems were paste. Other connoisseurs pronounced the stones real, but the lady *postiche*. Mrs. Peter was not run after. No young men of fashion asked to be presented to her. No special seat was reserved for her on ball-nights. When she went to the opera nobody noticed her. But crusty old Derrick, who had known her in the kingdom of Oil, chancing to ask her if she was aware that by owning those diamonds she was wasting in interest an annual sum larger than had sufficed to support Peter and herself during the first years of their married life, she became thoughtful and somewhat repentant, and left the Springs in ill-humor with them and her precious diamonds.

In Europe great diamonds are a badge of caste. When a man puts them on his wife he means to say, we intend to belong to the aristocracy. Sometimes he succeeds; sometimes he doesn't. It is generally a question of money. If he has money enough, aristocracy scrutinizes his balance-sheet and admits him. The Court Journals announce that "the wife of the eminent merchant, Peter O'Leum, Esquire, wore her magnificent diamonds at the levee." Then all is said. Her station in life is fixed. Baronesses and marchionesses, whose diamonds long since went to the jewelers and were replaced by paste, scowl upon the parvenu; but if she has money enough she works through, sooner or later, after the customary number of blackballings. As to the blue-blooded class proper, diamonds are their duty—*noblesse oblige*. Sometimes they are real, and to accommodate impecunious noblemen the usual terms of credit granted by jewelers are five years. Not unfrequently they are false. A leading jeweler, who had an opportunity of witnessing a royal levee in England, reported that fully half the diamonds worn by the ladies present were paste. But what did it matter? Paste answered as good a purpose as Ketchum's forged gold checks, with this difference in its favor—that no day of discovery was to be feared. How many of the diamonds at the famous diamond wedding in this city were genuine? Was the whole jeweled array rank paste? If, instead of paying $22,500 in gold for the gems in which Mrs. Peter failed at Saratoga, our honest friend Peter had given Abrahams or Isaacs, or the original Jacobs, $225 in currency for a splendid set of quartz or rock crystal, would any body have been the less happy?

Before 1848 but few diamonds were imported into this country. With the increase of wealth caused by the discovery of gold in California a taste for rich jewels became developed, and a demand arose for diamonds which has been increasing ever since. In the ten years succeeding 1849 the value of gems duly entered at the custom-houses of the United States rose from an annual average of $100,000 to about $1,000,000; and though the duty on diamonds has been kept as low as four per cent. in order to discourage smuggling, the opinion of men in the trade is that less than one-sixth of the gems imported pay duty. Every now and then we hear of diamonds being seized by Uncle Sam's vigilant officials for non-payment of duty; but the rogues in such cases must be clumsy indeed. A small waistcoat pocket will carry diamonds enough to stock a first-class jeweler's store for a year.

Most of the stones imported belong to the class called in Paris *mêlés*, *i. e.*, stones weighing less than half a carat. When pure and without blemish they sell here at the rate of $50 @ $60 per carat: that is to say, a stone of half a carat sells for $25 or $30; add $5 @ $10 for setting, and the cost of a small diamond ring, bearing a stone ¼ inch wide, is $35 @ $40. Bearing in mind that jewelers usually sell for gold, it will be found that diamonds and all precious stones are dearer here, relatively, than in Europe. Within three or four years a taste for large diamonds has sprung up here. Gamblers and petroleum men, stock speculators, "fancy" men of all kinds, and a few individuals of a better class who are jewel-fanciers, often wear large diamonds in rings or in their shirt-frills. These are generally two to four carat stones. In Paris one-carat stones

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sell for $100, two-carat for $350, three-carat for $675, or thereabouts. Jewelers here ask fully twenty-five per cent. more.

During the past century a few diamonds have been brought into this country by wealthy immigrants from Europe. Valuable diamonds are known to have been in the possession of the families of the Livingstons, the De Peaus, the Thornes, the Alstons, the Rutledges, the Masons, the Adamses, and others, for many years; from time to time these stones make their appearance at the jewelers for resetting. But it is doubtful whether there is any diamond in the United States of over twelve carats in weight. After the French Revolution, which scattered the heir-looms of so many noble families, diamonds which had graced the girdle of Queen Marie Antoinette came here, and are here still—not monstrous in size, but beautiful, and so uncommon as to be easily recognized by experienced jewelers. Of later years fine diamonds have been acquired, either here or in Europe, by our republican aristocracy, the Aspinwalls, Belmonts, Fearings, Stuarts, etc., etc., and dazzle the beholder at brilliant assemblies in the Avenue. But of the brilliants exhibited at Newport and Saratoga a large proportion, especially of the larger stones, are mere paste. It is the boast of the keeper of a notorious gambling-house that his rooms on a star-night contain more genuine diamonds than can be witnessed even at Mrs. Belmont's unapproachable balls. And the jewelers admit that for very expensive gems gamblers are their best customers.

When the lovely but suspicious Anna Maria was presented with a diamond ring by her chosen swain Augustus, her delight was quickly changed into agony by her brutal brother Tom, who pronounced the gem "paste, my dear, just paste."

"If I thought it was—" screamed the angry little lady; not unfairly arguing, by analogy, that if Augustus was false as to his diamonds, he might be equally false as to his love.

But her agony need not last long. Any jeweler or jewel fancier can tell paste from diamond as easily as Anna Maria can tell linen from cotton. There is a fair article of paste made from pulverized quartz by Monsieur Bourguignon, of Paris, which, when properly rubbed up, glitters quite brilliantly in the gaslight, and in a very experienced hand will even scratch glass. But you could no more pass it off for a diamond on a jeweler than you could sell a spavined horse as sound to Mr. Disbrow. It will not scratch quartz; its specific gravity is 1° less than that of the diamond; its lustre is apt to fade: the file, deftly handled, will mark it instantly. That people are occasionally taken in by having paste diamonds palmed on them for real must be the case, so many honest fellows claim to have been thus victimized. But no respectable jeweler either here or in Paris would be guilty of a fraud so easy of detection. Chattering shop-girls in the Palais Royal will occasionally persuade green Americans to buy paste diamonds, and say any thing that may seem calculated to whet the purchaser's ardor. And the class of sharp countrymen who are so frequently gulled by the patent-safe game, or the drop game, are quite likely to fall a prey to a worthy journeyman jeweler who happens to have for sale for a mere song a diamond owned by a widow in destitute circumstances and pressing need of money. But no one who deals at respectable stores need ever be deceived in buying diamonds.

In the first place, the price is a *prima facie* guide. Diamonds are sold by the carat of four grains, 151½ carats to the ounce Troy. A pure diamond weighing one carat is worth in New York from $95 to $125, according to its brilliancy and the merit of the cutting.

If it be imperfect, flawed, stained, or not wholly colorless, its value is considerably less. Bright blue, green, or rose-colored diamonds, if perfect otherwise, are worth as much as white diamonds; but they are rarely seen in this country. If therefore a jeweler offers to sell perfect diamonds, weighing one carat, for less than $95, the presumption is that his gems are paste. Diamonds of smaller size, say of ½ carat and under, sell at the rate of $50 @ $60 a carat. Over one carat, the price advances in the square of the weight. A 2-carat stone sells here for $450 @ $550; a 3-carat stone for $800 @ $1000; a 10-carat stone for $10,000, and so on.

If the price suggest no suspicion, the test of the file may be applied. No genuine precious stone can be marked by the file. If the jeweler objects to have his stones filed the presumption is that he is a rogue, and the less you have to do with him the better. In applying the file to a diamond care must be taken to apply it to the top or table, and to the bottom or culet, not to the sharp edge, called the girdle. The latter is sharp enough to chip, if the file be roughly applied. But on the table or culet, if the stone be genuine, the file may be applied for a month without leaving a mark.

Diamonds may further be tested by the aid of a sapphire. The true diamond will scratch the sapphire; nothing else will. Lastly, the specific gravity of the diamond is from 3° 4′ to 3° 6′. To obtain the specific gravity of a gem jewelers weigh it first in air, then in water, and divide the weight in air by the difference between the two. This empirical method will answer the purpose. A gem which under this process shows a less specific gravity than 3° 4′ or more than 3° 6′ can not be a diamond.

Diamonds are bought not only for personal adornment but for investment. They are the most compact form known of "portable property." When a Turkish pashaw screws a fortune out of his pashalic, he straightway invests half of it in diamonds, and sews them in the seam of his undershirt. Bagdad merchants have always thus invested a considerable portion of their capital. They are the only currency which

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is at par throughout the world, and of which a quarter of a million dollars can be carried upon the person. Nothing affects their value materially but revolutions. These, strange to say, sometimes depress them enormously, and sometimes cause them to advance enormously in price. During the first French revolution so many noble and wealthy families were robbed of their jewels, and so few people had money to invest in objects of luxury, that diamonds fell 25 per cent. in a few weeks. In the course of six months the decline was recovered, and the issue of assignats having commenced diamonds were wanted as investments, and advanced at Paris far above their value elsewhere. In the revolution of 1848 every rich man on the continent of Europe feared decrees of confiscation and bought diamonds. They advanced 25 @ 30 per cent. in a few days, and such confusion reigned in the trade that a case of diamonds shipped from Paris to London for safety, and misdirected, lay knocking about on the London docks for many days without a claimant. The regret of the dock thieves, when they subsequently discovered the value of the case that had lain so long within their reach, must have been poignant. A marked advance in the price of diamonds took place here in 1863 and 1864, when gold rose above 200. Many men who had always despised jewelry, were seen to sport large diamonds, which they bought as a hedge against the currency. Many a pretty girl whose papa had copperhead tendencies became the owner of a diamond brooch or drops through paternal distrust of Uncle Sam's greenbacks. Fair diamonds of 3 to 4 carats sold to a considerable extent in this country in 1863 and 1864 for $3500 @ $4000 each.

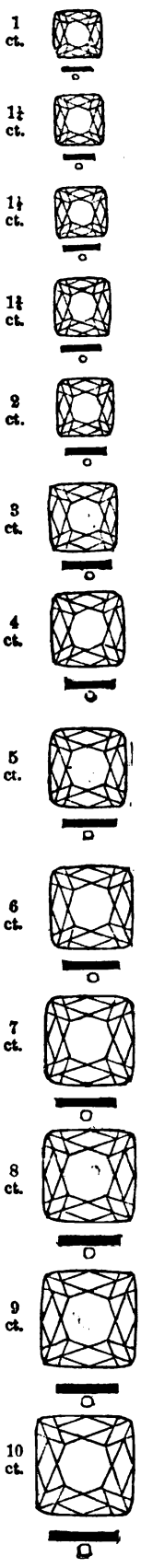
The land of gems—India—gave us the first diamonds known to commerce. They were found in various parts of Hindostan, in Africa, and in some of the Indian Islands; above all, in the territory of the Nizam, sometimes called Golconda, after a powerful fortress. Of this country a Sultan died, in the time of the crusades, bequeathing 400 pounds weight of diamonds to his successor. This little legacy, assuming all the stones to have been small, would have been worth at the present day $42,000,000, and if, as is probable, many of the gems exceeded 1 and 2 carats in weight, more than twice as much. A century and a half since diamonds were found in Brazil; and for nearly a century almost all the new diamonds have come from thence. Most of the Indian diamond mines, as well as those of Egypt and Borneo, long ago ceased their yield. In Golconda diamonds were found by treading the earth—a soft carboniferous loam—with the naked feet. In Brazil the earth, which is gravelly, is washed in troughs, much after the method of the early California gold-hunters; and the diamonds, if any, are found among other pebbles at the bottom of the trough. The work is mostly done by negro slaves, who occupy long sheds with troughs on each side. Upon elevated seats sit overseers, who watch the men and receive the diamonds when found. When a slave finds a diamond he raises his right hand and shouts; the overseer approaches him, receives the diamond, and rewards him. If the diamond is over 17 carats in weight the lucky finder receives his freedom, is crowned with flowers, and is allowed to look for diamonds hereafter for his own benefit. For gems of lesser weight lesser rewards are given. Innumerable precautions are taken to prevent thefts by the workmen. The men are stripped before they leave the shed, and leave their working-clothes in the hands of the overseer. On the least suspicion attaching to a man he is vigorously purged. His mouth is examined, and his whole naked body undergoes a survey by men skilled in detecting strange hiding-places for diamonds. Similar precautions were adopted in India with regard to visitors who went to see the diamond mines. They were such that no female was likely to visit them twice. For all this it is believed that fine diamonds are constantly stolen by the Brazilian slaves, and no doubt their Indian brethren were equally light-fingered.

It is not clear that diamond-hunting is, on the whole, more profitable than raising pigs or potatoes. You can easily hide in your closed hand the entire product of a lucky year's labor by five hundred men in the diamond-producing district of Brazil. It is the history of gold-hunting over again. Valuable diamonds are found about as often as big nuggets, and on an average of years the diggers or hunters find that they have made poorer wages than carpenters or masons.

These facts are noted for the benefit of disconsolate ex-rebels, who, finding it impossible to live in a country where every man owns himself, now propose to emigrate to Brazil.

Diamonds are said to have been found in many parts of the United States. A theory is entertained in some quarters that wherever gold is found diamonds may be looked for. Partisans of this theory maintain that diamonds abound in California, but have thus far been neglected by the miners through ignorance of their value. It need hardly be remarked that the coarse stones advertised as California diamonds are merely rock crystal, which is found every where, and possesses no quality in common with the diamond except that it is discovered in the form of crystals, more or less translucent. There is but one well-authenticated instance of a diamond being found in this country. This was the famous stone picked up a few years since at Manchester, opposite Richmond, in Virginia. It weighed some 24 carats when found, and 12 carats after cutting. But it was not clear, and so much doubt was entertained of its genuineness that it could not be sold for over $2000 or $3000, whereas a fine Brazilian brilliant of 12 carats would have commanded over $10,000.

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It is now believed to be in the possession of Professor Dewey.

It is quite possible, however, that diamonds may exist in this country. When first dug up the diamond is covered with an opaque crust, which conceals its brilliancy and its crystalline form. Such pebbles might lie in every field without being detected. Boys might play with them for weeks together, or, as was the case in Brazil, they might be used for gambling counters.

When diamonds are found in Brazil they are carefully packed in cases and shipped to Paris or Amsterdam. There competent mechanics lay the stone bare by removing the outer crust, and then a jury of diamond-cutters sit upon it to decide how it shall be cut. Diamonds are cut in four shapes—the brilliant, the rose, the table, and the brilliolette. It is hardly necessary to describe the two latter, as they have gone out of fashion and are now rarely seen. The rose diamond is flat on the under surface, and cut into innumerable facets on the upper. This form of diamond is rarely seen in this country. It is, however, the best form in which to cut diamonds of small depth, and has been adopted for some large gems, such as the *Orloff* and the *Florentine*, with fine effect. Rose diamonds give a larger display of surface *éclat*, in proportion to their cost, than brilliants. But ninety-nine of every hundred diamonds sold in the United States are what are called brilliants.

The form of these gems will be better understood by the accompanying illustration than by verbal descriptions. They have a top called a table; from thence the jewel expands, on innumerable facets, to an edge called the girdle; from thence it recedes again to a blunted point called the culet. Fixed laws govern the proportions of brilliants. Thus a one-carat stone, with a diameter on the girdle of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, should have a depth of rather over $\frac{1}{8}$ inch; a two-carat stone, with a diameter on the girdle of nearly $\frac{5}{16}$ inch, should have a depth of nearly $\frac{3}{16}$; a four-carat stone, with a diameter of $\frac{3}{8}$ inch, should have a depth of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch; a ten-carat stone, with a diameter of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, should have a depth of over $\frac{6}{16}$ inch. If these proportions are not observed the value of the gem is reduced. Diamond dealers often attempt to conceal the thinness of a stone with a rich setting. Purchasers should always see, in buying a diamond, that its depth bears due proportion to its breadth; if it does not, the gem is not worth the market value of first-class diamonds.

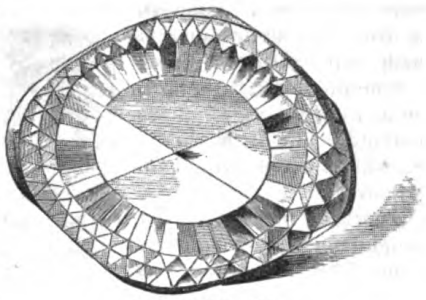
"Diamond cut diamond" is one of the few popular proverbs which rests upon a basis of fact. Nothing but the diamond will cut the diamond. In order, therefore, to cut a rough diamond into a brilliant it is set and soldered firmly into the end of a stick, and held against a wheel, which revolves with great velocity, and is armed with diamond dust. It may be split by a sharp blow from a chisel along "the line of cleavage"—that is to say, in the plane of the crystals. But workmen are so apt, in performing this delicate operation, to ruin the gem that it is seldom risked, and the slow but surer agency of the diamond-dust wheel is generally employed. It is a tedious business. At Mr. Costar's shops in Amsterdam diamonds are ground steadily for a whole day without any perceptible effect upon their surface. It took two years' steady work to cut the Pitt diamond. But art is long, and diamond-cutters are patient. Sometimes two rough diamonds are made to cut each other; as fast as one facet is completed the solder is melted out of the stick, and the diamond replaced in a different position.

The great diamonds of the world are as famous as the great mountains or rivers. Who has not read of the *Koh-i-noor*, the "Mountain of Light," which has been stolen from sovereign by sovereign for near a thousand years, its last proprietor—by title, at least, semi-felonious—being her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria? Every body knows that the *Koh-i-noor* first belonged to the god Krischnu. From him—poor, helpless god!—it was stolen by a wild Delhi chief, who wore it in his hat; from him by Ala-ed-Din; from him, in 1526, by Baber of the Moguls. To Aurunzebe it occurred that the *Koh-i-noor*, like other diamonds, would be the better for some polishing and cutting. Unhappily, the diamond-cutter who received it in charge was unskillful. From 793 carats the blockhead cut it down to 186. Aurunzebe was for cutting him down on the same scale, beginning with his head; and really, in the interest of art, one can not but deplore the fellow's escape. It should have weighed at least 400 carats, and been worth say $500,000,000. As it is, it would not fetch more than the value of a couple of stout cities. A mere pebble. Nadir Shah stole it when his turn came; from his descendants it was wrenched by Achmet Shah; from his son it was extorted by Runjeet Singh; and from his people it was "conveyed" by British troops, who loyally present-

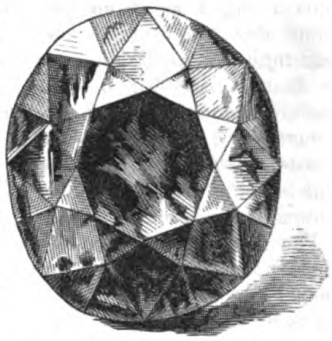
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ed it to their Queen, who showed it to her people at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Her Majesty was not satisfied with its brilliancy, and had it cut again, this time by the great diamond-cutter, Costar, of Amsterdam, who reduced it to 106 carats.

The cutting marked an epoch. Costar and his men came over from Amsterdam for the purpose, and were installed at the Queen's jeweler's work-shop. A steam-engine was erected to do the work, and it was the Duke of Wellington himself who set the machinery in motion, and made the first cut. All England, through representatives in the press, was a breathless spectator of the thrilling scene. A single slip of the cutter's hand might have done a mischief not to be measured save by hundreds of thousands of pounds. A moment's inattention might have cost a million. Happily the operators' nerves were steady, and their thoughts concentrated on their work, so that no accident occurred. Long and loud were the controversies to which the cutting gave rise—one party claiming that these Dutch Jews were ruining the finest jewel in England, others maintaining that without a new cutting the *Koh-i-noor* was comparatively valueless. Whichever was right, Costar carried his point, and connoisseurs and the trade are now generally agreed that the cutting was beneficial. It is now a perfect brilliant, with duly proportioned table, facets, and culet. Its previous shape, as the accompanying illustration shows, was irregular—neither rose nor brilliant.



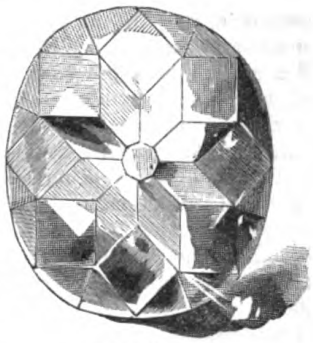
THE KOH-I-NOOR.
Before recutting.



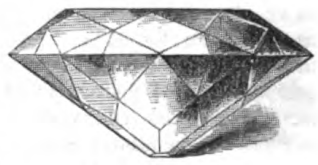
THE KOH-I-NOOR.
Recut: Front View

The largest known diamond is said to be the *Braganza*, in the possession of the King of Portugal. It weighs 1880 carats. But—we implore the readers of this periodical not to reveal the secret to the Portuguese minister—it is whispered that the Braganza is no diamond at all, but merely a lump of rock-crystal. If not, why will not his majesty of Portugal allow it to be examined?

There was a diamond (367 carats) three times as large as the *Koh-i-noor* found in Borneo in 1760. News of the discovery spread, and the tribe which didn't find it made war on the tribe which did, and a good hearty war of twenty or thirty years' duration ensued. When the time for reconstruction arrived the diamond still remained with its original possessor—the Rajah of Mattam. Those canny people, the Dutch, coveted the stone, and after various ineffectual negotiations, they offered the Rajah in exchange for it a couple of gun-boats and a quarter million dollars in specie. But the worthy potentate declined, stating that the fortunes of his house depended on the possession or non-possession of the gem.



THE KOH-I-NOOR.
Recut: Back View.

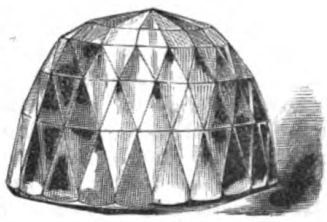


THE KOH-I-NOOR.
Recut: Side View.



THE MATTAM DIAMOND.

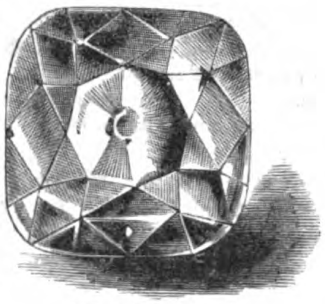
Every reader of Sindbad the Sailor knows how diamonds are procured in Borneo. They lie in a valley in which it is death to tread. Pieces of beef are therefore cautiously rolled down the hill-sides into the valley, and the diamonds stick in the soft meat. That voracious bird, the roc, feeling lunch time at hand, presently swoops down on these joints and carries them off. But alarmed by the shouts and missiles of diamond-hunters on peaks above, he drops his prey, and thus the



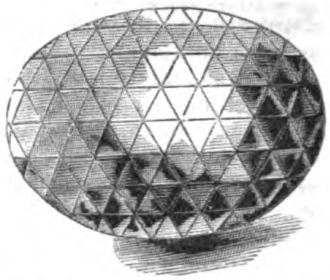
THE ORLOFF.

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gems are secured. Sindbad, as every one knows, took as many as he could carry—say a hundred weight—worth enough money to pay off the national debts of the United States and Great Britain together.

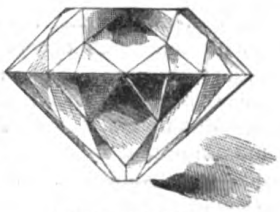


THE PITT DIAMOND.

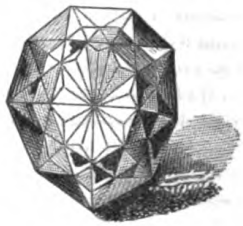


THE AUSTRIAN YELLOW BRILLIANT.

Another fine diamond, weighing nearly 200 carats, is the *Orloff*, which was once the eye of an Indian Polyphemus. A rogue of a Frenchman coveted the gem, became a Pagan priest, for the purpose of being near the bright-eyed deity; one dark night he gouged the god, and sold his booty for $14,000. The Empress Catharine bought it, giving its possessor in payment $100,000 in money, a pension of $4000 a year, and a patent of nobility. This is one of the finest diamonds in existence in the civilized world.

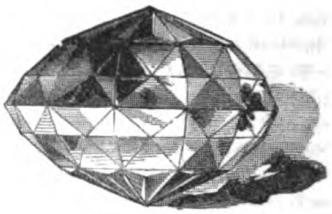


THE PITT DIAMOND.
Side View.

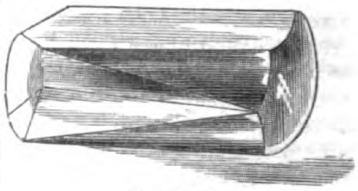


THE SANCY.

The famous *Pitt* diamond, which is nearly as large, is one of the crown jewels of France. Whether Governor Pitt bought it or stole it has been a matter of controversy The Governor published a pamphlet to prove that he came by it honestly; but judging from the developments of the Warren Hastings trial, the probabilities are the other way. However this may be, Pitt possessed the diamond at a time when the Duke of Orleans wanted one, and he sold it for $650,000. At the French revolution it was stolen. But to possess a diamond worth half a million is worse than owning an elephant. The thief, not being a king, could not justify his title; and after various struggles between policy and covetousness, he did the best thing to be done under the circumstances, he sent it back. Napoleon the Great wore it in the hilt of his state sword. The lesser Napoleon exhibits it on state days to his people.



THE FLORENTINE.
Side View.



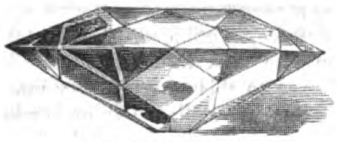
THE SHAH.

Blood and murder mark every step of the history of the beautiful *Sancy* diamond, which, though weighing only 53½ carats, and worth hardly a million dollars, is entitled to a high place among noted gems. It was an heir-loom in the family of the Duke of Burgundy. In one of the many fierce battles in which the stormy dukes engaged in the stormy Middle Ages, the Burgundian chief was cut down, and on his body some human vulture found and carried off the diamond. The vulture sold it to the King of Portugal, who was not particular about the vender's title. Ten years afterward the King, being sorely pressed for money, sold it to the Baron de Sancy. By him, a loyal courtier, it was sent to the King of France as a present. Unhappily, news of the present went before, and a band of robbers attacked the messenger and slew him. The faithful man, in his last agony, determined to balk his assassins. He swallowed the diamond. Dismay befell the baron when he heard the news; but the practical monarch speedily cut open the corpse of the dead messenger, and found the jewel undigested in his stomach, where it would have caused him great inconvenience if he had not had other and graver injuries to complain of. From the King of France it passed to James the Second of England as the price of one of those acts of subserviency which eventually cost James his throne. In his exile and poverty poor James sold it for a bagatelle of $125,000, and it remained among the French crown jewels till the Revolution. In the sack of the palace there was a bloody fight

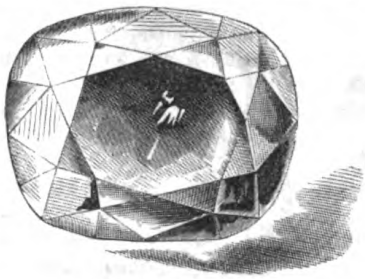


THE STAR OF THE SOUTH.
Rough, 254 Carats.

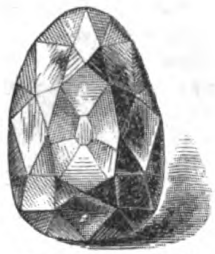
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STAR OF THE SOUTH.
Side View.



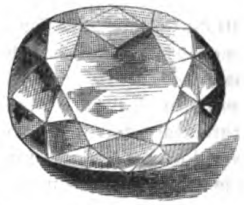
STAR OF THE SOUTH.
Front View.



THE DRESDEN GREEN.

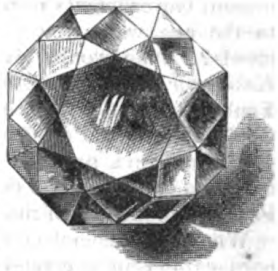
over it, and the survivor carried it off. Through the aid of Fouche Napoleon contrived to recover it; but it bore bad luck, and after owning it for a while he sold it for a large sum to Prince Paul Demidoff. The Earl of Westmeath owned it a few years back, and now it is understood to be in possession of the heirs of the famous Indian merchant Sir Jametsee Jejeebhoy.

The Emperor of Russia has a fine diamond, in the shape of a parallelogram, and called the *Shah*, which came from Persia, and weighs 86 carats. It is, however, disfigured by an inscription in the Persian language. A large diamond called the *Florentine*, weighing 139½ carats, is in the possession of the Emperor of Austria, whose predecessors got it from Pope Julius the Second. It was said to have once belonged to the Dukes of Burgundy, and like the Sancy, to have been taken by a soldier from the body of a duke killed in battle. The soldier sold it for a florin to a priest, who sold it to a merchant, and so, after passing through various hands, it reached the Pope and Emperor. This gem is not perfectly white, and is therefore worth less than many of the gems we have mentioned.



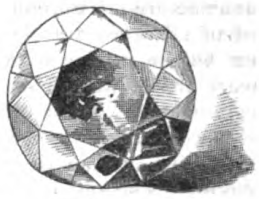
THE HOPE.

One of the finest modern diamonds is called the *Star of the South*. It was found in Brazil, in 1853, by a negro, who won his freedom by the lucky discovery. Its weight, at present, after cutting, is 125 carats. It belongs to the famous diamond-cutter Costar of Amsterdam, who, if any American millionaire desires to own the biggest gem in America, will probably be happy to sell it to him for a million, more or less.



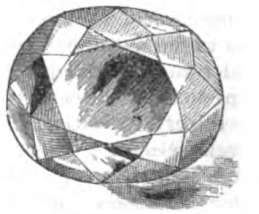
THE POLAR STAR.

A celebrated blue diamond is known as the *Hope*, from having been for many years in the possession of the great house of Hope and Co., of Amsterdam. It weighed nearly 45 carats, and was exhibited in London in 1851. Before the French Revolution the kings of France possessed a blue diamond of great value. It was stolen with other jewels by the revolutionists and has never been seen since. The thief may have lost it or sent it to India. If it were in Europe and publicly owned it would have been discovered and reclaimed long ago.

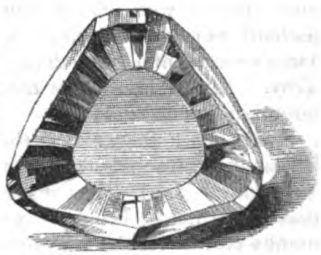


THE CUMBERLAND.

There is a fine red diamond among the Russian crown jewels. It weighs 10 carats, and cost the Emperor Paul 100,000 rubles. A fine green diamond, weighing 48½ carats, is exhibited at Dresden. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, before his flight, owned a beautiful blue diamond; whether he took it with him or not the Italian papers have not revealed. The *Polar Star*, a splendid brilliant, was purchased by Paul I. of Russia for an immense sum, and is still among the Russian crown jewels. The *Cumberland*, a very fine stone, was stolen from the kings of Hanover, and bought for the Duke of Cumberland by the city of London after the battle of Culloden. It has lately been restored to Hanover by Queen Victoria. The Empress Eugenie has a fine brilliant which bears her name, and was a wedding present from her loving husband. It weighs 51 carats. A curious triangular diamond, called the *Nassac*, was taken by Warren Hastings in one of his Indian wars, and was sold by the East India Company in London. It belongs to the Marquis of Westminster, who has the reputation of being the richest man in England. The history of the *Pigott* diamond, weighing 82 carats, illustrates the limited area of the market for large gems. It was forced to sale a quar-

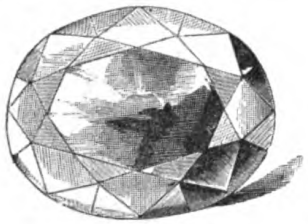


THE EUGENIE.



THE NASSAC.

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THE PIGGOTT.



THE DRESDEN BRILLIANT.

ter of a century since, and was valued at $150,000. No one would give more than $30,000 for it, and for that sum it was sold to the great jewelers, Rundell and Bridge, who disposed of it a few years later for $150,000 to the Pacha of Egypt. A drop-shaped brilliant, exquisitely pure, and weighing 76 carats, is owned by a London merchant named Dresden. It is known by his name.

If the various nations of Europe should ever come to their senses, and substitute for their present Governments institutions better suited to the age, what would become of all these jewels? Who would give a million for the *Koh-i-noor?* Let us answer our own question, Yankee fashion, by asking another. What would be said of President Johnson if he proposed to spend, not a million, but a hundred thousand, or even $10,000 for state jewels? Fancy the diatribes of the Opposition papers!

When we remember that the diamond is pure carbon in a crystallized form, and nothing more, it is amazing that it can not be manufactured. Carbon is one of the commonest of all organic substances. It abounds in our bodies, in the air we breathe, in almost every article we eat, in the fuel which warms us in cold weather, and the oil which lights our winter evenings. For centuries scientific men have tried in vain to make diamonds. The philosopher's stone has not been more zealously sought. Yet no success has attended the various experiments. A French professor claims to have made diamonds, but his gems are invisible to the naked eye, and can only be detected under the microscope. Time, it seems, perhaps tens of thousands of years, are required for the crystallization of carbon into the limpid jewel. Scientific men, at Sevres, in France, succeeded after many failures in making small rubies, emeralds, and topazes. But it was found that the manufactured gems cost as much as if not more than the genuine stones, and the manufacture was discontinued. Some day, perhaps, as science develops, we shall learn the earth's secret, and make diamonds by the ounce Troy. But of late years the progress in that direction has been small.

Every body knows that the diamond is the hardest known substance, and that it will scratch every other jewel. But it must not be inferred that it can not be broken. Old writers on diamonds laid down the rule that it was impossible to break a diamond on an anvil; that the stone, if persistently struck with adequate force, would either split the hammer or sink into the anvil. In obedience to this smart theory many of the finest Brazilian diamonds were shivered to pieces on anvils by ignorant finders. Hard as it is the diamond will split, and may even be pulverized by a due application of force. Another common error about diamonds is that they will all cut glass. All diamonds will scratch glass; but no diamond will cut it unless it be one whose angles are acute. Glaziers' diamonds are sharp-pointed, with angles of 5° or less. Such diamonds, in the trade, are done up in small parcels of 500 or more to the carat, and care must be taken in handling them not to breathe on them, as they are liable to be blown away by the slightest breath.

The Indians call the rock-crystal an unripe diamond, and the real jewel a ripe diamond. Their notion evidently was that it was a vegetable. In parts of Europe, during the Middle Ages, it was classed as an animal. A noble lady had two fine diamonds which she kept secluded in her cabinet, taking them out on fine days to air and polish them. In due time she was surprised, on visiting the case in which they lay, to find a little diamond snugly ensconced between them. After an interval of some months, another little pledge of affection in the form of a well-cut brilliant made its appearance, and regularly thereafter the loving pair continued to increase their species. These facts are about as well attested as most facts in history. A learned professor thinks there must have been a reproductive virtue in the air of the place where these diamonds were kept. We have heard of that kind of air before.

As a general rule, when you say "jewels" to a lady of fashion in New York, you mean diamonds—nothing less. There are, however, other stones which are not to be despised. The emerald has lately come into fashion, and pure flawless emeralds of one to two carats are worth nearly as much as diamonds. Perfect emeralds, of a bright green, and well proportioned, are as rare as diamonds. An emerald of five carats, now at Tiffany's, is valued at $1800. Emeralds possess a history older than diamonds can boast. There was a fine emerald in the breast-plate of the Jewish high-priest; some commentators say it was only a carbuncle. It is certain, however, that Nero, who had weak eyes, used spectacles of emerald, and watched the fights of gladiators through them. Pliny mentions a statue of a lion with emerald eyes which was set over the grave of Hermione on the shore of Cyprus; the glare of the green stones frightened the fish away, and the fishermen for their own protection gouged the lion, and supplied him with less glittering eyeballs. The Spanish conquerors of Peru found the emerald deified. Falling in with the fancy of the natives, they declared that the god-

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dess Esmeralda required offerings of her own children to appease her wrath, and the simple Peruvians brought the gems to the temple by the bushel. A hundred weight was sent as a Christmas present to the King of Spain. Many large emeralds are owned by monarchs in Europe and Asia, but as the value of the emerald does not increase in the square of its weight, like the diamond, they are not so famous as large diamonds. Dhuleep Singh, in India, owns an emerald three inches long by two wide and half an inch deep. The Kaiser has an emerald weighing 2000 carats, and the Duke of Devonshire has one that weighs nine ounces Troy.

Surrounded by diamonds and gracefully set, the emerald looks well in a brooch or tiara. But until lately so many green stones of no value were worn for emeralds that persons who did not care to have their jewels suspected seldom purchased them.

Another gem which, when pure and of the right color, is as valuable as the diamond, is the ruby. The true scientific name of this gem is the *corundum*, which designation covers the ruby, the sapphire, and the Oriental topaz. All three are alike—the same stone in fact—save in color. The ruby is red—color of pigeon's blood; the sapphire blue; the topaz yellow. They differ vastly in price, however. A splendid sapphire, 36 carats in weight, is now offered in this city for $3000; while a ruby, weighing only 1½ carats, is worth $200. Rubies of very light color or very dark color are worth less, and are principally used by watchmakers. To be first-class a ruby must be of the color of "pigeon's blood," bright, sharp red. Such gems are rarely found outside of the kingdom of Birmah. The gods of Birmah live in a splendid hall underground lighted exclusively by rubies, and the proudest title of the King of Birmah is "Lord of the Rubies." He is a jealous lord. The ruby mines are a state monopoly, and not only are the miners forbidden to sell gems, but foreigners are never permitted to see the mines or the jewels in the King's treasury. It is said that he has many fine rubies; but as nobody who can be trusted has seen them, the story is a matter of faith.

In China rubies are valued as highly as diamonds. Fashionable ladies wear them on the slippers which cover their poor little misshapen feet. The Greeks cut them into cameos, some of which exist still. But more than half the rubies of commerce are an inferior gem called spinels. It is positively stated that the rubies exhibited among the crown jewels of England are nothing but spinels, worth little more than rock-crystal.

Sapphires are found much larger in size than rubies. Several, weighing over 100 carats, are exhibited from time to time at the courts of Europe. A noble English lady owned a sapphire which was valued at ten thousand pounds. Requiring money for some emergency she sold the gem and had it replaced by a well-executed imitation. At her death her heir paid legacy duty on £10,000 for the sapphire, and was not a little chagrined when he subsequently discovered that the real gem had passed long ago into foreign lands, and that its counterfeit presentment was not worth the sum he had paid for the duty. Like the emerald the sapphire —"like unto the blue of heaven"—looks best when it is surrounded by diamonds. Small sapphires, belted with diamonds, are sold to a considerable extent in this country in rings; but the stones are generally so small as to give the gem no chance of showing its brilliancy. Sapphires weighing less than one or two carats always look like bits of blue glass.

The topaz affords a striking illustration of the vicissitudes of fashion. Half a century ago this brilliant yellow gem, which is identical with the ruby and sapphire in every thing but color, was nearly as valuable as they. Now it has no value worth mentioning as a jewel, and is chiefly used for optical purposes and by clock-makers. This is mainly due to the large quantity of stones of yellow quartz or cairngorm which are sold as topazes, and resemble them so nearly as not to be distinguished except by the eye of an experienced jeweler. A very large topaz brooch or ring can be bought for a few dollars. In Great Britain officers in Highland regiments often wear what they call topazes in the hilt of their dirks; these stones are merely cairngorm—a crystal of quartz.

A much finer, and latterly quite a popular crystal of quartz is the amethyst, which sells freely in this country at prices far above its real value. It is not a precious stone; but its violet color, and when properly cut, its play of light, are pleasing, and often fascinate purchasers of jewelry. A fine amethyst, an inch across, and deep in proportion, is worth, when cut, either as a brilliant or as a cameo, from $50 to $75; most of our jewelers, however, would ask $100.

The turquoise has been a favorite gem for centuries. Shylock wept over his lost turquoise, and Mohammed's followers slaughtered Christians with cimeters adorned on the hilts with turquoises engraved with the sacred name of Allah. Of late years rings of alternate pearl and turquoise have been quite popular with tender swains of small means. Fair small turquoises can be bought of wholesale jewelers for a couple of dollars; large stones—say an inch wide—have been sold as high as $2000. The finest turquoises come from Persia, and it is understood that the Shah, like the King of Birmah, will not suffer the finest gems to leave the kingdom. The turquoise possesses the property of varying in lustre at different times, seemingly from atmospheric causes. Imaginative Orientals conceived that it possessed human feelings, and shared the sensations of its owner. A rich man owned a turquoise whose exceeding brilliancy was the envy of his acquaintance. One day he fell sick, and for

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days and weeks he lay prostrate. When he was first attacked a dimness was seen to overspread the turquoise; it grew gradually dimmer and duller until at last, when the man died, it was almost opaque. In this condition it was sold for a song by his executors. It was bought by a young man of good spirits, and had no sooner been placed on his finger than it began to brighten. He was a good-tempered fellow, and the world treated him well: the turquoise, sharing his feelings, recovered brilliancy day by day, and at last shone forth with all its old *éclat*.

The only precious stone which defies imitation is the opal. This brilliant gem, whose play of color is unequaled elsewhere in nature, is found in Hungary and in Honduras. It is a form of quartz with an admixture of water and air in infinitesimal crevices. When moved about in the sunlight it exhibits all the prismatic colors in such variety, and with such sudden and inexplicable whim, that it seems to possess a life within itself. Large opals are rare, and have always been valued at very high prices. For an opal in the museum at Vienna $250,000 were offered unsuccessfully. Marc Antony is said to have sent a Roman Senator into exile because he would not sell him an opal ring which he owned, and for which the triumvir offered a bagatelle of $825,000. Unlike the emerald and the sapphire or ruby the opal looks best alone—either in ring or breast-pin. Like the diamond it is its own best companion. It possesses an animation of its own, and either dwarfs all duller jewels, or is crushed out by the superior brilliancy of such gems as the diamond and ruby. In this country opal rings and pins are not uncommon, nor are they very expensive. A fine opal of 20 carats, with the wonderful "Harlequin" play of color, can be bought for $350.

But next to the diamond, the gem of gems, is the pearl. Its purity and delicacy of tint, its inimitable perfection of form, its exquisite effect when laid upon the smooth white neck or the braided hair of a fair girl, have rendered it a deserved favorite with the sex. When a love-struck swain wishes to condense into one word all his admiration of his lady love, he calls her his "pearl." No lover in his senses ever addressed his lady friend as his sapphire or his turquoise. Yet the origin of the pearl is supposed to be fouler than that of any other gem—as foul as that of ambergris. It is found, as every one knows, in oysters and mussels. Some authorities declare that it is a deposit made by the oyster round some atom of foreign matter which has intruded into its shell and can not be expelled. This is the notion entertained in China, where ingenious people try to make their oysters manufacture pearls by thrusting specks of hard matter through their opened shell. But they have never thus far succeeded. Another theory is, that pearls are a disease of the oyster—a sort of tumor or fungoid growth—perhaps analogous to a wen or goitre in the human species. But however they originate, they are, and always have been, most popular jewels. Large pearls were owned in Rome; if the satirist can be believed many a fair lady sacrificed what should have been dearer than life itself for the possession of a *unio*, as drop-pearls were called. A cart was required to carry off the pearls which Pompey took from Mithridates. It is hardly necessary, at this late day, to demonstrate the falsehood of the popular story about Cleopatra having dissolved a pearl worth 150,000 golden crowns in vinegar and drunk the mixture. A liquid capable of dissolving such a pearl would have dissolved the lady's throat as well. But we may safely believe that the Egyptian Queen had pearls, and large ones.

In our day pearls are obtained in the Red Sea, off Ceylon, and some other Indian islands, in the Gulf of Panama in the Pacific, and in many streams and rivers in all the continents. But the finest pearls are found in the Red Sea and off Ceylon. The oysters containing them, which are twice as large as a large Shrewsbury, lie at considerable depths in the ocean, and are gathered by divers. Over a thousand trained divers follow the trade in Ceylon. These men are so practiced that they will remain two, three, and in some cases as long as five minutes under water. To descend rapidly to the bottom, they hold in their right hand, or attach to their feet, when they leave the boat, a pyramidal stone weighing 20 or 25 pounds. This carries them down with considerable velocity. Once at the bottom, they grope for oysters, and tearing them up, thrust them into a bag which is fastened round their neck. Their left hand, during the dive, is almost always occupied in holding their nostrils tight. When they begin to feel exhausted, or their bag is full, they give a signal to their comrades above, and are quickly hauled up, and left, bleeding from nose, mouth, and ears, to recover for a fresh descent. The great enemy against which these divers have to contend is the ground-shark. Though each boat contains a sorcerer whose business it is to charm the sharks away; and besides this, on fishing days, a party of priests pray vigorously all day on the shore, refusing all sustenance except strong toddy, yet still the sharks *will* bite sometimes, and many a pearl-diver is gobbled up each year. By-and-by, the diving-bell will be used more generally in pearl fisheries, and then such accidents will be less frequent.

The Panama pearls are often dark-colored or gray, and possess less value than Persian or Indian pearls. In China yellow and brown pearls are popular; in this country and in Europe no pearl is popular unless it is pure white. There are famous pearls as famous diamonds. Philip IV. of Spain bought a pearl to which was given the name of *La Pelegrina*. It is now in Russia, and is valued at $500,000 gold. There is a $300,000 pearl in Persia. The Queen of England and the Empress Eugenie

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each owns pearls worth $100,000. All these gems are pure white.

A few years since quite an excitement arose in New Jersey in consequence of the discovery of pearls in mussels. Mussels abounded in the rivers of Jersey, and as a pearl was found in one of every five or ten thousand mussels, farmers living by the side of rivers abandoned their work and devoted themselves to mussel fishing. In one season they extirpated the mussel tribe, and found when they had done that they had, on the average, made about half as much money as they would have realized if they had worked the same number of days on their farms. A good many pearls were found; but none of the first quality. One large pearl, about an inch in diameter, was bought by Tiffany and Company for $1100, and sold by them shortly afterward for $1400. Subsequently, repenting of the sale, Tiffany and Company bought back the gem, sent it to Europe, and sold it there for $2300. A few other fair pearls worth from $10 to $75 were brought in from Jersey by farmers and sold. There is now at Tiffany's a beautiful pearl weighing 32 grains, and valued at $1000. Its birthplace is unknown, but it is suspected to have come from the Little Miami. This splendid jewel, which is so delicate that it seems almost profanation to touch it with the fingers, appears as smooth and as stainless under the microscope as to the naked eye, while the most highly-polished diamonds, under the microscope, look as rough as soap-stone.

Pearls are measured by the grain, not the carat. Fine gems of five grains weight are worth $9 @ $10; ten grains, $50; twenty grains, $250 @ $300; thirty grains, $750 @ $1000. Like most jewels, they are cheaper in Europe than in this country.

Pearls are a favorite gem for rings, and as a garniture for cameos or other brooches. But, in this case, half pearls are generally used. The pearls are split, and each half does duty for a single pearl. Sometimes the setting is so contrived as to conceal the fact. Purchasers may rely upon it that wherever the pearls are whole the setting will exhibit them in full view.

False pearls are common; stage pearls can be bought by the pound at a small expense. An experienced eye detects them at a glance; inexperienced purchasers can generally rely upon the weight as a guide. No artificial pearl weighs over two-thirds as much as a real pearl of the same size. Generally artificial pearls are more brittle than the real gem.

In using the file to test the genuineness of gems (of course no such test can be used for the pearl or opal) care must be taken to apply the file to the under as well as the upper side of the gem. In India it is not uncommon for jewelers to cement a piece of glass or crystal to the underside of a genuine diamond, sapphire, or ruby; in this case the fraud may escape detection if the file be not applied to both sides of the alleged jewel. All precious stones scratch glass; if, therefore, an alleged jewel leaves no mark on glass it is not even rock-crystal. A white stone which can be scratched by a sapphire can not be a diamond. An alleged ruby, sapphire, or topaz which will not scratch quartz must be paste. Of the specific gravity of the diamond mention has already been made. The lowest specific gravity of the ruby and sapphire is 3.9. If, therefore, a stone which is represented to be either of these shows a less specific gravity than this, it may be set down as counterfeit.

Time was when owners of jewels rejoiced not only in their beauty and their value, but likewise in their influence upon the physical and moral nature of man. They were all talismans of one kind or another. The diamond protected young ladies from the visits of those extremely malicious nocturnal visitors called incubes; from which fact, says a scandalous chronicler, the ladies of —— adopted the fashion of always removing their rings before retiring to rest. Men, says the same authority, derived courage from wearing diamonds. Rubies were deemed a specific against the plague. Amethysts enable a man to drink his fill without getting drunk. An emerald, if exposed to the view of a false witness, will fill him with confusion and check the flow of his perjury. A sapphire is invaluable to persons who desire to win the favor of princes. So on throughout the list. Each stone had its specific virtue. To this day small pearls are powdered and taken as medicine for various diseases by Chinese mandarins; and powdered coral is used as a sovereign remedy for the diseases of teething children.

CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

I.

CLEAR moonlight and cloudy haze by turns; keenly cold, with crunchy snow; and steel-bright stars looking out of the cloudy rifts, to shiver and draw back behind the comfortable shelter.

Santa Claus had been on an exploring expedition over the great city, with general reference to finding out the good children. He had pretty nearly made out his lists, but was just taking one more look to be sure that none were forgotten, as it was only the night before Christmas-Eve. Jolly and contented, with the calm serenity which proceeds from a clear conscience and a vigorous digestion, his cozy little sleigh skimmed over the cloudy road, his rein-deer striking tiny sparks from the highly-electrified snow-clouds as they passed.

"Miaw!" whined out from behind a chimney of a tall, shabby tenement house in the easterly part of the city.

"Eh? what's that?"

"Miaw! it's me! Can't you stop a moment and hear what a poor cat has to say this cold night?"

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"Why, is that you, Tom?" exclaimed Santa Claus. "I thought that the butcher's dog killed you long ago!"

"My intimacy with that animal don't justify that supposition: I haven't seen one since I was a kitten. I wouldn't mind 'most any treatment if I could get a good meat-dinner once more. Can't you give me a ride?"

"Jump in! jump in!" cried the jolly Saint; "and tuck up your toes well, for it's a snapping cold night."

"I'll risk its being colder any where than on the windward side of that chimney," replied Tom. "I haven't been comfortable for days. Our folks are out of coal."

"That's bad, very bad, this cold weather," said the Saint, as he drew up the robes and chirped to his rein-deer.

"They went to bed early to-night," continued Tom, "and I stepped out of a broken window and clambered up on the roof. We are out of oil too; but that's no matter, for I prefer moonlight and good company to the brightest of gas-lights, though I confess that they relish better after a good supper than on an empty stomach. Our folks are out of provisions."

"Out of fuel, food, and lights! And such weather too! Woogh!" and the rosy Saint shivered under his furs.

"Mrs. Warren got her supper where she worked to-day, and when she came home she had a big dough-nut in her pocket for Bobby. He offered me a bit, but I had just eaten a small mouse, and the child had had nothing, so I really hadn't the whiskers to take it. I picked up the crumbs, however, and they were very nice."

"When we get home, Puss," said Santa Claus, patting his furry friend, "there's a famous supper waiting for us."

"Thank you," said Tom. "I am not so hungry as I have been, however. Mrs. Warren makes a great mistake in not teaching Bobby to eat every thing. Now I could catch many a fat rat for them, if she would only cook them. Trip and I could about supply the family. I often bring one to her, and try to make her understand that she is welcome to it; but she takes no notice of it. People have very unreasonable prejudices, I think."

"Very true," replied the Saint. "I do not wonder that a cat of your fine feelings should be hurt at such neglect. Meanwhile, as we are crossing the Canadian forests, you had better cover your nose with your tail, so as not to get the force of the wind in your throat. It is said to produce bronchitis."

So Tom curled himself up into a little furry ball, and quietly snoozed, till a sudden stop and a rattle of bells announced their arrival at Santa Claus's head-quarters.

Now these premises need no description, for I have told before how they were in a cave under Mount Hecla, and warmed by hot-air pipes from the volcano furnace, and supplied with hot water from a domesticated Geyser; also a stream of melted snow-water, contrived with a patent congelator, which thawed when you wanted cold water and froze when you didn't; and also how that they had moss carpets over the icy floors, and great fires roaring up the chimney, which communicated with the great flue above; for Santa Claus had made the discovery that a furnace only takes off the edge from a hyperborean winter, and had built great fire-places, wide enough to give place to all the juvenile stockings of Brigham Young's family; and the great Yule log was blazing, as if in utter defiance of Arctic weather.

A hot supper was just ready to be served, and two great moss-cushioned chairs made of the woven "roots of the rifted pine," and upholstered with the finest of seal furs, stood ready at the table. The Saint sat down to carve, and the cat sprang into the opposite chair, ready to do justice to the great slices of venison which were laid before him.

For a time the meal proceeded in silence. Tom's appetite was chronic, the Saint's acute, and both had to be satisfied in a measure before conversation was resumed.

"And what is the feeling in your garret regarding my anniversary?" remarked the Saint.

"Cold and hungry, Sir. Cold and hungry."

"Well, the days are past when I could tumble a load of coal or wood down chimney, following it up by turkeys, beef, and blankets. What does Mrs. Warren do for a living?"

"Odd jobs, cleaning, washing, and helping about generally. Sometimes she gets some fine washing, and then we have a good time! A fire all day, and generally liver for supper! But that's not often. Fuel is so high that it hardly pays, and some days the poor woman is sick and can't work at all."

"How in the world did you chance to locate yourself in such lean quarters? a cat of *your* tastes."

"In this way. I am a cat that has seen better days, like my mistress. My mother was a very fine tortoise-shell cat, and lived in Fifth Avenue, but she committed the common and fatal mistake of having too large a family, in consequence of which many of my near kindred met a watery grave."

Here Tom wiped away a tear with the end of his tail, and proceeded:

"I was left for a time to console my bereaved mother. Just at an age when I could begin to appreciate a mother's care and return her caresses by affectionately scratching her face and romping with her tail, I found myself snatched from a most comfortable nap beside her, on the best bed in the spare room, and crammed, head foremost, into a pillow-case, with epithets which I will not shock you by repeating. Suffice it to say that they indicated entire disapprobation of our choice of accommodations. When I next saw daylight after a stormy passage to Somewhere in the pillow-case, I was shivering on a long flight of stairs, and Rip, the rat-terrier,

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coming round the corner under full sail for my staircase.

"Oh how my heart beat! as I rushed up the long dirty flights, and scampered into Mrs. Warren's room, which was luckily open, and took refuge on the top of her tall closet. I must have lost ounces in that scamper! Mrs. Warren set me a dish of queer-looking soup, the remnant of her own dinner, and, oddly enough, set my fore-paws in the dish. After the soup was eaten I found great consolation for loss of my mother in licking off my paws, and soon reconciled myself to my situation. Bobby and I became the best of friends, and I easily earned my living catching rats and mice, with which the building was well stocked. Bobby, poor fellow, does not fare so well. I wish he could live as *I* do, and he'd do well enough."

"Have a bit more of the duck?" asked the Saint, holding a duck leg up temptingly on his fork.

"No, thank you, not now," replied Tom; "I may like it just before I go home. As for me, I have dined, I may say. Please excuse me."

And suiting the action to the word, Tom skipped off the chair, and seating himself beside the fire began carefully to wash his face.

"The Meteor Express leaves in an hour," remarked the Saint. "You will have time for a comfortable nap before you start. Meanwhile I'll just trouble you to go over the list once more."

"Coal? food? wood? clothing?"

Tom nodded.

"How about learning? any signs of books?"

"Bobby is learning his letters off a hand-bill which his mother found in the streets; and she has a Bible. Bobby often wishes that he had lots of pictures. He has the 'Nigger Minstrels,' 'The Siamese Twins,' and the 'Grand Equestrio-Terpsichorean Act of Mademoiselle Josephine' stuck to the wall with crooked pins. I think he tore them off dead walls."

"School-books, then—well, I'll see," and the memorandum-book, being nearly full of entries, went back into the Saint's capacious pocket.

"I expect I shall be so scared that my tail will be nearly as big as a bolster when I get home; but I shall feel that I have done something to show my gratitude to the friends who took me in when I had no one to care for me."

So saying Tom folded his paws under his breast, dropped his head upon them, closed his eyes, and went off into a profound slumber before the blazing fire, occasionally opening his eyes as if waking up to enjoy himself, and then going off again into a doze.

But the good Saint had no time to sleep. These were busy days, and the amount of work accomplished at the head-quarters with wrapping-paper, boxes, twine, and marking-brushes was really astonishing. Punctually to the moment the express-train arrived, and Tom started from his slumbers to jump aboard, and be whisked off home in a trice. When he arrived beside his own chimney he was in a high state of nervous excitement, with preternaturally great eyes and fur on end, but unhurt, and glad to get back.

II.

"May you go out with your sled?—Yes, dear, for an hour or so. Let me wrap you up. Rubbers—yes—leggins. Now little coatie—now cap—comforter. Yes, you *must* have the ear-laps down, or little ears will freeze! Mary must sit at the front basement windows and look out at you sometimes while she sews. Keep a close watch on him, Mary—he's such a little fellow!"

So the dear little mother prattled with her boy, as she fumbled his fat fists into his red mittens, kissed his two rosy cheeks, watched his first successful coast down the street on his new sled, and then stepped into the street-car, *en route* for "down town," to do Christmas shopping.

Frankie coasted down the street toward the corner several times. It was grand fun! The snow was rather hummocky, to be sure, for some of the citizens had complied with the city ordinance, while some had not. But it was pretty good sledding, after all. The snow was crunching cold, and Frankie's cheeks glowed like Baldwin apples.

"Le's have a coast, will yer?" asked a stranger, who had just come up; a ragged boy, in a ragged cap, blue fingers, and delinquent nose. "Le's have a coast! I'll give yer sled right back!"

"Just a little ways?" asked Frankie, loth to part with his precious sled, but unwilling to be disobliging.

"Yes, 'course! I'll give it right back!" And without further ceremony the young Arab laid hold of the cord.

"See here! this is the way to coast!" And running at full speed, he tumbled "belly-bung" upon it. It flew like lightning down to the corner, and, to Frankie's horror, *round* the corner, impelled by a strong and vicious impulse of the fellow's heel against the hard snow. Frankie pursued at the top of his speed, which, not being a high rate, as he was naturally a fat little fellow and encumbered with heavy clothing, he was no match at all for the fleet rascal with the sled. Round one corner after another Frankie followed, sometimes catching a glimpse of the thief, crying and begging him to stop; till at last he found, to his great distress, that he had missed the boy, and lost his sled as well as his own way. The early dark of December began to settle down on the city; feathery flakes began to fly. The streets about him were new to him. The people did not notice him much; but the ladies do not have on basquines, he notices, only woolen shawls, and some of them have holes in their gowns, and a good many had very old hoods on. Dirty little children stood, blue and ragged, by the doors, and made faces at him as he went past. The houses were very high and shabby, and though the street-lamps were lit, they only showed him darkened windows, and didn't look at all nice to him.

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Frankie heard somebody singing a song in a beer-shop with a small spruce-tree stuck up over the door. The song stopped and a man came out. Frankie hoped he would speak to him but he did not, he was too beery-headed for that, and walked instantly homeward. Frankie was almost too frightened to cry, and swallowing down his tears trudged on, temporarily attracted by the glare of a tin-shop and its few cheap toys in its window. He grew hungry, too, for he had walked a long way, and the keen air helped his appetite.

He began to wonder where home was, for he had not lived long in the great city, and did not know the ways about very well.

All at once it came over him that he was *lost*, and his sled was gone, and he couldn't get home to see papa and mamma, and eat supper, and then it was Christmas-Eve, and there was no little red stocking to hang up for Santa Claus to fill, and the little creature who had been so brave began to cry and heartily to bewail his fate.

"What's the matter, little man?" asked a voice behind him. It was a woman who spoke, a poor woman, dressed in a shabby green and red shawl; but she spoke very kindly, and Frankie was not afraid of her.

"I can't find my sled," sobbed Frankie.

"Where is it, deary?" asked the kind voice.

"A bad boy took it, and I can't find mamma, and I'm tired and cold, and, oh dear! I can't hang up my stocking! oh dear!"

"Come with me," said the good woman, "and I'll help you find your mother. Maybe the man in here knows where she is."

And taking the fat little hand in her rough one, she led the little fellow into the nearest police station.

"Good-evening, Mr. Murdock," was her civil salutation.

"Indeed, and is that you, Mrs. Warren?" said the "star," rousing up from his nap, "and what's up now?"

"Nothing but this; I was just coming home from your house when I found this little chap. I've come to give information, for he'll be inquired about. What's your name, deary?"

"Frankie," said black eyes.

"What else? What's your father's name?"

"Papa's name *papa*, and mamma's name *darling*."

"Hear the dear child! But what does your mother call your father?"

"Mamma calls him 'dear Tom,' and 'old honey.'"

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared the "star." "Well, that ain't bad for a four-year-old. 'Dear Tom and old honey!' Young folk—might be. Let's take his description, and I'll send it to the Chief."

So Frankie was duly inventoried as "a boy about four years old; name of Frank; well dressed; velvet cap, plaid cloak, red mittens, and tippet; don't know name or residence; apply to station ——."

"And if you don't mind, Mr. Murdock, I'll take him home with me, he can sleep with Bobby. He'll soon be hunted up, and your place isn't the thing for such a baby. You know where to find me."

"That's well thought of," said Murdock, "and here's a stamp to get a drop of milk and a bit of white bread for his supper. I dare say my wife forgot to pay you for your cleaning?"

"Indeed she paid me," said Mrs. Warren, "and a bit for supper besides. I'll get a handful of fire down stairs and warm the milk for him."

So Mrs. Warren and Frankie departed, the star assuring Frankie that he would find his mother for him before long, and with the satisfying promise of warm milk and bread for supper, and a nice little boy to play with, and a dear pussy furry all over, Frankie trudged along greatly consoled.

After climbing the endless stairs, and being taken into a dark room and set up on a dark bed while Mrs. Warren lighted a tiny bit of candle, Frankie's eyes began to open very wide and stare about the strange room. Then a little boy about Frankie's age ran in from another room across the passage. There was a fire in that room, for you could smell the warmth along with the other odors which came in as the door was opened. That was "Bobby," and he stared very hard at the little stranger, and seemed to forebode short commons, but relented on seeing the cold meat and bread which his mother produced from her basket.

"I've brought home a little visitor for you, Bobby," said the woman, "and he's cold and hungry. You and he must keep house a few minutes while I run down stairs for a spark of fire."

"Don't see how he can be cold with such a warm over-coat and things on," soliloquized the only half-appeased Bobby.

Frankie looked very sober as he gazed about the bare room—the dark, cold, cracked stove, the cheap table, the forlorn crockery (and so little of it too!), and the poor rickety bed upon which he sat; but how his eyes brightened up as he saw a pair of glowing fire-balls emerge from the corner, and a faint miaw introduced our old friend Tom! His first performance was to make a camel of himself, and then, after stretching his jaws in a frightful yawn, he announced his full awakening from his long nap (induced by his long night-ride) by rubbing himself affectionately against Bobby. This stimulated Frankie to scramble down from his perch; and by the time Mrs. Warren returned with the "spark of fire," represented by a handful of chips and a few coals, the two children were in a high frolic with the cat.

After arranging the fuel in the stove, the question arose as to whether Bobby's hand-bill should be used to start the fire. It was valuable chiefly for the great capitals with which it was printed, and whose hard names Bobby was slowly mastering.

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"It's all I have," said the poor woman, "and maybe I'll find another. The baby is cold, and here it goes!"

So it was twisted into a wisp, lighted at the candle, and in a moment the chips lit and sputtered and crackled, cheerfully sparkling through the cracks in the stove, as if the fire said:

"Here I am! See me! How much nicer than if there were no cracks at all! Fudge for your solid new stoves that won't let the light out! Hurry up supper! I can't stay very long!"

Another journey to the lower world brought up a mug of bluish milk and a twist loaf of nice white bread. Then, and not till then, the room growing quite warm, and the supper being put down to cook, did the motherly creature remove Frankie's outside wrapping, and the pretty child, with his curly head and his bright tartan Zouave and skirt, showing off the neat white linen shirt; his trim little legs in the striped worsted stockings, and tasseled Balmoral boots, was set up to the table, with one of Mrs. Warren's clean aprons carefully tied round his neck, and a tin cup and pewter spoon set before him. It was a great moment when the warm milk was poured out and the bread crumbled in! Frankie had never eaten such a supper before! Enough for Bobby too, and hot meat for Bobby's mother besides. There was a wonderful relish in that meal, and Mrs. Warren grew very cheerful over it, and chatted a good deal about its being Christmas-Eve.

"May I hang up my stocking?" asked Frankie; "but how will Santa Claus know where to find me, and I can't show the things to mamma in the morning?" and the tears broke forth afresh.

Then, supper being ended, Mrs. Warren sat down before the fire, and taking off shoes and stockings, hung one up over the chimney.

"Now, t'other one for Bobby," and the mate was hung beside it. "Now when it comes morning *won't* you find mamma?"

And Bobby climbed on the other knee and had his shoes taken off (alas! there were no stockings!), and wrapping herself and the two children in the famous old green and red shawl, and holding a pair of cold feet in each hand, the tired children were soon asleep. Then she laid them both on the bed, covered them up with all that she had that was warm and comfortable. The three forgot their troubles together, and Tom curled himself up over Bobby's feet.

III.

It was quite dark when Mrs. Kenneth returned from her shopping expedition, laden with parcels, and accompanied by a bundle-boy with as many more. There was a warm glimmer and sparkle showing through the parlor blinds, and a rosy light danced on the parlor ceiling.

"They are in there," she thought, "both of them, talking over Christmas-Eve. I must go in at the area door, or that rogue Frank will see all my parcels."

So she carefully descended the dark steps, and hid her treasures in the dining-room china-closet.

"Have you seen any thing of Frankie, ma'am?" asked Maggie, who was laying the dinner-table.

"Seen Frankie! Why, isn't he up stairs with his father?"

"His father's not in, ma'am; and Mary's been to all the neighbors, and none of 'em has seen him. Most likely he's been 'ticed off for his clothes."

Mrs. Kenneth sat down in the nearest seat and grew very white.

"Take a drink, ma'am? I'll make a cup o' tea in a minute, before the dinner's done."

"I will go out at once and look for him while I have my cloak on. I won't wait for the tea. I'll take a cake for him if I find him."

"*If I find him!*" and the whole great city to look through.

"Why, Katy, dear, I took you for a genteel hall thief, you seemed so frightened when I came up—"

"Oh, Tom, our little Frankie is lost! What shall we do? where shall we go?" followed by broken explanations, mingled with sobs and tears.

"Let us leave his description at the police station, in the first place," said Mr. Kenneth, "and then we can search for him afterward. Lost children are generally taken there if they fall into honest hands."

Of course the search was continued. Neither parent could think of going home to a comfortable dinner with the possibility before them of their poor little child wandering bewildered and hungry, or even worse; perhaps crushed by runaway sleighs, or a victim to thieves, or nobody knows what horror might have befallen him.

The streets were full of happy-looking people, most of them carrying odd-shaped bundles or well-laden baskets. Sometimes a shivering child begged for "a cent for Christmas," not to be refused, only to be asked the one great question. Of all, both gentle and simple, was the question asked, "Had they seen the lost boy?" And all the Christmas-loving crowd pitied the pale man and the anxious lady as they gave the reluctant negative.

Out of the fashionable streets; at obscure stations; at cheap boarding-houses; at shops of all sorts, even down to the tenement houses, redolent of whisky, beer, onions, filth, and blasphemy; at windows bright with Christmas garniture; and at all open doors, and of all kinds of people, were the sad inquiries made, and still with the same discouraging result.

"Oh, if our darling is indeed living, and is ever held in our arms again, we will not forget the children that may be wandering in the streets, will we, dear Tom?"

"There is no use going further," said Mr. Kenneth. "You are tired out and chilled through. We will go home, and I will see the chief of police again. Perhaps he may have heard some tidings of our boy."

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Slowly and sadly they retrod their way. The wind had risen to a gale; the streets were full of flying snow. As the street-cars passed, with their glowing red and green lights, Mr. Kenneth urged his wife to ride home; but no; she might lose a chance of hearing or seeing something of her child. But after all their weary travel they reached home comfortless.

"Haven't ye seen the man with a star?" cried Mary, as they entered. "God be praised! he'll be here in a minnit, and he's heard of Frankie! and if ever I let the darlint out of my sight again when his mother's away I wish I may—but there he is, this blessed minnit!"

And the instantly-opened door admitted the stout Murdock before he had time to ring.

"Your boy is all right, Mr. Kenneth," said the man. "A poor woman, a very honest woman too, found him and reported him at my station. He's had some supper, and is asleep on her bed. It's all right, but they're very poor."

"Thank God for it!" cried little Mrs. Kenneth, as her head went down on Tom's coat-collar; and between crying and laughing the little woman was near demented.

"I'll just step and get a carriage for you," suggested the considerate Murdock, and went out of the front-door with a bang.

"Hadn't we better take them something?" suggested the thoughtful father—"some supper; as ours has cooled for nothing, let us take it to them."

By the time the carriage was at the door the belated dinner was packed in a basket, and Mary handed it into the carriage window.

There was no useless delaying now to ask the bootless question. They had only to drive as rapidly as the driver would consent to go, and in a few minutes the crooked way was traveled, and the steep stairs ascended, and only a thin plank between the three who longed so tenderly for each other. A moment's conference through the keyhole, a moment's delay to light the tiny candle end, and Mrs. Kennoth was kneeling beside the bed with Frankie in her arms, praying, sobbing, kissing, and otherwise deporting herself like the impulsive, warm-hearted little woman that she was.

"No, Mr. Kenneth," said Mrs. Warren, "it's not me that will be paid for doing my duty. You'd have done the same by Bobby if *you* found him."

"And his little bare feet!" exclaimed the mother, kissing them; "where are his shoes and stockings?"

"Indeed the dear child would have them hung up by the chimney for Santa Claus."

"It seems too bad to take them down when he had made calculations for Bobby as well as himself. Suppose we leave the stockings and something to fill them? I'll keep his feet warm in my hands," said Mr. Kenneth.

"And Santa Claus has promised to come and bring us a tree to-morrow evening," said Mrs. Kenneth, "and I want you and Bobby to come. Maybe something will be there for Bobby."

"Oh, mamma!" said Frankie, waking up; "I lost my sled, and I had some supper, and they've such a nice kitty here—see!"

"Why it's our old Bruno! see his one white ear! I didn't think when I sent Mary off with him that I should ever see him again. Now we are ready, darling! Come in the morning to that address (Mrs. Warren giving a card), I shall want your help."

I need tell no long story to inform the world how happy they all were that night, and how Santa Claus filled the stockings which were left hanging by the chimney, nor how Frankie's feet were kept in papa's warm hands all the way home, nor how the folks in the garret had a nice hot breakfast, not forgetting Tom, otherwise Bruno, who inwardly chuckled that in some way or other he and Santa Claus had brought about this pleasant order of things. Or, to tell how upon that Christmas night, when the children made their entrance into Fairy Land, and were shown the wonderful tree in the best parlor blossoming with lighted tapers, and fruited heavily with precious gifts, which Santa Claus did them the honor to distribute in person, and which included a stout suit of clothes, shoes and all, for Bobby, besides school-books, and lots of comforts for his mother, who had been fitted out with a decent dress by contrite Mary, stimulated thereunto, I must confess, by a new delaine for herself, and how

> "After the evening
> Calmly expended,
> Happily ended,
> Slumbered they softly in sweetest repose."

After the visitors were gone, Mrs. Kenneth's head rested on Tom's waistcoat for a moment as she whispered:

"I was near crying yesterday, Tom, that we were so far from home and were such strangers here, that we could have no company to our Christmas dinner; but to-night we have had God's own Christmas Guests, such as 'are always with us.'"

THE HOLIDAYS.

II.—NEW YEAR'S TO TWELFTH-NIGHT.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY! There is but one step from the grave to the gay; the dirge of the parted year has hardly faded from our ears and we are called upon to greet his new-born successor. Like the Chamberlain of Louis XIV., who, breaking his staff of office, pronounced, "The King is dead," and then seizing another wand and waving it over his head, exclaimed, "Long live the King!" so it ever is with a parting and a coming year.

For many centuries there was no agreement in regard to the day upon which the year should begin. The Chinese and most of the Indian nations commenced it with the first new moon in the month of March; the Persians in June; the Egyptians early in autumn, the first day coinciding with the rising of the dog-star. The Jews had a sacred and a civil year. The for-

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mer began in March or April, and the latter in September or October, both varying with the lunation. The early Greeks had no settled year; when their descendants adopted one they commenced it at the vernal equinox. The Romans, like the Jews, had two years; the sacred one began on the first of March, and the civil on the first of January. The early Christians considered the vernal equinox as the time at which the year ought properly to commence. Among the Anglo-Saxons, as we have before stated, Christmas was regarded as the most appropriate time. So discrepant were opinions on the subject.

In 1654, however, Charles IX. of France determined by a decree, that henceforth, in accordance with the Roman calendar, the year should begin upon the first day of January; and at last all Christians concurred in adopting the latter day as the initial point of the civil year. For some time, it is true, England maintained two years—a legal one, which began on the twenty-fifth of March, and a historic one, which began on the first of January—but after the adoption of the New Style, in 1752, the two were united, so that the first of January should henceforth be the commencement of the year. Some chronologists aver, we believe, that this day coincides with that on which man was created. Of the correctness of this averment we will not attempt to speak. It is, perhaps, more curious than important for us to know the exact date of the creation of Adam. Doubtless the "learned Thebans" who have investigated the question have arrived as nearly at the truth as the case will permit.

The Church begins her year at Advent—four Sundays before Christmas—"therein," as Dr. Hook remarks, "differing from all other accounts of time whatsoever. The reason of which is, because she does not number her days, or measure her seasons, so much by the motion of the sun as by the course of our Saviour; beginning and counting on her year with Him who, being the true 'Sun of Righteousness,' began now to rise upon the world, and, as the 'Day-Star on high,' to enlighten them that sat in spiritual darkness."

The year is naturally regulated by the seasons, as these are by the return of the sun to the tropics or equator. The *solar*, *tropical*, or *equinoctial year*, thus defined, contains 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 48 seconds; though the ordinary *civil* year consists of 365 days. Julius Cæsar, B.C. 45, established the year at 365 days and 6 hours, and to make it agree with the sun's course ordered a day to be intercalated every fourth year before the 24th of February, which, according to the Roman computation of time, happened on the 6th before the calends of March, and which was therefore reckoned twice, and called *bissextile*. The error committed by Cæsar of making the year 11 minutes and 11 seconds too long was rectified under Pope Gregory XIII., in 1582; by dropping *ten* days from the month of October in that year, and omitting *one* day in every 400 years thereafter—that is, the *first* year of every *fourth* century is not a *bissextile* or *leap-year*. The amended calendar of Gregory was introduced immediately (1582) into all Romanist countries; into most others in 1710; and adopted in England in 1752. At the latter date the error had increased by 10 or 11 days. Accordingly by Act of Parliament 11 days were dropped from the year 1710 by calling the 3d of September the 14th. This change constitutes the difference between *Old* and *New Style*. The former, however, still prevails in Russia, and is retained in the accounts of the Treasury of Great Britain.

New-Year's Day in the ecclesiastical calendar is the Octave of Christmas, or the Feast of the Circumcision. It is thus called because it occurs on the eighth day after the Nativity, when our Saviour was circumcised and named JESUS, according to the command of the angel.

"The institution of New-Year's Day as a feast or day of rejoicing," Haydn tells us, "is the oldest on authentic record transmitted down to our times, and still observed. The feast was instituted by Numa, and was dedicated to Janus (who presided over the new year), January 1, 713 B.C. On this day the Romans sacrificed to Janus a cake of new sifted meal, with salt, incense, and wine; and all the mechanics began something of their art or trade; the men of letters did the same as to books, poems, etc.; and the consuls, though chosen before, took the chair and entered upon their office this day. After the Government was in the hands of the Emperors, the consuls marched on New-Year's Day to the capitol, attended by a crowd, all in new clothes, when two white bulls never yoked were sacrificed to Jupiter Capitolinus. A great deal of incense and other perfumes were spent in the temple; the flamens, together with the consuls, during the religious solemnity, offered their vows for the prosperity of the empire and the emperor, after having taken an oath of allegiance, and confirmed all public acts done by him in the preceding year." These ceremonies were followed by festivities that lasted several days and embraced all classes. It was a time of universal rejoicing, when presents were interchanged, and differences reconciled in a way which Christians would do well to imitate. The first day of the year was a day of good omen; a day "worthy to be marked with a white stone," and on which no unlucky word was uttered to mar the general joy.

The origin of the present observance of New-Year's Day has been traced by some to the Roman festival. The latter probably exerted an influence; but it must be remembered that nothing could be more natural than to celebrate the first day of the year; and that, accordingly, in all countries, traces are found of the custom having been in vogue from the earliest times. The feeling which prompts it is well described by Charles Lamb, in one of the charming essays of Elia:

"Every man hath two birthdays—two days,

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at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances this custom of solemnizing our proper birthday hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing about the matter, nor understand any thing beyond the cake and orange. But the birth of a new year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam."

New-Year's Day in England, in the olden time, being the central point of the Holidays, was celebrated by great rejoicings and merry-makings; among which, of course, the wassail bowl played a conspicuous part. Of all the customs, however, which characterized this day none appears to have been more general than that of making New-Year's gifts. It is alluded to in the "Popish Kingdome" of Naogeorgus:

> This is Newe-Yeares day,
> whereon to every friend
> They costly presents in do bring,
> and New-Yeares giftes do sende;
> These giftes the husband gives his wife,
> and father eke the childe,
> And maister on his men bestowes
> the like with favour milde.

Gascoigne also, who lived in the time of Elizabeth, writes, that on certain days of the year tenants were in the habit of making presents to their landlords to insure their good-will.

> And when the tenauntes came to pay their quarter's rent,
> They bring some foule at Midsommer, a dish of fish in Lent;
> At Chrismasse a capon, at Michaelmasse a goose;
> And somewhat else at *New-Year's tide* for feare their lease flie loose.

The custom seems to have pervaded every country, and to have prevailed throughout all classes. On the recurrence of every New Year friends and relatives exchanged souvenirs, thus strengthening the ties of affection and kindred, and causing the hearts of all around to glow with kindly feeling. Loyal subjects also availed themselves of the occasion to present their respective sovereigns with gifts, which varied in quality and value with the position and means of the donors. Many of the presents made were curious. "Honest old Latimer," says Hone, "instead of presenting Henry VIII. with a purse of gold, as was customary, for a New-Year's gift, put into the king's hand a New Testament, with a leaf conspicuously folded down at Hebrews xiii. 4, which, on reference, will be found to have been worthy of all acceptation, though not perhaps well accepted." Queen Elizabeth is thought to have maintained her immense wardrobe from the New-Year's contributions of her loving subjects; and as the old lady never wore a dress twice, and left at her death about a thousand, to say nothing of jewelry, and whatever else goes to make up the *personnel* of a queen, it may be imagined what they amounted to. Indeed, from lists preserved, they were not less in number than variety. Some of them must have been of great value. We read of a fan set with diamonds having been presented to Queen Bess which must have rendered "fanning" quite an expensive amusement. The highest gift in money, £40, is set down to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The lists referred to contain pretty much every thing from "jewels" to a "glass of sweet water." As Mr. Hone observes, "These gifts to Elizabeth call to recollection the tempting articles which Autolycus invites the country girls to buy: he enters singing,

> Lawn as white as driven snow;
> Cypress, black as e'er was crow;
> Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
> Masks for faces, and for noses;
> Bugle bracelets, necklace amber;
> Perfume for a lady's chamber;
> Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
> For my lads to give their dears;
> Pins, and poking sticks of steel,
> What maids lack from head to heel
> Come, buy of me, come: come buy, come buy;
> Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry,
> Come, buy."

"Dr. Drake says," adds Mr. Hone, "that though Elizabeth made returns to the New-Year's gifts in plate and other articles, yet she took sufficient care that the balance should be in her own favor."

But Queen Bess was not the only sovereign who received New-Year's gifts; the custom was long in vogue, and other instances of it could be quoted.

"Gloves," writes Mr. Hone, "were customary New-Year's gifts. They were more expensive than in our times, and occasionally a money-present was tendered instead: this was called 'glove-money.' Sir Thomas More, as Lord Chancellor, decreed in favor of a Mrs. Croaker against the Lord Arundel. On the following New-Year's Day, in token of her gratitude, she presented Sir Thomas with a pair of gloves containing forty angels. 'It would be against good manners,' said the Chancellor, 'to forsake a gentlewoman's New-Year's gift, and I accept the gloves; their *lining* you will please otherwise bestow.'"

Pins, like gloves, were also popular gifts, and often presented on New-Year's Day. Until the close of the fifteenth century sticks and skewers were used. Upon the latter pins were a decided improvement, though at first somewhat expensive. From the sums granted for that purpose came the phrase "pin-money," now applied to allowances for strictly personal enjoyment.

"New-Year's gifts," says Dr. Drake, "were given and received with the mutual expression of good wishes, and particularly that of a happy new year. The compliment was sometimes paid at each other's doors in the form of a song; but more generally, especially in the north of England and in Scotland, the house was entered very early in the morning by some young men and maidens selected for the purpose, who presented the spiced bowl (the wassail bowl) and hailed you with the gratulations of the season."

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The latter is, in fact, a continuation of the wassailing of New-Year's Eve.

Herrick, the poet of "old English customs and rural festivals," in his Hesperides, presents Sir Simon Steward with the following New-Year's gift:

——A jolly
Verse, crowned with ivy and with holly;
That tells of winter's tales and mirth,
That milk-maids make about the hearth;
Of Christmas' sports, the wassail bowl,
That tost-up after fox-i'-th'-hole;
Of blind-man-buff, and of the care
That young men have to shoe the mare;
Of twelfth-tide cakes, of pease and beans,
Wherewith ye make those merry scenes:
Of crackling laurel, which fore-grounds
Of those, and such like things, for shift,
We send *instead of New-Year's gift.*
Read then, and when your faces shine
With buxom meat and cap'ring wine,
Remember us in cups full crown'd
And let your city health go round.
Then, as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind the fled Decembers;
But think on these that are t' appear
As daughters to the instant year;
And to the bagpipes all address
Till sleep take place of weariness.
And thus throughout the Christmas plays
Frolic the full *twelve holidays.*

New-Year's Day all over the world is a gala-day, and is celebrated by the people of every nation in accordance with the manners and customs of each. The English are merry and jolly with feasting and fun; the French light-hearted and gay—*toujours bagatelle;* the Dutch mirthful, though quiet; and all joyous and happy.

New-Year's Day in our country is distinguished by the gentlemen paying visits to the ladies of their acquaintance, and thus making up for all past delinquencies of that sort which they may have committed. The custom may be traced to the Knickerbockers of Gotham. Whether it was in its origin peculiar to the Mynheers of New Amsterdam, or whether they inherited it from their ancestors, along with their discriminating taste in the matter of *koeken and schnapps*, we can not inform our readers because we do not know. All we can say upon the subject is, that the custom of paying New-Year's visits, together with koeken and schnapps, has been handed down to our time by the honest Dutchmen, for which we duly honor their memory. Albeit the koeken and schnapps of the present day have greatly degenerated; and we venture to affirm that, if the good old Wouter Van Twiller could arise to decide the question, for once, he would have no "doubts about the matter." The custom of paying New-Year's visits, however, continues in all its excellence; and we can not but regard it as a marked evidence of the influence exercised by New York, that a custom peculiarly hers should have spread to so many of our towns and throughout so large a portion of our country. Wherever New Yorkers go the custom of making visits on New-Year's goes, and we believe it may be found not less in San Francisco than in the Fifth Avenue. The custom is a good one, and the observance of it reflects credit upon the taste of our people; for to begin the year with a renewal and interchange of social courtesies is a pleasant usage—one well worthy to be preserved and honored.

Welcome, a bright welcome, to the New Year! May it prove a happy one to all as time moves forward!

Years may roll on and manhood's brow grow cold,
And life's dull winter spread its dark'ning pall
O'er cherished hopes; yet time can not withhold
A precious boon which mem'ry gives to all:
Fond recollection, when a tale is told
Which forms the record of life's festival,
Recalls the pleasures of life's opening scene,
And age seems young—remembering what hath been.

We will not dwell long upon the four days that intervene between New-Year's and Twelfth-Night. They are all devoted to saints of the Roman calendar.

January 2.—*St. Macarius and others.*—He is the patron saint of confectioners, having been one himself. Whether his "sweet things" were confined to sugar-plums we can not say. He seems to have been very much annoyed by the devil, as saints generally are. Making a journey once of nine miles through a desert, "at the end of every mile he set up a reed in the earth to mark his track against he returned; but the devil pulled them all up, made a bundle of them, and placed them at Macarius's head while he lay asleep, so that the saint with great difficulty found his way home again." So says the Golden Legend; but we incline to think that the wandering of the good saint in the desert was similar to the aberration of the lost Pleiad. Fortunately the consequences were not so bad. On this day, A.D. 17, died Ovid and Livy—two of the brightest ornaments of the Augustan age.

January 3.—*St. Genevieve.*—She is, or was, the Patroness of Paris. Her name recalls the spirit-stirring lines of Macaulay:

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.

And Coleridge's exquisite poem:

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve.

The legends referring to her are quite numerous; among others it is mentioned that the angels sang when she was born.

January 4.—*St. Titus.*—He was Bishop of Crete. Nothing particular marks the day.

January 5.—*St. Simeon Stylites.*—An Egyptian saint, so called from his having lived for years upon the top of a *stulos* or pillar. He was the most eminent and probably the most insane of the saints who

hoped to merit heaven
By making earth a hell.

January 6.—*Twelfth-Day.—The Epiphany.*—We have arrived at the last of the Holidays; the gay season is almost over. Christmas, the *gentle and joyeuse day*, with its hallowed associations and glad merry-makings, has been duly celebrated; the sad echoes of the requiem for

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the dying year have sounded in our ears; his successor has been welcomed with ample gratulations; and it only remains for us to close the festal period with a tribute to Twelfth-Day, or Twelfth-Night, as it is generally called.

Shakspeare has rendered the latter name familiar, and given to it an inevitable priority by conferring it upon one of his most fascinating comedies—one, too, which contains lines almost unrivaled for their beauty. In illustration we need only refer to the opening scene:

> That strain again—it had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor. Enough; no more;
> 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

It is not our province to comment upon Shakspeare; but we think it but just to say that it is supposed that in this play the author derived an idea or two from our old acquaintance Barnaby Googe, who, having done the world so good a service by translating Naogeorgus, deserves that we remember him, and not forget him as the chief butler did Joseph.

> Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
> Sweet music's melting fall; but sweeter yet
> The still small voice of gratitude.

"Twelfth-Day," in the ecclesiastical calendar, is known as the *Epiphany*, or the "Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles." On that day, it was supposed, the Magi worshiped the infant Saviour. The real time, however, of the arrival of the Wise Men at Bethlehem is uncertain; but it can hardly be believed that it happened so long after the birth of the child. In all probability the adoration of the Magi took place very soon after the 25th of December.

Referring to the "Manifestation of Light," at an early period Christmas was often styled the "Greater" and Twelfth-Day the "Lesser" Epiphany; subsequently the name became confined exclusively to the 6th of January. In England, after the introduction of the New Style, the Epiphany was frequently called "old" Christmas; for, before the eleven days were dropped from the year, the present 25th of December and 6th of January precisely coincided.

Twelfth-Day being the conclusion of the Holidays was celebrated in olden time with the greatest hilarity. We have before spoken of the Saxon custom of "wassailing" on Christmas-eve, New-Year's eve, and indeed throughout the season; but Twelfth-Day was more distinguished for it than any other day; so much so, in fact, that we believe it was not infrequently called Wassail Day.

Our readers will remember the fine scene in "Ivanhoe" in which is described the interview that took place between King Richard and the hermit in the cell of St. Dunstan. "*Waes hael*, Sir Sluggish Knight!" exclaims the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, as he drains his cup of canary to the health of his guest and to the great comfort of his inner man. "*Drink hael*," responds the disguised monarch, and does reason to his host in a "similar brimmer." From this form of pledging came the phrase "wassailing." The words *waes hael* and *drink hael*—literally, "be in health" and "drink health"—were, according to De Le Moor, the "usual phrases of quaffing among the earliest civilized inhabitants" of Great Britain.

> "Ruste hire, and sitte hire, and glad dronke hire hell,
> And that was tho in this land the verst was-hail."

Another poet writes:

> Health, my lord king! the sweet Rowena said;
> Health, cry'd the chieftain, to the Saxon maid;
> From this the social custom took its rise,
> We still retain and must forever prise.

"The phrase '*wassail*,'" says Mrs. Howitt, "has been derived by some from the Saxon *waes hael*, which seems to be probable enough. But the custom of drinking healths has prevailed in other times and among other people. The Greeks might have been the originators of toasting, and, at all events, the custom prevailed among them; they drank to the gods, to the magistrates, and to each other; and the Christians only followed their example when they drank in honor of St. John the Baptist, or in the name of the blessed archangel St. Michael, to which the compotators responded by a devout 'Amen!' So, too, the old Danes drank to Thor, Woden, and their kindred deities; and when converted to Christianity they only changed the object, drinking on Christmas Day to St. Olave, who had converted them—or otherwise, as the case might be; while the Icelanders drank to Jesus Christ, and even to God the Father. Bumpers are of remote antiquity, as we read in Athenæus. Sometimes, when the Greeks drank to the health of any one, they sent him an empty cup; at others the toaster would taste the wine and send it round to the person whom he saluted. In toasting a mistress they emptied as many cups as there were letters to her name."

> A massy bowl, to deck the jovial day,
> Flashed from its ample round a sun-like ray.

The wassail bowl, which figured so largely in the festivities of by-gone times, was a large, massy bowl, variously ornamented and adorned, which was filled with a brewage composed of "ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crab-apples," facetiously termed "*lamb's wool*"—

> To the sons of sacred union dear
> It welcomed with *lamb's wool* the rising year.

The wassail bowl probably suggested to Shakspeare the "gossip's bowl" that Master Puck sometimes played pranks in, or was perhaps the same.

> Thou speak'st aright,
> I am that merry wanderer of the night.
> ....Sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
> In very likeness of a roasted crab;
> And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
> And on her withered dew-lap pour the ale.

Wassailing usually, though not always, took place in the evening. Around the mighty bowl would the company of good people jovially sit and drink to one another, while many a jest and many a gibe added zest to the scene. Sometimes they would form a procession and march, old and young, to the orchards, where with di-

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vers ceremonies, according to the custom of the neighborhood, they would wassail the trees in order that they might bear abundantly. In Devonshire they sprinkled cider upon the apple-trees, at the same time pledging them and singing:

Health to thee
Good apple-tree!
Well to bear pocket-fulls, hat-fulls,
Peck-fulls, bushel-fulls.

Or,

Here's to thee
Old apple-tree!
Whence thou mayest bud and whence thou mayst blow,
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow!
Hats-full, caps-full,
Bushel—bushel—sacks-full,
And my pockets full too.
Huzza!

Another custom was, for the whole company to go the rounds from house to house, drinking to the health of the inmates and expressing all manner of good wishes in their behalf, and chanting carols in honor of the occasion. We are indebted to Mr. Hone for the following carol, which "is sung in Gloucestershire on New-Year's Eve:"

Wassail! wassail! over the town;
Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown:
Our bowl it is made of a maplin tree;
We be good fellows all; I drink to thee.

Here's to ——,* and to his right ear,
God send our maister a happy New Year;
A happy New Year as e'er he did see—
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Here's to ——, and to his right eye;
God send our mistress a good Christmas pie:
A good Christmas pie as e'er I did see,
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Here's to Filpail,† and her long tail;
God send our measter us never may fail
Of a cup of good beer; I pray you draw neer;
And then you shall hear our jolly wassail.

Be here any maids, I suppose there be some;
Sure they will not let young men stand on the cold stone;
Sing hey O maids, come troll back the pin,
And the fairest maid in the house, let us all in.

Come, butler, come bring us a bowl of the best:
I hope your soul in heaven may rest:
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
Then down fall butler, bowl, and all.

Also another—a Staffordshire carol for Twelfth-Night—from which we take a few verses:

A jolly wassel bowl,
A wassel of good ale,
Well fare the butler's soul
That setteth this to sale;
Our jolly wassel.

Good dame, here at your door
Our wassel we begin;
We all are maidens poor,
We pray now let us in
With our wassel.

Our wassel we do fill
With apples and with spice;
Then grant us your good will
To taste here once or twice
Of our good wassel.

This is our merry night
Of choosing King and Queen;
Then be it your delight
That something may be seen
In our wassel.

And now we must be gone,
To seek out more good cheer;
Where bounty will be shown
As we have found it here,
With our wassel.

After going the rounds the revelers returned home, where they were at first refused admittance, but at last let in. Doubtless they concluded with a glorious supper and another bowl of the best, which lasted into the

Wee short hours ayont the twal.

"The most perfect fragment of the 'wassail' exists," says Mr. Hone, "in the usage of certain corporation festivals. The person presiding stands up at the close of the dinner, and drinks from a flagon, usually of silver, having a handle on each side, by which he holds it with each hand, and the toast-master announces him as drinking 'the health of his brethren out of the loving cup.' The loving cup, which is the ancient wassail bowl, is then passed to the guest on his left hand, and by him to his left-hand neighbor, and as it finds its way round the room to each guest in his turn, so each stands up and drinks to the president 'out of the *loving cup*.'"

From what we have said on the subject of wassailing, it must not be inferred that they who indulged in it were addicted to excesses. That is a common mistake. Our Saxon ancestors, from whom we inherit our "Saxon homes," though fond of wassailing in the Holidays, were as temperate as they were brave. "Superfluity in drink," says Nash, who wrote in the time of Elizabeth, "is a sin that ever since we have mixed ourselves with the Low Countries, is counted honorable; but before we knew their lingering wars, was held in that highest degree of hatred that might be." So rapidly, however, did the evil spread in England, that statutes to prevent drunkenness had to be passed in the reign of James I. The cavaliers, we know, were great rojsters and revelers. "During Cromwell's usurpation," says Disraeli, "they usually put a crumb of bread into their glass before they drank it off, with cautious ambiguity exclaimed: 'God send this *crum well* down!' After the Restoration, Bishop Burnet complains of the excess of convivial loyalty. Drinking the king's health was set up by too many as a distinguished mark of loyalty, and drew many into great excess after his Majesty's restoration." Unhappily, the "manner" has not greatly changed at the present day, and it were to be wished that Saxon temperance, even accompanied by the wassail bowl, might be introduced to amend it.

Twelfth-Day, in England, is Midwinter-day, and in point of season, forms the antithesis of St. John the Baptist's day, the 24th of June, or Midsummer-day. The two days do not exactly divide the year, nor occur midway in each sea-

* Name of a horse. † Name of a cow.

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son; but an approximation in such matters is all that can be expected.

Naogeorgus mentions an odd custom peculiar to Twelfth-Night, viz.:

Twise sixe nightes then from Christmasse
they do count with diligence,
Wherein eche maister in his house
doth burne by franckensence;
And on the table settes a loafe,
when night approcheth nere,
Before the coles and franckensence
to be perfumed there.

The object of the ceremony was to protect the family from evil during the ensuing year, that

They neither bread nor meat might want,
nor witch with dreadful charme
Have power to hurt their children, or
to do their cattell harme.

This is evidently the remnant of some heathen rite, and had long fallen into disuse when Barnaby rendered his author into English.

Of the popular customs peculiar to this day, the most important and interesting is the drawing for king and queen. This custom still survives in many parts of Great Britain and France. "In the olden time," says Mrs. Howitt, "it was thus managed in our own country, and the same custom prevailed throughout the Continent with more or less variation in the details. 'After tea a cake is produced, and two bowls containing the fortunate chances for the different sexes. The host fills up the tickets, and the whole company, except the king and queen, are to be ministers of state, maids of honor, or ladies of the bedchamber. Often the host and hostess, more by design, perhaps, than accident, become the king and queen. According to Twelfth-Day law, each party is to support his character till midnight.' There was, however, at one time another mode of electing their Twelfth-Night majesties, of which this seems only a corruption. The cake was made full of plums, a bean and a pea being mixed up among them; whoever upon the division of it got the bean, he was acknowledged for king; whoever got the pea, she was to be queen." Nothing can be more graphic than Herrick's poetical account of this ceremony.

TWELFE-NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEEN.

Now the mirth comes
With the cake full of plums,
Where Beane's the king of the sport here;
Besides we must know
The pea also
Must revell as queene in the court here.

Begin then to chuse
(This night as ye use),
Who shall for the present delight here:
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelve-day queene for the night here.

Which knowne let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurged will not drinke,
To the base from the brink
A health to the king and the queene here.

Next crowne the bowl full
With gentle lambs-wool:
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too:
And thus ye must doe
To make the wassaile a swinger.

Give then to the king
And queen wassailing;
And though with ale ye be whet here;
Yet part ye from hence
As free from offence
As when ye innocent met here.

Naogeorgus likewise says:

Then also every householder
to his abilitie,
Doth make a mightie cake, that may
suffice his companie,
etc., etc., etc.

The scene described is similar to the one portrayed by Herrick.

"This custom," says Mrs. Howitt, "has generally been supposed to be in honor of the Three Kings of Cologne; but in all probability owes its origin to the Greek and Roman custom of casting lots at their banquets for who should be *rex convivii*, or, as Horace calls him, the *arbiter bibendi*. The lucky cast was termed *Venus* or *Basilicus*, and whoever threw it gave laws for the night to his competitors. The unlucky throw was called *canicula* and *chius*."

We can not pause to describe all the modes in which Twelfth-Day was formerly celebrated, nor relate all the customs which were peculiar to it. Suffice it to say that, upon this closing scene of the festive season, every form of fun, frolic, and jovial mirth was eagerly entered into, and enjoyed to the utmost, by the earnest, hearty people of the olden time, who, in all simplicity and honesty, loved to "eat, drink, and be merry." As one writer observes, "their mirth was a relaxation from gravity, a challenge to 'Dull Care' to 'be gone.'"

Bring me a garland of holly,
Rosemary, ivy, and bays;
Gravity's nothing but folly
Till after the Holidays.

We have said that the Holidays, according to the old law of King Alfred, terminate upon Twelfth-Night. Notwithstanding, the sports in the olden time were continued in a measure into the succeeding day; thus making, as it were, a day of grace, in which the people might have "one game more" before settling down to the duties of the everyday life of this work-day world. This day of grace was styled,

St. Distaff's Day, or *Rock Day*, *January 7*.—The saint is an imaginary one, and "rock" is only another name for the *distaff*. It seems that the young men and women prepared themselves for going to labor by interfering with each other in their respective avocations. Herrick describes the day as follows:

Partly work and partly play,
Ye must on St. Distaff's Day;
From the plough soone free your teame,
Then come home and fother them.
If the maides a spinning goe,
Burne the flax and fire the tow;
Bring in pailes of water then,
Let the maides bewash the men:

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Give St. Distaff all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good-night.
And next morrow every one
To his owne vocation.

We have now reached the end of the Holidays; midwinter is over and "the day of grace" is past. Before taking leave of the subject we will say a few words in behalf of Holidays:

Man's nature, physical, intellectual, and moral, is multiform. He touches the universe at many points. He has manifold capacities, and therefore manifold needs. It is as true physically as it is in the higher spiritual sense in which the words were spoken, that he "liveth not by bread alone." So it is intellectually and morally. Even if it be granted, which is true only in the rarest cases, that the man who can do but one thing will do that one thing better than the man who can do many things, he acquires the power by a sacrifice too great. A man who can only make pin-heads may help to make a beautiful pin; but what sort of men do the pins make? The man who can only work, or only play, or only pray, is an incomplete man. He should be able to do, and actually do all these, each at its proper time and place. A *Holiday* need not be other than a *Holy day*.

In all ages and in all countries, as far as we can learn, seasons for enjoyment appear to have been specially set apart. Amusement seems to be a natural want of the human heart and mind, and must be supplied to keep them in sound and healthy action. Legislation can not alter nature. When the Roman Saturnalia and other Pagan rites were abolished with the religion to which they belonged, and the influence of Christianity began to be felt, the festivals of the Church were substituted in their place, and having obtained the affections of the people, were celebrated with quite as lively an interest, and with more devotion even than the former had been, but in a very different manner. Consequently it has been objected against the feasts of the Church, and against all holiday observances which are not of modern origin, that they are the offspring of heathenism—that they are merely Pagan festivals Christianized and reproduced. As well might it be objected against the worship of the Church that it is heathen, because the Pagans worshiped in their idol-temples. As well might it be objected against the gladness of the Christian that it is heathen, because the Pagans aforetime were glad; while, in fact, only a Christian has a right to be, or truly can be, glad. There is a time for all things. Seriousness is right enough in its place; but man can not always be serious, and he is not intended to be. The best proof of this is that man is the only creature whom God hath endowed with a capacity *to smile*. It is true that the hyena can *laugh*, but he only does that when he is hungry, in which he differs very much from a man; for when a man is hungry he is apt to be extremely serious, as many a woman can testify who has committed the unpardonable sin of not having dinner ready at the exact time her husband reasonably expects it. It is true, too, that the monkey can grin; but the *smile* belongs to humanity alone, and bears the same relation to man's physical nature that wit does to his intellectual, and is quite as inexplicable.

Though sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too quickly flies,

man was made to be joyous and happy; and no philosophy or system of religion which does not involve a hearty, cheerful spirit has any foundation in truth. For though the serpent has left his mark upon the world, and there is in consequence a "heritage of woe," it is still a beautiful world, and we have much to be very thankful for—much that should make us glad. Our ancestors' "Lord of Misrule" and "Abbot of Unreason" may not be in accordance with the manners of the present day: it is well, therefore, that they have fallen into desuetude. The genial spirit, however, that can enter fully into the merry-makings of the festal season is a spirit of true humanity, a Christian spirit, and one therefore to be cultivated. In vain did some of our solemn progenitors attempt the abolition of Christmas and its pleasures. Nature and reason were against the attempt, and it failed. Popular customs, as Mrs. Howitt remarks, grow fainter and fainter from year to year, and many become entirely extinguished. As the world grows older it grows less poetical, imagination loses its sway, and, sad to relate, the "almighty dollar" becomes supreme. Still relaxation is necessary to the health of mind and body, and man can not do without it. Though the mode of amusement may change, the principle will remain the same. The leading festivals of the year are growing stronger and stronger in the affections of the people, and are making part of their life. It is a good sign, and indicates a growth in a right direction.

In conclusion, as the advocate of the Holidays and of all healthy amusement, we say, celebrate the seasons of relaxation with festive mirth; let all, both old and young, rich and poor, enlarge their hearts, and rejoice and be glad, whenever these bright days, these happy opportunities for enjoyment offer.

Make thee good cheer of it that God thee sends,
For warld's wrak but welfare naught avails;
Nae gude is thine save only that thou spends,
Remanant all thou bruikes but with bails;
Seek to solace when sadness thee assails;
In dolour long thy life may not endure,
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sails;
Without Gladness availls no Treasure.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,
With famous folkis hald thy company;
Be charitable and hum'le in thine estate,
For wardly honour lastes but a cry.
For trouble on earth tak no melancholy;
Be rich in patience, if thou in gudes be poor;
Who lives merrily he lives mightily;
Without Gladness availls no Treasure.

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THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

NOT Kenesaw high arching,
Nor Allatoona's glen—
Though there the graves lie parching—
Stayed Sherman's miles of men;
From charred Atlanta marching
They launched the sword again.
The columns streamed like rivers
Which in their course agree,
And they streamed until their flashing
Met the flashing of the sea:
It was glorious glad marching,
That marching to the sea.

They brushed the foe before them
(Shall gnats impede the bull?);
Their own good bridges bore them
Over swamps or torrents full,
And the grand pines waving o'er them
Bowed to axes keen and cool.
The columns grooved their channels,
Enforced their own decree,
And their power met nothing larger
Until it met the sea:
It was glorious glad marching,
A marching glad and free.

Kilpatrick's snare of riders
In zigzags mazed the land,
Perplexed the pale Southsiders
With feints on every hand;
Vague menace awed the hiders
In forts beyond command.
To Sherman's shifting problem
No foeman knew the key;
But onward went the marching
Unpausing to the sea:
It was glorious glad marching,
The swinging step was free.

The flankers ranged like pigeons
In clouds through field or wood;
The flocks of all those regions,
The herds and horses good,
Poured in and swelled the legions,
For they caught the marching mood.
A volley ahead! They hear it;
And they hear the repartee:
Fighting was but frolic
In that marching to the sea:
It was glorious glad marching,
A marching bold and free.

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All nature felt their coming,
The birds like couriers flew,
And the banners brightly blooming
The slaves by thousands drew,
And they marched beside the drumming,
And they joined the armies blue.
The cocks crowed from the cannon
(Pets named from Grant and Lee),
Plumed fighters and campaigners
In that marching to the sea:
It was glorious glad marching,
For every man was free.

The foragers through calm lands
Swept in tempest gay,
And they breathed the air of balm-lands
Where rolled savannas lay,
And they helped themselves from farm-lands—
As who should say them nay?
The regiments uproarious
Laughed in Plenty's glee;
And they marched till their broad laughter
Met the laughter of the sea:
It was glorious glad marching,
That marching to the sea.

The grain of endless acres
Was threshed (as in the East)
By the trampling of the Takers,
Strong march of man and beast;
The flails of those earth-shakers
Left a famine where they ceased.
The arsenals were yielded;
The sword (that was to be),
Arrested in the forging,
Rued that marching to the sea:
It was glorious glad marching,
But ah, the stern decree!

For behind they left a wailing,
A terror, and a ban,
And blazing cinders sailing,
And houseless households wan,
Wide zones of counties paling,
And towns where maniacs ran.
It was Treason's retribution
(Necessity the plea);
They will long remember Sherman
And his streaming columns free—
They will long remember Sherman
Marching to the sea.

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CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S LUCY SNOWE.

"I SAID I disliked Lucy Snowe," relates the biographer of Charlotte Brontë in allusion to a certain conversation held with her, who had conceived the essence in question—called by a "cold name" according to the nice law of contrasts—I suppose.

One can imagine a small quiet smile lightening the deep eyes of the listener at that bit of information, for Charlotte Brontë well knew that her creation christened thus coldly would reveal herself to the few—never to the many. Yet the keen, incisive reader who looks to the core of things, and who knows by instinct a creation palpitating with heart-life from one galvanized into a semblance of being, will feel that the Brontë has distilled into the character which missed of Mrs. Gaskell's approbation a meaning more profound and far-reaching, a pathos more personal than will readily be found within the range of modern art.

Out of the four women therefore—Jane Eyre, Shirley, Caroline Helstone, and Lucy Snowe—the essential heroines of her novels, that with a touch unrivaled for sweep, matchless for delicacy, were patiently chiseled into being by those small child-fingers which Shakspeare himself would not disdain to clasp in his majestic palm, I choose the woman—Lucy Snowe, and entreat your attention.

I choose her for several reasons. Because she has never been truly recognized by any critic; because she represents a type of woman before unknown to the realms of novel-land; because she is most minutely informed with Charlotte Brontë's own experience, and is therefore the fittest exponent of her consummate genius.

Like most of the great masters throughout the range of Art—and in the term "Art" I include Music, Poetry, and the rest—like all indeed who live long enough to fitly develop their genius, the Brontë's style passed through three gradations.

Her intense nature had with touching patience striven to find expression through the medium of the pencil, and the pilgrim to the heaths of Haworth will find hanging upon the wall of the small stone parsonage copies of engravings wrought out line by line with minute fidelity. But the pencil proved too slow and tame—therefore she would make verses next. But poetry was with this unique nature a bird of too wild a wing to bear imprisonment in any cage of rhyme—it would break bounds and be lost in illimitable space, or dash itself to death in the endeavor.

The book "Jane Eyre," therefore, was the first adequate expression of the feeling which wrestled within her, and the heart of Charlotte Brontë found in words only, uncontrolled by any rules of rhythm, the joy of expression, the right of recognition. It is therefore that Jane Eyre may not be too strictly judged, for it was an outburst, a great surging heart bursting its bounds and finding outlet for its accumulated passion.

In "Shirley" we have the second style, rarely apt to be the best. The author says of it, with childlike humility: "I took great pains with 'Shirley;' I did not hurry, I tried to do my best." But weariness and watching had diminished the spontaneity of the ardent nature, the fire of inspiration burned less brightly, tears had quenched it, and its loss had yet scarcely been replaced by the serene light of that crowning grace which is the final reward of those who wrestle faithfully for great prizes. It therefore chances that "Shirley," full as it is of grand philosophy and pure religion, does not awaken the sympathy so entirely, or move to such fond liking as the first-born (I say first-born, "The Professor" being merely a book in embryo) of Charlotte Brontë's genius.

"Villette" shows us the third style of the master-genius. In the Brontë case at all events it is the perfected development of ripened power. Patience has wrought her "perfect work," suffering terrible and almost unremitting fulfilled her divinest mission, and calm with the repose of power, majestic almost to austerity, yet with a trembling about the mouth which tells of tears that are ended, "Villette" stands upon its pedestal the master-piece of its author. Palmer's White Captive renders this feeling—pathetic almost beyond words—perfectly: a faint quiver in the marble, tears past, the destiny accepted. The antique has nothing that compares with the statue in this point.

In cool, quiet phrases intended to give the reader the impression that she is rather a narrator of than an actor in the scenes about to transpire, Lucy Snowe opens the book. The reader—especially if he be superficial—takes her at her word, and becomes absorbed in the quaint childhood of Polly Home, intertwining itself with the boyhood of Graham Bretton. Suddenly the *dramatis personæ* are swept from the boards, and we are left alone with Lucy Snowe. This is not quite relishable at first, and turning your head you look wistfully after him of the "tawny locks" and little Paulina.

The fourth chapter opens with two paragraphs which for terse bitterness and condensed description are both amazing and admirable, and these comprise all we are to know of Lucy Snowe's antecedents. After the decease of Miss Marchmont, to whom Lucy Snowe has been companion, friend, and nurse, we follow her in her desperate journey to France, still somewhat doubtful of her, still not quite sure that she entirely enlists our sympathies; and then begins the record of her life in "Villette"—a life which is double-sided, and to which these two sentences furnish the key.

"In catalepsy and dead trance I studiously held the quick of my nature.....It is on the surface only the common gaze will fall."

Like all women, therefore, who are sensitive, impassioned, imaginative, yet withheld by the

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seemingly despotic hand of circumstance—which means Providence assuredly, moulding the soul to higher ends while seeming to suppress*—Lucy Snowe led two lives, the outer one neutral-tinted, divested of saliency for the "common gaze;" the other surging, yearning, wild with ungratified longings and clamorous desires for sustenance withheld.

As a foil to this struggling two-sided existence walks on the stage Miss Ginevra Fanshawe, a creature so tiny of soul, so infinitesimal of heart, that fingers possessing the microscopic delicacy of the Brontës alone could ever have taken her to bits. This Ginevra Fanshawe is an embodiment of the genus Young Lady—an organization in this instance incapable of ever converging to any thing like womanhood. She is the type *par excellence* of that to which the shallow tenuities of life at a boarding-school may reduce the human soul—that soul a woman's, meant for all noble possibilities. Do you not read and shiver to think of all the "Finishing-Schools" that shall turn you out just such shallow-hearted, graceless, graceful—according to Madame Fricfrac—specimen young ladies whom you are entreated to accept for daughters, sisters, wives, mothers?

Lucy Snowe, starving for recognition, sympathy, affection, circumscribed to arid wastes where flowers are forbidden to bloom, sees this bit of feminity, yclept Ginevra Fanshawe, embowered in delights, fed on sweetest flatteries, the treasure of a "good man's love" laid at her feet, and all these gifts of fortune vouchsafed because this waft of thistledown possesses the—comparatively—trivial gift of beauty. In the mean time the "little man," M. Paul, careers occasionally across the field of vision—eccentric, meteoric, evoking what is best of Charlotte Brontë's humor.

This humor of hers is by no means her least peculiar and individual gift. Its irony is scathing, its sarcasm more intense than that of Thackeray, because more impulsive, less studied—an accident, and not a specialty of style—a blade keen and fine, yet wielded only when truth calls upon its earnest champion. Indeed, sincerity stamps its signet upon every word ever written by the Brontë. Dickens sometimes falls into clap-trap, and we applaud him; Thackeray—let us speak most gently here, for flowers bloom above him now, tears in their chalices!—condescended to it rarely; Kingsley does not disdain it; Charles Reade unblushingly abounds in the same. She alone, of all the brilliant company, is always and inevitably sincere. This humor of Brontë's is at times infiltrated by something which we can not call wit, for this quality, in its usual and superficial acceptation, she certainly had not. The diamond of wit *adamantine*, "unconquerable" as it may be, fused beneath the rays of a genius so intense, yet is it not lost. It sparkles in the quick, trenchant sentences, its white light penetrates into unexplored recesses of the heart, its vivid flashes render the opaque luminous; so that which we are wont to term wit doffs its usual garb and becomes a character of style.

This humor, however, generally kept in abeyance, or else apt to reveal itself as almost pure sarcasm, whatever its qualities on other occasions, shows all it possesses of sweet and genial whenever it is brought into contact with M. Paul. And so magical does it render the atmosphere surrounding him that of all the Brontë's creations scarce one takes the fancy more irresistibly or touches the heart more nearly than this "magnificent-minded, grand-hearted, dear, faulty little man—Paul Carlos David Emanuel." He, in common with Rochester, shares a wonderful gift—a gift that makes any man or woman great however faulty besides. I mean the power of piercing beneath surfaces, sweeping away externals and conventionalities, and estimating the soul beneath them at its intrinsic value. That this highest instinct of character,* this invaluable touchstone for all things, is possessed but by the few only renders it the more precious and desirable.

Opposed to M. Paul in vivid contrast—for the Brontë had a nice eye here—Michael Angelo, Reubens, Rembrandt, no painter of them all a keener vision—is Graham Bretton, who figures in the scenes of Madame Beck's pensionnat as "Dr. John;" also, as Isidore, the lover of that "dear angel," Ginevra Fanshawe. He who is "in visage, in shape, in hue, as unlike the dark, acerb, and caustic little Professor as the fruit of the Hesperides might be unlike the sloe in the wild thicket."

I have spoken of Lucy Snowe as minutely informed with Charlotte Brontë's own experience. This is not a mere assumption grounded in fancy, but an undoubted truth: the record of her life—as contained in the two volumes of her biography—needs a scarcely careful perusal to pronounce it so.

Just a few words here regarding this biography. We may call it unsatisfactory, nay, at times insist that its narrowness of feeling wounds us to the quick. But as its author declares, "The family with whom I have now to do shoot their roots down deeper than I can penetrate," we must acknowledge, I suppose, that a deficiency admitted is half-atoned for. But what is to be said of the passage beginning, "I do not deny for myself the existence of coarseness here and there in her works, otherwise so entirely noble," in which charity is absolutely asked for Charlotte Brontë, much as a hat is extended for alms.—Charity for the great pre-Raphaelite among women, who was not ashamed or afraid to utter what God had shown her, and was too single-hearted of aim to swerve one hair-breadth in duplicating Nature's outlines? When char-

* Witness Blaise Pascal, who held all passion in a leash and stands out a master-mind—a redeeming light amidst the "blackness of darkness" to which French literature, even religious, so-called, is prone.

* Perhaps temperament would be the better word, for it is a certain fineness of nerve and organization that gives the power.

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ity is needed for dauntless courage, for fidelity to one's own convictions (the pith and marrow of the bona fide artist), then it will be time to ask it for Charlotte Brontë! Charity is indeed too rare a virtue to be squandered—use it not then to "gild refined gold." No; let us be brave and confess that Truth is too dazzling to be looked upon unveiled; but let us place the fault, where it belongs, in the cowardly weakness of our vision, not charge it to the hand of her who is strong enough and pure enough to thrust aside illusions and show the goddess in her awful splendor!

But to return to the main point, which is, that the biography in question, however faulty, can not help revealing its subject as she really was. And her profound shyness, her proud humility, her spasmodic fits of impulse, the frequent prostration of spirits to which she was liable, will all be found duplicated in Lucy Snowe. Furthermore, most of the Brontë's own habits and moods of mind are illustrated by this character. See the chapter entitled "M. Paul," where Lucy Snowe is made to declare her "creative impulse" to be the "most intractable, the most capricious, the most maddening of masters..... yielding its significance sordidly, as though each word were a drop of the dark ichor of its own deathless veins." Can it be that the perfect sentences of "Villette," each word imbedded in its place in obedience to a decree as immutable as that of the Medes and Persians, were at times actually wrenched from their author?—were the offspring born of intolerable agony?

Turning from Charlotte Brontë to Lucy Snowe—easy transition, where one blends so naturally into the other—we find the latter living on this complex, two-sided life of hers, sedulously cultivating suppression until it almost kills her. This is the difficulty with natures whose intensity is riveted by pride. They hold feeling and emotion in a leash until, irritated to frenzy, feeling and emotion turn and rend their oppressor. Lucy Snowe knows this, but can not, rather will not, remedy it; it is the misfortune of such that "you must love them ere to you they will seem worthy of your love." They will not reveal themselves, but wait for destiny. But God, who takes care of us all, manages for these souls; they shall not go away from His great table, which is the universe, ahungered!

But in the mean time Lucy Snowe drinks in solitude of the cup that is forced to her lips—"black, strong, strange, drawn from no well, but filled up seething from a bottomless and boundless sea." What awful words are these! how more than awful must have been the anguish that taught a mortal woman to compress in human phrase a meaning so deep and direful! At length driven to extremes, unable longer to quell craving for sympathy, she seeks it at the altar of an alien faith, and demands it from the confessional, impelled thither by the semi-delirium of solitary grief and physical suffering.

These last are the forerunners of fever and insensibility. Her return to consciousness is marked by one of the most masterly and ingenious transitions in the range of Charlotte Brontë's works. I mean that chapter wherein the presence of "phantoms of chairs," "wraiths of looking-glasses," "tea-urns," "tea-cups," etc., once familiar furniture of Bretton, are made to return the reader into the company with which the book opens, viz., that of Mrs. Bretton, Lucy Snowe's godmother, and her son, "Dr. John." This last finally recognizes in Madame Beck's English teacher the old acquaintance of his boyhood; *she* had known him long before, but it had not "suited" her "habits of thought or system of feeling to hint at the discovery."

And now occurs one of those curious experiences which occasionally arise out of the relations existing between men and women—an experience possible only, I suppose, to natures ardent yet chaste as Sabrina, rising cool and lily-crowned from a mist of waters. I allude to the curious, one-sided friendship which was "half marble, half life" existing between "Dr. John" and Lucy Snowe.

The emotion involved here is very fine, deep as well, pathetic also. Shelley only has expressed any thing like it in his delicate verses, beginning, "One word is too often profaned for me to profane it." Lucy Snowe is, of course, the sufferer in this "one-sided friendship," yet indignantly repels the accusation of "warmer feelings." It would be worth our while to see where the grievance lay.

Here is a woman cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, leading what aspiration declares to be a halting, stammering, imperfect life. Here is a man gifted with all the graces which had been denied the woman—"handsome, bright-spirited, and sweet-tempered, a curled darling of Nature and of Fortune," possessing the power of action and a sphere wherein to exercise the power, holding what we term the "winning" qualities in the race of life—"born a conqueror as some are born conquered." From this man the woman asks recognition, friendship, and obtains the kindness of a philanthropist and humanitarian—entreats for bread and receives a stone.

Lucy Snowe, brave at heart as all intense persons are, will not waste puerile regrets over the inevitable, but with the quiet benediction, "Good-night, Dr. John, you are good, you are beautiful, but you are not mine;" resigns for aye that sweet consolation of friendship her hungry soul had craved.

It would seem that Charlotte Brontë had been entreated to make fate more propitious to Lucy Snowe, to which she returns answer—a sad meaning underlying the words—"From the beginning I never meant to appoint her lines in pleasant places." So she gives her a "cold name on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for she has about her an external coldness" and relentlessly sends her forth. But we are not to be cheated by any thing "external," so we recognize the fiery soul, the exquisite power of sympathy

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veiled beneath indifference, and will dearly like and fondly cherish her in spite of all.

Little Polly Home—now transformed into Paulina De Bassompierre and a countess—by means of an accident requiring the medical services of "Dr. John," reappears, and the group with which the book opens is complete. Of this "airy fairy thing" Paulina, that "pleases almost to pain," Charlotte Brontë thus speaks: "I felt that this character lacked substance; I fear the reader will feel the same."

It is true that Paulina lacks the strong flavor of our common humanity with which the rest are impregnated. But what matters it when the conception is consistent with itself from beginning to end? Does not the very daintiness and ideality of "little Polly" enhance the vivid reality of the others and throw it out in stronger relief? And does not the rose-leaf-lined existence of the little countess, side by side with the tortured life of Lucy Snowe, invest this last with a most appealing pathos? and was not this a part of the original design?

We watch Dr. John's courtship of Paulina, and for the nonce forget the narrator. But she complains not, she is reserving her hour of triumph. In the course of this wooing De Bassompierre's "little girl" develops a character for delicate finesse quite in accordance with her possibilities, but which Charlotte Brontë's women, simple, direct, impulsive, are not apt to possess. Witness the description given by her, Paulina, to Lucy Snowe of her answer to her lover's letter. "Having confected it until it seemed to me to resemble a morsel of ice flavored with ever so slight a zest of fruit or sugar, I ventured to seal and dispatch it."

We learn that these two marry and are "blessed." Then read the touching paragraph wherein a parallel is drawn between "those whom sorrow rarely visits, or if she does comes only in her most gracious aspect," and those "other travelers who encounter weather fitful and gusty, wild and variable, breast adverse winds, are belated and overtaken by the early closing winter-night"—we read, and bowing our heads, bewail that she who thus wrote was the prophet of her own sad destiny.

If "Dr. John" made no effort to comprehend Lucy Snowe, his antithesis, M. Paul, was far from exhibiting a similar indifference. If in regard to the first she was obliged to complain, "had Lucy Snowe been intrinsically the same, but possessing the additional advantages of wealth and station, would your manner to her, your value for her have been quite what they actually were?"—if these considerations carried weight with "Dr. John," they mattered not a little to him of the "bonnet-grec and paletot." "Dr. John" might regard Lucy Snowe in the light of "a being as inoffensive as a shadow," but for M. Paul she bristled with salient points and aggravating peculiarities. She was the woman whom one man alone finds piquant, attractive, in the end irresistible.

It has been said that whatever is best of Charlotte Brontë's humor is evoked by the "little man in his cherished and ink-stained paletot." Caustic astringent, merciless, as it often is elsewhere, in dealing with him it becomes most gentle and childlike—precious as the royal spice which the Queen of Sheba presented to King Solomon.

Seen in the mellow magical light of this humor most loving and tender, we are fain to sympathize with that lady who vowed she would "either find the duplicate of Professor Emanuel or remain forever single." So that if grudgeful fate bestows upon Lucy Snowe but one admirer, it may be questioned whether he be not more than equal to the half-a-dozen lovers that kneel at the feet of other heroines.

Finally, the cobwebs of machination woven by Madame Beck and her coadjutor, Père Silas, are swept away, and we learn that Lucy Snowe loves and is loved by that "guileless Napoleon," Paul Emanuel. Not with the love "born of beauty," of which she is "sensitively jealous," but with the love that touches the most "inner springs of life."

Ere this consummation is reached, however, her hour of triumph with the reader is arrived. In the whirl of that description, showing the keen anguish of a faithful heart riven by suspense, we know that Paulina, "Dr. John," and the rest are inconsequent, and we realize at last that Lucy Snowe is the book.

Paul Emanuel gives the last proof of his unselfish love, and installing "Mees Lucie" in the dearest wish of her heart—a school of her own, departs upon his voyage. We read of "storm and shrieking winds that strew the sea with wrecks," yet striving to smile say, "Surely, surely he came back again," while tears fast-dropping declare the sad finality—Paul Emanuel is seen of Lucy Snowe no more.

The wonderful tale is told, the unprecedented book, full of human nature as any play of Shakspeare's, ended. Take it, search it thoroughly, it was meant to bear close and stern inspection. Hold it in the strongest light, try it by the severest tests, and know this "Vilette" of Charlotte Brontë's is, as far as human art can make it, a diamond without a flaw, one entire and perfect chrysolite. May no other woman ever write so well, may none other ever suffer so acutely!

I lay this flower, O Charlotte Brontë! upon the altar of your memory. I know it's scarce worthy of so high a resting-place, and that blooms richer and fairer a thousand times shall shame it there. But I claim it pure rosemary at least — the flower of loving memory, and its breath is fragrant. So whomever may disdain, your deep heart would not despise it.*

* It will serve me to state in a note that I would not be supposed to advance the idea that Lucy Snowe and Charlotte Brontë are coincident. This would be inexcusable shallowness. I have merely theorized that, as artists who would be deepest read mankind by the axiom "Know thyself," Charlotte Brontë has made Lucy Snowe the medium for expressing her own experience and temperament further than perhaps any reader is aware.

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WINNING HIS SPURS.

"SO you don't love me!" said Digby Foster, rising abruptly, and walking up and down the room with a certain vehemence of step not usual to him. He spoke bitterly.

"I did not say that, Mr. Foster," answered she, quietly. "Do not pervert my language: I said I would not marry you—"

"But, Nannie! but, Miss Bernard!" cried he, impetuously, and in the tone of one who suffered from a great grievance, "you don't consider—you really don't! I am really serious in this matter, and I know you too well to suppose you are a coquette. I love you, that is the truth. I never yet saw the woman, till I met you, who I thought would make me a wife. You have had my first and freshest love. We have known each other a long time, and you have led me to believe that I am not indifferent to you. Why do you treat me thus, then? Why reject me?"

"You *do* seem to be in earnest, Mr. Foster," said she, in the same quiet tone; yet there was a spice of satire in the way she added, "but can you expect me to give my reasons? Once or twice my hand has been asked by gentlemen before you did me this honor, but they were content with a simple refusal. What would you have me tell you?"

"See here, Nannie Bernard," said he, taking a chair and sitting opposite to her, and dangerously close; "I wish to understand this, for I tell you—you know it—you do not need to be told—my happiness, all my hopes, all my prospects in life depend upon your decision. I wish to know why you reject me. I wish you to redeem your character by some explanation—nothing more than what is my just due. I do not know—I am not skilled in woman's ways—perhaps something in my manner has given you offense; perhaps I have inadvertently presumed too far upon our long acquaintance—our old intimacy. If I have, Nannie, I trust you will pardon me. God knows I have no object so dear in life as just to please you and make you think well of me."

Miss Bernard had cast down her beautiful eyes, and the dainty lids seemed to tremble a little in sheathing them. Perhaps her bosom heaved rather more tumultuously than its wont; perhaps her throat was somewhat dry and husky; but, although her voice was low and sweet—oh, very sweet!—in making answer it could not be perceived to tremble nor to falter.

"You must not think *that*, Digby," she said. "To me you have ever been gentle, courteous—all, and more than all, I could ask. You must not go away from here thinking you have offended me. Far from it—very far from it, my dear friend. But—please do not press these questions upon me. Will it not suffice to tell you that I can not marry you?"

"Good God!" cried he, in a shocked and stricken voice, "you love some one else!"

She hesitated a moment, glanced at him without suffering her eyes to dwell upon his face, and then replied:

"No; I do not love any one else in the way you mean. There is no man living that I think so—I mean that I—"

She blushed vividly, but before her embarrassment could reach its climax he had interrupted her most effectually. He had seated himself upon the sofa alongside of her, he had taken her two hands prisoners in his own, and leaning close to her, and seeking to read her face with eyes that burned with unusual fire—a kind of flame hard to endure without contagion—he said, with all the hurry and warmth and eloquence of passion thoroughly aroused:

"Ah! you love me, Nannie! You love me, and you can not disguise it if you would! You love me! And I!" cried he, in a sort of rapture that kindled up all his face and gave a sort of subtle, touching harmony to his voice—"and I, Nannie!—if I could tell you how I love you the words would set themselves to music! I love you so dearly, with such entire, untiring, unquestioning devotion that to make you mine has become the absolute quest, the sole active interest of my existence. Oh, Nannie! since these two years that I have known you for what you are I have lived in a perpetual sweet land of dreams. You have filled out my being; you have peopled my fancy; you have made all my hours delicious with your constant dear presence. Nannie! Nannie! you will not cast me off! You will be mine—my own—my own precious, cherished wife!"

He talked very sweetly; he was entirely in earnest; the devotedness and the depth of his love for her could not be questioned; and it was doubtless very pleasant to her to listen to such accents. She was a woman too, and it was pleasant to her to be thus imprisoned in a strong man's hands, and to have his eyes bent upon her, glowing with such sincere passion, and to hear his voice fairly melt and grow tremulous with the intensity of his yearning for her. Pleasant it was, also, to feel the woman's yielding mood come over her—that sweet, passive obeisance to the softening suggestions of her own heart; that frank willingness to give herself up to this man at this moment, to reward his love, and to show him not only that she had implicit confidence in his truth and honor and honesty, but also that she could bless him with the love of a nature as warm and abundant as his own. But if Miss Bernard had a woman's weakness, a woman's passivity, she had likewise a woman's nerve, and, even while she yielded physically, and sat there quiet as a mouse in his half-embrace, feeling her every fibre thrill with an inexpressibly delightful consciousness—even then her spirit was all in arms. Not for the present, sweet and blissful though it might be, would she risk his future and hers. *His* future—ay, that gave her additional strength, if she needed it. Without withdrawing her hands from his, without straightening her figure from the position in which it seemed actually to nestle against his

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shoulder, she slowly raised her face until her eyes met his. Then she said, low and softly, but with a wonderful sort of self-control:

"Digby, I have not deceived you. Your love for me has not been without its influence upon me. How could it, so generous, so frank, so honest, so kind, so true as I know you to be? But, nevertheless, Mr. Foster, though I *do* love you, I will not encourage that love. I will not marry you."

He started, looked at her earnestly, and then he released her hands and drew back. Her resolution was not to be mistaken. Her determination was palpably fixed and final. He drew back, perplexed, grieved, shocked, and his stunned air seemed to shake her and unsettle her more than his passion had done. Her eyes were full of pity for him.

"It has cost me a great deal to say this to you, Mr. Foster," said she, laying her hand kindly upon his arm, while her voice faltered not a little; "I wanted to spare you every thing like pain, and I would willingly have spared myself also. Do not let me think I have grieved you," she added, entreatingly.

"Nannie," he replied, with a troubled brow, "I do not understand this at all. You love me, you praise me for more good qualities by far than I possess, yet—you will not marry me! I can not comprehend it. As I told you, I do not understand women. I do not claim any right to have an explanation, but, if you love me, do you not think that you really *owe* me so much as to tell me your reasons for acting in a way which, you must confess, viewed by ordinary rules, seems to be strange and paradoxical? I don't insist, but—"

"But— I will tell you, Digby—give me a moment to put in words what I mean, and I will tell you, though it will be hard for me to do, for I can scarcely say that what I mean is something that *can* be accurately expressed in words."

She rose from her seat, walked the length of the room, and stood by one of the front windows, resting her forehead against the cool glass. He also rose, but did not go after her. He stood upon the hearth resting his elbows upon the mantle-piece, to the imminent peril of the precious articles of virtu there clustered. His looks were downcast, and his forehead puckered up with that same frown of perplexity and trouble.

Here, if I intended it, would be place to give a description of these two personages of my story. But I do not purpose to undertake any such work of supererogation. Experience convinces me that, in nine cases out of ten, our recognition of described persons is a concrete one entirely; we see, not the person depicted by the author, but some actual individual of our acquaintance, between whom and the one depicted we fancy a resemblance either of person or of attribute. Let the reader therefore, in imagining the appearance of Digby Foster and Nannie Bernard, fill up the picture according to his own taste. Let him recall some young lady and young gentleman whom they seem to be like, and the thing is done. For the young lady take a woman of the best society, of handsome estate, aged twenty-three years, something of a belle, very much of a beauty, educated, intelligent, kindly, yet piquant, a very good talker, and suspected of the capacity to say sharp and cutting things upon occasion. I imagine some of her young lady friends did not altogether like her, because there were certain thoughts in her brain which Madame Larami had not put there; but while they called her "singular," they unanimously gave her credit for a noble species of moral courage which they could admire, although they could not imitate it. In other respects Miss Bernard was a young lady as young ladies are.

In personifying Foster you are to imagine Miss Bernard's masculine counterpart—I mean, socially. He was as handsome for a man as she for a woman. He was well-read, polished, and eminently popular. He shed quite a lustre of his own upon society, had no vices to speak of, subscribed languidly to a club, patronized the Opera, knew a good picture when he saw it, was an unexceptional "match," was underscored in all bills for a good husband to-be, had abundant means, wrote pretty good verses after the Tennyson school, and for his profession, was attorney and counseler at law—without a case. Fill up the outline, reader, the canvas is before you.

The statue at the window and the statue on the hearth kept their positions about as long as it has taken you to read what I have written about them. No word passed. At last Foster shook himself out of his moody thoughts and walked toward the window. Miss Bernard turned to meet him, a little pale, perhaps, but with features quite composed.

"Well," said he, "you have decided against speaking the cruel words? The reasons do not exist? If the true love, the sincere devotion of a lifetime, Nannie," began he again, and tried to take her hand. But she snatched it quickly away from him and drew back.

"I never saw a generous man!" cried she, with passion. "You shall not touch me, Sir! You think, because I love you, and your touch is pleasant to me, and your voice has an influence over me, weak woman as I am, that you can bend me from my purpose. You were never so wrong, Sir."

"Nannie!" exclaimed he, with a pathetic sort of grief, as if hurt to the core, "I do not deserve this."

And she, seeing that he was hurt, melted at once.

"I am cross, Digby, forgive me. We women are always cross when we are made sensible of our weakness. But you shall not take hold of my hand. Sit down—over there—and I will walk. Yes, you are right; I owe you some explanation. How shall I explain to you my feelings? I will be candid with you, and all I

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ask in return is that you will hear me patiently. I have long felt that you loved me, and would ask me to be your wife, and I will not conceal from you that it gave me pleasure to perceive that in all the large circle you moved in I was the woman of your choice. More than that, it gives me inexpressible gladness to know that you love me, as it would have caused me many pangs to know that you loved another."

"Why, you are a Platonist, Nannie Bernard," interrupted Foster, impatiently, yet wondering.

"Nay, Digby, do not sneer. We two, when we are together, can afford to be ourselves. I am sure you do not wish to pain me."

"And I am sure you are mistaken when you say you love me. Love can not be thus cold."

"So be it, then!" said she, calmly. "If love can not reason; if love be blind and foolish and suicidal, then I do not love you. But Digby, *I* am sure that it is because of my love I refuse to marry you. It is because I love, honor, and respect you so truly, not only you as you are, but you as you ought to be, you as you can and will be, unless I prevent, that I decline the present happiness you offer me. Digby, I want you to *do* something, to *be* something—to deserve the good gifts that have been lavished upon you, by some creditable achievement. That is why I refuse to marry you."

"Ah!" said he, sarcastically. "I did not know you had so much pride—such a vaulting ambition! Your husband must have won distinction, eh?"

"No, not that, Digby; and you know that you willfully misconstrue me. You know that I could be happy enough with you as you are, but for one thing: You yourself would not be happy."

"I! not happy with you, Nannie!"

"Yes. In spite of your wondering and most flattering emphasis, that is precisely the truth of the matter. I know you better than you know yourself, Digby Foster. You are idle, lazy, a do-nothing, a *fainéant*, and you think you are content to be so. But you are proud as Lucifer, and ambitious. You are fitted for better things, and if you can not grasp them your dream of happiness will be a mere bubble. Love is well enough now, and for a time might content you as it would content me. But men do not live by love, as we poor women do. They need stronger aliment. Ten years hence my love might make me still happy, but yours, without being diminished a particle, would be outgrown and left behind by the progressive energy and exactiveness of your nature as a man. Then, awaking so late, it would be too late for you to begin, and I should start out of my dream of love to find its fruition in a discontented, unhappy husband, become so through my fault. I should never forgive myself if any selfishness of mine brought ruin to your doors. I will not marry you, Digby Foster; and perhaps in telling you so thus plainly, and giving my reasons in so uncomplimentary a fashion, I may be applying the very gad-fly which will sting you into action."

"Action! Ah, don't you remember what happened to Io when the gad-fly stung her? But no!" cried he, with a sudden change of tone, and at once freeing his manner from the bitterness with which he had begun to speak. "No! I will not let you think that your generous language has fallen to the ground unappreciated. What you have said to me shall not be unheeded, and has done me no harm. Believe me, dear Nannie, I take your noble words as they were meant. True, your decision is inexpressibly painful to me. True, your opinions clash with those I have fondly cherished and built my dearest hopes upon. Yet I can readily see that your views may embody the stern truth I have not had courage to face, while mine may be only the dreamy illusions my *fainéant* nature calls up as a cloak and veil for its undone duties. Woe's me! I've had a rude waking! Nannie, I will bid you good-evening. I shall not return to the subject of this conversation until I feel myself able to controvert your opinions of my unworthiness, or else, to convince you of your fallacy."

He held out his hand to her.

"We part friends?" said she, eagerly.

"Never closer!" he answered, warmly.

"But what the deuce am I to do? and how am I to go about it?" thought Digby Foster, several nights afterward, as he slowly sauntered along the streets toward the Opera, pondering with great dissatisfaction upon Nannie Bernard's determination to make a hero or a workman of him against his will. This was a year or two before the war, and the duties of young men in his circumstances were by no means so clearly defined as they have since been by the sharp stress of our sterner times. The *amari aliquid* then in every fountain of youth was the lack of an appropriate thing to do, and, not having that, they generally bestowed themselves either to dry-rot in utter idleness or to do the most inappropriate thing possible. For young gentlemen of leisure and wealth, in those days, there was (on the surface of things) only the alternative of more wealth or of more leisure: more wealth through the contracting and sordid ways of trade or of trade-like profession; or more leisure, in the shape of inane loiterings from hotel to hotel up and down the world, club-life, and fast horses, with perchance some rural upholstery that went by the name of farming, or a languid, kid-gloved pursuit of extremely shallow artistic fancies. These things, with lukewarm novels and drawing-room dawdling, offered but slight inducements to the *esprits forts*, and so, the *esprits forts* generally added the brandy-bottle to their pleasures, and, with this for ballast, soon went to the bottom. There was politics, to be sure, and genuine enough politics if one chose. But the form of politics has never received a patent of nobility in this country, and the only entrance to it has been through

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the pot-house and the ward-meeting, things from the contact of which our young aristocrats shrank with natural loathing.

In such a state of society earnestness had few inducements to offer to its followers, and decidedly no fascinations. Social averages have no tendency to produce comets, and if young men are disposed to wander from the prescribed orbit they generally do not soar but sink. Besides, and to come more nearly to our theme, not many young ladies were used to view matters in the light in which they struck Miss Bernard. They might certainly have been quite as exacting in respect of duties toward *themselves*, and in respect of those toward convention and society, but further than this they were not inclined to go—quite probably could not see. So it happened that Mr. Foster's was a case entirely without a precedent, and he was proportionately perplexed. He felt convinced that Miss Bernard was absolutely right; he admired and praised her for the position she had taken, but—and here he stopped. The path had turned into a squirrel-track and run up a tree. What *was* her position, exactly? What was the precise thing she wanted him to do, and what to become?

She wanted to see him engaged in some kind of knight-errantry, doubtless; and knight-errantry was a noble and laudable pursuit, which he had made up his mind to follow at once and permanently. But what kind of knight-errantry did she expect of him? And what kind could he hope to excel at? Should he enter the actual lists, take corporeal cuts and bruises, and permit himself to be rolled in the tan and saw-dust, like Ivanhoe and the Knight of the Fetterlock? Or should he enroll himself a member of some spiritual brotherhood, to go upon San Greal quests with Galahad and Perceval? It was a complete muddle, thought poor Foster, and there was a ludicrous mixture of humor, sadness, and naïve self-bantering in his musings as he leisurly sauntered along toward the Academy, debating this highly original problem of How to make a Hero of one's self.

"What does she want me to get at, any how? Something with a shine upon it, or something having a soul within it? And what *am* I fit for? What is there that I can go do, any how? My spirit shouts *hoc age*—but the deuce is in it, I need spectacles to see *hoc* with. Now I would not object to joining Garibaldi upon a pinch. There would be a nice little adventure, popping off the white-coated Tedeschi in the romantic scenes of Como. But I never was much of a shot with the rifle, and the Italian war hangs fire, any how. I wonder if she would like me to go to the North Pole with Dr. Hayes? I could acquire the Esquimaux lingo there, perhaps, get a taste for raw blubber, and learn something of electric currents and the glacier theory. By George! and I might keep a journal, and write a book, too! But it would be a confounded waste of time to be ice-locked somewhere up there in the Arctic regions, like poor Sir John Franklin. Besides, I never could endure cold feet. No; that thought is enough to depolarize me completely. I really should like to have some insight into her secret thoughts in regard to an occupation. I do not fancy Nannie is one to require a man to go to the South Seas on missionary business in order to win credit with her for true manhood. I don't think her definition of heroism implies any infraction of sanitary laws or of æsthetic laws. Her knight-errant needs not to be a Quixote nor to wear Mambrino's helmet. She's a genuine woman there, and sees as much godliness in the proper as in any thing else. But beyond this I can not guess what she means. Heigh-ho! It needs more than a thermometer to feel a woman's pulse. It has always been so, from the days of Adam down to this hour of Digby Foster, when man's dullness came in contact with woman's wit. Well, if I can not get into her good graces, I can at least see her pretty face here at the Opera!"

Yes, she was there, and she had never appeared more radiant in his eyes. He had not visited her since she had rejected him, and he did not speak to her now nor go near her, but gazed at her with a hungry look, until his whole soul was filled with a miserly longing for her. Poor fellow! He had now fairly begun to have a "realizing sense" of all that she had been to him, and it did not tend to mellow his consciousness of loss that, the longer he looked, the more dissatisfied he was with his position, and the more impossible seemed the height he had to scale before reaching her.

"I must bring her a feather from the Phœnix's wing;" said he, bitterly, as he left the house after the performance; "I, who do not believe any such rare bird exists, much less know where she roosts! It's confounded hard fortune, I say!"

He did not go home to his boarding-house, but wandered up and down the streets for a long while, in a wretched, purposeless fashion that bespoke how unhappy he was much more plainly than any other action could have done. It was a strange feeling for him, this gnawing sense of dissatisfaction and unrest, and the more acute because of its newness. For Digby Foster had notoriously been a man to enjoy himself in a comfortable sort of way—a man who bore the fame of never permitting troubles or bothers to come within arm's-length of him. People had so bepraised him for his lease of the palace *Sans Souci* that he fancied it was his permanent residence, and, now that Nannie Bernard's negative had shown him how deep his feelings were, and how acute his sensibilities, he found himself defenseless, and stunned with a sort of dismayed bewilderment.

He passed by the Club-rooms. The windows were brilliantly lighted up, and he could hear the hum of talk, and the click of billiard-balls. He felt tempted to go in to have a game, to take a glass of brandy, to drink a bottle of Champagne, somehow to overlay his sombre mood

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with a temporary gilding of mirth, but he passed on finally and continued his sentinel-pace, gnawing his mustache, and being finely gnawed in turn by the young foxes in his bosom.

However, one must go home some time or other, even if that home be a boarding-house; and toward the small hours Foster turned his steps in that direction, his problem all unsolved. Within a few doors of the highly respectable place where he purchased "all the comforts of a home" at an unconscionable price per week, he was accosted under a street-lamp by a woman, a street-walker, who addressed him in the stereotyped fashion. He brushed her aside rather rudely, and was passing on, when the woman staggered, and only saved herself from falling by clinging to the lamp-post. There was something in the action which startled him.

"What is the matter with you? You are not drunk, are you?" he asked, sharply.

"I am starving!" hoarsely gasped the woman, and from her crouching posture she lifted up a gaunt, haggard, white face that he read the meaning of only too plainly in the lamp-light.

"My God! I believe you are!" he cried, putting his hand in his pocket. "Here, take this, and get yourself something to eat."

The woman clutched the note in her fingers without a word of thanks, staggered irresolutely to her feet, and started off. But she had not tottered ten steps before, with a deep groan, she sank to the pavement, fainting—dying it might be—at any rate there she lay, insensible. To a man like Foster there was no time for hesitation or debate. He picked the poor wretch up in his arms, and, in another minute, he had her in the boarding-house, in his room, lying upon his bed. A glass of brandy revived her slightly, but her condition was so desperate as to require further aid. He rang up a couple of servants—they knew his liberality so well that they were always willing to wait on him—sent off for a doctor, had a hasty cup of tea and some light food got ready, and, after an hour or two, had the satisfaction of seeing a sort of reaction set up, and the woman go quietly to sleep. "One more unfortunate," caught, this time, in the very act of making the fatal plunge.

"Wouldn't it have been better to have let her die?" queried the physician, as, his ministrations ended, he pocketed his fee and prepared to retire.

"For her, perhaps so," answered Foster; "but not for me."

The doctor gone, the woman quietly sleeping, a man-servant in the room as watcher, and Foster seated with a book under his shaded light, he began to think. He had not reflected while the period for action lasted, but now he did reflect, and he began to be conscious that his charitable impulses had served to place him somewhat in the position of the man who bought an elephant at auction. However, as he said to himself, there was nothing now for him to do but to see the adventure out, and, while John snored and dreamed of the knives and forks, he read his book and mused upon the impossibilities of modern chivalry.

When morning came Foster's bad bargain began to show some more of its incommodities. The woman woke in a high fever, delirious, raving. Her flighty purposes expressed themselves in a form decidedly uncongenial to the subdued atmosphere and genteel proprieties of a "first-class" boarding-house. Oaths and obscenity flowed loudly from her lips in a stream as black and engorged as that which a large sewer empties into a river. The doors of Foster's rooms were not quite thick enough to shut in the execrable tide, and remonstrance only had the effect to further exasperate the frantic, fever-stricken woman.

Foster sent for the doctor again; *prestissime*, and the landlady sent for Foster. She met him with a severely virtuous air that he could not help inwardly smiling at, though its import was tragic enough for him; she said she would not have believed it of him if any one had told her; and gave him notice to vacate his rooms at the expiration of his week as well as to remove "that creature" instantaneously, or she would be under the unpleasant necessity of sending for a policeman. Foster attempted to explain. As well attempt to perform Mohammed's miracle. She cut him short with a still more icy urging of her ultimatum. He remonstrated. The woman was very ill—could not be moved, perhaps. It did not make any difference. What did he bring her there for? He had found her upon the street in a dying condition, he said. Then he should have sent her to the station-house or the alms-house. This was certainly no place to bring her. It could not be expected of her to let him keep such women in *her* house. All her boarders would leave before the day was out. The thing was an imposition and an outrage, and one she would not have suspected a gentleman like Mr. Foster of attempting to practice upon an unprotected widow. Thereupon, to complete his demolition, madam began to sob and shed tears; and the upshot of his discomfiture was that Foster paid his bill, ordered his trunks to be sent to a hotel, and carried off his bad bargain to the nearest hospital, where he saw that she was provided with the attendance and comforts which her case demanded.

For several days the woman's life hung upon a thread; finally, however, she was out of danger and began to mend. Foster looked after her sedulously, but, before she was discharged cured, he had had a full taste of the discomforts a man sometimes purchases for himself by stepping out of the beaten path of charity and attempting to do business upon a plan of his own. The boarding-house affair naturally got abroad, and every possible version of it (except the true one) was talked about among his friends and acquaintances. The sly winks, nods, and innuendoes which encountered him at every turn did not disturb our friend's equanimity a great deal; nor was he materially put out by the holy horror his case excited among the

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"unco guid" of both sexes; but it did vex him to be seriously taken to task for impropriety by many friends whose good opinion he valued; and when, finally, meeting Miss Bernard on the street, she passed him without a sign of recognition, he experienced a genuine and bitter misery such as he had never known before.

You may be sure these misadventures did not tend to increase the favor with which Foster looked upon his bad bargain. Still there was a certain stubborn sort of grit in the man's disposition which it required opposition to bring to the surface, and the very fact of the outcry against him perhaps piqued him to make extra efforts to show the unreason of it. He came to look upon the woman as a certain ungainly gift to him from Providence, and he made up his mind he would not turn her adrift for the next storm to sink without at least an effort to bring her into harbor.

"The doctor said I had better have left her to die," quoth he to himself. "I will show them all that I did right and that they judged wrongly."

Thus it happened that when Sarah Lough, as the woman called herself, was ready to leave the hospital, she had a patron in Digby Foster. Before she left he had an interview with her, to ascertain what could be done. He found her to be a very unprepossessing creature, much broken by dissipation and harsh usage. She was a low-browed, sullen woman, of about thirty years of age. She had come from the lower walks of life, was grossly ignorant, skeptical alike of generosity and of goodness, and overborne by that apathetic sort of desperation which is the hardest cloud of any to lift from such souls. She evidently entertained a species of grateful feeling for what she owed Foster, but as evidently could not rid her mind of the idea that he had acted from some selfish motive yet to be disclosed. She was at war with the race, and wanted more reason still before she should exempt him from her hostile feelings. Foster, looking at her as she sat before him, with her harsh, haggard features and her vulgar ways, thought that even Mrs. Grundy would be disarmed of her suspicions could she behold the object of them.

He asked Sarah Lough if she had any place to go to, now that she was well again. She signified that she supposed she would have to go back to where she had come from when he found her. Decent people wouldn't have any thing to do with the like of her, and she must go where she could. It didn't matter much where she went.

"You have two stout hands there. You can work, I should suppose," said Foster, bluntly.

Yes, she could work, and would be glad to do it—any kind of work; but while she was waiting for work she would starve again. People couldn't work unless they had a start.

After full consultation with Sarah Lough and with the Sisters of Charity in charge of the hospital Foster determined to give the woman a fair trial in a new way of life. He had no very glowing hopes of her, but still he was willing to see what a persistent and intelligent effort could effect in such a case. He might only get himself laughed at for his pains. He might save a soul. At any rate it would not cost him a great deal.

So Foster found Sarah Lough a place to board, gave her some decent clothing, and saw that she was provided with the only kind of work she was capable of doing—plain sewing. Beyond this and a little supervision, just enough to let her feel that he was interested in her welfare, yet not enough to make her think she was watched, Foster's plans for the woman's reformation did not go, and therefore, perhaps, they were the more successful. He did not preach to her nor send her tracts; he did not, by line and precept, argue with her upon "the error of her ways;" but he strove, in a modest, unobtrusive fashion, to teach her chiefly the value of self-dependence, to let her see that she could support herself in tolerable comfort so long as she was steady and industrious, and to make it plain to her own perception that she was far happier living thus than she ever had been in the life from which he had extricated her. He sought likewise to make her feel that the assistance he was giving her was only temporary until she was fairly started, and encouraged her to save her little earnings for the purpose of buying a sewing-machine.

He had a rather tough battle of it, and a very disagreeable, with the woman's dark, sullen, hopeless nature, but by degrees his unvarying kindness and the forceful energy of his strong common-sense won the day. There was but little to interest a man of refined tastes in Sarah Lough. There were no dangers to Foster, in his slight intercourse with her, of "playing with fire." But still it was not without a natural pride that our friend began to perceive that the ugly devil which possessed his protégée was being exorcised. He noticed that her habits of industry grew more regular and confirmed; her health became better under a healthier regimen; her mind and spirits acquired a sort of elasticity; and in her neater and cleanlier dress, her more subdued and womanlike manners, and her hopefuler eye he saw pleasant proof that the reform he was so much interested in had fairly begun.

Meanwhile there were many changes, and some very unpalatable ones, in Foster's own domestic economy. The transition from a boarding-house to a hotel had only made him wonder that he had so long excluded himself from comfortable existence; but his reputed impudent liaison with Sarah Lough had caused him to run against many a cold shoulder in society. He was too self-contained, and, we must add, too stubborn and willful to volunteer an explanation upon such occasions. One or two slights made him sensitive and quick to suspect other slights: he fancied the houses closed against him which he had visited with pleasure, and he did not

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care to enter the doors which he knew were still open to him.

Another man, in his situation, would have been in danger of becoming an Ishmaelite; but it was characteristic of Foster always to "come out strong" under opposition and in the face of obstruction. Besides, unconsciously to himself, his work in Sarah Lough's behalf had excited a powerful influence in developing those latent energies of character, which, in many a man like him, lie so long perdu that they finally die of atrophy. He had suddenly stumbled upon a social fallacy. He had discovered a rent in the purple robe. He had found out that the world he esteemed could not tolerate even charity unless it were *comme il faut*. Moreover, he had brought society's shallow judgments to the bar in his own person, had tested the friendship that he thought he could depend upon, and in both regards had found a broad margin between profession and performance. Society, he fancied, had used him particularly ill. So long as he had continued on in his old, idle courses, doing nothing, caring for nothing, but disturbing nothing, every thing went smoothly with him. But so soon as he attempted to do a real and genuine good deed the world was up in arms against him, a cloud of aspersions and misrepresentations gathered about him, and he was driven off like a prophet of evil. Now no man had intrinsically a greater respect for that safe maxim, "*quieta non movere*," than Digby Foster; but in this instance he was conscious that he was right and society wrong; that he had done a good, honest part by an erring, unhappy woman; that, acting from the purest motives, he had worked a reform where John Howard would have despaired; and that, for doing this, society had tried him without appeal, and judged him unheard. Time would right him, and he meant to wait time's sure working. He would not abandon his good work to an unreasoning prejudice, nor would he go down upon his knees to beg pardon of the society that had injured him. No, he was self contained, and would "gang his ain gait."

Meantime, however, thus expatriated and exiled, he began to perceive the need of an occupation. A strange sort of unrest had come over him, and he perceived that he could not employ himself permanently in going about the streets picking up wretched women to practice spiritual physic upon. He must have something to do that was less bizarre and more substantial. The natural yearnings of an active spirit began to assert themselves, and he fairly cursed his idleness for the wasted years it had suffered to slip by. Almost unconsciously to himself he found his steps daily taking the direction of his neglected law-office, and, after a while, he spent here the greater part of the business-day, dusting and rearranging his books, reassorting his papers, and furbishing up by new readings and careful revisions his former very clever acquaintance with his profession. He read for occupation, not for clients, since he had no idea these would come. One or two clients did accidentally stumble in, however, and gave him cases, which he took with a strange eagerness, while his brother lawyers smiled sneeringly to see Digby Foster's name entered upon criminal and minor plea dockets, as counsel in cases the fees for which would not keep him in cigars. Still, it gave him something to do—it furnished him with a subsidy of new interests outside himself, and, as he philosophically reasoned, a lawyer may find as much work to do in a five-dollar case, if he so chooses, as he can in one where his energies are quickened by a thousand-dollar retaining fee.

One day when he was seated in his office fagging over the knotty issues of a petty case of appeal from "Mulligan, J. P.," the gentleman with whom he had studied law entered. This was the distinguished Mr. Codex, one of the most learned, able, and prominent members of the bar in the city, and, outside of his profession, as observant, shrewd, long-headed a man as one could wish to encounter.

"I see your name is printed on some of the dockets, Digby," said he, after the first salutations. "What's that for? A freak? or do you really intend to begin practice?"

"Upon my word I do not know," replied Foster. "It is too recent a thing with me for me to have made up my mind yet: I resumed the old studies by accident, so to speak, because I had nothing else to do, and I find that I like it very much. Of course these bothersome six-penny cases I have taken do not give me a fair chance, but I take them upon principle, and I believe I would make a pretty fair lawyer if I could get something creditable to do."

"That is precisely what I came about," said old Codex, shortly. "I saw you in court yesterday, and thought you looked hungry for a case. You dog you! I saw you criticising my argument, too. Don't deny it! Now, I'm a candid man. I know your calibre pretty well. I believe that you have the material for a good lawyer in you, if you will only put your shoulder to the wheel. Come, I'll tell you what I will do. There's the B—— will-case. It comes up in a couple of weeks. It is a very important issue; has excited a good deal of attention, and offers the right chance for éclat. My hands are too full for me to do all the work. If you say so, you shall be associate counsel with me in the case, and we'll share the honors and profits of it between us."

Foster's eyes glowed with delight and gratitude as he accepted the generous proposition of Mr. Codex.

"There, no thanks!" said the senior. "I know what I am about. You'll be a great help to me, and you'll save me a great amount of tiresome work. No thanks. Come round to my office to-morrow morning at nine. The papers are all there, and we can go over them together and decide upon our course of action. We'll have a hard fight of it, but there's a fair chance to win. Good-day!"

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Foster did not require to be told that his old sponsor in law proposed to do him a great service in thus bringing him prominently forward in connection with one of the most important cases of the day, and he resolved not only that his friend should not have to regret his kindness, but also that he would make skillful use of so rare an opportunity to win for himself an unquestionable rank in the profession. Accordingly, he devoted the next fortnight to close and unintermitting study, going nowhere, and seeing nobody except Mr. Codex.

I must, however, except one evening, on which, at her request, he went to see Sarah Lough. She wished to consult him in reference to an offer that had been made her to go West with another woman who wished to establish a partnership in dress-making. Upon inquiry Foster found that the affair would be to his protégée's advantage, and urged her to accept it, at the same time promising her any assistance she needed.

"I have money enough for my purposes, Mr. Foster," she said; and then, as he rose to go, added with great emotion:

"I am not going to thank you for what you have done. You don't need my thanks, and I could not utter them. You have made a woman of me once more; you have done it in the only way it could have been done, and that too, in spite of what people have said and thought. I know more than you think I do. I will not tell you how much; but I know that you have had great trouble on my account, and I know that these troubles are almost at an end, and you are going to be rewarded more than you can dream of, for having befriended me. Oh, Mr. Foster, I hope you will be very happy! I *know* you will be!"

There was something in the woman's significant words and her keen looks at him that startled Foster, and as he went home to his hotel his brain was full of thoughts and dreams of Nannie Bernard.

As Mr. Codex had predicted, the B—— will-case excited a good deal of public as well as professional interest. There was a goodly number of spectators present during the four days it lasted, a large attendance on the part of the bar, and a coterie of the omnipresent reporters, who gave to the case four or five columns each morning in the newspapers. Foster was somewhat embarrassed at first; but this speedily disappeared, was forgotten, in fact, in the absorbing interest of the case itself, which, from the numerous points involved, the doubtful character and various vicissitudes of the testimony, and the ability of the counsel engaged, had in fact all the features of a grand strategic campaign. Our friend acquitted himself admirably. He had studied the issue with ardor under the shrewd guidance of old Codex, and had gone so thoroughly into all the contingencies of it, that he found himself armed at all points, and ready, like a skillful chess-player, to anticipate every move his opponents made. So well indeed had he performed his part that Codex, on the evening preceding the last day of the trial, changed his dispositions, and requested his ally to make the closing speech. To this Foster objected—but the old lawyer had his own way.

"All I was afraid of," said he, "was that you would not keep cool. This you have shown your ability to do. We have fought over pretty much all the technical grounds involved, and I want you to go before the jury with the case. You have more *vim*, more fire than I have. I'm too old. Your young blood will enable you to electrify them more—to put yourself in closer rapport with them. That is all we need to win the case. Go home now, and get ready to give it to them strong. I thought I knew what was in you, Digby, but you have surpassed my expectations. Do your best to-morrow."

This Foster had made up his mind to do, and when the morrow came he acquitted himself, in a speech three hours long, in a way that surprised him as much as it did every one who heard him.

"You have done wonderfully," said Mr. Codex, grasping his hand as he sat down at last, trembling all over with unwonted excitement.

"He's won the cause," grumbled the senior counsel on the other side, flinging a shrewd interrogative glance at the jury as the bailiffs piloted them out of the court-room.

And so it proved, for in less than an hour the B—— will-case was decided by a verdict for the parties represented by Codex and Foster.

As they went out of the court-house together Mr. Codex said: "By-the-way, Digby, I've a message for you."

"For me? From whom?"

"Yes, for you, and from a young lady, a particular friend of mine—Miss Nannie Bernard. You know her, I believe."

Oh yes, he knew her!

"Somehow or other—from the natural curiosity of her sex, I suppose—she has taken an immense deal of interest in the progress of this B—— will-case of ours; and she commissioned me to tell you that she would like you to call upon her some time to-morrow, if you have leisure, to tell her all about it. You haven't been to see her lately, she said, and that is why she sends you a special message. I'm most too old for a Ganymede, but I pledged myself to her to send you. You'll go, won't you?"

Would he go? What a superfluity of words!

Sarah Lough was to leave the city at an early hour the next morning; and after dinner Foster went toward her room to keep his promise of bidding her good-by. She lived at the top of a tall house, and in going up the stairs, which were quite dark in the gathering twilight, Foster was brushed against by a lady who was passing rapidly down. He could not see who she was. But when he got up to Sarah's room he found that woman standing in the door-way, weeping

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and greatly agitated. Her excitement increased at sight of him, and she cried:

"Did you not meet her? Didn't she pass you on the stairs?"

"Her? Who?" he exclaimed.

"That angel—Miss Bernard!"

"What! Miss Bernard here?"

"Yes! God bless her! She has befriended me—has done as much for me as you have. She heard of what you had done for me. She would not believe the lies. She hunted me up and found out the truth. It was for your sake, I know She knows every thing. Don't wait for me—go after her—catch her. Don't stay here, Mr. Foster! Did I not tell you she loves you yet! Hasn't she been so nervous about your speech to-day that she was fit to cry? Good-by, Mr. Foster. God bless you and Miss Bernard!"

Foster did not hear her. His errand was quite forgot. Down stairs he plunged, three steps at a time, at the imminent peril of his neck. The street was already dark, the lamps lighted, but he knew in which direction to go, and it did not take him long to catch up with her as she hurried along, with her veil down.

"Miss Bernard—Nannie," cried he, breathlessly, "I am going your way. Will you take my arm?"

She didn't say a word in reply, but her hand trembled as she rested it upon his arm.

"Mr. Codex said you wished to see me to-morrow—won't to-night do as well?"

"Mr. Codex told you so? The old rascal! I never sent any such message, believe me, Mr. Foster. I'll pinch his ears for that."

"He said you were very much interested in the B—— will-case."

"So I am. Did you speak to-day? Did you win the case?"

"Yes, it was decided in our favor."

"You did very well then, didn't you, Mr. Foster?"

"Why do you wish to know?"

"Why? because I gave you the case, to be sure."

"You—gave—me—the case!"

"Of course I did! I heard you were so desperate that you had come down to assaults and batteries, so I took pity on you and asked Mr. Codex to get you on some nice respectable business so that you needn't disgrace yourself any more. Of course I wanted you to do well after having pledged myself that you would."

"Nannie, I've—I've gone to work, you see."

"Yes, and I think you treat your friends very meanly. Are you so busy you have no time to visit?"

"Nannie, you know you cut me, right on the street."

"Oh, I was mad that day—I had just heard the reports. I only believed them a single day, Digby, and I'm sorry I did you even that injustice. I've done what I could to make reparation to you."

"That woman told me, just now, how—"

"Digby Foster!" said Miss Bernard, turning her face to his suddenly, and as suddenly turning it away again, "do you know that you are a very noble man?"

"Am I, Nannie? It sounds pleasant to be told so by you."

"Yes, you are! You just went off and did what was exactly right, but what other people wouldn't have done for the world, and never dreamed of taking credit to yourself for it. That's what I call being noble."

"Well, but I've gone to work, too, Nannie."

She had no answer to make now.

"Don't you think I've done something?"

She indicated her answer by a slight pressure upon his arm.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire, Nannie."

No answer.

"Don't you trust me yet, Nannie?"

Again the upturned face, the face suddenly turned away again.

"I *do* trust you, Digby."

And thus it was that Digby Foster won his spurs, as a good knight and true, worthy to break a lance for the honor of his ladye-love, Miss Nannie Bernard.

NAMES OF PLACES.

Verba sunt rerum notæ.—Cic. Top. 8.

NAMES are the records of things, and especially so when we examine the names of places and read in them their own history. It is but too little known, or at least too rarely thought of, that names are in no language words arbitrarily chosen, much less the product of chance, but that they have all a meaning and a history. That we can not always decipher the former and retrace the latter ought to be but an incentive to search more carefully for those facts which are within our reach. The difficulty itself was acknowledged by a great master of antiquity, for Plato says already in his Cratylus: "O Hermogenes, son of Hippomeus! there is an old proverb that beautiful things are somehow beautiful to learn. Now the learning relating to names happens to be no small affair." So it is in our English, but great is also the reward. Nowhere are we made more clearly to see and more fully to feel that words are the most vital and imperishable of man's creations than in the historical names of places. We find here, above all, that "as words are mysterious in their origin, so have they something of an awful force and intensity of life, which gives them a perpetuity beyond the decay of races and the revolutions of empires." To trace local names, it is true, has, on account of its great difficulty, led to much absurd guess-work, and confirmed the oft-repeated accusation that Etymology was but the *Scientia ad libitum*. We ought not to forget, however, that as Astronomy arose from Astrology, and Chemistry from Alchymy, so generally "Truth cometh out of error." Besides, guesses in themselves are interesting, and in the majority of cases the only means of sifting out of

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much chaff the precious grain of truth. Inquiries into the meaning of names of places form so many tributary streams of history, as that excellent journal "Notes and Queries" has now for many a year proved most successfully. They serve to point out and to establish the changes of races who have inhabited the land; they remind us, as we hope to be able to show, of extinct customs and superstitions; they augment our interest in our own and foreign countries by revealing the deep impress of our common humanity even on what appears at first sight a set of purposeless sounds. Is there not, for instance, a peculiar charm and deep interest in the fact that the name of Great Britain should be at the same time the oldest known, lost in the remoteness of antiquity, and the most modern, by which the greatest kingdom of the earth is known to mankind? Does it not at once bring before the mind forcibly the singular union in England of the most ancient traditions with the most vigorous manifestations of modern life and civilization? Thus it is more or less with all local names, and as their connection with the races of our forefathers is by far the most important feature in their history, we propose to give some account of them in this aspect.

If we were to believe the first schoolmaster, who, by-the-way, was certainly "most strangely abroad," Eugene Aram, we would have to look upon the Celtic as the common parent of all languages, and especially as the original source from which English is derived, for so he tells us in the MS. of a Dictionary on the principle of Comparative Philology, which he has left behind him. Modern science does not support this theory, but the large number of local names in England, derived from the Celtic and still surviving, might well have misled even a better scholar. They are generally of no great importance for the language, and belong mostly to small and obscure places; but they are extremely interesting in their relation to history and in themselves, because of the difference between their form and the national language now spoken in the same localities. There is, moreover, a peculiarly melancholy interest connected with them, which arises from the fact that our Celtic fathers have left here and there a ruined temple and a few popular superstitions, sad relics of their pagan worship, but scarcely one clear and decided trace of their influence on the language or the institutions of England. It has been asserted by high authority that the Arabic words which are found in English are of more direct influence on the higher interests of man than all the Celtic words we have. And yet no idiom shows more clearly than the Celtic the marvelous vitality of languages, how tenaciously they adhere to the soil, how they die only with the final extinction of their race, and often survive it for ages. The Celtic had from of old less vitality, less power of resistance than any other language of Europe. In its whole known history in England or on the Continent it has never made a conquest; for the trifling inroad it is said to have made from Wales into the adjoining counties can hardly be counted as such. Ever feeble, ever waning, it has yet, to this day, never been entirely extinguished, and still survives, to a certain extent, in France and in England. A great many names still linger in these countries which have evidently taken deep root in the soil, and remain there long after the race that first bestowed them has given way to another and more vigorous stock. Ancient British names are still traceable in many towns and villages; and great natural landmarks, such as rivers and mountains, have retained until now their first names, unchanged amidst the shock of revolutions and the press of invasions. Trodden under foot by the stranger, they have imposed upon the conqueror their own language, untranslated and often unchanged; so that many names are found now in use under Queen Victoria which were already known and in use under Queen Boadicea. The only exception, perhaps, where the Anglo-Saxons gave entirely new names even to great natural objects, are the mountains now called Saddleback and Snowdon. But these isolated instances sink into insignificance by the side of a host of true Celtic names, such as Thames and Tamar, Avon and Severn, Cam and Isis, Ouse and Derwent, Wye or Way, Medlock and Lune, which have preserved their primeval forms. These Celtic names abound, of course, most in localities where the Britons remained longest in power, but they furnish altogether, with very few exceptions, the oldest topographical nomenclature every where in England. We have already alluded to the strange act of historical justice, which has allowed the ill-treated Celts to give to the Empire its final and grandest name of Great Britain. Of minor names there is the Celtic *Pen* (head), which we find in *Pen Pont*, the head of the bridge, and in the *Pendennis* of Cornwall, the fortified headland. *Penance* and *Penrose* mean both the head of the valley, and *Pen Mon* is the extreme end of the island of Mona. In *Pen Hill* we have a remarkable name made up of two words, belonging to different languages and meaning almost the same thing—a pleonasm arising from the ignorance of the population, to whom the word Pen conveyed no longer a clear and definite meaning. A similar instance exists in Calabria, where the romantic *Mongibello* shows a compound of the Norman word *Mont* (mountain) with the Arabic *Gebel*, which has the same meaning. There also the reign of the Arabs had been too short to leave in the mind of the people a recollection of the signification of the foreign word, and thus the strange hybrid was produced.

Besides Pen we have the two words *Aber* and *Inver*, the one Cymric, the other Gaelic, but both meaning mouth, and entering largely into the names of towns. *Abernethy* and *Invernethy* are thus identical; *Aberdeen* is the mouth of the Den, and *Abergavenny* lies at the place where the Usk and the Gavenny meet. *Berwick* was anciently Aberwick, and *Humber* comes in like manner from Hum and Aber. The name of

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the town of *Barmouth* in Northern Wales was formed from two Celtic words Aber and Man, but changed in the latter into the more familiar "mouth" as Celtic was forgotten and Saxon became more familiar. *Avon* is the Celtic word for river, and remains unchanged in the name of more than one river; *Strath* means a valley, and has given us *Strathclyde* and famous *Strathfieldsaye; Athe*, a ford, survives in *Athlone*, properly Ath Luain, the ford of St. Lua, and in *Athleague*, the ford of rocks. *Ard*, which means high, reappears in *Ardmore* and *Ardrossan*. *Bal*, a city, in numerous Welsh and Irish towns, and in *Balmoral*. *Den*, a sheltered region, has become a thorough English word and hardly owes any longer allegiance to its own idiom. In *Bangor* we read quite a historic lesson. It means Great Circle, and derives its name from the fact that at the first introduction of Christianity among the Britons circles (*gor*) were formed for the purpose of better organization. When subsequently one of these circles became more numerous and powerful it was called a great circle (*Ban-gor*), and thus soon became the common designation of a superior monastery or congregation. *Cambria* and *Cumberland* both still bear the name of their former inhabitants, the Cymri, who dwelt there during the rule of the Anglo-Saxons, and so does *Cornwallis*, the "horn" of the Welsh.

These local names are all the more important for our knowledge of Celts and Celtic, as there are but few other traces of their language left in modern English. The *yew*, anciently spelled *eugh* and *yugh*, is commonly considered as still bearing its Celtic name. *Ewhurst*, near Basingstroke, no doubt received its name from the number of yew-trees of great antiquity for which it is famous, and so did probably *Euridge* in Wilts. With a few such exceptions, however, the number of Celtic words in English is very small. This must be mainly attributed to the fact that there existed no Celtic MSS., because the people never wrote, and the Druids, as Cæsar tells us, thought it improper to commit their mysteries and their history to writing. All their myths and songs were handed down orally, and by far the larger part of our knowledge of British Celts is derived from tradition. When the Romans subsequently conquered the island, they viewed the Druids as the prop and support of Celtic nationality, which must be destroyed to the root. They took their measures accordingly, and were but too successful. Still there are some Celtic words which have survived in English, mainly because they represent purely Celtic things, as belt, kilt, clan, pibroch, and plaid.

The Romans exercised likewise but little influence on our language during their occupation of the British isles, and hence we find that among local names also there are but few which are certainly both old Latin and modern English. We know in fact but three: *castrum*, *stratum*, and *colonia*. The first survived perhaps in few cases altogether unchanged; it was more commonly added by the Saxons to local names, in order to designate a Roman site where a camp had stood. The ancient Durobrivæ on the river New thus survives as *Castor; Ancaster* proves its Roman origin by the many Roman coins found there; and *Tadcaster*, *Doncaster*, and *Lancaster*, on the river Lune, have the same origin. The Latin word was at an early period changed into Cester, as in *Cirencester* and *Gloucester*, the ancient Glevæ Castrum. In Oxfordshire *Bicester* and *Alcester* appear to be Roman sites—a presumption which, in the case of *Leicester*, has been proved by interesting remains of Roman mansions and tesselated pavements. *Manceter* has lost an *s*, and *Wroxeter* is a violent contraction of Wreaken Ceaster, a name derived from the neighboring Wrekin Hill. A still later development is the softened *Chester*, repeated in *Chesterholm* and the *Great Chesters*. It has given us also *Chichester*, founded by Cesse, the son of Elle, and *Colchester*, the first Roman city that was made a colonia, which, however, may also have taken its name from the river Colne. *Rochester* and great *Manchester*, *Silchester*, whose walls once included a circuit of three miles, and *Winchester*, all bear the impress of antiquity. The latter corresponds strikingly to the French Bicêtre, as in Germany the city of Cassel represents the ancient Castellum, derived from the Latin castrum.

The second Latin word, *stratum*, recalls to us at once the magnificent roads that traversed the island in many directions, built, no doubt, partly at least by the manual labor of our British forefathers, but laid out by Roman engineers and finished under Roman direction. Each of the great lines of road was called a *strata* by the Romans of the declining empire, and the Anglo-Saxon invaders adopted the word, which closely resembled a Gothic word of their own, a *straet*, adding it subsequently to many places situated on the old lines of the Roman road. A village became thus easily *Stratton* or *Stretham*, a straet town or a straet home; and if there was a ford near by, as readily *Stratford;* so that these and similar names still mark for long distances the course of former Roman roads, even where all other traces have long disappeared.

Colonia, the proud title of many a provincial town throughout the vast empire, survives here and there in local names, as in the abovementioned *Colchester*. In the north we find *Lincoln*, once the noble city of Lindum.

Besides these three great sources of modern names we meet not unfrequently with other traces of Roman greatness, as in the case of the great wall of the Emperor Hadrian, which stretched from the Solway Frith to the mouth of the Tyne. Traces of the sites and names of Roman towns abound here, beginning with *Wallsend* near the eastern end of the gigantic work, and further on *Chester on the Wall*, *Walltown*, *Wallwick*, and *Thirlwall*, where the river passes (*thrills*) through the wall—a locality from which, in all probability, the name of the eminent scholar was originally derived.

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Other races followed the Romans in rapid succession, invading the island on all accessible points, holding some parts of the coast for a generation or two and then disappearing again. Of these only one, the Frisians, have left behind them really valuable and important traces in local names, and, of course, most distinctly again in those parts of Great Britain where they dwelt longest. With the exception, however, of the diminutive termination *kin*, which we clearly owe to them, it is extremely difficult to separate now what is due to them and what to the speech of the Angles. For these came themselves from that part of the Duchy of Slesvic, which is called Frisia Minor, where the very place is shown at Tundern, from which they embarked when they went forth finally to take possession of Great Britain.

More remarkable is the influence exercised on local names by the conquerors who next came to carve out for themselves a new kingdom in England. The Danes, who first appeared under the indefinite name of "Pagani, Normanni sive Dani," became soon widely known, when the great Alfred himself had to cede to them the larger part of his kingdom. It was here, of course, that the *Denelaga*, the law of the Danes, had its fullest sway; but they extended far east and north, so that the Orkneys and the Shetland are to this day true Norse, and *Sodor* reminds us yet of the Norse for Souther, and *Sutherland* itself was so called because this northermost county of Scotland was nevertheless to the south of Norway. Hence they left behind them a vast number of names of places which they bestowed, and which are still preserved. The most frequent of these are *by*, a farm or a village; *thorpe*, a hamlet; *thwaite*, a piece of cleared land; *ey*, an island; and a few of less importance, as *holme*, *toft*, *beck*, and *ness*. Of these *by* has served to form at least one-fourth of all the names and towns in Lincolnshire. The Danes were fond of adding it to the names of their gods, and thus made *Thoresby* and *Baldersby*, justifying the poet when he sings of the Northmen that they "gave their gods the land they won." Other Danish names of the same kind, however, make it clear that they were mere reminiscences of home, and that Christianity was already the religion of the people when they gave these names. *Kirkby*—Underdale and *Kirkby*—moorside, *Kirkby* in Lonsdale and *Crossby* show that long since the Christian bishop had driven out the heathen priest, and the Christian church and cross had succeeded to the pagan altar. Where neither God nor church stood sponsor, the name of the owner served instead, and thus were made *Rolfsby*, *Ormsby* (Gorm's by), *Grimsby*, *Haconby*, *Swainsby*, *Ingersby*, and *Osgodby*. Even persons who were not Danes often supplied their names, as in *Saxby*, *Frankby*, *Scotsby*, and *Flemingby*. Nor did the favorite name disdain an alliance with common words; thus *Derwentby*, *Appleby*, and *Netherby* are easily understood, and *Coningsby* is Danish for the English Cuningham, meaning literally "King's Home." *Digby* is dike-town, and the only southern town thus named is old *Rokeby*, now famous Rugby. The spelling is anglicized in *Battersbee*, *Hornsbee*, and *Ashbee*. Our word bye-law owes its origin to the same Danish word, and meant originally the law of the *byes* or towns, as distinguished from the general law of the kingdom.

Thorpe has in like manner furnished a large number of local names. *Ullesthorpe* reminds us again of a Scandinavian deity, while *Bassingthorpe* and *Shillingthorpe* are derived from family names. *Bishopsthorpe* and *Nunthorpe*, on the other hand, recall the faith of the first owners.

The word *ca* for island is not only Danish but also Frisic, and may therefore occasionally belong to the latter language. It is very suggestive of historic changes. Thus, when the island of Mona was taken by Egbert he changed its name into the Englishman's island, *Anglesea*; and *Sheppy*, *Ely*, and *Mersey* are from of old the islands of sheep, eels, and of the mere or sea. *Roodey* was the island of the holy rod or cross, and *Bardsey* was called the bards' island, as being the last retreat of the Welsh bards; but *Jersey*, with its apparent kinship to these names, ought to be a warning to overhasty etymologists, as it is derived from Cæsarea, and has nothing to do with Dane or Saxon.

Besides these names of localities the Danes have given us also some words for mere features of landscape, as *billow*, *gar*, and *elding*. *Gil* is from the old Norse, and means a small ravine; it enters into the proper names of *Gilbert* and *Gilmore*, just as *forse*, a waterfall, has helped to form the famous name of *Wilberforce*. King Canute lives still in *Knutsford*, the great Hacon in Hacon's isle, *Hackney*, and the "children of God," Aesbjorn, in our *Osborne*. Another important relic of Danish manners and custom, surviving in local names, is found in the word *Thing*. They gave this name to their great assemblies, as is still done in "Storthing," the Great Assembly of Sweden and Norway. Through it *Thingwall* in Cheshire obtained its name, and so also were formed the names of *Dingwall* in the north of Scotland, *Tingwall* in the Shetland islands, and *Tynewald* in the Isle of Man. Some of the petty courts of this kind were not held in the open air, like the larger assemblies, but in the house, and were hence known as *Hustings*—a name now universally, though ignorantly, used for modern purposes.

The Anglo-Saxon has, of course, left the strongest impress of all on the land, and its title is read clearly in the names of all leading localities—

> In ford, in ham, in ley, and tun
> The most of English surnames run,

says an old ditty, and recent researches have confirmed the fact that these syllables belong to one-fourth of all local names mentioned in Saxon charters. *Ford* is, of course, the present word of the same meaning, but by so much more common then, as fords were more numerous than bridges. It is now mostly attached in

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local names to common words as in *Bradford*, the broad ford; in *Herford*, the army ford; in *Oxford*, not the ford for oxen, but the ford over the river Ouse. At other times it is added to the names of great leaders, who have made certain fords historical, as to Uffa in Suffolk, from whom *Ufford* bears its name, and to *Knutsford* from Canute the Dane. *Bridgford* combines the new and the old *régime*. *Ham* is our modern home, the word so peculiarly dear to all Saxon hearts, because it is really the most sacred, the most intimately felt of all the words by which the dwelling of man is distinguished. By its historic associations it gains, in local names, an additional hold upon our sympathies. Thus the memory of the first Christian Queen of England, Ebba, lives still in Ebba's home, now *Epsom;* nor is it quite unimportant that in the south of England it should always have its full form *home*, while the sterner north has invariably shortened it into *ham*. St. Keynan, a saint of whom otherwise few would know, has left his memory in *Keynham;* and Horsa, the companion of Hengist, protests by his town of *Horsham* against being treated as a simple banner, with a horse for its emblem. *Farnham* still abounds in ferns, and *Denham* lies in a snug den; *Langham* and *Higham*, *Shoreham* and *Cobham* explain themselves, while the diminutive *hamlet* applies with peculiar appropriateness to places like *Waltham*, the home in the wood or the weald. *Hampden* and *Hampton* have admitted a *p*, which loves to slip in between labials and dentals, and the State of New York boasts in its great city of *Gotham* the goats' home—and not as maligners say the home of the Goths—of the father of modern humbugs, *Barnum*, whose home is not a barn but an Eastern palace.

It is evident from many of the examples mentioned that our Anglo-Saxon fathers were peculiarly fond of connecting their family names with their dwelling-places. They remind us uncomfortably of the words of the Psalmist: "Their inward thought is that their houses shall continue forever, and their dwelling-place to all generations. They call their lands after their own names." But the same tendency, still so characteristic of the Saxon race at home and abroad, has prevailed in most ages and in most countries of the world. Great kings and conquerors applied their names to countries and cities as we do to farms and villas. Philip of Macedon gave his to Philippi—so famous in the history of Brutus and Cassius, and dearer to us all because here tidings of the Gospel seem first to have been received gladly by European listeners. Alexander and Antiochus left behind them Alexandria and Antioch. The Cæsars are remembered by name in Autun, once Augustodunum, Saragossa, Cæsarea Augusta, Adrianople, and Constantinople. In the United States the name of the founder of the Republic was bestowed upon the capital and hundreds of smaller towns, and the British Queen has named Victoria in her distant colonies.

The sweet name of *Leigh* is the most recent and fullest form of the Saxon *lea* or *ley*, which still survives every where, especially in Cheshire, where there are "as many Leighs as fleas," as the proverb has it bluntly. *Offley*, near *Hitchley*, recalls the great King Offa; *Nettey*, little creditable to farmers, who generally abhor nettles, makes amends by its beautiful abbey on the lea, and *Berkley* brings up before the mind's eye fair fields surrounded by birches.

Tun is of all Saxon words of this class by far the most frequent, because its meaning adapts itself most readily to a great variety of habitations. Originally derived from the Saxon verb *tynan*, which meant simply to close or inclose, it was soon used for various purposes, now helping to count, when *ten* meant the closed hands, and then as *tyning*, an inclosure or farm. Its use became all the more general, as the Celts had already those beautiful hedgerows which are so striking a feature in English landscapes. These were early called *tuns*, and the name gradually applied to *towns*. This is well illustrated in Wiclife's translation of the Bible, where the invited guest excuses himself with the words: "I have bought a *toun*, and I have nede to go out and se it;" and in the reference to it: "But they dispisiden and wenten forth, oon to his *toun*, another to his merchandise." In both places town is used for the modern farm, while the word *wyrt-tun* is employed for a "garden of herbs." Its latest and most peculiar meaning is found in *tunnel*, an inclosed covered way. *Tunbridge* is one of the few names in which the old form is fully preserved; generally it has been lengthened into town or toun, as in *Hopetoun*, or shortened into ton, as in *Bratton*, *Leighton*, and *Leamington*. *Acton* in Middlesex requires the aid of the noble oaks in the neighborhood and its once famous "Old Oak Common," as part of the parish is still called, to remind us of the original "Oaktown." Almost every where we find *Norton* (North), *Sutton* (South), and *Newton*. Local names of this kind were readily transferred to men; and hence we see in *Milton* the mill, in *Burton* and *Warburton* the burgh, in *Walton* the wall, and in *Wootton* the wood, in *Staunton* the stone, and the moor in *Morton*.

Closely connected with this word, and yet different in origin and meaning, is our *dun* and its many forms, all derived from the Anglo-Saxon *dun*, an eminence stretching out in a gentle slope, and hence applied to the sea-shore sands as *downs*. It is the same as the Dunes of the Continent and the first part of famous *Dunquerque*, the Frenchified *Kirk* on the *downs*. We find it likewise in the *South Downs*, in *Landsdowne*, *Huntingdone*, and *Farringdon*. The Scotch prefer placing it first, hence they say *Dunbar*, *Dunkeld*, *Dunrobin*, and *Dumbarton*. Its shortest form appears in *Malden* and *Hampden*.

The syllable *wic* or *wick* is almost as common; but as it does not exist in German, but only in Old English and Frisian, it ought perhaps to be credited to the latter. The Swedish also has *wic*, and etymologists have been fond

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of tracing its connection with the Latin *vicus* and the Greek οἶκος. Lord Coke tells us that it means a place on the sea-shore or the banks of a river, and generally this definition is justified by the local position of places that bear the name. *Alnewick*, pronounced Annick, lies on the banks of the Alne, and *Berwick* is named from the Celtic Aber. *Keswick*, *Warwick*, and *Sedgwick*, all remind us by their hard final letter of north of England speech; while in southern counties the softer *wich* prevails, as in *Sandwich*, *Greenwich*, *Ipswich*, *Droitwich*, and *Harwich*. The ancient name of *burg*, so frequent in all Germanic countries, is of course not wanting in English. It assumes varied forms, changing from the full *Scarborough* to the shortened *Edinboro'*, and occasionally appearing as *bury* in *Salisbury* and others. *Aldborough*, near York, corresponds thus in its meaning of Old Town to the Palæocastro and Castelvecchio of the South of Europe. *Brough* in Westmoreland has retained its simple, original meaning, and the same root prevails, but slightly altered, in the more familiar *Brougham*.

Although the sixty thousand followers of the Conqueror were at once ennobled by the simple fact of their victory at Hastings, and large portions of the lands of England were at once appropriated to them as the reward of past and an excitement to future services, this change was not perceptible in the local names of all but smaller localities. To the latter belonged, first of all, the *Manors*, into which the greater part of the kingdom was parceled out. Along with them the Normans introduced into the local nomenclature of England numerous *castles*, which the Conqueror and his immediate successors caused to be erected all over the land. The king himself owned many; his barons followed the example; and thus the Earl of Mortaine built *Montague*, and another Norman noble *Beauvoir Castle*. Frequently the Norman castle took its name from the neighborhood, and so there still exist parishes called *Castle Hedingham*, *Castle Cary*, *Castle Acre*, etc. In other instances also the name survives the existence of the building. Thus *Castle Baynard* and *Castle Mountfichet*, which stood upon the banks of the Thames near St. Paul's, have ceased to exist since the great fire of London in 1666; but *Baynard Castle* is still the name of the city ward in which the building was once situated. As the Norman noble, even when willing to call his town or village by its old Saxon name, was not always able to lay aside altogether his early predilections, we find not unfrequently very eccentric French additions—as Adwick-*le*-Street, Bótton-*le*-Moor, Laughten-*en-le*-Morthen, and Buckland-*tout-Saints*. In very rare cases only were entirely new names bestowed—as in *Battle*, *Beaudesert*, *Beaumanoir*, *Bellasis*, *Belsire*, and *Belleau*. A mixture of old and new produced often not unpleasant effects. Thus *Beaumaris*, in the Isle of Anglesea, looks French, but sounds as Bómorris, like fair Anglo-Saxon. The old town of *Ashby*, the bye or town of the Essi, is slightly disguised by its foreign owner's name, *De la Zouche*, who seems to have been desirous to impress upon posterity that he was "of the genuine stock." It was also a common custom to add simply the new owner's name to the Saxon name of the place, and already Camden has Hurst *Pierpoint* and Hurst *Monceaux*, Tarring *Neville* and Tarring *Peverell*. Other localities have suffered sad mutilations of their once fair names. The famous Y Widdang, or Conspicuous Mountain, in Wales, was surnamed *Monthault* by the Normans, and has sunk into inglorious *Mold*. More unfortunate still was the high-sounding Leiton *Beau Desert*, the "grassy ground near the beautiful wooded land," which soon appears in public documents as Leiton Bussard, and now has ignominiously subsided into Leighton *Buzzard!*

Occasionally we find, moreover, among local English names, not uninteresting allusions to certain striking features of the rule of the Normans. Such are the many names formed with *forest*—a word which did not mean a wood, as now, but localities privileged for the chase, and hunted over by men of Norman blood. On the sea-coast the *Cinque Ports* are still known by their collective names, although the individual names of the five harbors—Sandwich, Hastings, Dover, New Romney, and Hythe—are of far older origin. The Church also has left a strong impress of its power under Norman rule in numerous localities. They are easily recognized by their ecclesiastical titles—as *Abbas*-Combe, *Abbots*bury, *Priors* Hardwick, Leamington-*Priors*, *Monk*-Wearmouth, *Monkland*, Toft *Monachorum*, and Toller *Fratrum*, by way of antithesis to Toller-*Porcorum*, the adjoining parish. On the Tweed the stately rule of the monks of Melrose still lives in the well-known name of *Abbotsford*. *Bishop's* Lynn became subsequently by exchange King's Lynn, while Kingsbury passed into Kingsbury-*Episcopi*; so also *Bishop*-Auckland, *Bishop*-Stokes, and with double emphasis *Bishop-Monkton*. Nor ought we to omit finally the Knights Templar, whose large possessions are still traceable in local names, and add to the Norman element. They are generally known by the addition of *Temple*—as in *Temple* itself in Cornwall, in *Temple*-Breuer in Lincolnshire, *Temple*-Newsam in Yorkshire, etc. The head-quarters of these soldiers of the cross were in London, and the locality is still known as *The Temple*, now long in the possession of another profession. *Cedunt arma togæ.*

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Christmas season and the winter weather make charity a very practical question. The warmest fireside is always a little chilled by the thought of the desolate hearths; and the happiest homes are shadowed by the thought of the cheerless ones. The instinct of relieving is always checked by the fear of being cheated. A poor woman, evidently utterly wretched, stands shuddering in the sharp wind, drawing a scant shawl around her, and asks for a penny. The effect upon the warmly-clad passenger whom she asks is extraordinary. His impulse is to give the penny. But a whole pack of fears, doubts, and feelings open upon that impulse in full cry.

How do you know she is what she pretends, the shameful tramp!

How do you know she has not money in bank, the abominable deceiver! There was Beppo, of the Spanish steps in Rome, who was the chief of beggars in the Holy City, yet he gave his daughter a handsome dowry.

How do you know she will not hurry off to the next grog-shop and drink up your alms in whisky, the abandoned drunkard!

How do you know she does not belong to the Worshipful Company of Beggars, who divide a handsome dividend every week, the arch-impostor!

How do you know she is not a thief, a—a—a—yes, worse than a thief, the inconceivable sinner! and would you openly encourage the most shameless vice?

How do you know she has not hired that puny child and drugged it to stupefaction, in order to harrow your mind with visions of starving little ones—the unnatural woman!

What right have you to pay a premium upon deception and probably crime by giving alms without inquiry?

Why do you abet vagrancy?

Why do you perplex good men and missionaries, who are trying to regulate charities and to expose imposture?

Why don't you give her a ticket and send her to the proper authorities?

Why not give her a tract, which she can't exchange for rum?

Why not give her Jones's direction as a philanthropist?

Public morality requires you to frown upon all street begging.

If you give to this woman there will be twenty more upon the street to-morrow than to-day.

Why does not the woman go to work?

So the pack bays and circles and pours on in a continuous stream. The poor man who by an instinct of common humanity stopped to consider is overwhelmed. The woman stands meekly with open hand, and those hard, sad eyes whose expression does not change with any emotion. Impatient, petulant, uncertain, the man mutters something about "nothing," and moves along, fervently wishing that there were no one in the street that he might dare to be generous. He moves along complimenting himself profusely and half-angrily for promoting public morality.

What ought he to do? And we, kind reader, by a warm fire, what ought we to do under these trying circumstances?

Charles Lamb, when he was on his way to the play, and was stopped by a beggar, gave him a little piece of money, and was reproached by his friend for helping an impostor. "An impostor!" said Lamb. "Why, I am going to pay half-a-crown to a man whom I know to be acting. Here is one who does it so well that I can't tell whether he is acting or not, and you grudge him a half-penny!" It was his airy way of floating over the dilemma.

Von Wick had another. He went to Europe for pleasure, and returned with even a rounder and rosier face than when he left home. He told a delightful tale of travel. There were no fleas in it, no discomforts of any kind. Europe was to him a little heaven below. "But how did you manage the beggars?" asked a nervous friend for whom the beggars had spoiled the Coliseum, and who had waged endless war with rapacious inn-keepers. "How did you endure the universal cheating?" "Easily enough," answered Von Wick. "I set aside five hundred dollars a year as a sunken fund—an amount to be swindled out of my pocket. If a landlord charged a few francs too much I paid it, and bought his *bon voyage* with the sum. If a fellow caught his leg in his arm and hopped by the side of the carriage, swearing that God made him a poor wreck, I threw him a baioccho, and he dropped his leg to run on and commend Eccellenza to the village saints. If a rosy-cheeked, pot-bellied youngster blubbered that he was dying of hunger, and spat out the bread in his mouth to swear that he had had nothing to eat for two days, I gave him a grano, and he grinned his fat delight. They were all liars and rogues. Do you think I was going to let liars and rogues cheat me out of my enjoyment of Europe. No, no, Sir—five hundred dollars for a swindling fund is cheap, Sir, cheap. I never paid a tax more willingly in my life."

This was a smiling philosopher and a merry traveler; but not every body has the pleasant five hundred dollars for this kind of sinking fund, and still the poor woman shivers at the corner and holds out her importunate palm. Shall we drop the penny into it? Shall we pass silently and with a fine air of preserving the public morality? Or shall we give her a ticket to the visiting agent of the ward, who will decide the case and relieve her if she be worthy?

If a man would really do the last it would be infinitely better than the other. But all our charity ought not to be delegated. People ought to know how other people live—and personal sympathy is essential to a true charity. What we want to obviate is not merely the pang of hunger but of the heart; to remove the sense of utter isolation which is the spring of desperate crime. This was the inspiration of John Howard and of Mrs. Fry. They would not suffer a man to think that any crime had outlawed him from human care and pity. And if the spirit of Howard and of Mrs. Fry had encountered the culprit before he went to prison, it would often enough have saved him from going there.

Every street beggar is not an impostor or even a knave. Of course many are, and the organization of beggary is a curious study. A gentleman in New York was called upon by a seedy foreign gentleman in difficulties. His story was plausible and the gentleman gave him some money. Within three days he had half a dozen visits from needy

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and seedy foreign gentlemen and ladies. He gave to several of them. At length the entire needy and seedy foreign population of the city was evidently flowing to his door, and he suddenly closed his purse. The moment he stopped giving the throng disappeared, and it was clear that they were all in collusion with each other.

Still as they are not all impostors, as every man's experience assures him, let us not have a rule which requires us to treat them as if they were. The tale of many a man and woman, who asks a penny as you pass, could easily chasten your life. The hard old tramp, the professional sinner is plainly discernible; but when you are in doubt, when something touches your heart and your mind awakens, don't think of the soup-ticket so much as of giving an alms and of speaking a word in a way that shall sweeten it. "Some have entertained angels unawares," is one of those texts of Oriental hospitality which make every man regretfully wonder, "And how many have I turned away?"

Nor need the way-side charity interfere with the great efforts to make all charity of such kinds superfluous. He who does not work shall not eat is another of the favorite texts. But ought we to quote it very sonorously until we are conscious that we have done every thing we can to secure work for every one. A reduced gentleman, as the phrase is, once said to the Easy Chair that he had offered himself as clerk of every kind, as errand-boy, as porter; and, finally, had implored work in shoveling dirt at the Central Park. But the reply was, "You are not fit for the work. Terence M'Finnigan is worth twenty of you." It was easy to say to him, "Who will not work shall starve." And it was very easy for him to starve, but not to find work.

Insist upon the general truth, but relieve the individual suffering. Let the physician preach that every body shall respect the laws of health. But if some do not, and fall ill, let him none the less spend all his skill to cure them. The rule should be abstinence, says Bacon, but let there be occasional indulgence. So the rule, when the shivering woman begs a penny, should in the city be distrust, perhaps; but let there be an occasional dropping of the penny into her hand.

In the midst of the awful railroad crashes of last summer a letter from Germany or Switzerland was published in one of the papers describing some of the delights of railway travel which are not only unknown to us, but are utterly inconceivable in the wild hurry of our traveling life. The correspondent alluded to the inevitable accident which attended every man who took the cars in this country, and contrasted it with the pleasant ways of a German train. The statistics, if we rightly remember, were, that for every railroad accident in France there are seven in this country; and for every one in Germany seven in France. This is an agreeable consciousness with which to begin your journey.

But as noon approaches and the hour of lunch or dinner has fully arrived, a good angel in the shape of a neat waiter enters the car and hands you an ample bill of fare, while you whiz smoothly and safely along at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It is filled with every thing which is most alluring under such circumstances, and you tranquilly compose your dinner. Passing through the train the good angel collects all the orders, and at the next station duly telegraphs the great commission; so that, when again the train stops, your dinner enters complete, with napkin, spoons, forks, knives, whatever is essential, and you quietly consume it at leisure, grateful for good angels, good dinners, for the heavenly ratio of accidents, and for the impressive common sense, which declines to believe that a man must starve as well as have his neck broken merely because he is going upon a railroad journey. At the following station the angel leaves the train with his empty plates and bottles, and you proceed happily to take the after-dinner nap.

There is pure comedy in the contrast of this reasonable conduct with the frantic fury of our railway performances. The train stops at noon or midnight: "Ten minutes for refreshments. Train doesn't stop again this side of Jericho. Ten minutes for dinner." The pale, eager passengers, who have been wondering when and where and how they could procure a piece of pie, swarm from the cars in a frenzy. There is a conflict of the outgoing and the inflowing currents. A whole minute is probably lost in the struggle. Then the breathless passenger reaches the counter spread with cups of coffee, pies, and blocks of cake. The company stands tightly wedged together. Every man works hard for himself, and the solemn eagerness with which he bolts pie and oysters, and crams cake and dough-nuts and sandwiches, and blows his horribly hot tea and coffee, jamming, spilling, sputtering, gulping, and swallowing for dear life, his eyes set with inexorable determination to bolt pie or die, is one of the most truly exhilarating spectacles in the panorama of the habits and customs of the universal Yankee nation.

The Easy Chair rolled rapidly out of a car at the great central station upon the Gulf and Rocky Mountain Railroad, and rushed with the crowd to the Tecumseh Hotel, where dinner was made ready at the highest known price. He had a lively suspicion that the time was very short, and that he should dine very sparely. But as he reached the door of the hotel the polite and gentlemanly conductor was sauntering out tranquilly picking his teeth. "Is there any time for dinner, Mr. Conductor?" gasped the ancient Chair out of breath. "Ple-e-enty," calmly replied the conductor with the most encouraging emphasis, and leisurely taking out his watch. "Ple-enty of time; full seven minutes." That was an American citizen in the highest condition, who could dine amply in five minutes and not feel in the least hurried.

But is there any reason why we should put up with the imperfect civilization, or rather barbarism of our railroad eating habits? Of course it is very presumptuous to speak of eating comfortably upon railroads where managers and directors are most generous and self-sacrificing if they do not smash every passenger for his foolish temerity in trusting himself in a car. But *dum vivimus, vivamus.* Let us at least eat our pie in comfort so long as the Railroad Managers leave us the chance. If you leave New York at eight in the morning, what difference does it make whether you arrive half an hour later at the end of the day, if the half hour will give time for decent dining?

Or if the genius of American civilization and progress forbids the stopping of a train long enough for such a purpose, why not do as the Germans do? There is a baggage agent who passes through the train and collects checks for the delivery of baggage, to the great comfort and joy of wayfarers, but where is the dinner agent? Let him pass through, and the seven minutes which are now ple-e-enty for

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stopping to dine may be subtracted from the time of the whole journey. You may arrive seven minutes sooner, think of that, American citizens! If some Yankee will but try the German plan, we can all dine without losing a minute of continuous travel.

And even if the other change were not made, even if the train still stopped for the allotted ten minutes, the enterprise might yet be profitable, because there are always so many who would rather give thirty minutes than ten to the great central ceremony of the day. To eat comfortably in the cars is not only to save your health but your seat. For since the enormous travel of the war there is immense demoralization in the etiquette of travel. Even a shawl left upon a seat is not always respected. Books and newspapers are no security whatever for retaining a place which you have left. Who would not save his seat and enjoy his dinner?

Unless, indeed, it were in that dark cavern called the New Haven station. That is a glimpse of Dante's Inferno. If Doré had but been incarcerated in that darkness during the stopping of a train he could have touched the horrors of his illustrations with a blacker edge. Think of encountering the perils of the New Haven road to be dumped in that kennel at last! But the longest night ends, and the traveler does finally emerge from that melancholy catacomb into the sun and fresh air. Possibly the contrast might give a finer edge to his lawful appetite, and heighten the gust of that method of dining upon the rail which was so well described in the pleasant summer letter.

MANY poets have sung their dogs; and if the poem were an elegy, many a reader has thought it strained and insincere. But the death of no animal touches the heart so closely as that of a dog which has been a domestic friend—not a hunter merely, nor a ratter, but a fireside companion, a part of the household, a playmate of children, an affectionate and perpetual presence. The kind welcome when you returned; the eager delight when you permitted him to go with you; the thoughtful, watchful eye as he lay before the fire; the sigh of perfect confidence and content as he stretched himself to sleep at your feet; the universal dumb fidelity, never fawning upon a richer master, never whining to enter a finer gate than yours, without fear, without reproach, bearing even chastisement sadly and meekly—this is a friendship which deserves an elegy, a fidelity which so often outlasts the human.

Little Tib was such a dog: the most affectionate, patient, and unobtrusive; always ready for rats, and sometimes too much excited by rolling wheels; plucky in every hair, and offering fight to Tom, the huge Newfoundland, or Forest, the venerable St. Bernard, as willingly as to any road-side cur, he was yet the mildest-mannered of all dogs, and was as patiently gentle with the teasing of little children as if he had been a saint canonized long ago.

Charles Lamb was unwilling to believe that any animal which had excited human affection in this world could altogether disappear in the next. Some eidolon, some image, visible and similar, he hoped would reward the fidelity of the animal and greet the pleased recognizing soul of the man. Such is the universal feeling when a faithful little dog dies. A horse is an object of pride, and his death may well be a grievous loss. But except, perhaps, with the Bedouin, a horse does not wind himself so closely around the human heart as a house-dog. And when in the early morning news came from the stable that little Tib had died in the night, there was a silence and sorrow in the household, the consciousness of a common loss. In childish eyes there were the first tears of actual grief, and in older hearts that tenderness of regret which will be familiar to thousands and thousands who do not think a true and gentle animal is unworthy of human love.

DESPITE the solemnity of railroad travel, of which we have elsewhere spoken, good manners do not seem yet to have fully asserted themselves. Thus the following letter from a gentleman of the old school shows us what young women of the new school sometimes do upon their travels:

"MR. EASY CHAIR,—I know not to whom I shall turn if not to you, and I ask your kind attention to my words. Lately traveling in the cars of the New York Central Railroad, I sat quietly reading but not unobservant of what passed around me. It is a great error, Mr. Easy Chair, to suppose that passengers who read in the cars neither see nor hear what happens around them. To my very certain knowledge they do both.

"There was sitting opposite me across the car another quiet, steady old gentleman, who had occupied his seat all the way from Albany, and at the time of which I am writing we were approaching Syracuse. At some station—I think it may have been Chittenango—he stepped from his place for a moment and went out of the car, leaving his large over-coat spread upon the seat. Just as he had closed the door behind him a young woman, who carried at the back of her head one of those formless and tasteless bundles of somebody else's hair, which are sarcastically called waterfalls, surmounted by a hat wreathed with a plume and hung with drops of various kinds—a young woman who, to my elderly eyes, was certainly one of the most melancholy spectacles they ever saw, came through the car, looking for a seat, and seeing none which pleased her so well as that upon which the over-coat lay, she tranquilly shoved it aside, seated herself, and then I saw that she was accompanied by a little boy, whom she placed beside herself. She was a young woman of an intelligent face, and of course she knew perfectly well that the seat was already occupied.

"Presently the train started, and the occupant of the seat opened the door and entered the car. He came slowly toward the young woman, and when he reached his seat looked at her and began to lift his coat. She glanced at him for an instant, with the same supreme indifference as if she had been looking at a fly upon a window-pane. She did not move to assist the rightful occupant of the seat in getting his coat. She did not ask him if the seat were his, or beg his pardon for taking it; and he tranquilly took his coat and went to find a seat where he could.

"Now, Mr. Easy Chair, suppose that young woman had left her shawl or her bundle of hair, or any other part of her luggage, in a seat to keep it, and the gentleman had calmly appropriated it, with never a word of explanation or apology, do you think she would have moved away as quietly as he did? I do not, Sir. And I should like to ask you whether the American young woman is or is not the most uncourteous in the world?

"Yours respectfully to command,

"A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL."

Such incidents are very annoying. Whoever does such things announces to the whole company that he or she is not a gentleman or a lady; and if the offenders could only know the hearty contempt with which their conduct is watched by all decent travelers they would not be so swift to violate the laws of courtesy. But "A Gentleman of the Old School" is much too sweeping in his generalization. The American young woman is not to be personified by an unmannerly girl. It is true that nowhere else in the world would young women travel alone, but then nowhere else could they so safely travel. That the thoughtless often enough abuse

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the courtesy with which they are universally treated is true; and for that reason, because the letter of the old gentleman may chance to be read in many a car by many a traveling young woman—possibly may be seen even by the identical sinner—the Easy Chair puts it into print.

"THE WORKING MAN" who asks what the Easy Chair thinks of the Eight Hours' movement, shall have a frank answer. Any effort to prevent overwork, and to secure fair play for every man, is sure of the sincerest sympathy of the Chair. But no question is more complicated than that of labor. It would by no means follow that if the ideal condition of eight hours for sleep, eight for labor, and eight for mental improvement and recreation were ordained by law, every working man would be the gainer. The laws of supply and demand, of the investment of capital and of profits, the thousand laws which are involved in the question of labor, are absolute and final. They would continue to operate whatever legislation there might be; and no legislation would be truly beneficent which was not in accord with those laws.

Suppose a man now receives three dollars for a day's work of ten hours, do you mean to make a law that he shall receive the same sum for eight hours' work? If you do, then you can answer your own question by asking yourself what you should do if one man offered you a pair of shoes for five dollars and another man offered you a pair equally good for four dollars. You would buy the cheap pair. Well, now, labor is a commodity as much as shoes, and the buyer will not give five dollars for what he can get for four. But that is what you ask him to do when you ask him to pay you three dollars for eight hours' work, when elsewhere he can buy ten hours for the same money.

But you say that the eight hours' work will be as valuable as the ten. Then it is as well worth the money, and will receive it. Yet you see that in the manifest impossibility of proving that it will be so, one inevitable result would be to make all work piece-work that could be made so. Moreover, all capital would instantly disappear from a region in which the law undertook to regulate wages; and with capital the demand for labor would dwindle; and you would find that the legislation you really wanted was a millennial or communistic legislation, which is purely visionary and impracticable.

A working man, and all working men, should remember that the question is one of methods not of ends. It may be stated thus: How, in the actual state of society, and of the inexorable laws of labor, can more time be secured for education and recreation? But when you speak of coercive laws, do you mean them to apply to every part of the proposition? If the law is to prevent working more than eight hours, is it also to prevent sleeping more than the same time, or to compel every body to amuse or instruct himself for eight hours? A Working Man may be sure that human experience has shown that the general welfare is best subserved by the utmost practicable freedom in every department of activity.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 28th of December, and contains the events of the preceding three weeks.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE commences with a brief allusion to the circumstances under which Mr. Johnson was called to the Chief Magistracy. It then proceeds to set forth the principles which will guide the President, and their application to the present state of affairs. We give an abstract of the principal parts, preserving, as far as possible, the language, and in all cases the spirit of the Message:

Perpetuity of the Union.—"The Union of the United States of America was intended by its authors to last as long as the States themselves. 'The Union shall be perpetual,' are the words of the Confederation; 'To form a more perfect Union' by an ordinance of the people of the United States, is the declared purpose of the Constitution.... The Constitution contains within itself ample resources for its own preservation. It has power to enforce the laws and to punish treason, and insure domestic tranquillity; and in case of the usurpation of the government of a State by one man or by an oligarchy, it becomes a duty of the United States to make good the guarantee to that State of a republican form of government. Does the lapse of time reveal defects, a simple mode of amendment is provided in the Constitution, so that its conditions can always be made to conform to the requirements of advancing civilization. No room is allowed even for a thought of a possibility of its coming to an end." This doctrine has always been maintained by every patriotic President.

State Rights.—"The maintenance of the Union brings with it the support of the State Governments in all their rights; but it is not one of the rights of any State Government to renounce its own place in the Union, or to nullify the laws of the Union." The Government of the United States is indeed a limited government; but so is that of every State and Municipality. The Constitution, laws, and treaties are "the supreme law of the land, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." States, with proper limitations of power, are essential to the existence of the Constitution. When the people ordained the Constitution, it was the assent of the individual States which gave it validity; and amendments to it must be confirmed by a large majority of the States. "The best security for the perpetual existence of the States is the 'supreme authority' of the Constitution of the United States."

When the President came into power he found that armed resistance to the Government had apparently exhausted itself; and a great part of the insurgent territory had been recovered by the United States; and the question was in what manner this territory should be considered and treated:

Military Governments.—The first question was: Should the territory within the limits of the seceding States "be held as conquered territory, under military authority emanating from the President as head of the army?"

Military governments, established for an indefinite period, the President argues, would divide the people into vanquished and vanquishers; would envenom hatred; would be costly; would prevent the emigration of industrious citizens; and would place in the hands of the President powers which he himself would not, "unless on occasions of great emergency, consent to exercise. The willful use of such powers, if continued through a period of years, would have endangered the purity of the General Administration, and the liberties of the States which continued loyal." Besides, continues the President:

"The policy of military rule over a conquered territory would have implied that the States whose inhabitants may

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have taken part in the rebellion had, by the act of those inhabitants, ceased to exist. But the true theory is, that all pretended acts of secession were from the beginning null and void. The States can not commit treason, nor screen the individual citizen who may have committed treason, any more than they can make valid treaties or engage in lawful commerce with any foreign power. The States attempting to secede placed themselves in a condition where their vitality was impaired, but not extinguished—their functions suspended, but not destroyed."

Plan of Reconstruction.—"If any State neglects or refuses to perform its offices, there is the more need that the General Government should maintain all its authority and as soon as possible resume the exercise of all its functions. Upon this principle I have acted, and have gradually and quietly and by almost imperceptible steps sought to restore the rightful energy of the General Government and of the States."

To attain these ends Provisional Governors had been appointed, Conventions called, State officers and members of Congress elected, the courts opened, the blockade removed, custom-houses and post-offices re-established. There was indeed risk attending this general policy; but it was a risk which must be incurred; and in order to render this as small as possible he had felt it incumbent on him to assert in the most ample manner the power of the Government in relation to pardons for treason. He says:

"As no State can throw a defense over the crime of treason, the power of pardon is exclusively vested in the executive Government of the United States. In exercising that power, I have taken every precaution to connect it with the clearest recognition of the binding force of the laws of the United States, and an unqualified acknowledgment of the great social change of condition in regard to slavery which has grown out of the war."

Another step was to invite the States to ratify the proposed Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery. So long as Slavery is not forever prohibited "doubt, jealousy, and uncertainty will prevail; until this is done the past, however much we may desire it, will not be forgotten. This is the measure which will most certainly call population and capital and security into those parts of the Union which need them most." By removing the element which has so long perplexed and divided the country, it will reunite us beyond all power of disruption. This amendment being adopted, continues the President, "It will remain for the States, whose powers have been so long in abeyance, to resume their places in the two branches of the National Legislature;" each branch being the judge of the eligibility of its own members.

Trials for Treason.—The question of the trial of Jefferson Davis is for the present postponed on the ground that it had been decided that no sessions of the United States courts would be held in the District of Virginia until Congress had an opportunity to consider the whole subject of reopening the courts in the lately insurgent States. This would not be during the early winter; but the President urges early action on the matter. He says:

"It is manifest that treason, most flagrant in character, has been committed. Persons who are charged with its commission should have fair and impartial trials in the highest civil tribunals of the country, in order that the Constitution and the laws may be fully vindicated; the truth clearly established and affirmed that treason is a crime, that traitors should be punished, and the offense made infamous; and, at the same time, that the question may be judicially settled, finally and forever, that no State of its own will has the right to renounce its place in the Union."

The Freedmen.—The question of the duties of the National Government toward the Freedmen is discussed at some length. The general conclusions are: that under the Constitution, and all authoritative interpreters of it, the question of suffrage must be left to the several States, each deciding for itself within its own limits; and, moreover—

"A concession of the elective franchise to the freedmen, by act of the President of the United States, must have been extended to all colored men, wherever found, and so must have established a change of suffrage in the Northern, Middle, and Western States, not less than in the Southern and Southwestern. Such an act would have created a new class of voters, and would have been an assumption of power by the President which nothing in the Constitution or laws of the United States would have warranted."

But good faith toward the Freedmen requires their "security in their liberty and their property, their right to labor, and to claim the just return of their labor....The career of free industry must be left to be fairly opened to them, and then their future prosperity and condition must rest mainly on themselves."

Suggestions.—Among other things the President urges that no State, as far as it can be constitutionally prevented by the General Government, should be suffered to impose any tax upon the transit of persons and property through its territory.—He favors the Homestead Policy especially on the ground that "the lands in the hands of industrious settlers, whose labor creates wealth and contributes to the public resources, are worth more to the United States than if they had been reserved as a solitude for future purchasers."—He urges that suitable provision should be made for the "relief of soldiers mutilated, and families made fatherless in the efforts to preserve our national existence." He recommends that a just revenue policy should be adopted; that every effort should be made for as speedy a return as possible to the system of specie payments; that duties should be so laid as to fall most heavily upon articles of luxury, and so especially as to "fall not unduly upon the poor, but rather upon the accumulated wealth of the country;" and that "we should look at the national debt not as a national blessing, but as a heavy burden on the industry of the country to be discharged without unnecessary delay."

Foreign Relations.—This portion of the Message is mainly devoted to a brief but comprehensive detail of the questions growing out of the action of Great Britain in relation to belligerent rights conceded to the insurgent States, the general purport of which is embodied in the Adams and Russell correspondence, of which an abstract was given in our Record for November. The proposition then in abeyance, made by Great Britain for a Commission to examine into some claims on both sides, but excluding those for indemnity for the spoliations by Anglo-Confederate cruisers, has been declined. The President avers that the United States did not present this subject by way of impeachment of the good faith of Great Britain, but—

"As involving questions of public law, of which the settlement is essential to the peace of nations; and, though pecuniary reparation to their injured citizens would have followed incidentally on a decision against Great Britain, such compensation was not their primary object. They had a higher motive, and it was, in the interests of peace and justice, to establish important principles of international law." The justification set up by Great Britain for declining to admit these claims, the President declares "can not be sustained before the tribunal of nations. At the same time I do not advise to any present attempt at redress by acts of legislation. For the future, friendship between the two countries must rest on the basis of mutual justice."

Foreign Interrention.—The President, in a guarded but decided manner, reiterates the "Monroe Doc-

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trine" of non-intervention by European Powers in the affairs of this continent. He says:

"Twice rumors of the invasion of some parts of America, in the interest of monarchy, have prevailed; twice my predecessors have had occasion to announce the views of this nation in respect to such interference. On both occasions the remonstrance of the United States was respected, from a deep conviction, on the part of European governments, that the system of non-interference and mutual abstinence from propagandism was the true rule for the two hemispheres. Since those times we have advanced in wealth and power; but we retain the same purpose to leave the nations of Europe to choose their own dynasties and form their own systems of government. This consistent moderation may justly demand a corresponding moderation. We should regard it as a great calamity to ourselves, to the cause of good government, and to the peace of the world, should any European Power challenge the American people, as it were, to the defense of Republicanism against foreign interference. We can not foresee and are unwilling to consider what opportunities might present themselves, what combinations might offer to protect ourselves against designs inimical to our form of government. The United States desire to act in the future as they have ever acted heretofore. They never will be driven from that course but by the aggression of European Powers, and we rely on the wisdom and justice of those Powers to respect the system of non-interference which has so long been sanctioned by time, and which, by its good results, has approved itself to both continents."

After adverting to the Reports of the Heads of the various Departments, the purport of which will be given in their appropriate places, the Message closes with a eulogy upon our form of government as eminently successful; and a hope that—

"Providence will so guide us onward to a perfect restoration of fraternal affection that we of this day may be able to transmit our great inheritance of State Governments in all their rights, of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor, to our posterity, and they to theirs through countless generations."

THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR embodies a condensed statement of military operations for the year beginning with December, 1864. These have been substantially related in the successive Numbers of this Record, and need not here be repeated. On the 1st day of March, 1865, when the final blows against the Confederacy were about to be struck, the National forces, of all arms, officers and men, were in round numbers:

Total nominal force			965,000
Of these: Absent on detached duty	132,000		
In hospitals or on sick leave	179,000		
On furlough or prisoners	82,000		
Absent without leave	19,900	362,000	
Leaving present for duty			603,000

The locations of the principal portions of this force were as follows:

Army of the Potomac	103,000
Department of the Cumberland	63,000
Department of the Tennessee	46,000
Left Wing Army of Georgia	31,000
Cavalry Corps of the Mississippi	27,000
Reserve Brigades of the Mississippi	14,000
Department of the Gulf	36,000
Department of Arkansas	24,000
Department of the Missouri	18,000
Cavalry Middle Division	13,000
Department of Washington	26,000
Department of West Virginia	16,000
Department of Virginia	46,000
Department of North Carolina	35,000
Department of the South	11,000
Department of Kentucky	11,000
Department of the North	11,000
	531,000

The remaining 72,000 were stationed in smaller bodies at various points. On the 1st of May, 1865, when the army had reached its utmost numbers, and before the reduction had begun, there were nominally a little more than one million men (1,000,516). Of these more than 800,000 have been already discharged. The entire number of colored troops enlisted during the war was 178,975; the largest number at any one time was 123,156. The entire loss in the colored troops, from all causes except mustering out, is 68,178, there have been mustered out 33,234; and when all existing orders for mustering out shall have been executed there will remain in service 85,024 colored troops.

It is proposed to reduce the entire national military force to 50,000, but so organized as to admit of an increase, without additional organizations, to 82,000. The Secretary enters into an argument to show that this army will be amply sufficient. The only cases in which a greater force can be demanded are a renewal of the insurrection or a foreign war. The chief demands for war are: 1. *Troops*; 2. *Arms and Ammunition*; 3. *Clothing*. 4. *Transportation*; 5. *Subsistence*.—Our experience shows that troops in any number can be promptly raised. In 1862, 80,000 men were enlisted, armed, and sent to the field in less than a month; 60,000 have repeatedly gone to the field in four weeks; 90,000 were sent from the five States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin in twenty days. The arms used in the war are still in existence; after allowing the disbanded soldiers to retain their arms for a nominal price, Government retains in its arsenals more than a million stand of the best quality, and the artillery on hand tasks the means for its storage. There are on hand materials for the manufacture of ammunition amply sufficient for any war that can be waged against us. Of clothing there is yet in store sufficient for any army that can be called into service. The means of transportation by land and water used in the war, though mainly sold by the Government, could be regained if required. The resources of the country for the supply of subsistence are practically unlimited.—The military appropriations made by the last Congress, for the year ending June, 1866, amounted to $515,240,000; the estimates for the ensuing year are $38,814,000.

The following is a statement of the number of Confederate prisoners in our hands at the close of the war:

The Commissary-General of Prisoners reports that between the 1st of January and the 20th of October, there were in our custody ninety-eight thousand eight hundred and two prisoners of war. Of these nineteen hundred and fifty-five enlisted into the United States service. Sixty-three thousand four hundred and forty-two were released after the cessation of hostilities, and thirty-three thousand one hundred and twenty-seven were delivered in exchange. Besides these, one hundred and seventy-four thousand two hundred and twenty-three prisoners surrendered in the different rebel armies, and were released on parole, viz.:

Army commanded by General R. E. Lee	27,805
Army commanded by General J. E. Johnston	31,243
General Jefferson Thompson's Army of Missouri	7,978
Miscellaneous paroles, Department of Virginia	9,072
Paroled at Cumberland, Md., etc.	9,377
Paroled in Alabama and Florida	6,428
Army of General R. Taylor	42,293
Army of the Trans-Mississippi, General E. K. Smith	17,686
Paroled in the Department of Washington	3,390
Paroled in Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas	13,922
Surrendered at Nashville and Chattanooga	5,029
Total	174,223

The Report embodies a vast amount of statistics, and contains many recommendations and suggestions. Among these are: That a practical and uniform militia system be established; that the number of cadets in the Academy at West Point be

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increased; that the superintendency be no longer restricted to the Engineer Bureau; that homes and other relief be provided for wounded and disabled soldiers; that while the Freedmen's Bureau should be continued so long as necessary, all appropriations for it should be made in specific terms, distinct from any other purpose; and that the number of agents, their compensation, and duties should be defined by law.

THE REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT, accompanying the Report of the Secretary of War, presents an admirable resumé of the entire military operations of the armies of the United States from the date of his appointment to the chief command. These have been narrated in this Record at the respective periods. Besides the narrative are many criticisms and remarks upon different operations and commanders, the most important of which we copy or abridge. At the outset he states the theory upon which he proposed to conduct the war:

"From an early period in the rebellion I had been impressed with the idea that active and continuous operations of all the troops that could be brought into the field, regardless of season and weather, were necessary to a speedy termination of the war. The resources of the enemy and his numerical strength were far inferior to ours; but as an offset to this, we had a vast territory, with a population hostile to the Government, to garrison, and long lines of river and railroad communications to protect to enable us to supply the operating armies. The armies in the East and West acted independently and without concert, like a balky team, no two ever pulling together, enabling the enemy to use to great advantage his interior lines of communication for transporting troops from east to west, reinforcing the army most vigorously pressed, and to furlough large numbers, during seasons of inactivity on our part, to go to their homes and do the work of producing for the support of their armies. It was a question whether our numerical strength and resources were not more than balanced by these disadvantages and the enemy's superior position. From the first I was firm in the conviction that no peace could be had that would be stable and conducive to the happiness of the people, both North and South, until the military power of the rebellion was entirely broken. I therefore determined, first, to use the greatest number of troops practicable against the armed force of the enemy; preventing him from using the same force at different seasons against first one and then another of our armies, and the possibility of repose for refitting and producing necessary supplies for carrying on resistance. Second, to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our common country to the Constitution and laws of the land."

When he took the command the Mississippi was held by us, and the whole region west of it and north of the Arkansas. With the exception of a few points near the river and a small garrison at the mouth of the Rio Grande, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas were in possession of the enemy. We held nearly all Tennessee, and had a foothold in one corner of Georgia. West Virginia was substantially within our lines. Nearly all of Virginia was held by the enemy. We had footholds on the coast, from North Carolina to Florida. The bulk of the forces of the enemy were concentrated in the two armies of Lee at Richmond and Johnston near Atlanta, but there were considerable forces at other points. These two great armies and the cities covered by them were the main objective points of the campaign. Sherman commanded the force to operate against Johnston; Meade had immediate command of the Army of the Potomac, from which Grant exercised a general supervision over the movements of all the armies. Sherman, says the Lieutenant-General—

"Was instructed to move against Johnston's army, to break it up, and to go into the interior of the enemy's country as far as he could, inflicting all the damage he could upon their war resources. If the enemy in his front showed signs of joining Lee, to follow him up to the full extent of his ability, while I would prevent the concentration of Lee upon him if it was in the power of the Army of the Potomac to do so. More specific written instructions were not given, for the reason that I had talked over with him the plans of the campaign, and was satisfied that he understood them and would execute them to the fullest extent possible."

Banks, whose Red River Expedition had been previously organized, was directed to abandon it unless the object for which it was undertaken could be accomplished within a specified time, for his force would be necessary for operations east of the Mississippi; probably for a movement upon Mobile. Meade was instructed that "Lee's army would be his objective point; and that wherever Lee went he should go also." Butler, who commanded the Army of the James River, was instructed in general terms that—

"Richmond is to be your objective point, and that there is to be co-operation between your force and the Army of the Potomac, must be your guide. This indicates the necessity of your holding close to the south bank of the James River as you advance. Then should the enemy be forced into his intrenchments in Richmond, the Army of the Potomac would follow, and the two armies would become a unit."

While narrating the actual operations of the campaign, General Grant speaks freely, sometimes in praise and sometimes in censure, of various commanders. Thus of Meade he says:

"Commanding all the armies as I did, I tried, as far as possible, to leave General Meade in independent command of the Army of the Potomac. My instructions for that army were all through him, and were general in their nature, leaving all the details and the execution to him. The campaigns that followed proved him to be the right man in the right place. His commanding always in the presence of an officer superior to him in rank, has drawn from him much of that public attention that his zeal and ability entitle him to, and which he would otherwise have received."

Of Butler, he says, after narrating his capture by surprise, of City Point and Bermuda Hundred on the 5th of May:

"On the 6th he was in position with his main army and commenced intrenching. On the 7th he made a reconnoissance against the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, destroying a portion of it, after some fighting. On the 7th he telegraphed as follows: '....We have landed here, intrenched ourselves, destroyed many miles of railroad, and got a position which, with proper supplies, we can hold against the whole of Lee's army ...General Grant will not be troubled with any further reinforcements to Lee from Beauregard's force.' On the evening of the 13th and the morning of the 14th," continues General Grant, "he carried a portion of the enemy's first line of defenses at Drury's Bluff, or Fort Darling, with small loss. The time thus consumed from the 6th lost to us the benefit of the surprise and capture of Richmond and Petersburg, enabling, as it did, Beauregard to collect his loose forces in North and South Carolina and bring them to the defense of those places. On the 16th the enemy attacked General Butler in his position in front of Drury's Bluff. He was forced back, or drew back, into his intrenchments between the forks of the James and Appomattox rivers, the enemy intrenching strongly in his front, thus covering his railroads, the city, and all that was valuable to him. His army, therefore, though in a position of great security, was as completely shut off from further operations directly against Richmond as if it had been in a bottle strongly corked. It required but a comparatively small force of the enemy to hold it there."

And again, after describing the failure of the expedition against Fort Fisher and Wilmington, of which General Butler assumed the command, the objects of which were soon after attained by another expedition under General Terry, the troops of which "consisted of the same that composed the

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former, with the addition of a small brigade numbering about 1500," General Grant adds.

"At my request Major-General B. F. Butler was relieved, and Major-General E. O. C. Ord assigned to the command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina."

General W. F. Smith is somewhat indirectly censured for the failure to capture Petersburg on the 15th of June. The substance is that—

"Smith confronted the enemy's pickets near Petersburg before daylight; but for some reason, which I have never been able satisfactorily to understand, did not get ready to assault his main lines until near sundown. Then with a part of his command only he made the assault, and carried the lines northeast of Petersburg from the Appomattox River, for a distance of over two and a half miles, capturing 15 pieces of artillery and 800 prisoners. This was about 7 P.M. Between the lines thus captured and Petersburg there were no other works, and there was no evidence that the enemy had reinforced Petersburg with a single brigade from any other source. The night was clear, the moon shining brightly, and favorable to further operations."—Then Hancock came up and, waiving rank, offered to Smith the service of his force, but "instead of taking these troops and pushing at once into Petersburg, General Smith requested Hancock to relieve a part of his line in the captured works, which was done before midnight." General Grant adds, "By the time I got up the next morning the enemy was in force."

Of the Quarter-master and Commissary Departments General Grant says:

"During the campaign of forty-three days, from the Rapidan to James River, the army had to be supplied from an ever-shifting base, by wagons, over narrow roads, through a densely-wooded country, with a lack of wharves at each new base from which to conveniently discharge vessels. Too much credit can not, therefore, be awarded to the Quarter-master and Commissary Departments for the zeal and efficiency displayed by them. Under the general supervision of the Chief Quarter-master, Brigadier-General R. Ingalls, the trains were made to occupy all the available roads between the army and our water base, and but little difficulty was experienced in protecting them."

Of Sheridan he says:

"I met him at Charleston, Virginia" [this was in September, 1864], "and he pointed out distinctly how each army lay; what he could do the moment he was authorized; and expressed such confidence of success that I saw there were but two words of instructions necessary—'Go in!' For the convenience of forage the teams for supplying the force were kept at Harper's Ferry. I asked him if he could get out his teams and supplies in time to make the attack on the ensuing Tuesday morning. His reply was that he could before daylight on Monday. He was off promply to time, and I may here add that the result was such that I have never since deemed it necessary to visit General Sheridan before giving him orders."

Of Thomas he says:

"Before the battle of Nashville I grew very impatient over, as it appeared to me, the unnecessary delay. This impatience was increased upon learning that the enemy had sent a force of cavalry across the Cumberland into Kentucky. I feared Hood would cross his whole army and give us great trouble there. After urging upon General Thomas the necessity of immediately assuming the offensive, I started West to superintend matters there in person. Reaching Washington City I received General Thomas's dispatch announcing his attack upon the enemy, and the result as far as the battle had progressed. I was delighted. All fears and apprehensions were dispelled. I am not yet satisfied but that General Thomas, immediately upon the appearance of Hood before Nashville, and before he had time to fortify, should have moved out with his whole force and given him battle, instead of waiting to remount his cavalry, which delayed him until the inclemency of the weather made it impracticable to attack earlier than he did. But his final defeat of Hood was so complete that it will be accepted as a vindication of that distinguished officer's judgment."

A very noticeable feature in this Report is the full and frank credit repeatedly given to General Sherman for the conception and execution of his campaign, and especially for his "Great March" from Atlanta to Savannah, and thence to Goldsborough. Probably there is no other instance on record where two commanders, who might so easily have assumed the position of rivals, gave each to the other such hearty co-operation and entire recognition.

Toward the close of the war it was feared that Lee would prematurely abandon Richmond, and by joining Johnston protract the war. General Grant says:

"I had spent days of anxiety lest each morning should bring the report that the enemy had retreated the night before. I was firmly convinced that Sherman's crossing the Roanoke would be the signal for Lee to leave. With Johnston and him combined a long, tedious, and expensive campaign, consuming most of the summer, might become necessary. By moving out I would put the army in better condition for pursuit, and would at least, by the destruction of the Danville Road, retard the concentration of the two armies of Lee and Johnston, and cause the enemy to abandon much material that he might otherwise save. I therefore determined not to delay the movement ordered."

The Report closes with the following eulogy upon the armies of the East and of the West:

"It has been my fortune to see the armies of both the West and the East fight battles, and from what I have seen I know there is no difference in their fighting qualities. All that it was possible for men to do in battle they have done. The Western armies commenced their battles in the Mississippi Valley, and received the final surrender of the remnant of the principal army opposed to them in North Carolina. The armies of the East commenced their battles on the river from which the Army of the Potomac derived its name, and received the final surrender of their old antagonist at Appomattox Court House, Virginia. The splendid achievements of each have nationalized our victories, removed all sectional jealousies (of which we have unfortunately experienced too much), and the cause of crimination and recrimination that might have followed had either section failed in its duty. All have a proud record, and all sections can well congratulate themselves and each other for having done their full share in restoring the supremacy of law over every foot of territory belonging to the United States. Let them hope for perpetual peace and harmony with that enemy, whose manhood, however mistaken the cause, drew forth such Herculean deeds of valor."

THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY contains an immense mass of statistics and arguments respecting the Currency, the Public Debt, and the Revenue, of which we can mention only a few of the most important topics. The paper circulation is as follows:

U. S. notes and fractional currency.....	$454,218,000
National Banks.....	185,000,000
State Banks.....	65,000,000
Treasury notes in circulation.....	30,000,000
	$734,218,000

In January, 1860, the total amount of paper-money was $207,000,000. The Secretary urges a contraction of the currency as speedily as can be effected with safety to the country; the rapidity with which this can be done will depend upon the ability of the Secretary to dispose of the public securities. He recommends:

"*First*—That Congress declare that the compound interest notes shall cease to be a legal tender from the day of their maturity.

"*Second*—That the Secretary be authorized, in his discretion, to sell bonds of the United States, bearing interest at a rate not exceeding six per cent., and redeemable and payable at such periods as may be conducive to the interests of the Government, for the purpose of retiring not only compound interest notes, but the United States notes."

He thinks that in addition to the compound interest notes it will not be necessary to retire more than $100,000,000 or $200,000,000 of United States notes in order to bring the currency within proper limits.

The national debt, of all kinds, amounted, on the

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31st of October, to $2,808,549,000. The receipts and expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1865, were as follows:

Receipts.

Balance in Treasury agreeably to warrants, July 1, 1864	$96,739,205 73
Receipts from loans applicable to expenditures	864,863,490 17
Receipts from loans applied to payment of public debt	607,361,241 68
Receipts from customs	84,928,260 60
Receipts from lands	996,553 31
Receipts from direct tax	1,200,573 03
Receipts from internal revenue	209,464,215 25
Receipts from miscellaneous sources	32,978,284 47
Total	$1,898,532,533 24

Expenditures.

Redemption of public debt	$607,361,241 68
For the civil service	44,765 558 12
For pensions and Indians	14,258,575 38
For the War Department	1,031,323,360 79
For the Navy Department	122,537,776 12
For interest on public debt	77,397,712 00
Total	$1,897,674,224 09
Leaving a balance in the Treasury on the 1st day of July, 1865, of	$858,309 15

For the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1865, the expenditures and receipts are put down thus, in round numbers:

Expenditures.

First quarter (actual)	$373,000,000	
Three quarters (estimated)	484,000,000	$857,000,000

Receipts.

First quarter (actual)	$440,000,000	
Three quarters (estimated)	305,000,000	$745,000,000
Deficiency, to be provided for		$112,000,000

For the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1866, the estimates are:

Receipts from all sources	$396,000,000
Expenditures for all purposes	284,000,000
Leaving a surplus of	$112,000,000

In the estimates of receipts for this last year the internal revenue is put down at $275,000,000; customs at $100,000,000. Of the expenditures the interest upon the national debt is put down at $141,000,000, almost half of the whole; for the War Department, $39,000,000; for the Naval Department, $43,000,000; for the Civil Service, $42,000,000; for Pensions and Indians, $17,000,000.

The Secretary estimates that on the 1st of July, 1866, when the entire debt will be ascertained, it will amount to $3,000,000,000. He recommends that this be funded at an interest of 5 or 5½ per cent., and that $200,000,000 a year be applied to the payment of interest and the reduction of the principal. The whole debt would then be extinguished in 28 years if the interest be at 5 per cent., and in 32 years if it be 5½ per cent.

THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY furnishes a detailed account of the operations of the Navy, and of its present condition as compared with its state during the war. At the commencement of the rebellion there were in service 7600 men; at the close there were 51,500. At the commencement there were employed in the Navy-yards 3800; at the close 16,800, besides as many in private yards working for the Government. During this period 208 vessels have been commenced and mostly completed; 418, of which 313 were steamers, have been purchased at a cost of $18,000,000; of these 340 have been sold for $5,600,000. In January there were on duty in the blockading squadron 471 vessels, with 2455 guns; there are now in service on the coast 29 vessels with 210 guns. The squadrons on foreign service consist of 86 vessels with 403 guns. The number of vessels of all sorts captured and sent in for adjudication during the war was 1149, of which 210 were steamers; the number destroyed was 355, of which 85 were steamers: being a total of 1405 vessels captured and destroyed. The value of the captured vessels, "much of which was British property engaged in un-neutral commerce, and so justly condemned and captured," was more than $31,000,000. The entire expenditures of the Naval Department, from March, 1861, to June, 1865, was $314,000,000, an average of $72,500,000 a year. The estimates for the year beginning July 1, 1866, are $24,000,000.

THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR presents many interesting facts connected with this Department of the Government. Foremost among these are the Public Lands. During the year ending June 30 the number of acres disposed of were:

Sold for cash	557,212
Located with military warrants	348,660
Located with agricultural scrip	460,130
Selected under Agricultural College grant	808,358
Approved to the States as swamp lands	571,429
Approved to the States for railroads	607,415
Taken under the homestead law	1,160,532
	4,513,736
During the quarter ending September 30, 1865, the aggregate quantity was	886,591
Making during five quarters	5,394,327

The cash receipts during these five quarters, from sales and fees, was a little more than $1,000,000. The whole quantity of public lands surveyed and unsold is 132,000,000 acres. The Secretary recommends that "all lands denominated mineral which do not bear the precious metals should be brought to market." Those which do produce the precious metals should, he thinks, be made to produce a revenue to the Government; but he leaves it to Congress to prescribe whether this should be secured by selling them or by raising a revenue from their annual product. As things now stand he says: "It is estimated that 200,000 or 300,000 able-bodied men are engaged in mining operations on the public lands without authority of law, who pay nothing to the Government for the privilege, or for the permanent possession of property worth, in many instances, millions to the claimant."

Our relations to the various Indian tribes are presented at length. The most important points are: "The whole number of Indians within the jurisdiction of the United States is about 350,000, a large majority of whom maintained, during the last year, peaceful relations." Some of the tribes, however, entered into alliance with the rebel authorities and raised regiments and fought in support of their cause. After the surrender of the rebel forces west of the Mississippi they asked for peace, and commissioners were sent who negotiated a treaty, "which, it is believed, will result in the abolition of slavery among them; the cession within the Indian Territory of lands for the settlement of civilized Indians now residing on reservations elsewhere, and the ultimate establishment of civil government, subject to the supervision of the United States."

"Their perfidious conduct in making unprovoked war upon us has been visited with the severest retribution. The country within the Indian Territory has been laid waste, vast amounts of property destroyed, and the inhabitants reduced from a prosperous condition to such extreme destitution that thousands of them must inevitably

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perish during the present winter, unless timely provision be made by this Government for their relief."

After speaking of the exasperation resulting from the Indian massacres in Minnesota, in 1861, the Secretary says:

"The policy of the total destruction of the Indians has been openly advocated by gentlemen of high position, intelligence, and personal character; but no enlightened nation can adopt or sanction it without a forfeiture of its self-respect and the respect of the civilized nations of the earth. Financial considerations forbid the inauguration of such a policy. The attempted destruction of three hundred thousand of these people, accustomed to a nomadic life, subsisting upon the spontaneous productions of the earth, and familiar with the fastnesses of the mountains and the swamps of the plains, would involve an appalling sacrifice of the lives of our soldiers and frontier settlers, and the expenditure of untold treasure. It is estimated that the maintenance of each regiment of troops engaged against the Indians of the plains costs the Government $2,000,000 per annum. All the military operations of last summer have not occasioned the immediate destruction of more than a few hundred Indian warriors. Such a policy is manifestly as impracticable as it is in violation of every dictate of humanity and Christian duty. It is therefore recommended that stringent legislation be adopted for the punishment of violations of the rights of persons and property of members of Indian tribes who are at peace with the Government."

The affairs of the District of Columbia occupy considerable space in this Report, the most important paragraph of which is:

"The controlling object in the original design of this city was the accommodation of the public interests which it was anticipated would cluster about the capital of a great nation. Accordingly, only three thousand and sixteen of the seven thousand one hundred and thirty-four acres composing its entire area were surveyed into lots for sale to individuals. The remainder embraces streets, avenues of inordinate width, squares, circles, and public reservations. By the adoption of this design, it is manifest that it was not intended that the sparse population thus provided for should bear the burden of the entire cost of the local improvements, required more for the national convenience than for that of the permanent residents. At the last assessment the National Government owned real estate within the city limits to the value of $28,121,631 45—a sum nearly equal to the estimated worth of all individual property in the city. At the usual rate of taxation this property would yield a revenue of $210,912 23. The Mayor suggests that such a tax, in connection with the present resources, would yield a revenue amply sufficient to support the Municipal Government, improve the streets and avenues, make proper provision for the indigent, and maintain a complete system of public schools."

THE REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL announces that during the last year the receipts of the Department were $14,556,000, and its expenditures $13,694,000, leaving a surplus of $862,000. For the ensuing year, however, owing apparently mainly to the reopening of Southern mail routes, where the expenditures will be largely in excess of receipts, a deficiency of $1,200,000 is anticipated. If the expenditures of this Department were confined to its legitimate operations, and not burdened with carrying on operations which are not strictly postal, its receipts would at present rates be largely in excess of its expenditures. The following table shows the cost and receipts of some unproductive overland routes.

Routes.	Pay.	Receipts.
Salt Lake City to Folsom	$385,000	$24,000
Atcheson to Salt Lake	365,000	
Kansas City to Santa Fé	35,000	6,000
Lincoln to Portland	225,000	25,000
The Dalles to Salt Lake	186,000	6,000
	$1,196,000	$61,000

Showing a deficiency of $1,135,000 in these five routes. If to this, says the Secretary, "be added the revenue which would accrue upon 'free matter' charged with the existing rates of postage less the sum annually appropriated therefor, it is estimated that not less than two millions of dollars per annum are lost to the Department, preventing an enlargement to that extent in those States from which the postal revenues are mainly derived."

CONGRESS.

Dec. 4.—In the House, immediately after its organization, Mr. Stevens offered a joint resolution, which was passed by a vote of 133 to 36, that:

"A Joint Committee of 15 shall be appointed, 9 of whom shall be members of the House and 6 of the Senate, who shall inquire into the condition of the States which formed the so-called Confederate States of America, and report whether they or any of them are entitled to be represented in either House of Congress, with leave to report at any time, by bill or otherwise, and until such report shall have been made and finally acted upon by Congress no member shall be received in either House from any of the said so-called Confederate States, and all papers relating to the representatives of the said States shall be referred to the said Committee."

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a joint resolution proposing so to amend the Constitution as to make voters instead of population the basis of representation; and a series of resolutions declaratory of the duties of Congress in respect to the States lately in insurrection. These resolutions declare, in substance, that:

"Congress should take care that none of these States should be allowed to re-enter the Union without having formally complied with the five following conditions: (1) Fully recognizing the unity of the Republic, and the duty of allegiance to it at all times. (2.) "The complete enfranchisement of all citizens so that there shall be no denial of rights on account of color or race; but that justice shall be impartial, and all shall be equal before the law." (3.) The absolute rejection of the rebel debt, and the assumption of their just proportion of the national debt. (4.) "The organization of an educational system for the equal benefit of all, without distinction of color or race." (5.) The choice for all officers, "State or National, of persons of constant and undoubted loyalty."

Dec. 5.—The President's Message was read; notices of several important bills to be presented were given in both branches; and a resolution in the House was passed with but a single dissentient vote, Mr. Trimble, of Kentucky, that

"The public debt created during the late rebellion was contracted upon the faith and honor of the nation; that it is sacred and inviolate, and must and ought to be paid, principal and interest, and any attempt to repudiate, or in any manner to impair said debt, should be universally discountenanced by the people, and promptly rejected by Congress, if proposed."

Dec. 6.—In the Senate, the Standing Committees were elected; the chairmen of the principal ones being: *Foreign Relations*, Sumner: *Finance*, Fessenden; *Commerce*, Chandler; *Manufactures*, Sprague; *Agriculture*, Sherman; *Military Affairs*, Wilson; *Naval Affairs*, Anthony; *Territories*, Wade.—In the House, several important resolutions and bills were introduced, most of which will hereafter become subjects of record. Both branches adjourned until the 11th, to give time for the appointment of Standing Committees in the House.

Dec. 11.—In the Senate several bills were introduced and referred to the proper Committees; and Mr. Wilson introduced a series of resolutions relating to Mexico. The preamble recites the measures taken to establish a French Monarchy in Mexico, and refers to the decrees of Maximilian practically re-establishing slavery, and ordering the immediate execution of all Republican soldiers who may be captured. The resolutions are as follows:

"1. That we contemplate the present condition of affairs in the Republic of Mexico with the most profound solicitude.

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"2. That the attempt to subvert one of the republican governments of this continent by a foreign Power, and to establish on its ruins a monarchy, sustained solely by European bayonets, is opposed to the declared policy of the United States Government, offensive to our people, and contrary to the spirit of our institutions.

"3. That the President of the United States be requested to take such steps concerning this grave matter as will indicate the recognized policy and protect the honor and interests of our Government."

In the House, the Standing Committees were announced, the Chairmen of the principal ones being: *Ways and Means*, Morrill; *Appropriations*, Stevens; *Foreign Affairs*, Banks; *Commerce*, Washburne; *Elections*, Dawes; *Military Affairs*, Schenck; *Naval Affairs*, Rice; *Manufactures*, Morehead, *Agriculture*, Bidwell; *Territories*, Ashley; *Banks and Currency*, Pomeroy.—The question of the status of those persons claiming seats from the seceding States was settled by the rejection, by a vote of 111 to 40, of a resolution allowing them the privilege of the floor while their claims were pending. This resolution was subsequently modified in the case of the members from Tennessee, by granting them this privilege. Their ultimate claim being referred to the Committee of fifteen.

Dec. 12.—The Senate agreed to Mr. Stevens's resolution for a joint committee of fifteen, with a slight amendment. This amendment was subsequently (Dec. 14) agreed to, and the House Committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Stevens, Washburne, Morrill, Grider, Bingham, Conkling, Boutwell, Blow, and Rogers.

Several days were passed in both Houses in debates upon various subjects. Many resolutions were introduced, the most notable of which was one, passed in the House without dissent, declaring that "treason against the United States is a crime and ought to be punished." A joint resolution was adopted, ordering that on the 12th of February, the anniversary of the birthday of President Lincoln, an address commemorative of his life and character should be given before both Houses, by Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War.

Dec. 19.—In the Senate a special Message from the President was read in response to a resolution calling for "information as to the condition of the States lately in rebellion." The following are the leading points in this Message:

"As the result of the measures instituted by the Executive with a view of inducing a resumption of the functions of the States comprehended in the inquiry of the Senate, the people in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee, have recognized their respective State Governments, and are yielding obedience to the laws and Government of the United States with more willingness and greater promptitude than under the circumstances could reasonably have been anticipated. The proposed amendment to the Constitution providing for the abolition of slavery forever within the limits of the country has been ratified by each one of these States, with the exception of Mississippi, from which no information has been received; and in nearly all of them measures have been adopted, or are now pending, to confer upon the freedmen the privileges which are essential to their comfort, protection, and security." It is expected that Florida and Texas will soon be in a condition to resume their relations with the Federal Government. "The people throughout the entire South evince a laudable desire to renew their allegiance to the Government, and to repair the devastations of war by a prompt and cheerful return to peaceful pursuits. An abiding faith is entertained that their actions will conform to their professions." In some States there have been occasional disorders; but these are disappearing; and systems are gradually developing themselves under which the freedmen will receive due protection and be enabled to become useful members of the community. The Message closes thus: "From all the information in my possession, I am induced to cherish the belief that sectional animosity is surely and rapidly merging itself into a spirit of nationality; and that representation, connected with a properly adjusted system of taxation, will result in a harmonious restoration of the relations of the States to the National Union."

This Message was accompanied by a Report from General Grant, who has been making a brief tour through portions of the South, "in order to see what changes were necessary in the disposition of the military forces of the country, and to learn, as far as possible, the feelings and intentions of the citizens of those States toward the General Government." The following are some of the leading points in this Report:

"I am satisfied that the mass of the thinking men of the South accept the present situation of affairs in good faith. The questions of slavery and of the right of a State to secede from the Union they regard as having been settled by the highest tribunal—arms—that men can resort to." It is universally admitted, says General Grant, that it is not practicable at present to withdraw the military entirely from the South. The force in the interior should be white, because "the presence of black troops, lately slaves, demoralizes labor, both by their advice and by furnishing in their camps a resort for the freedmen for long distances around;" and "colored troops must be kept in bodies sufficient to defend themselves;" while "white troops generally excite no opposition, and therefore a small number of them can maintain order in a given district."

General Grant speaks cautiously respecting the Freedmen's Bureau. He says that, "In some form it is an absolute necessity until civil law is established and enforced, securing to the freedmen their rights and full protection," and "every where General Howard, the able head of the Bureau, made friends by the just and fair instructions and advice which he gave." But, he adds:

"Conversations with officers connected with the Bureau, led me to think that in some of the States its affairs have not been conducted with good judgment or economy, and that the belief widely spread among the freedmen of the Southern States that the lands of their former owners will, at least in part, be divided among them, has come from the agents of this Bureau. This belief is seriously interfering with the willingness of the freedmen to make contracts for the ensuing year.....Many, perhaps the majority, of the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, advise the freedmen that by their own industry they must expect to live. To this end they endeavor to secure employment for them, and to see that both contracting parties comply with their engagements. In some cases, I am sorry to say, the freedman's mind does not seem to be disabused of the idea that the freedman has the right to live without care or provision for the future. The effect of the belief in the division of the lands is idleness and accumulation in camps, towns, and cities." The general conclusions are that, "It can not be expected that the opinions held by men at the South for years can be changed in a day; and therefore the freedmen require, for a few years, not only laws to protect them, but the fostering care of those who will give them good counsel, and upon whom they can rely;" and that, "the Freedmen's Bureau, while separated from the military establishment of the country, requires all the expense of a separate organization." General Grant would have "every officer on duty with troops in the Southern States regarded as an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau; and then have all orders from the head of the Bureau sent through the Department commanders. This," he says, "would create a responsibility that would cause uniformity of action throughout the South; would insure the orders and instructions from the head of the Bureau being carried out; and would relieve from duty and pay a large number of employés of the Government."

This Message of the President, and the Report of General Grant, elicited an animated debate in the Senate. Mr. Sumner said:

"We have a Message from the President which is like the whitewashing Message of Franklin Pierce with regard to the atrocities in Kansas.....In former days there was but one Kansas to suffer under illegal power. Now there are eleven Kansases suffering as only one suffered. Therefore, as eleven are more than one, so is the enormity of the present time more than the enormity in the days of Franklin Pierce."

Senators Doolittle and Dixon replied to Mr. Sum-

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ner, assuming that in styling the Message of the President a "whitewashing" one he implied that it was "intended to cover up, by falsehood and misrepresentation, certain facts," and to charge the President with "want of truth and want of patriotism." Mr. Sumner rejoined that such was not his meaning; he had "no reflection to make on the patriotism or truth of the President of the United States."

Dec. 21.—In the Senate, Messrs. Fessenden, Grimes, Harris, Howland, Johnson, and Williams were appointed as the Senatorial members of the Committee of Fifteen. Both Houses of Congress agreed to adjourn for the holidays, and to meet again on the 5th of January.

The most important event of the month is the adoption, by the requisite majority of three-fourths of all the States, of the Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery. The formal announcement of the fact, in virtue of which this prohibition becomes a part of the supreme law of the land, is as follows:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State of the United States, to all to whom these Presents may come, Greeting:*

Know ye, that, whereas, the Congress of the United States, on the 1st of February last, passed a resolution, which is in the words following, namely:

A resolution submitting to the Legislatures of the several States a proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States:

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of said Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE XIII.

SECTION 1. *Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.*

SECTION 2. *Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.*

And, whereas, it appears from official documents on file in this department that the Amendment to the Constitution of the United States proposed as aforesaid has been ratified by the Legislatures of the States of Illinois, Rhode Island, Michigan, Maryland, New York, West Virginia, Maine, Kansas, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Nevada, Indiana, Louisiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Vermont, Tennessee, Arkansas, Connecticut, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Alabama, North Carolina, and Georgia, in all twenty-seven States;

And whereas, the whole number of States in the United States is thirty-six;

And whereas, the before specially named States, whose Legislatures have ratified the said proposed amendment, constitute three-fourths of the whole number of States in the United States;

Now, therefore, be it known that I, William H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, by virtue and in pursuance of the second section of the act of Congress approved the 20th of April, 1818, entitled "An Act to provide for the publication of the laws of the United States and for other purposes," do hereby certify that the Amendment aforesaid HAS BECOME VALID TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES AS A PART OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the Department of State to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this 18th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the Independence of the United States of America the 90th. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*

In the list of States in our last Record it was assumed that Colorado would be formally admitted into the Union, making the whole number 37 instead of 36. Iowa was also said to have ratified the Amendment, whereas the proposition was acted upon by only one branch of the Legislature. Georgia, which is included in the official list, ratified the amendment on the 6th of December; and Oregon on the 11th of November, although the official announcement has not been received.

In accordance with the policy of the President the Provisional Governors appointed for the States which have ratified the Amendment have been relieved, and the administration placed in the hands of the Governors elected by the people. These States are North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. Texas and Florida are the only States now under Provisional Governors, none having ever been appointed for Virginia, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee. This change was officially made in the form of an official notice from the Secretary of State. These notices were essentially the same for each State. That to Provisional Governor Perry of South Carolina is as follows:

"SIR,—The time has arrived when, in the judgment of the President of the United States, the care and conduct of the proper affairs of the State of South Carolina may be remitted to the constitutional authorities chosen by the people thereof, without danger to the peace and safety of the United States. By direction of the President, therefore, you are relieved from the trust which was heretofore reposed in you as Provisional Governor of the State of South Carolina, whenever the Governor elect shall have accepted and become qualified to discharge the duties of the executive office. You will transfer the papers and property of the State now in your custody to his Excellency the Governor elect. It gives me especial pleasure to convey to you the President's acknowledgments of the fidelity, the loyalty, and the discretion which have marked your administration. You will please give me a reply, specifying the day on which this communication is received."

The dispatch to Governor ORR reads:

"SIR,—By direction of the President I have the honor herewith to transmit to you a copy of a communication, which has been addressed to his Excellency Benjamin F. Perry, late Provisional Governor of the State of South Carolina, whereby he has been relieved of the trust heretofore reposed in him, and directed to deliver into your Excellency's possession the papers and property relating to the trust. I have the honor to tender you the co-operation of the Government of the United States, whenever it may be found necessary in effecting the early restoration and the permanent prosperity and welfare of the State over which you have been called to preside."

Governor Worth, of *North Carolina*, in his Message says that the people of that State ardently desire its restoration to the Union and a condition of national amity; that they are ready to perform their Constitutional obligations; that the animosity at the South growing out of the war is passing away; and that North Carolina "will grasp the hand of conciliation, if offered with generous and magnanimous confidence." He adds, that if the acts of the people, in promptly complying with all the provisions of the President's plan, are held insufficient to entitle them to confidence, they can hardly hope to do any thing which will be held satisfactory.—This Message was delivered before the President had shown the desired confidence in the people of that State, by restoring the government to their hands.

Governor Jenkins, of *Georgia*, in his Message says that in remodeling their Constitution the people have acknowledged the National Constitution as their supreme law, and have promised "fidelity to the supreme law in all future legislative, executive, and judicial action, and in all future movements of the people *en masse*." He urges the most generous treatment of the freedmen, and argues that the courts must be opened to them, and that in the assertion and defense of their rights they must be

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allowed the benefit of the testimony of witnesses of their own race.

Governor Patton, of *Alabama*, contrasts the former prosperity of the State, when in the Union, with its condition under the Confederacy. He declares that all the conditions prescribed by the President have been complied with; that the people are united in their determination to obey the laws, and in the desire for a restoration of harmonious relations with the other States of the Union. He urges that magnanimous treatment should be extended to the freedmen; and reminds the Legislature that they were required by the Convention to provide full protection to the persons and property of the colored population.

Governor Orr, of *South Carolina*, in his Message sets forth the pecuniary condition of the State. He says the people are not in a condition to pay the usual taxes heretofore collected, and recommends that no appropriations be made beyond what are required for the efficient administration of the government. The treasury being empty, no loan procurable, and no taxes collectable until June, he recommends that certificates of indebtedness be issued, receivable for all State taxes. He urges that an attempt be made to induce the Government of the United States to permit the direct tax to be assumed by the State, and to suspend for a time its collection. After setting forth the loss by confiscation and sale for taxes of land near the sea-board—the sales alone amounting, he thinks, even at the low prices at which they were made, to nearly the whole amount of the direct tax apportioned to the State—he recommends that the "Executive be authorized, if possible, to effect with the General Government some amelioration of the enormous and ruinous sacrifice which has thus been imposed upon a portion of the citizens of the State." He also recommends that debtors should be protected by a law partially staying the collection of debts. Of the freedmen he says:

"Our policy toward the freedmen should be kind and humane. If his rights of person and property are not fully and effectually secured by our local legislation, we can not hope to be relieved from the presence of the Military and Provost Courts. The authorities of the United States will not remove their protecting hand from the negro, whom they have manumitted, and in whose freedom we have acquiesced, until we provide by our laws to give him full protection in all his civil rights. His labor is necessary for the successful prosecution of the agriculture of the State, and it will be best commanded by making him cheerful and contented."

After having been put in the exercise of his official powers, Governor Orr sent the following dispatch to the Secretary of State:

"It will be very gratifying to the people of South Carolina that her government has been intrusted to officers of their own selection. In their name I thank you for the tender of co-operation of the Government of the United States, when found necessary, in effecting the early restoration and permanent prosperity and welfare of the State. You may be assured of my unalterable purpose to aid in upholding the supremacy of the laws of the United States, and in advancing the honor, interests, and prosperity of our common country."

From *Colorado* we learn that Messrs. Chaffee and Evans, both Republicans, have been elected United States Senators, in case the Territory is admitted as a State, and that they have left for Washington. They report a uniform confidence among the people of Colorado in the prompt admission of that State into the Union, every part of the enabling act having been complied with. The Legislature passed a joint resolution requesting the President, if he did not deem himself authorized to proclaim the State in the Union, to urge its early admission upon Congress. Resolutions guaranteeing the ratification of the anti-slavery Amendment to the Constitution were passed.

A bitter feud has sprung up between the leaders of the Fenian organization in this country, headed by Mr. John O'Mahony the "President," and his "Cabinet," on the one side, and the "Senate" on the other. The Senate impeached the President upon charges of: (1.) "Violation of his oath of office." (2.) "Calumniating the C. E. of the I. R." (3.) "Calumniating the Senate and members of the Fenian Brotherhood." (4.) "Perfidy in impeding the objects of the Fenian Brotherhood." Under each charge are a number of specifications, twenty in all. Upon trial—

"John O'Mahony, being found guilty on all the charges and specifications, the following was the judgment of the court: That John O'Mahony, being found guilty of the foregoing charges and specifications, be deposed from the office of President of the Fenian Brotherhood, and declared incapable of holding office hereafter."

Mr. W. R. Roberts was appointed by the Senate as President. Bernard D. Killian, the "Secretary of the Treasury," was also impeached upon charges of: (1.) "Perfidy." (2.) "Malfeasance in office;" found guilty, deposed, and declared incapable of holding office hereafter. The O'Mahony party charge the Senators with similar offenses, and likewise with having been "bought up with British gold." As far as now appears the country "circles" generally side with the Senate; those in the principal cities, with the exception of those at the West, with O'Mahony.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* the accounts are still so contradictory that they must be considered only as rumors. Each party claims decided successes in the interior. Reinforcements of Austrian and French troops have arrived in aid of Maximilian. Upon the Rio Grande there has been some desultory fighting. The relations between our commanders and those of the Emperor in this quarter appear to be somewhat unfriendly, and a collision has more than once seemed probable.

In *Hayti* the insurrection has been in a manner suppressed by the capture of Cape Haytien; but Salnave, the principal leader, escaped, and is reported to be gathering troops, made up in a considerable part of deserters from Geffrard's army.

In *Jamaica* the conduct of the Governor and troops in suppressing the late riots appears to have been even more brutal than previously reported. It has excited intense indignation in England. Governor Eyre has been suspended from his functions, and Sir Henry Storks, Governor of Malta, has been temporarily appointed in his place. The commission for his appointment recites that—

"Great dissatisfaction is alleged to have prevailed in Jamaica; that grievous disturbances had broken out, and that excessive and unlawful severity had been used in their suppression; and whereas it being urgent that full and impartial inquiry should be made into the origin, nature, and circumstances of the said disturbances, and the measures adopted for their suppression, the powers now vested in Governor Eyre are revoked, on the ground that it may be advisable that he should be present during the inquiry; but for the sufficiency of said inquiry the powers of Governor should be vested in some other person, and Sir H. Storks is accordingly temporarily appointed Governor of Jamaica."

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The Spanish Government appears to be at last waking up to the necessity of making some reforms in the administration of its West Indian colonies. A royal decree has been lately published, authorizing the Minister of the Colonies to form a commission to examine into the subject, of which the Minister of the Colonies is to be the President. Besides the officials and persons of rank to be examined by the commission, twenty-two delegates, natives or residents of the Islands of Cuba and Porto Rico, and chosen by the various corporate bodies there existing, are to be included, the Corporation of Havana electing two delegates, and the fourteen largest towns after Havana electing one each. Porto Rico, the capital of the island, is to elect two delegates, and the next four largest cities one each. In addition to the above, the Minister of the Colonies is empowered to select twenty-two others, sixteen for the Island of Cuba, and six for that of Porto Rico, who have resided at least four years in either of the islands, or who have served as public functionaries there, to be examined before the commission. Ex-Captain-Generals, Governors, etc., etc., are also to be examined, so that before undertaking the reform, the preliminary business of hearing the various opinions *pro* and *con* will be the affair of a lifetime.

Spain persists in her demands upon *Chili*, and maintains the blockade—which seems nominal rather than effective—of the Chilean ports. It is said that the Spanish Admiral has been ordered to treat all Chilean privateers as pirates.

On the River *Plata* the allies appear to be still successful. They were at last accounts pushing after the retreating Paraguayans; but the devastation of the abandoned country, and the violent storms, rendered the pursuit by land slow and difficult. The fleet had, however, advanced some distance up the Parana. The latest intelligence indicates that the Paraguayans have withdrawn entirely across the Upper Parana, out of Corrientes. The Brazilian fleet is at the mouth of the Paraguay, and the allied army has crossed the River Corrientes on its march to the Parana, near Goza. It will be sent in vessels up that river to the point selected for further operations. Great sickness prevails among the land-forces.

In *Great Britain* several Fenians have been tried, convicted, and sentenced to long terms of confinement. Among those arrested was James Stephens, the "Head Centre" or "President of the Irish Republic." Upon his trial he denied the right of the British Government to exercise any authority in Ireland, and declared that "I defy and despise any punishment it may inflict upon me." He was committed to prison, and extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent his escape. But he managed to effect his escape. The following, with some abridgments, is an account of the circumstances, as given by a newspaper correspondent:

"The corridor in which Stephens slept was securely locked, the cell door was kept locked, except during the hour allowed for exercise. This corridor forms the upper story of one wing of an L-shaped building; it is about thirty yards long, and is divided from its continuation in the other wing by a heavy, solid iron door, which was kept securely locked. At the wrong side of this door, through which they could not even see the prisoner's cell-door, the three policemen were stationed. At the other end of the corridor is a massive iron door, with a huge lock, opening directly on the lobby of a stone staircase, by descending four flights of which you reach the ground. The door of the cell in which Stephens slept is cased with iron; the keyhole is on the outside, the inner side being a complete blank. The door is secured by a huge swing bar, fastened by a padlock of about eighteen inches in circumference.

"At ten o'clock on Thursday night the keys of the cell and corridor doors, with many others, were deposited in the Governor's room. The night was wild and stormy, and the prison authorities slept on in full security till about four o'clock in the morning, when the watchman for the night, whose duty it was to patrol the outer yards and passages around the prison, startled the Deputy Governor out of his sleep with the information that he had just discovered two tables piled against the boundary wall of the prison. An alarm was instantly sounded; the whole force of turnkeys, warders, etc., were at once assembled. Headed by the Governor, a number of them rushed to Stephens's cell, and found it empty; the door was wide open, the padlock lying on the ground together with the false key to which it had yielded; the cell door leading out on the stairs stood also open. Between this point and the spot where the tables were found there are no less than twelve doors, ten of which are always kept locked at night. One of the doors which should have been open was found locked; of the ten doors which should have been locked nine were found open; the tenth, a heavy solid iron door, was found locked from the outside, and the false key which opened it was found in the keyhole.

"It was seen at a glance that Stephens, the only person missing, had been guided by some one thoroughly acquainted with the devious windings of the prison; no one else could have led him through the intricate by-ways, yards, and unfrequented passages through which he had passed. In order to open all the doors through which Stephens had escaped four keys only were necessary—a key for the cell door, two latch keys for the outer doors, and a 'pass key' which opens some forty doors within the prison, including the door at the head of the staircase leading from Stephens's corridor, and eight others on his route to the boundary wall."

A reward of £1000 was offered for his apprehension; but the prevalent opinion is that he has escaped from the country; if that is the case he will likely make his way to America.

Leopold, King of the Belgians, died at Brussels on the 9th of December at the age of 75. He was the son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and uncle of Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria. In 1816 he married the Princess Charlotte, the heir-apparent to the British Crown, when a pension of £50,000, besides other emoluments, was settled upon him. The Princess died within a year, but he continued to receive his pension, which for forty years has amounted to fully twelve and a half millions of dollars—more than six times the entire salaries of all the Presidents of the United States from Washington down. In 1830 the crown of Greece was offered him, as it was, a quarter of a century later, to his grand-nephew, Prince Alfred. This he declined; and a year after, when Holland was forced to consent to a dismemberment, he was made by the Great Powers King of Belgium. In 1832 he married a daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French. He was an able and cautious statesman, and his kingdom, almost alone of the nations of the Continent of Europe, was undisturbed by the revolutions of 1848. He is succeeded by his son, under the title of Leopold II.

THE EAST.

From *China* we learn that the steamer *Wanatah* was captured by pirates while on the way from Shanghai to Foo Chow. Piracy in Chinese waters is on the increase. The district lying southeast of Pekin has been ravaged by troops of bandit cavalry. A body of 180 mounted rancheros made a raid to within two hundred miles of the capital. A force was sent out after them, but they made good their escape. The last strong-hold of rebellion in the province of the Kiangsi is reported to be evacuated. The insurgents, it is added, retreated to Fukien.

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Editor's Drawer.

A FRIEND in Stroudsburg, Monroe County, Pennsylvania, writes:

A man was arrested for stealing chickens, and was brought before our court. The case was given to the jury, who brought him in guilty, and the Judge sentenced him to three months' imprisonment in our county jail. Captain Halleck, the jailer, was a jovial man, fond of a *smile*, and feeling particularly good on that particular day, felt insulted at once when the prisoner looked around his cell and told him it was dirty, and not fit for a hog to be put in. One word brought on another, and finally Captain H. told the prisoner that if he did not behave himself he would put him out; to which the prisoner replied, "Captain Halleck, I will give you to understand I have as good a right here as you have!"

As Deacon A——, on an extremely cold morning in old times, was riding by the house of his neighbor B——, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with,

"Don't be in a hurry, Deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of old Jamaica this morning?"

"Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon, "I don't care if I do."

"Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, Deacon," said the neighbor; "I merely asked for information. We haven't a drop in the house."

THE New Bedford *Mercury* tells a story of "the height of economy—bordering on meanness." A man of immense wealth in one of our large cities was sick. At length, after some weeks of illness, he died during the hours of night. A child, only heir to his vast estate, sat by the window the next morning watching the advent of the physician. As he approached the house the bereaved one lifted the sash and cried out, "It is all over, doctor; you needn't come in."

PHOTOGRAPH of fashionable music; copied from the original:

Waw-kaw, swaw daw aw raw,
Thaw saw thaw law aw waw;
Waw-kaw taw thaw raw vaw yaw braw
Aw thaw raw-jaw saw aws.

Key to the above:

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

"AH, Sam, so you've been in trouble, have you?" "Yes, Jim, yes." "Well, cheer up, man! adversity tries us, and shows us our best qualities." "Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was an old vagabond of a Judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

FROM a town out West comes the following specimen of the smartness of its children:

We *do* have *some* smart children here; and here is one of them. A religious society worshiping not many miles from the residence of the scribe hereof decided to build a new church this season, and the pastor, among others, was chosen to solicit funds. He did his work very zealously, taking not only the widow's but the child's mites. Well, he has a class of children in the Sabbath-school, and one Sunday, not long since, while instructing them, he compared himself to the Good Shepherd, and then inquired what the latter did with his flock? One bright-eyed little fellow promptly replied, "He *shears* them!" There was *some* smiling at that answer.

A CLERGYMAN, a few Sabbaths since, was preaching a sermon upon Death, in the course of which he asked the question, "Is it not a solemn thought?" His little four-year boy, who had been listening with rapt attention to his father, immediately answered, in a shrill, piping voice, so as to be heard throughout the house, greatly to the amusement of the congregation, "Yes, Sir; it is."

LITTLE Alice, of four years, talks a good deal about her baby sister, who is dead. The other night, while going to bed, she asked:

"Does baby have all her things in heaven?"

"She has every thing she wants there," was the reply.

"Does she have a table, and a spoon, and a little rattle?"

"She has all she wants in heaven," answered mamma.

"Do they have beds in heaven?" persisted the child, springing at the same time into her own little nest.

The mother's attention had been called to something else, and she replied absently:

"I don't know; I never was there."

Little Alice sprang up, and gazing earnestly at her mother, exclaimed:

"Didn't God make you?"

"Oh yes."

"And didn't you *look around* you when you was made?" demanded the child in accents of astonishment.

REV. SIMEON PARMLEE, well known in Northern Vermont, and for many years a settled minister in the town of Westford, used to relate the following respecting one of his parishioners, who was never known to engage in any religious conversation, so strongly was he attached to things earthly. Mr. Parmlee called one day to have a talk with him. He wished to have the minister walk over his well-cultivated farm, which request was complied with. After looking at his stock and crops, he waited for an opportunity to change the subject to things of a religious nature. At last the minister thought the time had arrived, when he said:

"All these are well enough in their place; but thou lackest one thing."

"Yes, yes," said the farmer: "*a good cart.* And I'll have it too."

The minister gave it up.

A TENDER-HEARTED railway engineer on a certain railroad says he never runs over a man when he can help it, because "it muses up the track so."

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A CELEBRATED artist of Boston, who excels in painting animals, saw, as he was passing through one of the rural towns of Massachusetts, a very animated-looking bull. Thinking he would like to take him on canvas, he got permission of the owner, an honest old farmer, and in due time produced an excellent likeness of the bull, which he sold for two hundred dollars. On seeing the farmer soon after he told him he had sold the picture of his bull for two hundred dollars. "Good gracious!" said the old man, "why I would have sold him the bull for less than that!"

I HAVE a little five-year-old. He had been sitting in deep thought for a long time. At length he exclaimed:

"Aunty" (he lives with an aunt, his mother being dead), "I wish I was boss of the whole world."

"Why, Jimmie, what would you do? Do you think you could make the sun shine and the rain fall, so that the trees and grass and all the pretty flowers should grow? And could you take care of the sun and moon and all the stars?"

He thought a moment and replied:

"Why, Aunty, I'd tend to things down here, and let God tend to things up there."

ONE of our neighbors writes to the Drawer:

When I was in the army I assisted Major Phelps (Paymaster) to "pay off" the Twenty-fifth Regiment Indiana Volunteers, which, like our other Indiana regiments, was noted for its go-in-itiveness. The sutler of the regiment was called "Old Joe," though he was an "old Jew," but a good sutler withal, and very much liked by the boys. We were then before Corinth, and as we were skirmishing most all the time, and the Twenty-fifth was in the advance line, the Major, as a precaution, had a team hitched up and standing ready to carry off the safe and funds if they should be in danger. About 10 A.M. the wagon stood in readiness, and the Major had his funds out on the plank ready to pay the first Company, which was drawn up in line before the Major's tent, waiting, like the team, though not so patiently, to carry off the money, and old Joe, papers in hand, waited to take his toll. Just then our line of skirmishers, which was only about fifty yards in advance, commenced a very brisk fire. In a moment the long roll beat, and the order came—"Fall in, men!" and in less time than it takes to tell it the Company which was in line for pay together with the rest of the regiment were in line, and moving forward at a rapid pace to sustain the skirmishers. The Major threw the money in the safe, and the safe in the wagon, and with the team awaited the result of the first fire before knowing whether or not to decamp. Happening to look round, the Major and I both at once beheld old Joe standing at the Major's *late* tent-door, the most perfect picture of despair I ever saw. His under jaw hung down a rod, and his eyes, almost on his cheeks, eagerly followed the regiment as it moved off. Seeing us in turn staring at him, in the most pitiful of tones he exclaimed, "Dare goes dat regiment out! Dey always fights like every ting! Dey git killed *effery von!* Who pays me my monish?"

WHILE I'm in the Dutch line I'll write another:

One of the most conscientious Dutchmen I ever knew was porter in a commission house in Cincinnati, and sometimes sold some of the merchandise when the proprietors were absent. He was a good salesman and a pretty good judge of money, but in one of his sales he took in a very suspicious-looking five-dollar bill, and when the book-keeper took it to the bank the bank refused it, and pronounced it spurious, but said it was an excellent imitation. The book-keeper returned it to the porter, and told him to return it to the party of whom he received it. About a week afterward the book-keeper, thinking he had had time to see the party and get another note, asked the porter if he had returned the spurious "V." "Well," he said, "dat man vot gave me dat bill he didn't comed around already, and some days I tink de bill vas goot, and some days I tink it vas bad; so one of dem days vot I tink it vas good I passed him out!"

H——, of Yale, Professor of a *dead* language, yet fully *alive* to his own, gave this advice to the tobacco-chewers of his class: "Those who expec-to-rate on the floor, can not expect to rate high in my estimation!"

M. M. BENT, well known throughout West Virginia, began life as clerk in a country store at G——, at the age of fifteen, and was very small for his age (a difficulty, by-the-way, that he has never surmounted). One day a huge customer came into the store—a man who weighed three hundred pounds, and came of a race to the full as large—to buy cloth for a suit for his boy. He didn't know how much it would take, he said, and seemed quite puzzled as to how much he should buy. Young Bent spoke up: "How old is your boy, Sir?" "Fifteen," was the reply. "Just *my* age," said Bent; "is he as big as me?" "Big as *you!*" ejaculated the large customer, stepping back a pace and surveying the boy from head to foot with a look of the most unutterable contempt. "Big as you! He was as big as you when he was born!"

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, some twenty-five years ago, was governed by a Town Council, consisting of seven or eight citizens, elected by the people. They had no "City Solicitor," but it was the practice to elect one of the lawyers of the town a member of the Council, to advise that body in all matters of law, and put in legal language the ordinances passed for the government of about four thousand people. An old Pennsylvania barrister, Mr. C——, was a member of the Council; he reported an ordinance to which he gave this title: "An ordinance regulating by-standers during any house being on fire." The ordinance was passed, and remains in force to this day, with the title at its head.

A JOLLY old German, whose name was Harder, was in the habit of spending Saturday afternoons at the village tavern. He was as generous as he was witty, fond of drink, and would invite every one to take a glass who entered the bar-room. If they were strangers he always asked their names. Two strangers came in one day, and were forthwith invited to drink. On being asked their names, the first answered that his name was Smith; the other said he had a very hard name. The old German said, "I'll bet drinks I beat you on that." "Done!" said the gentleman, and they shook hands. "Now for your name, Sir." The cool reply was, "My name is Stone." "Dat's hard," said old Teuton; "but mine is Harder." Of course he won.

A RATHER conceited young lawyer, just admitted

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to practice, placed on his office-door a flashy sign, gilt letters, on a large black varnished tin plate, and which read thus: "David Johnson, Councilor-at-Law." The next morning a sheet of paper, about the size of the sign, was pasted on the door, under the sign, on which was plainly written:

"This is Davy Johnson's sign,
A sign for his employer;
But do not think it's any *sign*
That Davy is a lawyer."

Two gentlemen in a bar-room were discussing military matters, when one of them quoted Lavater to sustain a position he had assumed. "Nonsense!" said the other, "to quote Lavater. What did he know about military matters?" The first insisted he was right. They agreed to leave the question to Major T——, who was with a group of gentlemen sitting on the other side of the room. So they walked over and asked the gallant Major whether Lavater was a military author. "Certainly," said the Major; "didn't he write 'about face?'"

A HALF-DRUNKEN wag passing along the side-walk, stopped opposite the large low window of a tailor's shop. The window was wide open, and the tailor was seated at work on the table near it, when the wag walked up, and in loud voice said, "Hallo, Cabbage! what o'clock is it?" Cabbage seized his yard-stick and gave Mr. Wag a heavy blow over the shoulders, exclaiming, "It has just struck one!" The wag sprung back, and, rubbing his sore shoulder, but with a very sober face, said, "Look here, old Cabbage, I want to know if your watch is a repeater?"

IN the city of Madison, Indiana, resided the Hon. Jos. G. Marshall, celebrated throughout the West as a lawyer and politician. On one occasion Jo had a new coat made, and the tailor, in placing the pockets, put them inside instead of outside the tail of the garment. This was a new idea to Jo, and he did not discover the pockets in time for much practical use. When the coat was about worn out, Mr. Marshall again visited the tailor for another fit, and remarked to him that he thought a *pocket in the coat* would be quite an addition; that the one he had on had no such appendix; and he had no place for his handkerchief. The tailor quietly took Jo's hand and placed it in the pocket behind him. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed Jo, "the discoveries of man are infinite!"

IN 1850 Mr. Marshall received and accepted a challenge from Hon. Jesse D. Bright. The preliminaries were all arranged, and the duel to come off (rifles—fifty paces) on Twelve-Mile Island, twelve miles above Louisville, Kentucky. Both parties, with respective friends, repaired to Louisville, and were about ready to leave for the Island when the police got the track of the parties, making very artful dodging necessary. The Rev. Samuel Marshall, one of Jo's brothers, hearing of the difficulty, had hastened to Louisville to put his pastoral ban upon the proceedings, and had just arrived. When Jo was in the act of leaving the Louisville Hotel he was politely tapped upon the shoulder by a policeman, with the remark, "Mr. Marshall, you are my prisoner." Jo's wits upon this occasion stood him in better need than in the affair of the pockets. "That is not my name, Sir," said he; and pointing to his reverend brother (who was just coming up), "that is Jo Marshall; I command you to arrest him." And notwithstanding the attempted explanation of the reverend gentleman he was marched off, Jo making his escape, but to be arrested the second time, and the duel adjourned *sine die*.

AWAY back in '59, just after the John Brown raid, when small politicians were trying to make political capital out of the raid by trying to implicate prominent Northern men, a Mr. B——, of P——, up in Vermont (by-the-way, quite a windy man), having just returned from a neighboring town on the railroad, visited the village store, and soon opened. "Well," said he, "they are making things hum, and more than one will get brought out. Why, I saw a copy of a letter from Douglas that was found in old Brown's papers." "Oh, that was from Fred Douglass," said Dr. P——, "not Stephen A." "Well," says B——, "I don't believe Fred was there without the *old man knowing something about it!*"

PADDY O'KEEFE, as we delighted to call him, or P. B. O'Keefe, Esq., as he delighted to be called, was one who preferred to try and reach the "upper crust" rather than run always with the plebeians. Paddy kept the Austin House in Weaverville some years ago, and did the honors with such grace and urbanity that the Austin House became a popular resort. One day several of the county notabilities were in the bar-room, and P. B., rigged in his best suit, was in his glory. It chanced that his wife wanted to see him in the kitchen; so coming to the little door behind the bar, she called out in a hoarse whisper, "Pathrick!" Patrick heard her, and felt somewhat as a peacock does when it happens to see its feet. Stepping backward with a smiling phiz, he soon got near enough to rebuke her in an angry whisper: "Whisht, Mary, with yer 'Pathrick!' Call me *Misther O'Keefe* before the jintlemen!"

IN Douglas City, Trinity County, California, lives a man who sends a lot of good things to the Drawer:

In the early days of mining, before roads had been laid out and saw-mills built, a blacksmith located on one of the river bars in California, and, erecting a forge of stones and clay, set the anvil on a stump which he sawed low for the purpose, and sharpened the picks and drills of the boys who worked in the vicinity. He worked at mining himself in the day time, and did his blacksmithing at night; and not knowing what day his claim might fail, and he be compelled to pull up stakes and leave, did not think it worth while to build a roof over the "shop." One day Bill S—— and two others left the bar for Weaverville, the county seat. As they came into the main trail leading to that place they met a disconsolate-looking chap, leading a horse that stumbled at every step. The man at once inquired:

'Strangers, can you tell me how far it is to a blacksmith's shop? My hoss has lost a shoe, an' goes powerful lame."

"Oh yes," answers Bill; "you're in the *shop* now, but it's about four miles to the *anvil!*"

THE old Methodist circuit riders were very plain, blunt, earnest men. Many years ago old Brother H—— was preaching in the Methodist Church in our village. One of his auditors, a very worthy

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young man, had purchased a music-box, and placed it in his coat-pocket just as he started for church. Unfortunately the instrument was not in good order, and would sometimes stop before it run down, and then a slight jar would set it going again.

Old Brother H—— was preaching away, in no very low tone of voice, when our musical friend struck his coat-tail against the seat as he changed position, and away started the music-box, grinding out that unmethodistic tune, "Pop goes the weasel." Its owner, nearly mortified to death, clutched his coat-tail with both hands, and tried to choke it into silence. Finding he could not stop it, he rushed for the door. The old preacher, not comprehending the situation, yelled after him, "Young man, you'll make another kind of music in another world if you don't repent!"

Last February I was riding, in the language of the late John Leech, "a-horsebag" from this city to Westport, Kentucky. The mud was very deep, and not at all clear. Late in the day I inquired of an old gentleman I met how far it was to the river. He stopped his horse and assumed a very thoughtful aspect. "How far to the river, young gentleman? Well, as near as I can *calculate* [he was evidently a mathematician], it's about twelve mile—ten *thar*, and two *deep!*"

A young blood of the F. F.'s of Virginia was in the habit of daily standing on the sidewalk in front of one of the hotels in Richmond, and talking loudly and insolently when any of the Union officers were passing. A favorite expression of his, in a tone to be heard by all around, was, "Didn't we give the Yankees Jesse at Bull Run?" This he repeated so often that it was reported finally to the Provost Marshal, who sent for him, and told him that it would probably be necessary for him to leave Richmond, as his conversation was calculated to provoke disturbance. The young fellow begged hard to stay; he had no money to live on if sent away from home; he would take the oath, and never "say so again," if he could only stay.

The oath was administered to him, and he was about to leave the room, when, coming back, he said to the Marshal, "Didn't the rebels give us Yankees Jesse at Bull Run?"

A citizen of Oil City thus begins: "I have often pictured you in your sanctum—a jolly, rotund, old fellow, possessing not only aldermanic proportions, but aldermanic capabilities for the demolition of all good things, whether appearing as witticisms or wittles," etc., etc.; and then he adds:

Captain D—— is a brave New England soldier, and while standing six feet two in his stockings, possesses the carriage and easy dignity of a full-fledged Major-General. One day a group of officers were discussing and guessing each other's ages; finally some one said, "Well, 'Cap,' how old are you?" "Twenty-two," he replied. A very dry old fellow looked up, and deliberately surveying the tall Captain from feet to head, said, "Good gracious, Captain! you didn't grow all that in twenty-two years, did you?"

Here are two authentic anecdotes of Major P——, once postmaster of Lockport, New York, and widely known for his liberal treatment of the President's English, especially in its grammar. Most of his written and spoken language was liberally garnished with the most ferocious *bulls*, two of which I subjoin:

The Major was accustomed to mingle much in politics, and to declaim loudly to select circles upon passing events. Commenting, upon one occasion, upon some grave official malfeasance, he expressed himself as follows:

"I tell you, gentlemen, these *Oregon* stables must be cleaned out!"

Our friend was once traveling from Suspension Bridge to Lewiston on the cars. The grade of this road is very heavy, and the track runs for several miles along the Niagara River, midway between the precipitous rocks above and the raging waters below. The Major's attention was directed to the apparently dangerous position of the train, and he remarked, after a survey of the situation:

"Yes, yes; a wretched place for a *coalition!*"

Some years ago, in a *fracas* which occurred not a thousand miles from Vincennes, Indiana, a man accidentally present was severely wounded with a knife by one of the belligerents. Much alarm was excited, and doctors were hastily sent for, and one Esculapian came "armed and equipped," as he thought was exactly right; at any rate, he went to work upon the case as if *he* was going to do something. Rolling up his sleeves and "diving into it," he said to the horror-stricken by-standers, "Bad case—incised cut of the perineum membranus—and—through the umbilicus misintary to the lineral-bum. The viscus and the sigmum are incised—and the piluric orifice of the hepatic ductus is lacerated to the anterior spinus of the attachment of the fifth gang—" It was too much for a particular friend of the poor sufferer. He gave up, and hastened out into the fresh air to revive his fainting faculties. While walking up and down, painfully and despairingly wringing his hands, in front of the saloon where the mischief had been done, an acquaintance came hurriedly up and said to him, "How is Sam?" He replied, "There is no chance in the world for him; he must die, poor fellow! *The Latin parts of his bowels are all cut to pieces!*" Does any body wonder that Sam died?

A correspondent in the Frozen Zone—that is, up in the White Mountains—writes to the Drawer:

It was my good fortune some years since to spend a winter in the "wilds" of Cape Cod, engaged in the laudable enterprise of "teaching the young idea," etc., and many are the pleasing reminiscences which I occasionally indulge in of that pleasant winter. The Cape Codders are, notwithstanding their semi-aquatic life, thorough Yankees, with all a Yankee's love of the marvelous, to say nothing of more substantial merits of which mention might be made. One old fellow, who had been a Captain for many years, but, becoming unseaworthy, was rusting out his remaining days on shore, was particularly famous for the "toughness" of his "yarns," and his principal amusement that winter consisted in reeling them off, to the well-affected amazement and exclamations of wonder of myself and another equally verdant son of the Granite State. This kind of amusement continued until my friend H——, not liking to be outdone in the marvelous, sought opportunity to retaliate, which was not long in presenting itself. One day the topic of conversation chanced to be the violence of ocean winds, and of course the captain was thor-

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oughly at home with the subject; and his illustrations, drawn from his own experience, were none of the most zephyr-like. Among other things equally astounding, he averred that he had seen a davit (or crane, used in hoisting boats on board vessels—a piece of iron some two inches in diameter) broken short off by the force of the wind, there being no boat suspended from the davit at the time. Contrary to his usual custom, H—— did not seem to betray any amazement at this "stunner," much to the Captain's chagrin; but merely replied that "among the mountains of New Hampshire the wind frequently blew with equal violence. I well remember," said he, "one night I got caught in a snow squall on the side of old White Face, and I think that wind would have broken off your iron davit." "Guess not, guess not, Sir," said the Captain, doubtingly. "Well," returned H——, a merry twinkle beaming in his eye, "I can't say that it would, but I'll tell you what it did do. I had on at the time a stout pilot-cloth over-coat, and the wind actually blew out every particle of the filling, leaving nothing but the warp on my back!"

"Poh! poh!" said the Captain; "them shoddy pilot-jackets—I've seen 'em! A cat's paw 'd blow 'em all to rope-yarns any time!"

This is from Yale College, that foundation of wisdom, where the boys never indulge in fun:

York and Johnson were room-mates, and were in their mutual friendship a second edition of Damon and Pythias, which friendship allowed practical sells and jokes upon one another *ad infinitum*. York was a hard student, and his time was spent in vigorous attempts to reach a "philosophical stand," which would have been attained with greater ease if Johnson had not systematically devoted his hours of leisure to the tuning of a second-hand fiddle, and from morning to night in mixing together snatches of disjointed octaves.

Johnson's love for music was inspired by the devotion of Mr. Smith, his teacher, a violinist, who drew sweet sounds from Johnson's violin, and much cash from his pocket. One day, however, as the pupil expected his teacher to give him his tri-weekly music-lesson, and heard his footsteps ascending the stairs, Johnson, through fear of a failure in the recitation-room, determined for once to forego the pleasure of annoying his studious room-mate, and begged him, as he jumped into a narrow closet and shut the door, hugging in his arms Liddell and Scott's large Lexicon and Anthon's voluminously-annotated "Horace," to announce to his teacher, Mr. Smith, that he had gone out, and would not return for two hours! "Certainly," said York, just as Smith, with face beaming o'er the calculation of "one dollar" to his short cash account, entered and inquired:

"Mr. Johnson at home to-day?"

"No," answered York; "he has gone out, but will return in half an hour."

"Ah! then I'll wait," said our music-teacher, who took a cozy seat and whetted his impatience with the good things of the Drawer for that month. About forty minutes had unconsciously elapsed before he ventured to ask again: "Sure he'll be back soon?"

"Yes," answered York; "expect him every minute."

"Well, guess I'll wait ten minutes more," he said, resuming his attack on *Harper's Magazine*, until one hour had elapsed, much to the discomfort of the martyr in that narrow closet. At this time Smith made his *adoo*, leaving his compliments for Mr. Johnson, "who would never progress if he didn't practice more."

Just as Smith closed the door Johnson emerged from his bath of perspiration, and threw first "Liddell and Scott," and then "Anthon" at the head of York, raising bumps which remained permanent in juxtaposition with the phrenological bump of Language.

Little Charlie Waring is a thoughtful, soulful boy, who looks into your face, out of his great blue eyes, and says such wonderful unaccountable things. Though he is such a little fellow, only eight years old, still he goes to a military school. One day last summer he stood on his father's balcony at Amsterdam, looking at the rainbow, and wondering what it was. Presently he went into the library and said to his father:

"Papa, what is the rainbow?"

"I can not tell you now, Charlie," said the father. "I am reading."

But Charlie still stood, looking very disappointed, and presently his father said:

"At some future time, when you will understand it, I will tell you all about it."

So he walked away, looking troubled and thoughtful, and took his stand again where he could see the beautiful bow, now fading away in the evening sky. Suddenly a gleam of light came across his face, as if some angel were whispering to him, and he ran into the parlor and said:

"Papa! I've found out about the rainbow; 'tis the angels out on dress parade!"

The angels on dress parade! Who but a little innocent child would ever have dreamed of any thing so sweet and beautiful? Why will we ever forget the presence of the angels? Why ever forget the presence of the great God, Father of angels and of men?

Our Charlie, being the youngest, considers it his especial privilege to go wherever his mother does, and feels that he has been deeply injured if she makes a visit without him. Forgetting this, however, I one day called him to me while I was reading the Bible, and said:

"See here, Charlie, what Solomon says about punishing little boys: 'The rod and reproof bringeth wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.'"

Overlooking the former part of the verse, and recurring to his own particular grievance immediately, he turned the tables on me by exclaiming:

"Well, what does she ever leave him by himself for then?"

A little friend of ours was reading the chronological list of the patriarchs, when, coming to this verse he read: "And Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and he *died*." Such a monstrous statement as that he seemed to think required double asseveration, so he read: "And Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years, *and he did!*"

One of our little boys, about eight years old, went with his father to a printing establishment where the press was worked by horse, or rather by *mule*, power. He bought a book with which he was delighted, but in a few days was much puzzled

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by finding several leaves had been inserted upside down. It was a mystery to him how it happened, and one with which he worried his brain several days. At length he came to me, his face all aglow with excitement at the solution of the problem, and exclaimed: "Mother, I've found it out! here's where the mules didn't pull straight!"

Good Brother P——, of Concord Presbytery, is an off-hand speaker, and like most men of that class has stereotype expressions, which, in the excitement of the moment, he sometimes applies rather inappropriately. Once preaching a funeral sermon, while the corpse lay before him, he exclaimed:

"Here, brethren, we have before us a *living witness* and a *standing monument* of the frailty of human hopes!"

Brother Horton, of the Baptist persuasion in North Carolina, had an original way of dealing with Bible characters and Bible truths, which sometimes provoked a smile. Delivering a sermon once on the history of the Jews, and endeavoring to account for the origin of the name, he exclaimed:

"Brethren, you know there are some in this world *so* niggardly that they are never willing to give a fair price for any thing; you may fix your price, they will *Jew* you down, and *Jew* you down, and *Jew* you down to the last cent. Now, my brethren, you all know that the children of Abraham have always been, and still are, notorious for *jewing* folks down—hence they are called the *Jews!*"

Since the assassination of the late much-lamented President, "Old Abe's jokes" have naturally been but little in vogue. It is nevertheless an undisputed fact that honest Abraham was a most inveterate joker and fun-lover. While 'tis true that thousands in print have been attributed to him which he never perpetrated nor heard of, it is equally true that many really funny things were said by him which, as Burns says in his "Death and Dr. Hornbook," were "never penned." And this that I'm going to tell was related to me by Albert B. Chandler, who was and is a cipher operator in the office of Major Eckert, now Assistant-Secretary of War:

"The President was sitting by my table," said Albert, "one evening, as was his custom almost every evening, reading the dispatches of the afternoon. There was nothing in any of the dispatches of much importance. All was still without, save the peculiar nasal, whining cry of newsboys' song—'Philadelphia In-*qui*-ry!' The President laid down the last slip and his spectacles simultaneously, and caught up the newsboys' cry, repeating, 'Philadelphia In-*qui*-ry!' in their very accent and key. After singing about three verses of the laconic song, he said: 'Boys, did I ever tell you the joke the Chicago newsboys came on me?' And Albert and Bates and Charley Tinker, the only audience of the President, as with one voice, said 'No,' and intimated that they would like to know it. 'Well,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'soon after I was nominated for President at Chicago, I went up one day, and one of the first really distinguished men who waited on me was a picture-man, who politely asked me to favor him with a sitting for my picture. Now at that time there were less photographs of my phiz than at present, and I went straightway with the artist, who detained me but a moment, and took one of the most really life-like pictures I have ever seen of myself, from the fact that he gave me no *fixing* nor *positions*. But this stiff, ungovernable hair of mine was all sticking every way, very much as it is now, I suppose; and so the operation of his camera was but "holding the mirror up to nature." I departed, and did not think of pictures again until that evening I was gratified and flattered at the cry of newsboys who had gone to vending the pictures: "'Ere's yer last picter of Old Abe! He'll look better when he gets his *hair* combed!"'"

The Honorable Thomas Corwin, Tom Corwin, the Wagon-Boy, Senator, Minister, etc., died a few weeks ago. Some amusing anecdotes of him have since been published, and one or two of them must be in the Drawer:

His very dark complexion was often made the subject of jokes by Corwin and his friends. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky (who had a very red complexion himself, and who used to frequently relate a story connected therewith, which, like many details of the Strong divorce case, will not bear publication), once told an adventure which he had with Mr. Corwin at Lebanon, Ohio, Mr. Corwin's place of residence. Marshall had stopped at Lebanon overnight, and had registered himself at the hotel as "Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky." While sitting in the public room in the evening he noticed a neatly-dressed colored man enter the hall, and, approaching the register, begin to read it. When he had reached Marshall's name he read it aloud, and asked the clerk if "Mr. Marshall was in the hotel." The clerk replied by pointing him to the gentleman in question. The colored man approached Marshall, saluted him very respectfully, and asked if he belonged to the Lexington family of Marshalls. Marshall was, as he expressed it afterward, "somewhat put out by the familiar manner of the 'culled gemman;'" but answered civilly that he did. The colored man was delighted to hear it and to meet him.

"I had," he said, "the honor and pleasure of serving with Mr. Thomas A. Marshall from 1831 to 1835."

Mr. Marshall, thinking he had met one of the old family servants who had "run away" from Kentucky to freedom in Ohio, was about to ply him with questions, but found no opportunity of "getting in a word edgeways." The colored man asked in rapid succession after the various members of the family, spoke feelingly and familiarly of old Humphrey Marshall, the head of the Kentucky Marshall family, and at last asked if the gentleman was acquainted with Mr. Henry Clay. On Marshall replying in the affirmative the colored gentleman began to tell, in a voice intended for the little crowd of listeners who had gathered around, some reminiscences of Henry Clay, one of which he began by the remark,

"When I was in Congress with Mr. Clay—"

"You in Congress with Mr. Clay?" interrupted Marshall—"you in Congress?"

"Yes, Sir; yes, Sir. My name is Tom Corwin."

"Tom Corwin!" exclaimed Marshall. "Excuse me, but I thought you were a free negro."

It will be remembered that Corwin, in the Senate, in 1845 or 1846, arguing seriously against the morality of the projected war against Mexico, permitted his appreciation of broad humor to lead him into the extravagant expression, "If I were a Mexican, as I am an American, I would welcome you with bloody hands to hospitable graves." A few

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years after, when this expression had been quoted by the newspapers until it had become as familiar as "household words," Mr. Corwin was retained as counsel for a man charged with murder, and who, he claimed, acted in self-defense. In his closing speech to the jury Corwin pictured the condition of his client as endeavoring to avoid the difficulty, portrayed the murdered man as forcing it upon him, dogging his steps, denouncing him as a coward, and at last threatening to strike him. "What," he exclaimed, "would you have done in such an emergency? What, Sir," turning to the prosecuting attorney, "what would you have done?"

"Done," replied the attorney, with great gravity—"done; I would have welcomed him with bloody hands to a hospitable grave."

The jury was convulsed with laughter, and Corwin lost his case.

A WORTHY clergyman (and the clergy are specially invited to visit the Drawer with their pleasant experiences) writes to us from the interior of Pennsylvania:

The little county seat of N—— L——, on the eastern border of Ohio, though now, in the days of railroads, a secluded place, was once famous for the ability of its lawyers, such men as E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, A. W. Loomis, Judges Spaulding and Coffin practicing at its bar. C. L. Vallandigham and the famous M'Cook family were also raised there. It was also famed for the mischief-making, fun-loving character of its boys. To give one instance: In one of the churches there was a protracted meeting in progress, and after preaching it was customary to have prayer-meeting. The boys in the Academy of the place were permitted to attend the meeting, but on returning were strictly examined as to text and hymns by the Principal, in evidence that they had really attended the meeting. As the boys were not religiously inclined it was customary for about a dozen to get permission to go to church, and then by lot choose two who should really go and take down the text, hymns, and notes of the sermon. The others would enjoy themselves about town till church was out, when they would all meet at some appointed place, and each get a copy of the notes that had been taken to be ready for examination. The place where they thus met was a shoemaker's shop, just across the alley and facing the side of the church. Here some ten or a dozen of the boys were waiting on one occasion for the church to close. But the meeting was more than usually interesting, and a matter of no small interest was the fact that "Old Music" was there—a large colored man, who drove a dray about town, and was not so much noted for his morals as for his vocal powers. His voice was clear, loud, mellow, and musical. "Old Music" dropped into the prayer-meeting after preaching. He wouldn't kneel, but he enjoyed the singing, to use his own words, "mos' powerful." The night was warm, the windows up, and they were singing with great spirit a hymn, the chorus of which was:

"And we'll pass over Jordan,
Come go along with me;
And we'll pass over Jordan,
And sound the Jubilee."

"Old Music" was in his element; he laid his head back in the window; and his voice, rich, sweet, and full, sounded loud above all voices in the congregation. Most of the boys in the shop were really enjoying the singing, when one of their number, Joe Parr, who had no music in his soul, proposed that they make "Old Music" change the tune, and declared if they would contribute a dime apiece he would see that the thing was done. The money was produced, and Joe had a short consultation with a little weasel-faced apprentice, in whom there was more imp than boy; and immediately the little fellow, armed with a pair of rib-jawed pincers, crossed the alley and crawled up the jutting foundation of the church in the dark, just as they were singing the chorus for the last time. "Old Music" was exerting all his powers; every ear was filled with the tones of his voice; he was on the last line:

"And sound the—"

Here he broke out into the wildest, most terrific howl to which mortal ear ever listened, so full of thrilling terror that it seemed instantly to paralyze every voice in the church. In a moment all was explained by the squealing voice of the little shoemaker saying, in half-frightened, half-angry tones, "Let go my pincers and I'll let go your ear!" He had caught "Old Music" by the ear.

It is hardly necessary to say that the bad character of the negro and the ridiculousness of the whole affair saved the guilty parties from the punishment they so richly merited in thus disturbing a worshiping assembly.

GENERAL ROSECRANS was on this coast (says a Californian) lately, and greatly enjoyed the grotesque sayings and doings of the mining population. On one occasion, riding through a dilapidated mining camp, made of canvas and split stakes, near the summit of the Sierras, he passed the length of its only street without meeting a human being; but at the end of the village he encountered a brawny Mexican, sunning himself in a door-way, while an "honest miner," leaning against the door-frame, was lazily notching it with his jack-knife. The following colloquy ensued:

GENERAL. "My friend, what place is this?"

HONEST MINER (slowly whittling, without looking up). "What place?"

GENERAL. "Yes, what place is this?"

HONEST MINER (after a long pause, still whittling). "What place?"

GENERAL (a little impatiently). "Yes! I asked you *what* place!"

HONEST MINER (looking up). "What place is this? Well, it's Butte City, and a gay old town it was in its day, yer bet yer life!"

THE sententiousness peculiar to California was better exemplified at Stockton, some years since, when a man was awakened at dead of night by the noise of a burglar climbing in at his window. Seizing his ever-present pistol, he pointed it, unloaded, at the burglar, exclaiming, as he did so, "Git!" The burglar, foiled in his operations, raised his head over the window-sill, and replied, "You bet!" dropped, and was seen no more.

ONE more: A teamster, bound to Reese River, a mining region where great expectations have most generally been realized in small results, while driving up a long, dusty hill, overtook a weary Dutchman, who was toiling along in the heat and dust with a mining kit and other traps packed upon his back. The good-natured teamster called out: "Won't yer ride, Mister? You look tuckered." The reply of the disgusted Dutchman was, "No, no, I won't ride one shtep; I'se bin such a big fool

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as ter go to Reesh River!" That was doing penance for foolishness with a vengeance.

INDIANA has long enjoyed the reputation of being the State in which restive partners under the matrimonial yoke can more easily become twain than in any other part of the Republic. She must now yield the palm to Oregon, where the outgivings of "an uneasy civilization" are less trammeled by law, usage, and custom than elsewhere; all of which may be seen in the following "decree of divorce" granted by an indulgent spouse to her beloved husband, at Umatilla, Oregon:

"Know all men by these presents, that I hereby give, grant, and bequeath unto my beloved husband, Proudhon St. Felix, a full and free divorce from the bonds of matrimony, granting and bequeathing unto him, my beloved husband, all the happiness he can get. Witness my hand and seal this 8th day of September, A.D. 1865. This divorce is granted for a little rat-colored mule, which he gives to me.

her
"MARY ST. + FELIX."
mark.

The above is a veritable document.

WHEN a certain town in Iowa was in its infancy the inhabitants thereof had some peculiar ways of testifying their likes and dislikes. For instance, one man once thought he had cause for complaint against another, so taking a "shooting iron" in his hand he started forth in quest of satisfaction. Arriving at the hotel of his enemy, he found him quietly seated in his own room, enjoying himself over rum-and-water. Without ado the intruder commenced firing, but none of the shots took effect. His target, without being the least dismayed, coolly picked up an umbrella from the floor, and throwing it at him, exclaimed, "Go 'way now! you sha'n't be shooting around here!"

IN Central New York there lived a man who was a stanch adherent to old-time customs, and very suspicious of modern improvements. Railroads he particularly denounced, prophesying that they would never come into general use; and for years he carried his aversion so far as not to look upon a train of cars. But one day a friend induced him to accompany him to a railway-station, in order to examine a locomotive, with a view to softening his prejudice. His examination was a cynical one, and while he yet stood looking at the train, it started up, and after going a few rods returned to its former position.

"There! there!" said the man. "I don't want to see any more! It's just as I knew it would be! The thing's just as likely to go one way as another. It's all a humbug, I tell you—all a humbug!"

And the poor man lived and died in the same faith.

I SAID one day to Charley Wipe, the most inveterate joker in our neighborhood:

"Did you ever get the worst of it in your many and *serious* encounters?"

"Well," said he, "I did get 'boxed up' once rather neatly."

"How?"

"I don't mind telling you. You know what an awfully rough voice Sid Tole has got. Well, one day I was at work hoeing corn with three or four of the boys, and Sid came by.

"'Boys,' I sung out, 'here comes a man with the voice of a jackass.'

"'And there,' instantly retorted Sid, 'goes the jackass with the voice of a man!'

"The boys grinned audibly, and I was shut up tight as a clam."

JAMES SMITHERS, ESQ., is our particular friend. We always loved him, and we shall do so to the end of life. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." His wife governs him after the Dobbs style of female dominion; and he meekly bows his head to the yoke, and acknowledges the justice of his destiny. Blessed man! His usual song, when at work, is thundered out with evident unction as follows:

"O stand the storm,
It won't be long,
We'll anchor by-and-by!"

We regret to say that Smithers has a distressing peculiarity in his disposition. He is superstitious to the last degree. He listened to ghost stories when he was a comparative infant, and isn't well of it yet. He is a believer in spiritual existences, and believes also that they walk the earth. He was never known to visit a cemetery after night, and was never heard to speak of apparitions except in a low, tremulous, timid voice.

Two or three weeks ago Smithers attended a Temperance or some other sort of meeting at one of the restaurants in town; and we are pained to add that he remained until a late hour. He started for home in a condition of unusual exhilaration. He walked up Walnut Street with an excited step, and ever and anon, despite his apparent cheerfulness, he gloomily anticipated a reverse of fortune when he should arrive at home. He saw Waterloo in the distance; but driving back the fears which were beginning to neutralize the effects of the restaurant, he sang his favorite song:

"O stand the storm,
It won't be long,
We'll anchor by-and-by!"

Smithers reached his humble dwelling, opened the door, stumbled in darkness over half a dozen chairs, and then clambered up stairs to his virtuous bedchamber. As he entered, a broad streak of moonshine from the large window fell full on the carpet, and gave a kind of sepulchral twilight to the room. Near this window, not ten feet from him, and partially obscured by the curtain, stood a tall form, perhaps seven feet high, surmounted by a shaggy head, and a face so positively supernatural and revolting that Smithers sank to his knees with overwhelming fear.

"I say, Sally dear!" called out the poor gentleman so soon as he had recovered his voice. He expected his wife to answer, but no answer came. The apparition, with its great, staring, superhuman eyes, looked down on him from its lofty height, and Smithers imagined that it was approaching him. "I say, Sally! oh, dear Sally! come here!"

Every thing was still. Not a mouse stirred. But the frightened man still fancied that the giant spectre was nearing him, and he fancied, too, that he could feel its hot breath moving through his hair and over his face. It was horrible! He tried to climb from his knees, but he hadn't the ability to move. All that he could do was to keep his position, wring his hands in anguish, call upon the name of his beloved wife, and direct his stony and fascinated gaze to the awful countenance of the spectre.

At twelve o'clock that night a well-known citizen of this place, while passing the residence of Mr.

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Smithers, was startled by cries, wails, prayers, entreaties, and objurgations of all descriptions.

"Oh, Mr. Ghost! please don't! Keep away! I say, Sally! for mercy's sake, come here! Oh, keep away! I'll reform! I won't stay out of nights any more! Murder! mercy!

'I'll stand the storm,
It won't be long—'

Mercy!"

The well-known citizen rushed into the house, hastened up stairs in the direction of the terrific noises, and found poor Smithers lying flat on his back near the door, apparently in the last struggles of dissolving nature. He was holding his arms up perpendicularly from his body, and was kicking with awful energy against some imaginary object.

"Smithers! what on earth is the matter?" exclaimed the citizen, placing the poor man in a sitting posture, and trying to console him in his affliction.

"There! there! there!" hissed Smithers, pointing to the terrible apparition, and catching his breath with spasmodic quickness. The citizen went up to the spectre—a little startled himself, by-the-way. He laughed outright when he discovered that the apparition consisted of several pieces of furniture piled on each other, encircled by drapery, and topped by one of those horrible masks which you may see at the shops. Due explanations were given. Smithers was brought fully to life; but he didn't see his wife until next day. She had absconded for the night.

Smithers has reformed. He doesn't stay out late of nights. But in view of the spectral trick which his wife played on him he still sings:

"I'll stand the storm,
It won't be long,
We'll anchor by-and-by!"

Old Dr. Joe H——, of Mansfield, Ohio, is a rather peculiar character. He is far from being the handsomest person in the world; in fact, he is said to be in possession of the veritable knife which falls to the plainest man. He has but one eye, and that squints, and is near-sighted. But "handsome is as handsome does," and the Doctor has many sterling qualities, which endear him to all lovers of good order and morality. Among the others is an utter abhorrence of the habit of profanity too often indulged in by persons who would otherwise pass for gentlemen. To hear a string of oaths nettles the Doctor very much; and he often has independence and spirit enough to tell the person using such language what he thinks of it, and in such a manner, too, as confounds, if it does not convict. But the Doctor once met his match. One rainy evening he stepped into a barber's shop for a shave, standing his umbrella (a rather dilapidated specimen) in a corner. Soon afterward a young man—a stranger—stepped in with a nice new umbrella and placed it by the side of the Doctor's. In some conversation with the barber the new-comer let out an oath or two. This was too much for old Joe, who immediately proceeded to lecture the guilty party in round terms for the ill-breeding and disregard of morals and religion his conduct betokened. The lecture was taken in good part by the person to whom it was directed, who acknowledged his fault, saying it was a bad habit he had acquired, and of which he would endeavor to break himself, thanking the Doctor for his timely reminder. Here the matter dropped. The Doctor took the vacant chair and was shaved. This over, he resigned his seat to the recipient of his lecture, and proceeded to invest himself with his cravat, coat, etc., after which he inadvertently picked up the new-comer's umbrella and started for the door. The latter was watching him, and arrested him thus:

"See here, old Squinty, you gave me a lecture a short time ago. It's my turn now. Of all the lowest, meanest, most despicable tricks a man can be guilty of, stealing another's umbrella is the worst."

The Doctor drew a focus on the umbrella, set it down, took his own, and left the shop without a word, greeted, however, by a roar of laughter from the inmates.

A recent English work presents the following philosophical poem:

Commandments ten
God gave to men,
But none gave *women;*
So what they *like*
They keep or *break,*
And woe to him
Who calls it *sinning.*

When courtship's on,
Then well they don
Both smiles and *dresses;*
But wed and *joined,*
Take what you *find*
In hits or *misses*—
They're right! they're women.

Oh! man so *strong,*
How thou'rt *undone*
When woman *weak*
Thou tak'st to *keep!*
She says, "Obey;"
But thou must pay—
She's right! she's woman.

The *John o' Groats Journal* gives the following:

Two worthies who had quarreled, and who had been vowing vengeance on each other for some time, happened to meet recently in a public house in Pulteneytown, where they mutually determined to settle up old scores, mine host volunteering to act as referee. The most natural weapon, the fist, was of course the only one that had occurred to them; but mine host, having one eye to his business and another to his fun, suggested that their quarrel was not one which should be settled by the vulgar resort to fisticuffs. Would they allow him to select the weapons with which they should fight?

"Agreed," said both the worthies.

"Well, gentlemen," said mine host, "you shall fight it out across this table, and your weapons shall be, not pistols, but soda-water bottles."

A dozen baskets having been supplied to each, the fight began in downright earnest, each firing away his corks as fast as he could make them "pop," and by the time that each had stood a dozen rounds from his opponent they were tired enough, and the ludicrousness of the operations having changed their wrath to laughter loud and long, they shook hands and departed, not foes, but friends.

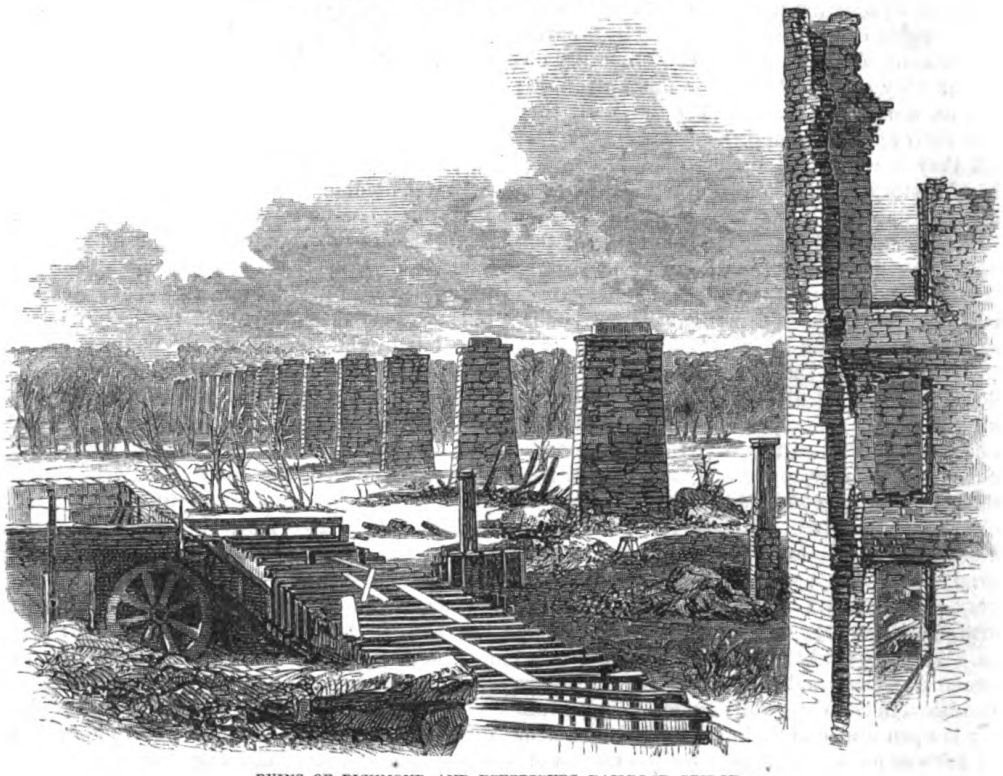
An editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. Like all editors' wives, she was of an exceedingly poetic nature, and said to her mate, "Notice that moon; how bright, and calm, and beautiful!" "Couldn't think of noticing it for any less than the usual rates—a dollar and fifty cents for twelve lines!"

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXC.—MARCH, 1866.—Vol. XXXII.

IN AND AROUND RICHMOND.



RUINS OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG RAILROAD BRIDGE.

PROFESSOR CREASY has described what he termed the "Six Decisive Battles of the World." His difficulty seems to have been to find out: first, what constitutes a decisive battle; and, second, which, out of many famous combats, deserved the character. The difference among them is obviously one of degree. All battles, great or small, decide something; and the greatest of them are but expressions of the results prepared by slow-working influences and conditions. The word *event*, applied with just precision by those masters of the exact sciences, the French savans and the English betting-ring, to a horse-race or a revolution, meets the question. Battles are *events*. They follow rather than originate. The fate of Rome was settled long before Actium, and that of Napoleon before Waterloo. The going off of Cleopatra or the coming up of the Prussians did not settle the establishment of the Roman or the fall of the French empire. Cromwell's "crowning mercy" of Worcester, as he used to call it, crowned Charles II. if it crowned any one. It afforded the latter person a few more years of leisure for the culture of wild oats, and for forgetting the blunders which had brought his father to the block. That brief interval past, the bones of the victor were on the gibbet, and the vanquished was on the throne of England.

All wondered why Bull Run was not decisive. Johnston could have made it so, it was the custom to allege, if he had had more ammunition, more cavalry, more knowledge of the state of things in Washington, and, above all, more audacity. It is now seen that, had the advantages of that day been pushed to the utmost and Washington been captured, the result of the war, though it might have been postponed, would hardly have been altered. Stead-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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ier and deeper causes were beneath the fortunes of battle. Accidents had their effect in both directions, on both sides. The discovery of gold in the Rocky Mountains and of mineral oil in Pennsylvania furnished an unlooked-for substitute for cotton in the commercial and financial systems of the North. The unaccountable panic which followed the repulse at Manassas gave the South time to organize and develop her military resources. But things like these are but pebbles or reefs which slightly divert or temporarily obstruct the current of events without stopping or materially retarding its progress to the assured end. To the contemporary observer they are apt to appear all-controlling; but as the present fades into the past, they lose their apparent importancé with every year till they are assigned their true value by finished history, if history can ever be called finished.

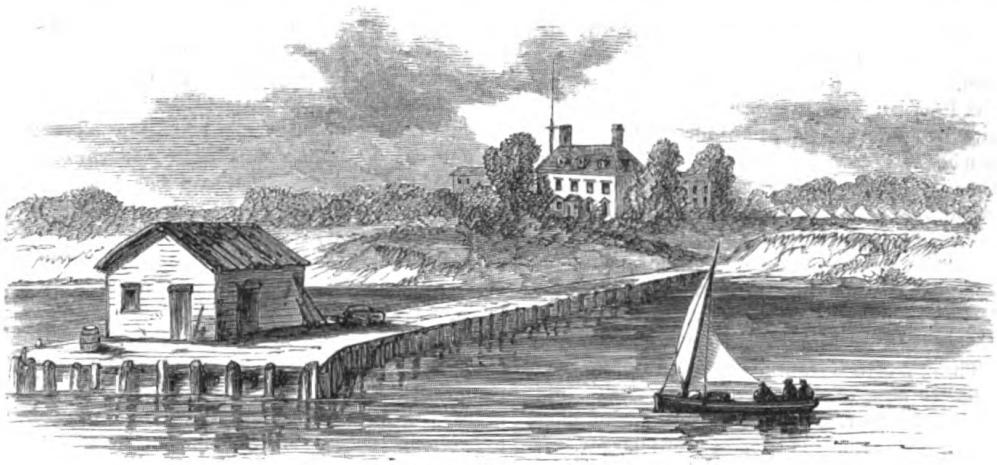
The London *Times*, in the true spirit of that criticism which settles every thing with a phrase, termed the combats of the war "gigantic skirmishes," mere military demonstrations—that is, as indeterminate in their immediate issue as in their bearing on the general struggle. That designation might as well be applied to nearly all Wellington's European battles, save his last, and even to that so far as his own army was concerned. The topography of our battle-fields generally combined with the stubborn character of the troops on both sides to prevent a crushing rout. On a vast plain, mostly covered with wood, a reliable reconnoissance was very difficult, and the manœuvring of large armies with energy and effect correspondingly so. Perhaps the best means of comparison between American and European campaigns were furnished in the Valley of Virginia. The country is open and undulating, with bold streams and few or no swamps. Operations there were rapid, sweeping, and effective. From Harper's Ferry to Winchester, Cedar Creek, Port Republic, M'Dowell, and New Hope collisions were battles and reverses defeats. It was the grave of armies and of military reputations. Patterson, Miles, Shields, Fremont, Banks, Milroy, Early, are among the unburied shades that stalk along the Styx of the Shenandoah. To the commanders in that district are peculiarly applicable the classic epitaph on the cow, who lived in clover and "died all over." There gun-boats were unheard of and iron-clads a myth. Warfare was wholly terrestrial. A "change of base" was unknown, because no base existed except what generalship created. Till Sheridan's torch erased it from the military map that once beautiful and always historic vale was the Flanders of the South, ever fought for but never conquered. The only fragment of mountain territory that adhered in spirit to the Confederacy, its record serves to show how seriously the contest might have been prolonged had all the upland nominally included within the limits of the latter proved as stanch to its fortunes. Save along the skirts of the Blue Ridge the Confederacy existed only on the plains that border the sea. It fell, like that other edifice that was built upon the sand.

We propose, in this paper, to play neither the military nor the philosophic historian. That task is for other pens, present or to come. We feel qualified neither for its Froissart—the racy *raconteur* of feats he saw—nor for its cold and passionless Guizot, mercilessly picking to pieces its springs and movements and calmly solving the *cui bono*. We are very sure that abler hands will eliminate from the bloody story all the lessons it contains for America and the world. Our intention is only to sketch a portion of its theatre—to follow, in a slight and desultory way, the furor of the cannon-shot as it deepened toward Richmond, making the pencil supplement the pen in delineating some of the most notable scenes as they now appear.

Nothing can be more simply described than the profile of the country near the falls of the James. It is naturally a smooth plain, sloping very gradually toward the east. What are called hills are only the intervals of the original surface left by the washing of the water-courses. It has but two levels, say one hundred feet apart. One is the top of the hills, and the other the bed of the streams. The Chickahominy, the James, and all the other rivers, run southeast, their short affluents coming in, generally from the north, at regular intervals, forming, with the "hills" between, so many intrenchments and wet ditches. M'Clellan used them, along the Chickahominy, rather as traverses, protecting his flanks while his front pressed westward. For Lee, in 1864–5, they were, on the north side of the James, front defenses, looking to the southeast.

The conformation of the ground thus requiring an army moving on Richmond to approach it diagonally along the crests of the watersheds, unless strong enough to despise any opposition in crossing the rivers, M'Clellan and Grant advanced in directions precisely opposite, and both obliquely to the city. Both found, after ricochetting against Lee's lines on the Chickahominy, that nature had fixed their line of retreat for them. It did not lead to the White House, as both seem at first to have imagined. Neither did it lead down the Peninsula; for after the abandonment of the Coal Harbor lines, the Confederate cavalry had tolerably free sweep on the left bank of the Chickahominy to its mouth. It led to Westover and its neighborhood necessarily. Thus, by favor of nature the Federal armies of invasion drifted, and by favor of Lee were driven, into the true channel of advance on Richmond—the same followed by Phillips and Cornwallis eighty odd years before. The rediscovery of this fossil fact showed the fallacy of the Manassas, the Rapidan, the Fredericksburg, and the Peninsular plans. M'Clellan, in his meditations at Harrison's Landing, had a glimpse of it; but it remained for Grant to bring the old idea to practice. Instead of continuing his echelon

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BERKELEY, NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING.

movement to the mouth of the Chesapeake and giving up his objective point, he turned at right angles from the northwest and southeast line and placed himself in the path of 1781, at Petersburg.

So it is that the battle-fields of the Richmond campaigns arrange themselves into two clusters, or strings, one extending from the upper Rappahannock to Malvern Hill, and the other from City Point to Five Forks. Subsidiary to the latter is the line joining the two, from Fort Harrison to Port Walthall. This was merely subsidiary. The Butler movement, as a movement on Richmond, was a failure from the first. It did very well up to the head of gun-boat navigation. There it stopped. It was aquatic, or nothing; and head-quarters were very appropriately located on the steamboat *Greyhound*. The Richmond and Petersburg railroad continued to be used regularly by the Confederate army, government, and citizens, throughout its whole length, and in sight of the Bermuda Hundred lines, up to the night of the evacuation.

We do not mean, in this paper, to ape Jomini, to discuss gravely either maps or marches, or to be polemic in any way. It is our purpose simply to glance, in discursive fashion, and from an *inside* point of view, at leading or illustrative events, places, and incidents in the region we have sketched.

The merry month of May, 1862, in and around Richmond, came fully up to the requirements of the poets. It was lovely indeed, in city and field. The fine elms of the Capitol Square drooped their spring foliage over flashing fountains, soft sward, and walks thronged with "fair women and brave men." The gay bustle of military preparation brightened the streets. New regiments, with full ranks, from the South, marched every day through a gauntlet of cheers and waving of white handkerchiefs in whiter hands. Outside the city, the farms, undreaming of devastation, smiled with springing grain and happy labor.

"From his sweet banquet, mid the perfumed clover,
The robin soared and sung."

On the ninth day of the month came a line from Stonewall Jackson: "God blessed us with victory at M'Dowell to-day!" A few days later came something in the opposite vein—Norfolk was evacuated, and the *Merrimac* blown up. The former was expected; but nobody could realize the latter. That a captain selected for his daring, in an invulnerable ship, at a post it was of the last consequence to hold, should have destroyed her without attacking or being attacked was simply incredible. But, a morning or two after, a procession of two hundred sturdy tars, bearing at their head a flag torn by shot and shell, came from the Petersburg train and filed down Maine Street on their way to Drewry's Bluff. M'Clellan's aspiration had been gratified. His way was open. The *Merrimac* was *neutralized*. Nothing sadder had the war yet brought to the Confederate capital than that reinforcement from the sea. As it passed along manly eyes for a moment filled, and firm lips gave way to ill-forebodings.

As the month neared its close Jackson again turned the scale. Banks was on the trot; and that gray old border town, Winchester, the aerie of the young Washington, was recovered. The place has quite a history of its own, as its good people were always fond of telling you. That history has been much enlarged by the war; since it was the outpost of the Confederacy, as it was that of the Colonies in 1755, and in the four years changed hands *seventy-six* times. Of all these military vicissitudes, however, none will be so long remembered as the occasion whereon Banks's army, struck at once in front, on right and left, and in rear, staggered back, a mass of mere chaos, through the narrow limestone streets, and streamed over the northeastern hills in hopeless rout.

Shade, however, followed light closely again. Indeed in those latter days of May their alternations were so rapid that twilight may be said to have for a while prevailed. The news of the evacuation of Corinth, and Fitz-John Porter's severe treatment of Branch's North Carolinians, around Ashland and the crossing of the

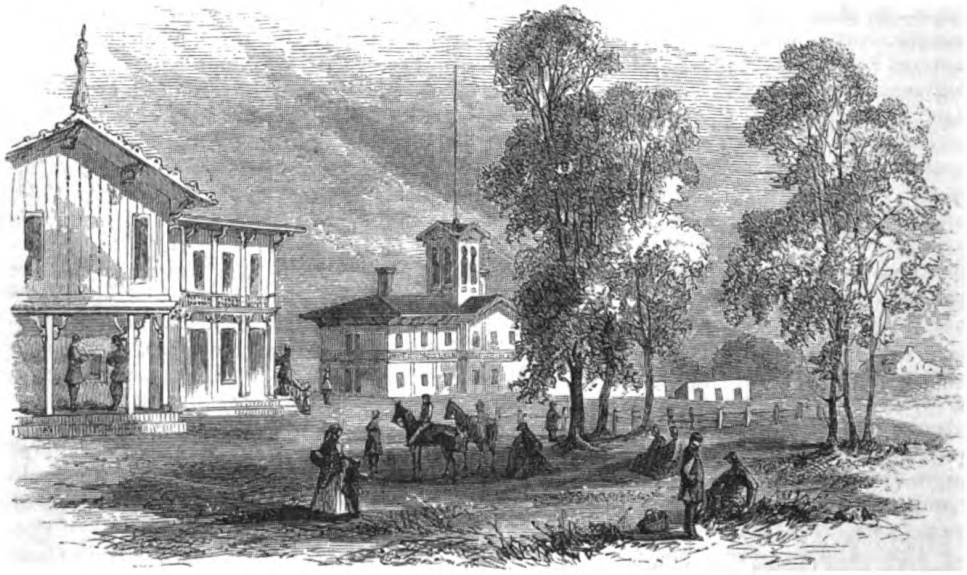
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South Anna, were discouraging. The day after the latter affair a train loaded with wounded of both armies came in on the Fredericksburg road. This was perhaps the first installment of visitors from the besieging army; and though they had all the attention and consideration men in their condition could receive any where, there was still visible, among the lookers-on, a feeling very different from that which had greeted previous Federal prisoners, and in which pity had almost predominated over satisfaction. The besieged were called on to welcome the besiegers, and did it, naturally, with an ill grace, though with no demonstrations whatever.

These North Carolinians were, in great part, perfectly new troops. The bulk of the reinforcements to Lee's army at this period came from that State. Her men were larger, and there were more of them. The solecisms of manners and language resulting from the rustic and secluded life of a people almost devoid of towns made them somewhat of a butt in the army. Yet they fought well. This same brigade of Branch was one of the three which came up from Harper's Ferry at the close of the battle of Antietam and checked the advance of the Federal left. Its leader fell in that struggle about the same time with his opponent Rodman. The new troops were nearly all volunteers, the rush of conscripts having barely set in. Camp Lee, "that word of fear," was but donning its terrors.

Both sides, at this juncture, seemed, to use a homely expression, tolerably comfortable. M'Clellan was, in his own words, "quietly closing in upon the enemy, preparatory to the last struggle." The people of the beleaguered city, on the other hand, were making little pleasure excursions, on foot, on horseback, or in buggies, to the picket lines, "to see the Yankees." Four miles and a half out, on the Mechanicsville turnpike, Cobb's Georgians supported the videttes. Standing on the brow of a gentle slope, and looking directly down the road across the open valley of the Chickahominy, you saw, at point-blank cannon-shot, M'Clellan's men. A mile to the right, down stream, the reconnoitring balloon, that so fully taught the Federal commander that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, hovered calmly above the woods. Few troops were visible on either side. Nothing suggested the presence of two hundred thousand soldiers. It was a placid and cozy scene for a summer evening's drive. On the afternoon of the last day of the month a less fashionable turnpike was more densely thronged with far less cheerful surroundings. On the Williamsburg road, for five miles, the flow and ebb of the living tide was unbroken. Every hack, omnibus, or private carriage the city contained was on duty, either voluntarily or under impressment, to bear the wounded of the Seven Pines. Besides these a long train of ambulances and army wagons contributed their freight of misery. Hundreds of soldiers, not too badly hurt to walk, dragged themselves cityward. The road, at many points, was yet flooded for one or two hundred yards by the storm of the preceding day, which had brought on the battle. Here and there it was blocked up by an overturned or broken vehicle, and extempore paths were worn back and forth into the fields across the ditches which bordered it, causing new pangs to the sufferers. Thus it was all through the weary night. The wounded who were left upon the field till next day probably fared better in most cases than those who were dragged off in the darkness to the hospital.

The Confederate loss in killed and wounded approached seven thousand, making this probably the bloodiest engagement of the war to their side. The loss of the Federals was also serious, though not so heavy. And yet the



HEAD-QUARTERS, CAMP LEE.

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CONSCRIPT OFFICE, CAMP LEE.

battle-field is a dead level, a great part of it at that time under water; and very little artillery could be used. In the dense swampy thickets which cover much of the surface many wounded of both sides died undiscovered, and remained for a year or more unburied. The tangled undergrowth may still furnish his only sepulture to more than one of the nameless brave.

The scene of the first great battle of the sanguinary campaign of 1862 offers little now to the eye or the pencil. South of the York River Railway the whole country between the James and the Chickahominy possesses little more variety than that between a dry flat and a wet flat. In its heart are the vast recesses of the White Oak Swamp, wherein M'Clellan's army of ninety thousand men were so wholly swallowed up that Huger, with guides "to the manner born," could not find it, and—more extraordinary still—Jackson could not get within striking distance. So far as the battle-fields in this nook of the seat of war have any marked topography they are but reproductions, on a feeble scale, of those to the northward. A gentle slope of open ground, with a belt of timber, a shallow declivity, and a swamp, more or less wide in front, is the uniform description. The field of Coal Harbor, or Gaines's Mill, is the general type, with more *prononcé* features than those south of the river. Ellerson's Mill, on the Beaver Dam Creek, is the scene of the hardest fighting on June 26, 1862, the first of the "Seven Days."

In the hush of June, commonly the month of battles, the sword now seemed to participate. Richmond forgot, in the care of the wounded, the army at her gates. The city became, as it remained throughout the year, one vast hospital. Her blockade-smitten shops, warehouses, and tobacco factories, with many private dwellings, were filled with the sick and wounded. As the passenger threaded Main Street, and glanced in the open doors of the fashionable dry-goods establishments, he saw, instead of silks and laces, long rows of cots, each with its pale and languid occupant. The elegant habituées of the realms of brocade were



ELLERSON'S MILL.

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still there, but in plainer garb; their mission now to minister—not to their own taste for beauty or show, but—to the solace and relief of men who had been stricken down in their defense. A large proportion of the ladies had left the city at the time of the naval attack on Drewry's Bluff. But many came from other parts of Virginia and the South to look after relatives of whom they had heard in the list of casualties or could not hear at all. At the railway termini, receiving the haggard travelers of the sick train, cooling the parched throat, fanning the fevered brow, or easing the clotted bandage; passing with silent step from pillow to pillow through the often noisome hospital; or lavishing on as many invalids the resources of her own home, woman was what woman alway is.

A little military episode transpired the 11th of June. Whiting's small division, of two brigades and four thousand men, marched into the city and took the Danville cars. They were going, it was given out, to reinforce Jackson for a tramp down the Valley. That commander had a day or two before, it was known, repulsed Fremont and Shields. But his force was so much smaller than theirs united that an addition to his strength was thought a very reasonable thing. The soldiers themselves had perhaps as clear a knowledge of their destination as had their officers, which may be safely set down at nothing. But they were delighted at the prospect of action, and set off in great glee. Hood's Texans, who constituted the pith of the command, were especially enthusiastic. Many of them were Virginians, some from the Valley; and they liked this mode of revisiting home and relatives. Their tone was one of pleasure in so far that it was leisurely enough. They dawdled along on the railway, reaching Staunton on the 18th. Here, very suddenly, the trip to the mountains terminated. Next day, instead of pushing on to join Jackson, the division started back. Jackson was true to his reputation for turning up in the rear of every body who went after him.

It is wonderful with what unanimity both friends and enemies were at this juncture eager in inquiring as to his whereabouts. Both were deceived. The Richmond public were designedly misled by the Confederate War Department, and through them dust was thrown in the eyes of the hostile commander. On the 20th that officer had "no doubt that Jackson has been reinforced from here." On the 24th he was very suspicious of a deserter's statement that "Jackson, Ewell, and Whiting were at Gordonsville on the 21st; that they were moving to Frederickshall, and that it was intended to attack my rear on the 28th." He, therefore, telegraphs to Washington for "exact information" as to the position and movements of Jackson. This was not to be had. One account, said the reply, gave him 40,000 men "nine days ago." Another located him with 10,000 at Gordonsville; "others, that his force is at Port Republic, Harrisonburg, and Luray. Fremont yesterday (24th) reported that Western Virginia was threatened; and General Kelly, that Ewell was advancing to New Creek," about 200 miles from his real *locale*. Banks, again, said his "pickets were strong in advance at Luray. The people decline to give any information of his whereabouts." On the whole, Mr. Stanton was induced to "suspect that Jackson's real movement is now toward Richmond."

This is one of the most remarkable instances of "mysterious disappearance" recorded in military history. An army confronted, threatened, and expected by three other armies on its front and both flanks, and but a few days before in actual conflict with one of them, was variously located, by conjecture and reconnoissance, at different points over a space of two hundred miles! General Banks judged his informants, or non-informants, too hastily. They were no better informed than he. It was Jackson's habit to do every thing in his power to mystify and mislead all. Sometimes, when he had nothing else to do, he would hurry his men at double-quick through the towns of the Valley to meet an imaginary foe or attain an indefinite position. The popular expression, on these occasions, was that he "had gone into his hole." In the present instance, he had organized his army into a society of Know-Nothings. They knew not their destination, and were formally instructed to say so in reply to all questions—to know nothing whatever, in brief. Some odd incidents resulted on the march. The General one day observed a straggler executing a flank movement with a tempting cherry-tree for his objective point.

"Where are you going, Sir?" demanded he.

"I don't know, Sir."

"Where is your regiment?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"To what brigade do you belong?"

"I don't know, Sir."

The consistent disciple of Sam was rapidly getting into trouble, when a comrade explained:

"You see, Sir, old Stonewall issued orders to us not to know any thing; and we're going to do it."

Thanks to Porter, Jackson had but small assistance from the railroad in this movement. His command, numbering seventeen thousand, whereof nine thousand had fought at Port Republic, and Lawton's brigade (3500) and Hood's division had joined him from Lee's army, traveled on the "ride and tie" system, on foot and by steam. At midnight, on Monday the 23d, unknown to all but an aid who accompanied him, and two or three others of his staff, the General left his head-quarters at Fredericks-hall and rode to Richmond, forty-five miles. At eight the next morning he was back, having ridden ninety miles and concerted with Lee the grand attack within eight hours. Of course he had relays of horses. How, on the 25th, his command was at Ashland, and on the 27th at Coal Harbor, where the long-mooted question

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ASHLAND.

of Jackson's whereabouts was solved, we need not describe.

But the path from the mountains which Jackson then traced was not destined to continue one of Confederate triumph. As the Confederate cavalry from want of horses, equipments, and discipline, declined in efficiency, and that of the other side, from opposite causes, improved, the unhappy counties to the northwest of Richmond learned to measure time by raids. —Custer, Kilpatrick, Dahlgren, and Sheridan were the astronomers who reformed their calendar. Nor were these scientific innovators entirely without difficulties to overcome. Up to March, 1864, their efforts were of trifling result. Confidence was a plant of slow growth in the bosoms of Burnside's, Hooker's, and Meade's troopers. A battalion of invalids or a squadron of patrols, as at Gordonsville, more than once nipped very promising enterprises in the bud. The demonstration of Kilpatrick, at the time referred to, was executed with more spirit. It simply failed in entering Richmond, as incomparably larger forces had failed before. On the west and north they approached within cannon-shot of the city. The night rencontre between the western column and the battalion of clerks had its ludicrous features. The "Armory Battalion," composed of operatives in the Government work-shops, fell back in very bad order. The assailants then moved on, in almost perfect darkness and at a slow pace, against the second line. To get at this it was necessary to enter the field in which it was drawn up, by pulling down some panels of fence. The knights of the quill, many of whom had been under fire before, rose from the ground as the cavalry became dimly visible on a slight elevation "darkly painted on the" evening sky. After a brief interchange of shots, the attacking party retired, quite in the dark as to how many brigades they had encountered, greatly to the relief and surprise of their clerical antagonists. They traced their departure by a distant crash from the rail-fence, which was ridden into by the retreating cavalcade. One trooper was found the next morning in the pit of an old ice-house, having ridden into it in the darkness.

The appearance of the expedition on the Brooke turnpike was more imposing. The sight-seers who carried their muskets out on that occasion, deposed to a sight of Kilpatrick on a fine iron-gray. But he was merely the Columbus of this field of military discovery. He failed, and left 304 prisoners. Those who came after him were the *settlers*. Sheridan's large column, in May 1864, played sad havoc with the farmers of Louisa and Hanover counties, and maintained for twenty-four hours a fight which cost the Confederacy Stuart and Gordon, two of its best cavalry officers.

The wits of the farmers, sharpened by experience, were sorely tried by the counter-experience of the raiders. One old gentleman gathered up his live-stock and retired to a "sequestered spot" in the pines, two miles from his house. A servant who went back and forth, and in whose discretion he put implicit faith, inadvertently betrayed him, and the little colony was surprised and stripped. Little distinction of color was made on this occasion of plunder. Negroes suffered with their masters. One fellow, seeing the tendency of things, bethought him of saving at least his spare funds and his Sunday suit. With the former in his boots and the latter on his person, he blandly received the volunteer inspectors of his cabin. But one soldier expressed an interest in his stove-pipe hat; another had never seen any thing more attractive than his black broadcloth; and a third was enamored of his plethoric boots. All had to go. The plucked proprietor was left, nearly in the national costume of his ancestors, to mourn over a ruin more thorough than even his master's.

Here and there the explorers found a self-styled "Union" man, generally of the stamp of him who, finding himself stripped despite his protestations of loyalty, burst out into an agonized aspiration for the advent of "Stonewall Jackson and *our* army!"

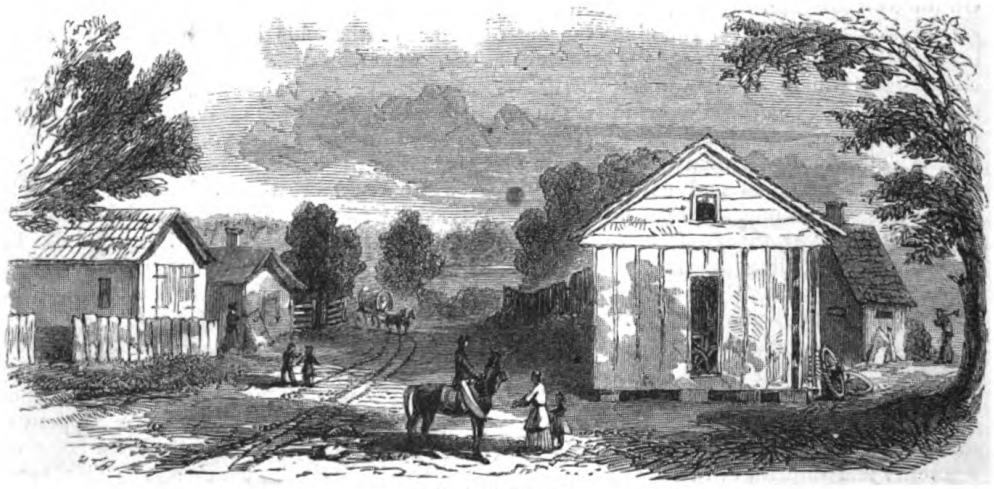
Near Hanover Junction — "Saxton's Junction" as it has been called, incomprehensibly to us, until we saw that on one of the common maps the name of a trifling stream happens to align with "Junction"—three rivers come together to form the Pamunky. This tends to complicate military movements. Here, ac-

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cordingly, there was a brief pause in the mighty wrestle that began on the Rapidan and ended at Appomattox Court House. In this tangle of rivers the two foes, writhing southward in mortal hug, were for a space torn apart, and glared silently at each other.

Of course so fine a field for the exhibition of the highest powers of combination and the promptest mental resources was not lost on two such commanders. The adroitness with which Lee lured Grant, with only the trifling sacrifice of ten or fifteen hundred men, to the south side of the North Anna, then and there politely presenting to him the apex of an obtuse ⊳, as a spear-head wherewith to pitch him back into the river, has a handsome set-off in the facility with which the latter "saw the point." "Bock agen" was his response, like that of Sawney when found on the wrong side of the orchard-hedge, and asked his destination by the proprietor. Down the north side of the river to its mouth, and down the Pamunky to a point where the Little River and South Anna ceased from troubling, and rest was within reach at the White House, made a little glance of twenty-five miles. Then the map of 1862 was to be resurveyed. Coal Harbor and Mechanicsville rose again into notice. M'Clellan's works, confined in this quarter to the isolated positions of Mechanicsville, Beaver Dam Creek, and Turkey Hill, were now replaced by parallel intrenchments twelve miles long, lying generally a mile north of the line they mark, and braced at intervals, on the Federal side at least, with redoubts more massive than any of them. The remains of these enormous field-works, the creation of a few days, and mementoes of a struggle of less than a fortnight—for Grant reached the position on the 30th of May and left it the 10th of June—will long excite the wonder of the tourist. The labyrinth, deep, high, and intricate, will baffle the plow for years. Many a goodly field, prolific of old of sweet-potatoes, black-eyed pease, and water-melons, will show no growth but palisades, gabions, and abatis. On a ravine near Gaines's Mill the epidemic of ditching attained its most malignant type. Seven or eight distinct lines, each of them a Gibraltar of dirt, wind in and out, interlace and *chassez* with each other, in such bewildering and incomprehensible fashion that it must have required the constant exercise of the soldier's mental faculties to realize which side he was on.

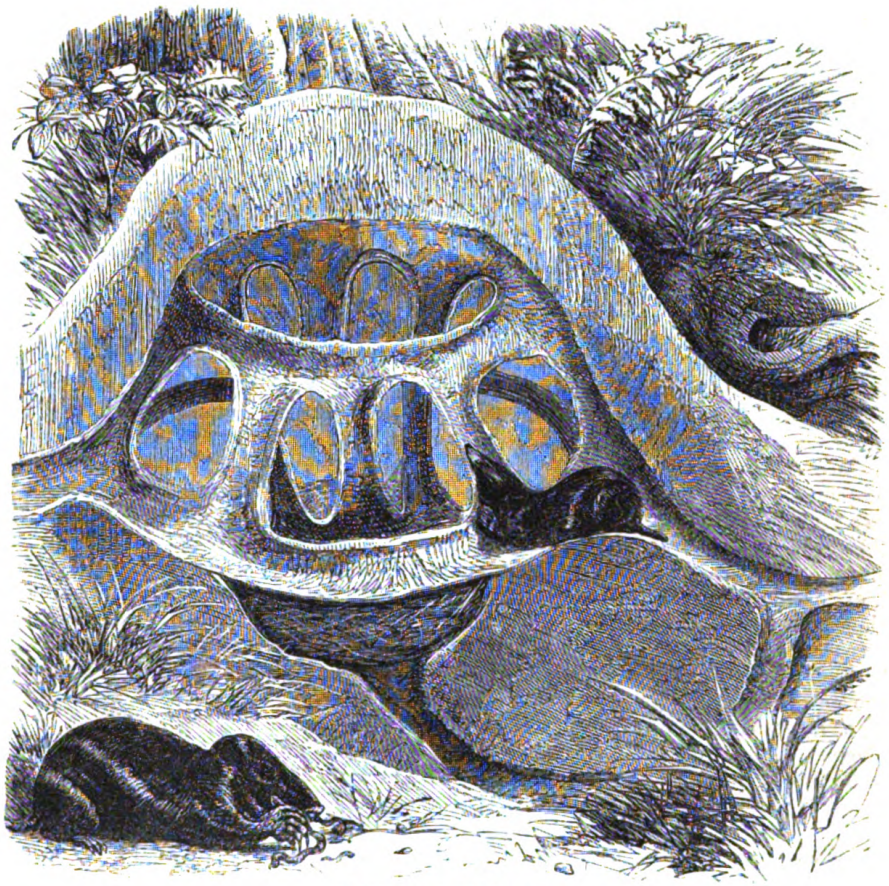
To a bird's-eye view, however, all things are clear. Right and left over the plain, obscured here and there by woods, now rushing boldly and closely at each other, and now as coquettishly retiring, now scolloped into a salient, or "aggravated" (see etymology of that word according to Gunter—not Webster, for Webster foolishly says *ad* and *gravis*, while his rival hath the correct root, *agger*) into a ganglion of redoubts, covered ways, and rifle-pits, stretches the long, yellow, double line, like the diabolic father of fighting and all other evil, "many a rood," or rather like Macaulay's Armada, "heaving many a mile." As every thing has a centre and climax, however, we find one here close by the very old, small, and classic village of New Coal Harbor. To do a little more in the etymological line while we are about it, we shall explain our substitution of Coal for the common rendering of Cold by reference to an authority of two centuries old. In "Samuel Pepys his Diary" allusion is made by that model of an old-time placeman to his search for certain state-papers, which he extended through the Tower, even looking into the "coal-harbor," *i. e.*, the receptacle of the winter's fuel. The name must have been applied to Old Coal Harbor, a mile north of this place, from its remote and desolate inland situation. New Coal Harbor consists of one house and the decayed relics of another, separated by a field and orchard some three hundred yards wide, and joined by a road coming from the direction of the Pamunky and passing southeastwardly to the Chickahominy at New Bridge, and thence "on to Richmond." From this straight and



MECHANICSVILLE.

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THE BURROWERS AT HOME.*



FORTRESS OF THE MOLE.

THE wonderful ingenuity evinced by many animals in the construction of their homes has led the naturalist to persevering researches in tracing out the haunts and ways of those not familiarly known.

It is not often that the lover of nature has opened to him such a rare and curious museum as is exhibited in the volume from which the materials of this article are drawn. The author tells of strange habitations, made without hands, beneath, above, and around us—burrows, nests, and curious domiciles of every kind, in earth, air, and water. Nor are these presented to the mental vision merely, but are so clearly and elegantly illustrated, that we almost fancy that these strange dwelling-places are really before the eye.

It is impossible, within the limits of a single article, to do more than present to the reader of the Magazine a few specimens of these homes—and these are selected from the Burrowers—whose secret localities are rarely noticed, much less investigated, by the ordinary observer.

Yet the burrow is the simplest form of habitation, whether it is in the ground, or in stone, wood, or any other substance.

Among mammalia, the *Mole* ranks first in the list of burrowers. This extraordinary animal, which is found both in Europe and America, forms a complicated subterranean dwelling-place, with chambers, passages, and other arrangements of wonderful completeness. It has regular roads leading to its feeding-grounds; establishes a system of communication as elaborate as that of a modern railway, or, to be more correct, as that of the subterranean network of metropolitan sewers; and is an animal of varied accomplishments.

It can run tolerably fast, fight like a bull-dog, capture prey under or above ground, swim fearlessly, and can sink wells for the purpose of quenching its thirst.

Take the mole out of its proper sphere, and it is awkward and clumsy, but replace it in the familiar earth, and it becomes a different being—full of life and energy, and actuated by a fiery activity which seems quite inconsistent with its dull aspect and seemingly inert form.

* *Homes without Hands: Being a Description of the Habitations of Animals, classed according to their principle of Construction.* By the Rev. J. G. Wood. With new designs by W. F. Keyl and E. Smith. Harper and Brothers.

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The absence of any external indication of eyes communicates a peculiar dullness to the creature's look, and the formation of the fore limbs gives an indescribable awkwardness to its gait.

We need not pity the mole for the dull life we suppose it leads below the ground. There it is happy, and there only can it develop its various capabilities. No one can witness the eagerness with which it flings itself upon its prey, and the evident enjoyment with which it consumes its hapless victim, without perceiving that the creature is exultantly happy in its own peculiar way.

The ordinary mole-hills present nothing particularly worthy of notice. They are the shafts through which the quadrupedal miner ejects the materials which it has scooped out, as it drives its many tunnels through the soil, and if they be carefully opened after the rain has consolidated the heap of loose material, nothing more will be discovered than a simple hole leading into the tunnel. But if we strike into one of the large tunnels, and follow it up, we come to the real abode of the animal. A section of this extraordinary habitation, hidden under a hillock of considerable size, is given in the illustration on the preceding page.

The central apartment is a nearly spherical chamber, the roof of which is nearly on a level with the earth around the hill, and therefore situated at a considerable depth from the apex of the heap. Around this are driven two circular galleries—one just level with the ceiling, and the other at some height above. The upper circle is much smaller than the lower. Five short descending passages connect the galleries with each other, but the only entrance into the inner apartment is from the upper gallery, out of which three passages lead into the ceiling. It will be seen, therefore, that when a mole enters the house from one of his tunnels, he has first to get into the lower gallery, to ascend thence to the upper gallery, and so descend into his chamber.

There is, however, another entrance from below, by a passage which dips downward from the centre of the chamber, and then, taking a curve upward, opens into one of the larger tunnels.

The use of so complicated a series of cells and passages is extremely doubtful, since there is reason to believe that the owner, instead of retiring to his fortress to rest, often contents himself with lying in the high-road. Wonderful as is this subterraneous abode, it is not the only one constructed by this animal. A nursery is provided, more extended, though simpler, inlaid with dried grass, and intersected by many passages, so that the mother and young may easily escape from any apprehended danger. The walls of all these passages are rendered smooth and hard by the pressure of the mole's fur, so that the earth will not fall in after the severest storm.

The whole life of the mole is one of fury, and he eats like a starving tiger, tearing and rending his prey with claws and teeth, and crunching audibly the body of the worms between the sharp points. A mole has been seen to fling itself upon a small bird, tear its body open, and devour it while still palpitating with life. Nothing short of this fiery energy could sustain an animal in the lifelong task of forcing itself through the solid earth.

A battle between two moles is as tremendous as one between two lions, if not more so, because the mole is more courageous than the lion, and, relatively speaking, is far more powerful and armed with weapons more destructive. Magnify the mole to the size of the lion, and you will have a beast more terrible than the world has yet seen. Though nearly blind, it would be active beyond conception, leaping with lightning quickness upon any animal which it met, and rending it to pieces in a moment. Such a creature would, without the least hesitation, devour a serpent twenty feet in length, and so terrible would be its voracity that it would eat twenty or thirty of such snakes in the course of a day.

When fighting with one of his own species the mole gives his whole energies to the destruction of his opponent, without seeming to heed the injuries which are inflicted upon himself, exhibiting an extraordinary amount of muscular power concentrated into a very small space.

The mole emerges from the earth with unsoiled fur. This cleanliness is due in part to the peculiar character of the hair, and partly to strong membraneous muscle beneath the skin, by means of which the animal gives itself a frequent and powerful shake.

There are many burrowing animals, but the mole is emphatically *the* burrower—the very type of a creature which is intended to pass the whole of an active existence under ground. He absolutely riots in the exuberance of animal spirits and muscular activity, passing through the earth almost like a fish through the water, and giving to its strange and apparently sombre life a poetry and an interest which we fail to find in the lives of many creatures more richly endowed with external beauty.

The *Arctic Fox*, an animal which dwells in the polar regions, is notable for the extent and structure of the burrow. In order to shield itself from the inclemency of the climate it digs to a considerable depth; and it is rather remarkable that a solitary burrow is seldom found, twenty or thirty foxes generally sinking their tunnels in close proximity to each other.

If one of these little colonies could be laid open a very curious sight would present itself. The earth would be seen to be pierced with multitudinous tunnels, each complete and independent in itself, and never interfering with burrows belonging to other owners. Each burrow, too, is of a very complex character, consisting of three or four distinct passages, each of which opens into a common chamber of considerable dimensions. There is also a separate

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"EARTH" OF THE FOX.

nursery, communicating by a passage with this chamber, where four or five young are reared.

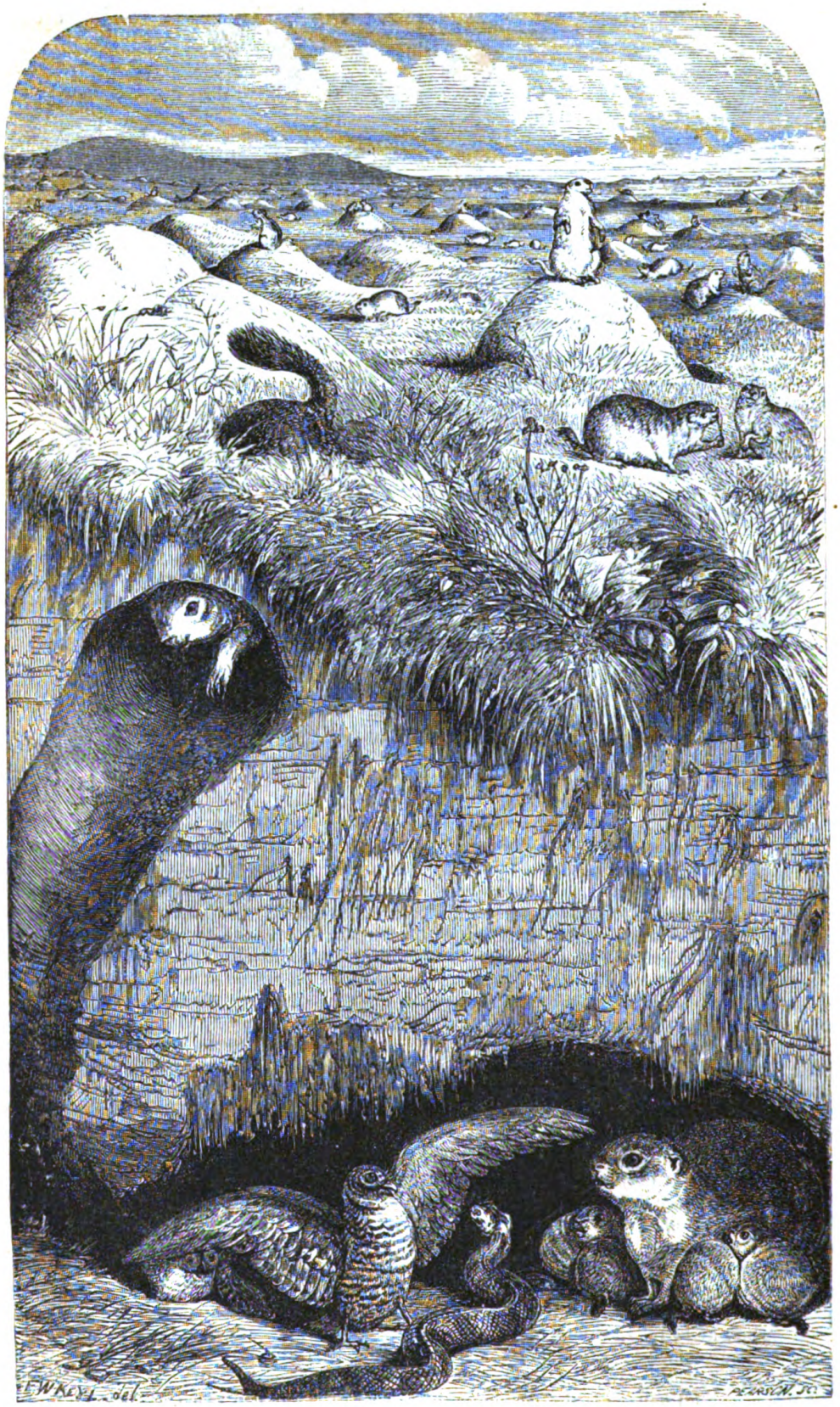
The Arctic Fox has been subjected to a merciless persecution on account of the value of its skin; and consequently it has become so exceedingly crafty that it is caught with the greatest difficulty. Curious tales are told how they have learned to remove the baits without falling into the traps or being shot by the spring-guns.

Even in its ordinary state the skin of the Arctic Fox is in great favor as a fur; but when it is bleached by the dread cold of the regions in which the animal resides, and is of a pure snowy whiteness down to the very roots of the hair, it is so exceedingly costly that a mantle made of that fur is only to be purchased by millionaires, or placed on imperial shoulders. The fur of a fine old fox in perfect condition is worth many times its weight in gold.

The habitation of the common fox is by no means so complicated as that of the Arctic species. It avoids, when possible, the labor of burrowing, and avails itself of the deserted home of a badger, or even of a rabbit, altering and enlarging to suit its own purposes. Herein it lies asleep all day, as is the custom with most predaceous animals, and only sallies forth at night. Herein the mother produces and nurtures her young, and sometimes on a summer's evening the whole family, the father, mother, and cubs come out to enjoy the fresh air. They never wander far from the mouth of the burrow, and as the young are gamesome little creatures, as playful as puppies, and much prettier, and the mother helps her young ones in their sports as a good mother ought to do, the group presents a very pretty sight. Though there is but one burrow for the nursery the fox generally has access to "earths," as they are called, at considerable distances apart, to any one of which he will repair if danger threatens.

The *Prairie Dog*, so called from the short, yelping sound which it utters, is a pretty animal, about sixteen inches long. Its head is peculiarly flat, which gives it a remarkable aspect. It is an exceedingly prolific animal, multiplying rapidly, and extending its excavations to vast distances. Indeed, when once the Prairie Dogs settle themselves in a convenient spot, their increase seems to have no bounds, and the little heaps of earth which stand near the mouth of their burrows extend as far as the eye can reach. They are dug in a sloping direction, forming an angle of about

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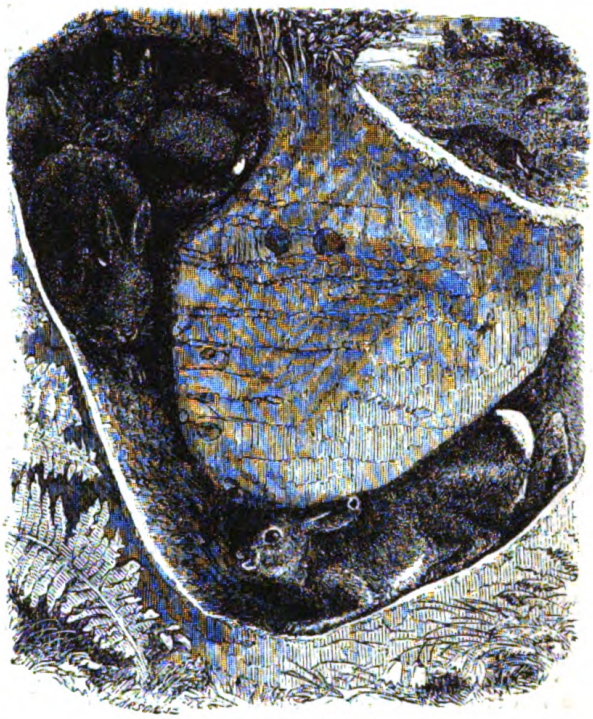


A PRAIRIE DOG "TOWN."

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forty-five degrees with the horizon, and after descending for five or six feet, they take a sudden turn and rise gradually upward. Thousands upon thousands of these burrows are dug in close proximity to each other, and honey-comb the ground to such an extent that it is rendered quite unsafe for horses.

The scene presented by one of these "dog towns" or "villages," as the assemblages of burrows are called, is most curious, and well repays the trouble of approaching without alarming the cautious little animals. Fortunately for the traveler the Prairie Dog is as inquisitive as it is wary, and the indulgence of its curiosity often costs the little creature its life. Perched on the hillocks, which have already been mentioned, the Prairie Dog is able to survey a wide extent of horizon, and as soon as it sees an intruder, it gives a sharp yelp of alarm and dives into its burrow, its little feet knocking together with a ludicrous flourish as it disappears. In all directions a similar scene is enacted. Warned by the well-known cry, all the Prairie Dogs within reach



THE RABBIT WARREN.



THE POLAR BEAR.

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repeat the call and leap into their burrows. Their curiosity, however, is irrepressible, and scarcely have their feet vanished from sight than their heads are seen cautiously protruded from the burrow, and their inquisitive brown eyes sparkle as they examine the cause of the disturbance.

The Prairie Dog has not the privilege of possessing a home for its own exclusive use; the Burrowing Owl and terrible rattlesnake take forcible possession of the burrows. Formerly it was supposed that these incongruous beings associated together in perfect harmony, forming a sort of "Happy Family" below the surface of the ground. But all these romantic notions have been dispelled by the naturalist, and the snake has been proved to be no welcome guest, but an intruder on the premises, self-billeted on the inmates like soldiers on obnoxious householders, procuring lodging without permission, and eating the inhabitants by way of board; and it is not impossible that the owl may snap up a young and tender Prairie Dog in its early infancy.

It is well known that the rabbit lives socially in burrows—a number of them forming a warren. They seek a loose, sandy locality, where the soil is easily excavated, and where furze abounds, the young shoots of which furnish them with nutritious food. When once established they increase with incredible rapidity. The creature becomes a parent at a very early age; and by the time a rabbit is a year old, it may have attained the dignity of a grand-parent. She does not produce her young in any of the burrows to which the general rabbit colony has access, but prepares an isolated tunnel, at the end of which she forms her nest. The bed on which the young recline is beautifully soft and fine, being composed chiefly of the downy fur which grows on the mother's breast, and which she plucks off with her teeth in tufts of considerable size.

The *Polar Bear* makes its curious burrow in a peculiar substance, and is worthy of special notice. Toward the month of December she retreats to the side of a rock, where, by dint of scraping, and allowing the snow to fall upon her, she forms a cell in which to reside during the period of her *accouchement*. Within this strange nursery she produces her young, and remains with them beneath the snow until the month of March, when she emerges into the outer air, bringing with her the baby bears, who are then about as large as ordinary rabbits. As the time passes on, the breath of the family, together with the warmth exhaled from their bodies, serves to enlarge the cell, so that in proportion with their increasing dimensions the accommodation is increased to suit them. As is the case with the snow-covered sheep, the hidden bear may be discovered by means of the little hole which is made by the warm breath, and is rendered more distinguishable by the hoar-frost which collects around it.

This curious abode is not sought by every Polar Bear, its only use being to shelter the young. Before retiring into winter-quarters the bear eats enormously, and, driven by an unfailing instinct, resorts to the most nutritious diet, so that it becomes prodigiously fat.

During the three months of her seclusion she takes no food, but exists upon the store of fat which has been accumulated before retiring to her winter home. A similar phenomenon may be observed in many of the hibernating animals, but in the bear it is more remarkable from the fact that she has not only to support her own existence, but to impart nourishment to her offspring. It is true, that in order to enable them to find sufficient food, they are of wonderfully small dimensions when compared with the parent; but the fact remains, that the animal is able to lay up within itself so large a store of nutriment that it can maintain its own life and suckle its young for a space of three months without taking a morsel of food.

The various species of Armadillo are all mighty burrowers. They are carnivorous, and feed upon insects, and all kind of animal substances found below the surface of the earth. The *Giant Armadillo* is so determined a burrower that it has often been known to dig up dead bodies for the purpose of feeding on them. All these creatures, however, are fond of animal substances, and many of them may be found upon the savannas of South America, feasting greedily upon the bodies of the cattle which are slaughtered so recklessly for the sake of their hides. In all these animals the coat of mail is exceedingly hard, so hard indeed that it is used for sharpening the long Spanish knife.

If an Armadillo should be surprised at any time, and its retreat to its burrow intercepted, it at once commences sinking a new tunnel; and so rapidly does it excavate, that it is almost impossible to capture one. The coat of mail is perfectly flexible, giving full freedom to the limbs, and permitting the animal to roll itself into a ball when threatened with danger.

The curious *Aard Vark* of Southern Africa resides for the most part in great holes which it scoops in the ground. The name signifies Earth-hog, and is given to the animal on account of its extraordinary powers of excavation and the swine-like contour of its head. The claws with which this animal works are enormous, and are by no means intended merely to excavate burrows in soft or sandy soil, though they are frequently employed for that purpose. By means of these implements the Aard Vark tears to pieces the enormous ant-hills which stud the plains of Southern Africa—edifices so strongly made as to resemble stone rather than mud, and capable of bearing the weight of many men on their summits. These marvelous dwellings are absolutely swarming with inmates; and it is for the purpose of feeding upon the tiny builders that the Aard Vark plies its destructive labors.

Toward evening the Aard Vark issues from the burrow wherein it has lain asleep during

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THE GIANT ARMADILLO.

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the day, proceeds to the plains, and searches for an ant-hill in full operation. With its powerful claws it tears a hole in the side of the hill, breaking up the stony walls with perfect ease, and scattering dismay among the inmates. As the ants run hither and thither, in consternation, their dwelling falling like a city shaken by an earthquake, the author of all this misery flings its slimy tongue among them, and sweeps them into its mouth by hundreds.

Among the feathered burrowers the *Sand-Martin*, so common in England, is an excellent example. Few would suppose that the tiny bill of this pretty little bird was capable of boring tunnels into sand-stone. The Sand-Martin, however, prefers an easy task, when that is possible, and will always avail itself of a locality where the soil is loose, and yet where the sides of the burrow will not collapse. Having fixed upon a suitable spot, it commences to work in a circular direction, using its legs as a pivot, and by dint of turning round and round, and pecking away as it proceeds, soon chips out a tolerably circular hole. After the bird has lived for some time in the tunnel the shape of the entrance is much damaged by incessant passing to and fro of the inmates; but while the burrow is still new and untenanted its form is almost cylindrical. In all cases the tunnel slopes gently upward, so as to prevent the lodgment of rain.

At the furthest extremity of the burrow, which is always rather larger than the shaft, is placed the nest, a very simple structure, upon which are laid the eggs, which are very small, and of a delicate pinky whiteness.

Few foes can injure the Sand-Martin during incubation, because of the difficulty of gaining admission to the nest.

Man is perhaps its worst enemy, for there is a mixture of adventure and danger in taking the eggs, which is irresistible to the British school-boy. To climb up a perpendicular rock, to cling with one hand, while the other is thrust into the burrow, and to know that a chance slip will certainly snap the invading arm like a tobacco-pipe stem, is a combination of joys which no well-conditioned boy can withstand.

The illustration shows the nest of the *Kingfisher*, which, although it does not excavate the whole of the burrow in which it resides, alters and arranges a ready-made burrow to suit its own necessities.

The *Stormy Petrel*, that bird of ill omen, as the sailors think it, digs its little burrow in the sandy soil, and there conceals itself and its treasure—a single egg.

Formerly the *Woodpecker* was reckoned



THE AARD VARK.

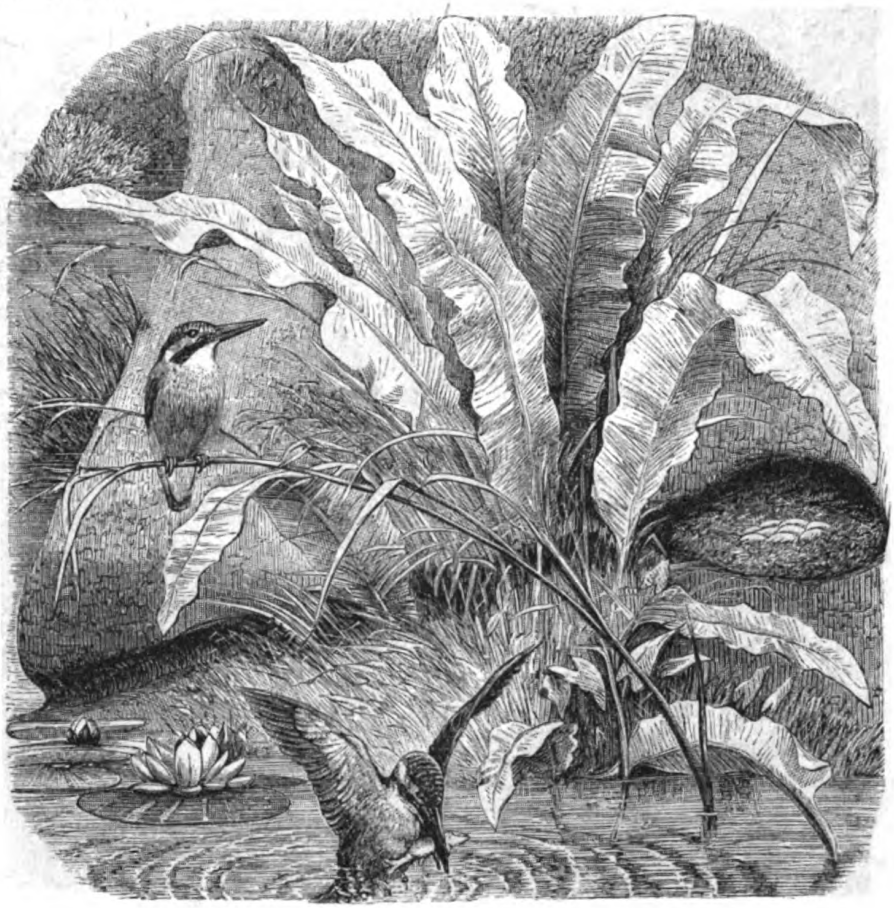
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among the enemies of the forest. But now it is generally known that the common species is unable to cut through sound wood, but chooses a decayed tree, in which its pick-axe-like beak is able easily to make its burrow. The burrowing powers of the ivory-billed Woodpecker are marvelous, its chisel-like beak having been known to chip splinters from a mahogany table, and to cut a hole fifteen inches in width through a lath-and-plaster partition.

The *Toucan* is remarkable for its enormous bill, which is decorated with brilliant tints of orange and black, scarlet and yellow, or red and green—varying in different species. Whether this huge beak is the tool with which it excavates its burrow is uncertain. It is said, however, that the young of the Toucan, being liable to the attacks of monkeys and birds of prey, whenever the parent bird is alarmed, all she has to do is to poke her beak out of the aperture leading to her nest. The assailant, seeing so huge a bill, fancies an animal of corresponding size behind it, and hastily flees.



WOODPECKER.



KINGFISHER'S NEST.

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Among the crustacea the *Land Crab* is fully entitled to be ranked in the class of burrowers. Its singular habits are, however, more familiarly known than those of the *Robber Crab*—a creature of strange, weird shape, difficult to describe, but easily comprehended by reference to the illustration. The Robber Crab inhabits the Indian Ocean. It does not live in a shell, but its abdomen is protected by hard plates. It is a quick walker, although rather awkward in its gait, impeded probably by the enormous claws. While walking it presents a curious aspect, being lifted nearly a foot above the ground on its two central pairs of legs; and if it be intercepted in its retreat it brandishes its formidable weapons, clattering them loudly, and always keeping its face toward the enemy.

The food of the Robber Crab is of a very peculiar nature, consisting mostly, if not entirely, of the cocoa-nut. It seizes upon the fallen cocoa-nuts, and with its enormous pincers tears away the



TOUCAN.



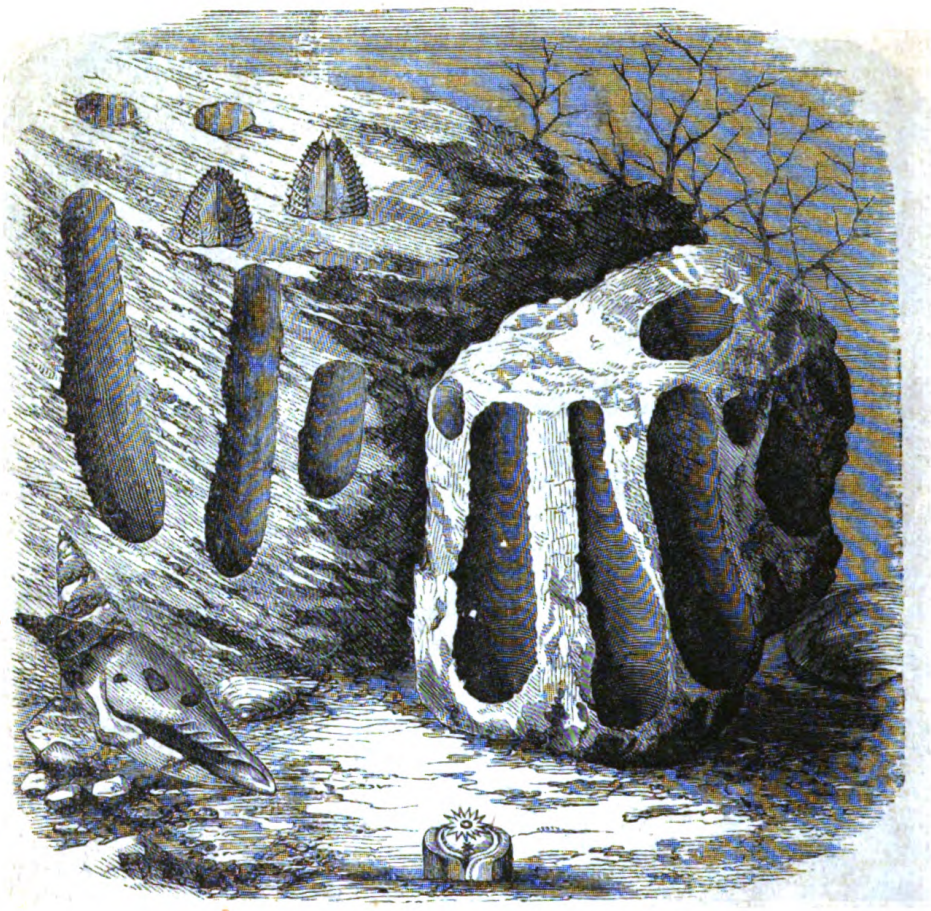
PETREL.

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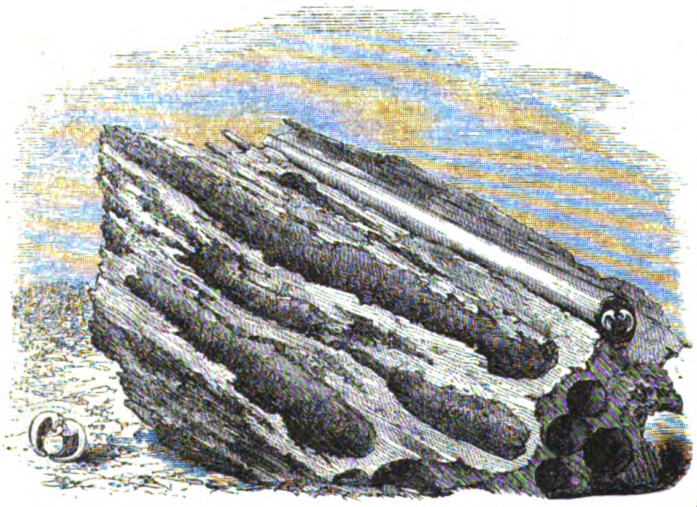
THE ROBBER CRAB.

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PHOLAS IN WOOD. PHOLAS IN ROCK.

outer covering, reducing it to a mass of raveled threads. This substance is carried by the crabs into their holes, for the purpose of forming a bed. When the crab has freed the nut from the husk it introduces the small end of a claw into one of the little holes which are found at one end of the cocoa-nut, and by turning the claw backward and forward, as if it were a brad-awl, the crab contrives to scoop out the soft substance of the nut. These crabs burrow in the earth under the roots of the trees that furnish them with provisions, prudently storing up in their holes large quantities of cocoa-nuts, stripped of their husk, at those times when the fruits are most abundant, against the recurring intervals when they are scarce.



SHIPWORM.

It is stated that if the long and delicate antennæ of these robust creatures be touched with oil, they instantly die. They are not found on any of these islands except the small coral ones, of which they are the principal occupants.

This crab is more than two feet in length

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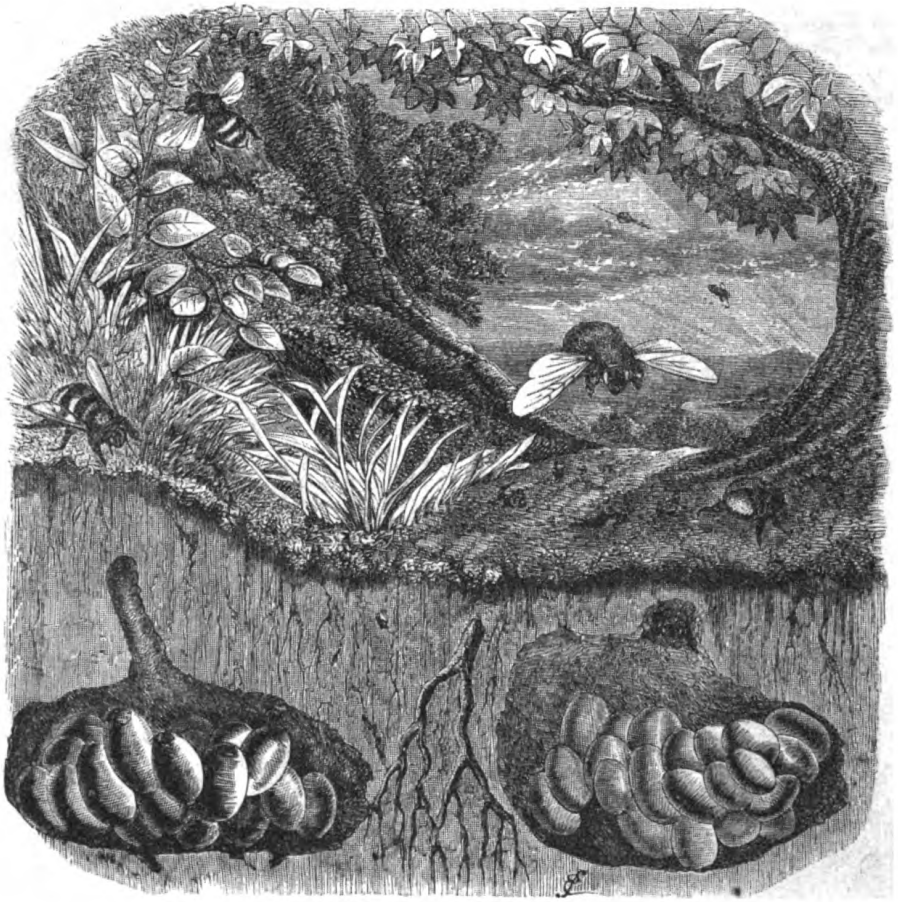
THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER AND NESTS.

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when full grown, and is accounted delicious food.

The *Pholas*, one of the marine burrowing molluscs, has an extremely fragile shell, of rather soft texture, and its outer surface is covered with ridges, which sweep in graceful curves from the hinge to the edge, and bear some resemblance to the projections upon a file. By means of these tiny points the Pholas is able to work its way into rock, using his shell as a sort of brad-awl. Some species bore into wood, but always across the grain; while the *Shipworm*, whose ravages often produce such disastrous consequences, always bores *with* the grain of the wood. When the Shipworm first issues from the sheltering mantle of its parent it is a little, round, lively object, covered with cilia, like a very minute hedgehog, but it speedily changes into a worm-like mollusc nearly a foot in length. It devours wood of every description, often taking possession of a piece of timber and wholly destroying it; thus being the hidden cause of numerous wrecks.

Of all the burrowing spiders none is so admirable an excavator as the *Trap-door Spider* of Jamaica, and none displays so much ingenuity in the arrangement of its burrow. When the earth which surrounds it is removed, a double silken tube is found, the outer portion being thick, harsh, and crumpled, looking more like the rough bark of a tree than a spider's web. The inner layer is of a very different character. This is uniformly smooth to the eye, and of a silken softness to the touch. The texture of the interior surface is quite unlike that of the inner or outer tube, being nearly white and of a smoothness and consistency much resembling rough and unsized paper. It is curiously stiff also, and is so formed that no one who saw it for the first time would be likely to guess at its real character. The entrance of the tube is guarded by the "trap-door," from which the spider takes its name. This is a flap of the same substance as the tube, circular in shape, so as to fit the orifice with perfect accuracy, and attached to the tube by a tolerably wide hinge, so that when it closes it does not fall to either side, but comes true and fair upon the opening which it defends. The inner surface of the trap-door is white and felt-like, and exactly resembles the interior of the tube, but its outer surface is covered with earth, taken from the soil in which the hole is dug. As the trap-door is flush with the surface of the ground, it is evident that, when it is closed, all traces of the burrow and its inhabitant are lost.



HUMBLE BEE. LAPIDARY BEE.

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The spider is urged by a curious instinct to make its tunnel in some sloping spot, and to keep the hinge uppermost, so that when the inhabitant leaves its home, or retreats to the extremity of its burrow, the door closes of its own accord, and effectually conceals it. Newcomers into the country which the Trap-door Spider inhabits are often surprised by seeing the ground open, a little lid lifted up, and a rather formidable spider peer about, as if to reconnoitre the position before leaving its fortress. At the least movement on the part of the spectator back pops the spider, like the cuckoo on a clock, clapping its little door after it quite as smartly as the wooden bird, and in most cases succeeds in evading the search of the astonished observer, the soil being apparently unbroken, without a trace of the curious little door that had been so quickly shut.

Even if the little door should be found, it requires some force to open it, for the ingenious creature secures it on the inside, probably by holding it down with his claws, which are very powerful.

Nothing short of actual violence will induce the Trap-door Spider to vacate the premises which it so courageously defends. It will permit the earth to be excavated around its burrow, and the whole nest to be removed, without deserting its home; and in this manner specimens have been removed and placed in positions where their proceedings could be watched.

Without going into the details of its construction, we give an illustration showing the nest of the common *Humble Bee* (familiarly called Bumble Bee), which is usually in the side of some bank of earth; and of the *Lapidary Bee*, which makes its nest either in the ground or within a heap of stones.

There is one well known and handsome insect which is greatly disliked by almost every one. Yet the habitation of this insect is a marvel of ingenious industry. Let us fancy ourselves watching the construction of its nest. In the early days of spring, a *Wasp* issues from the place in which it has passed the winter, and anxiously surveys the country. She does not fly fast nor high, but passes slowly and carefully along, examining every earth-bank, and entering every crevice to which she comes.

At last she finds a burrow made by a field-mouse, or perhaps strikes upon the deserted tunnel of some large burrowing insect, enters it, stays a long while within, comes out again and fusses about outside, enters again, and seems to make up her mind. In fact, she is house-hunting, and all her movements are very like those of a careful matron selecting a new home.

Having thus settled upon a convenient spot, she proceeds to form a chamber, at some depth from the surface, breaking away the soil, and carrying it out piece by piece. When she has thus fashioned the chamber to her mind—for she has a mind—she flies off again, and makes her way to an old wooden fence which has stood for many years, and which, although not rotten, is perfectly seasoned. On this she settles, and, after running up and down for a little time, she fixes upon some spot, and begins to gnaw away the fibres, working with all her might, so eagerly engaged that even were we not invisible we might stand by and watch her proceedings. At last she has gathered a little bundle of fibres, which she gnaws and works about until she reduces them to a kind of pulp, and then flies back to the burrow.

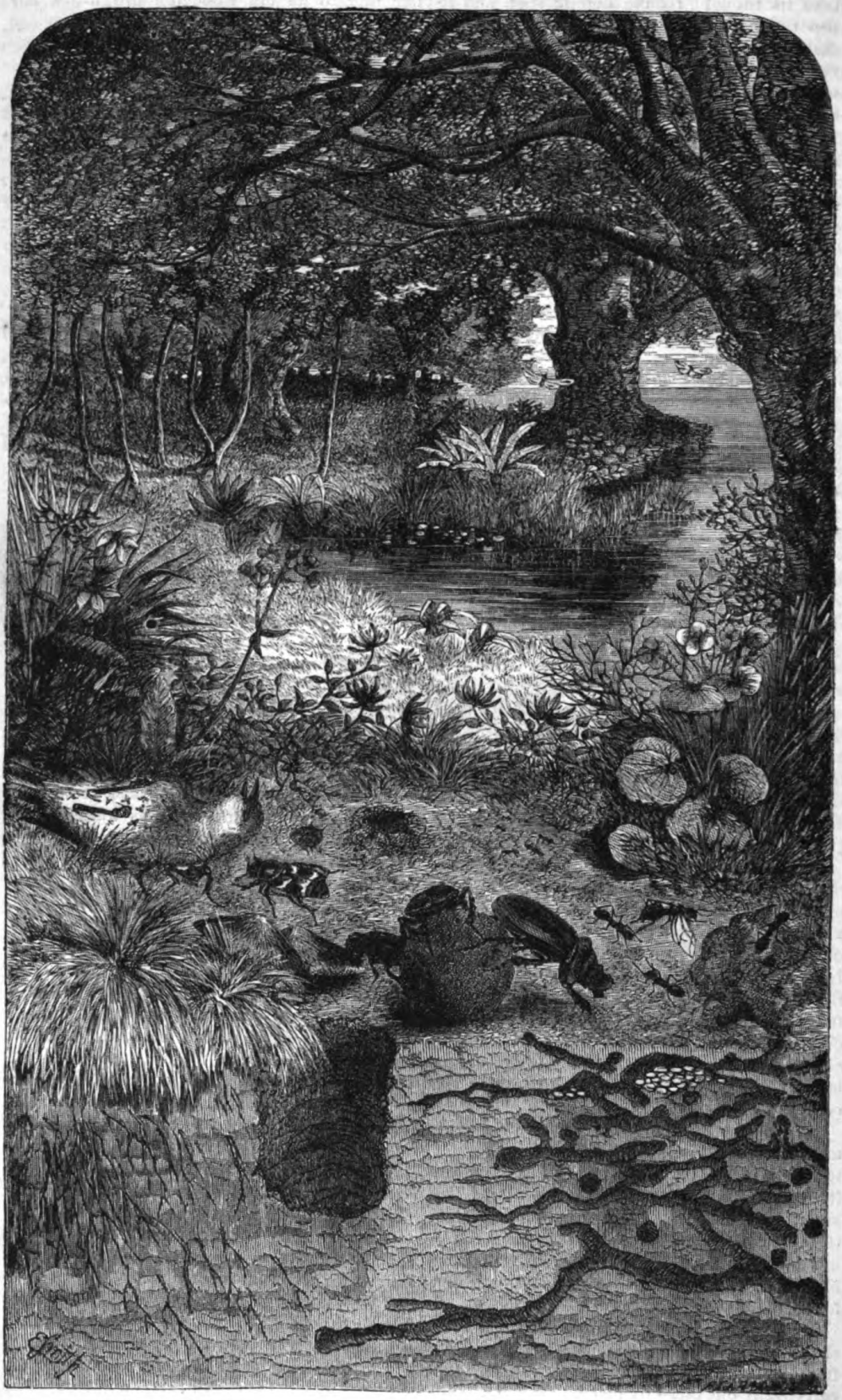
She now runs up the side of the chamber, and clings to its roof with the two last pairs of legs, while with the first pair, aided by her jaws, she fixes the woody pulp on the roof, kneading it until it forms a kind of little pillar. Another and another supply is brought, until this pillar, which is pendent from the roof, like a *papier-maché* stalactite, is completed. The wasp now begins to form the comb, and at the end of the pillar she places three very shallow cells, of a cup-like shape, not hexagonal, as are the completed cells. In each of these little cups she deposits an egg, and then constructs a roof over them, made from the same material as the cells, but laid in a different manner, the length of the fibres being nearly at right angles to the centre of the proposed comb. More cells are then added, eggs are laid in them, and the roof extended over them. The eggs first laid are soon hatched, producing tiny grubs; the parent wasp meanwhile proceeds in her task of building the nest, depositing eggs, and feeding these ever-hungry grubs. In due time the oldest of them cease to feed, spin a silken cover over their cells, and after a short retirement come forth as wasps to aid their mother in some of her labors.

When the first cell terrace is full the wasps construct several pendent pillars, and form a second terrace below the first. A third, fourth, and fifth are added as required, the cells being very small. The wasps that come from these cells are small, and are the workers. Larger cells are then prepared for the purpose of hatching the grubs which will become perfect male and female wasps. These come out near the end of the season.

A large nest will contain seven or eight thousand cells, and on the average each cell is the birth-place of three generations. It seems wonderful that so slight a habitation will endure such a weight. At the end of the season the wasps abandon their nest, and most of them die. The few who remain creep into some crevice, and lie dormant until the following spring, when they emerge to be the queens and mothers of future colonies.

The strength and perseverance of the Beetle is well known. The *Sexton*, or *Burying Beetles*, accomplish their work mostly at night. Having found some dead bird, for example, they burrow entirely beneath it, scrape out the loose soil, walk round the bird, mount it as if to see

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BURYING BEETLE. SCARABÆUS. ANT NEST.

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how the work is proceeding, and then disappear afresh and renew their labors. Sometimes they dig rather too much on one side, and then they appear sadly puzzled, running round and round the bird, getting on it as if to press it down with their weight, pulling it this way and that way; but they resume their work until the hole is large enough to allow the bird to sink into it.

The time occupied in the transaction necessarily varies, according to the size of the buried object and the condition of the beetle; but on the average an ordinary finch, or a mouse, can be buried in the course of a day. When the task is completed a number of eggs are laid upon the buried animal, and then the beetles emerge, cover it with earth, and then fly away.

The *Egyptian Scarabœus* sinks a deep perpendicular hole in the ground, and having deposited an egg in a portion of soil, which she forms into a rude ball, begins a curious and laborious task. Seizing the ball between her hind-feet, she begins to roll it about in the hot sunshine, not taking it direct to the shaft which she has sunk, but remaining near the spot. Should rain come on she ceases to roll, or should the ball be made just before sunset she waits for the morning before recommencing her labor. The consequence of all this curious rolling about is twofold; it accelerates the hatching of the inclosed egg by the exposure to the sunbeams, and it forms a thin, hard, clay-like crust round the soft material in which the egg reposes.

When the ball is sufficiently rolled it is taken to the hole, dropped down, and the earth filled in. The egg is very soon hatched, and from it proceeds a little white grub, which finds itself at once in the midst of food, and begins to eat vigorously. By the time it has devoured the whole of the contents of its cocoon—if the mere empty shell may be so called—it is ready for its change into the pupal form, and there lies in the earth until it again changes its form and becomes a perfect beetle.

If the reader will refer to the plate, he will there see two of these beetles at work upon a ball, for it is not an unusual circumstance that two insects should propel the same ball.

Also in the closing illustration may be seen the completed cocoon of this beetle, as well as an extraordinary cocoon of an insect called the Goliath. This specimen is in the British Museum, and is as large as a swan's egg. It is strengthened by a remarkable belt, which runs around its centre. A common house-fly is introduced into the drawing, in order to show the comparative size of the cocoon and the insect.

In the illustration on the next page we have



WASP NEST.

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CARPENTER BEE.—SPIRIFER.—SAPERDA.

three excellent examples of wood-boring insects. Passing by the *Spirifer* and *Saperda*—which are curious looking creatures—we will describe only the dwelling constructed by the splendid South African *Carpenter Bee*, a wood-borer of great power. In the centre of the drawing is seen a portion of a tunnel which is completely hollowed out, and divided into cells. This is the nest of the Carpenter Bee.

When the insect has fixed upon a piece of wood which suits her purpose, usually the trunk or branch of a dead tree, an old post, or a piece of wooden railing, she bores a circular hole about an inch and a half in length, and large enough to permit her to pass. Suddenly she turns at an angle, and drives her tunnel parallel to the grain of the wood, and makes a burrow of several inches in length. None of the chips and fragments are wasted, but are carried aside and carefully stored up in some secure place, sheltered from the action of the wind.

The tunnel having now been completed, the industrious insect seeks rest in change of employment, and sets off in search of honey and pollen. With these materials she makes a little heap at the bottom of the tunnel, and deposits an egg upon the food which she has so carefully stored.

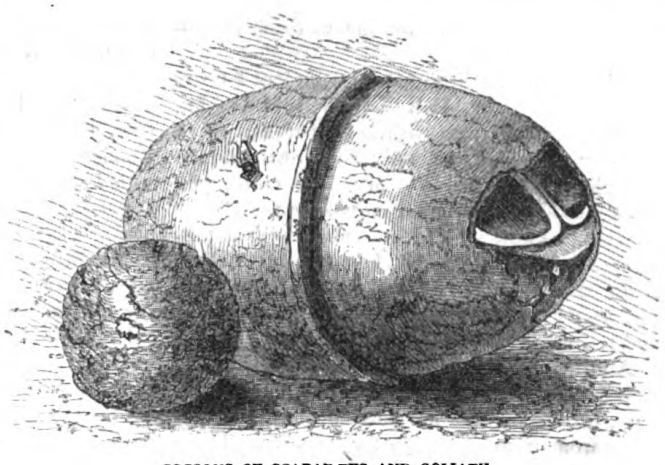
Then she proceeds to construct above the inclosed egg a ceiling, which shall be the floor of another cell. For this purpose she goes off to her store of chips, and fixes them in a ring above the heap of pollen, cementing them together with a glutinous substance, which is probably secreted by herself. A second ring is then placed inside the first, and in this manner the insect proceeds until she has made a nearly flat ceiling of concentric rings. The thickness of each ceiling is about equal to that of a penny.

The number of cells is extremely variable, but on the average each tunnel contains seven or eight, and the insect certainly makes more than one tunnel. As each tunnel generally exceeds a foot in length, and the diameter is large enough to admit the passage of the wide-bodied insect who makes it, the amount of labor performed by the bee is truly wonderful. The jaws are the only boring instruments used, and though they are strong and sharp, they scarcely seem to be adequate to the work for which they are destined.

In the illustration the upper part of one of these tunnels is shown, and in the two uppermost cells the egg has not been hatched. In the lower cells the young larva is given in order to show the attitude in which it passes its early life. When all is complete the entrance is closed.

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We have thus briefly endeavored to give the reader some idea of the wonderful field of amusement and instruction which the author of "Homes without Hands" has opened. We have given examples of only one general class of habitations, while there are many other kinds equally curious, which can not fail of affording rich entertainment to those who have any taste for the Marvels of Nature. From this abundant store-house we propose hereafter to present other dwellings built by other handless architects.



COCOONS OF SCARABÆUS AND GOLIATH.

AUNT ESTHER'S STORY.

IT was four o'clock of a sultry August afternoon. The Marvel of Peru beneath my window had but just unfolded its variegated petals; and the sun-loving Portulacca, reveling in the intense light and heat, opened its heart to the descending rays, and expanded itself until the bed on which it lay was one dense mass of gorgeous coloring. Not a breath stirred the maple leaves, and even the quivering aspen was for once hushed into complete repose.

Drawing my lounge to a favorable position between the two windows, I threw myself upon it, and tried to lose in sleep the consciousness of heat and weariness. All my other resources had been long before exhausted. My favorite authors had ceased to charm; and my fingers, skilled in all manner of "fancy work," to-day had lost their wonted cunning. I tried to write, but the magnetic current between my thoughts and my pen was certainly not in working order. Now sleep also failed me, and in utter despair I arose, and gathering up my remaining energies, concentrated them upon the task of making as elaborate a toilet as the heat of the day would admit.

I tried to cheat myself into the belief that all this restlessness, this incapacity for work or enjoyment, was occasioned by the oppressive heat. But my heart and my conscience taught me better. The truth was I had reached a crisis in my life. Hitherto I had trodden a smooth, well-beaten path, with but few windings and unmistakable landmarks. But now I had reached the angle of divergence, and before me stretched two paths, both new and untried. Which should I choose?

It was the attempt to answer this momentous question that had so harassed and unnerved me. I could endure the whirl and tumult of my own thoughts no longer, and, hastily putting on a light bonnet and mantilla, I left the house.

The scorching sunbeams beat upon my head with a fury that was almost overwhelming. But Aunt Esther's pretty cottage was but a little way off, and I kept on bravely. And when I entered the cool, still parlor, with its quaint old furniture, where all was subdued and quiet in coloring, save two or three sunny pictures upon the wall, and a tiny vase of exquisite flowers, I was at once calmed and elevated by the atmosphere of the place, and felt that "it was good for me to be there."

If old age could always wear the beauty and loveliness of Aunt Esther's well might the youngest and gayest pray to be old. I thought, as she extended her hand and with a beaming smile of welcome drew me to a low seat by her side, that I had never seen a lovelier picture. The calm, sweet face—the placid brow on which the soft white hair lay as caressingly as when it rivaled the raven's wing in hue and lustre—the dress of plain black silk—the kerchief of snowy lawn fastened by the tiniest of pearl brooches—the widow's cap which she had worn so long, and which she would wear in her coffin—the small hands meekly folded, save when she unconsciously toyed with the heavy wedding-ring—all were in perfect keeping. I sank to my seat at her feet with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"You are always so cool and quiet here, Aunt Esther," I said, as she removed my bonnet and smoothed back my moistened hair. I ought to say before I go on with my story that I called this dear friend *Aunt* by no right save that of affection. She had been the cherished friend of my mother, had watched over her death-bed, and I had called her by that familiar title from my earliest remembrance. "You are always so cool and quiet," I repeated. "Heat and feverishness and unrest never find their way inside your doors, Auntie."

She smiled slightly as her cool head touched my burning cheek.

"I am afraid you have brought them with you this time, Katie. Your hands burn me and your lips are parched with fever."

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"It is so hot," I replied, evasively. "I suppose it was imprudent for me to come out today."

"It would have been more imprudent for you to have staid at home, Katie," she said, looking steadily into my face with her clear, searching eyes—"at home, with only your own unquiet thoughts for company. My dear child, you never needed your mother as you do now."

"Oh, I know it!" I exclaimed, with a passionate burst of tears, as I buried my face in Aunt Esther's lap. "If she were only here, and would take this whole matter off my hands, and tell me just what to do!"

Aunt Esther shook her head half sadly as she answered: "She could not do that if she were here, Katie. There are certain questions that every woman must decide for herself, and you are no automaton. Your own heart and your own judgment are your best guides after all. And your mother's God is your God."

"Yes, but sometimes He seems a great way off—not as near to me as in my childhood. Talk to me, dear Auntie," I continued—"I have no other mother, and I come to you. Tell me what you think about this matter."

"My dear Katie, I can not do that," she answered. "You must go to your own heart for counsel. What does that say?"

"Aunt Esther, I like John Millman a great deal better than I do Mr. Eldridge. There's no denying that. I have known him longer, and he is by far the most brilliant, and cultivated, and lovable of the two. But then—you'll think me very worldly, I am afraid, Aunt Esther—but I must tell you the truth now that I have begun. I certainly am proud and ambitious—fond of wealth, position, and all that those words include. The question is, would I be happier with—"

I paused, blushing and confused, utterly unable to finish the sentence I had commenced so glibly. For a long time there was silence between us two. At length Aunt Esther took my face between her hands, and, leaning gently forward, kissed my forehead.

"I was very worldly-minded once myself," she said, softly. "Shall I tell you a story, Katie?"

I nodded assent, for I could not speak; and after a pause of several minutes' duration, Aunt Esther commenced:

You know, said Aunt Esther, something of my early history already. You know that I was only ten years old when my only remaining parent died; and that after that event I was carried from the city to my mother's early home, where my aged grandparents welcomed me as the sole legacy of their lost daughter. At first even their unvarying tenderness could not make me forget that I was an orphan. My eyes refused to behold any thing on the broad green earth but the three graves in the dreary city church-yard, where my father, my mother, and my little brother were to sleep until the heavens should be no more. I thought I should never smile again. But childhood's griefs are seldom enduring; and as the spring came on my spirits gradually recovered from the unnatural weight of sorrow. I had never been in the country before, and every thing about me filled me with wonder and delight. Before the summer was over I was as much at home in Maybrook as if I had been born beneath the shadow of its everlasting hills.

Maybrook was dignified with the title of village, but it had no other claim to it than that derived from the possession of a single store, a "hotel," and a blacksmith's shop. Our nearest neighbor upon one side—and not very near at that—was your grandfather Bailey. Our nearest on the other side was Mrs. Grey, a widow with two children—a son a year or two older than myself, and a daughter a little younger. Your mother had several brothers and sisters. Gay, lively young people they were, thoroughly good-hearted and affectionate. But she was the rose, the gem, the pearl. As we grew older we were always together, the young folks from your grandfather's, Horace Grey and his sister, and myself. There were many other boys and girls in the neighborhood—our *neighborhood* extended over a circuit of three or four miles—but they were farther off; and for our ordinary, everyday society we three families were mostly dependent upon each other.

But at length there came a change. Your aunt married very young, and went away from us. One of your uncles entered college, and another went into business at Reedville. Just about that time Mrs. Grey met with an accident which left her a confirmed and hopeless invalid. She was not a great sufferer, but was utterly helpless, unable to move from the bed upon which she lay. It was a terrible trial to her—worse than death—not so much on her own account as on that of her children.

I have said she was a widow. Her husband died when she was but twenty-five years of age. Young and still beautiful, she henceforth devoted herself wholly to her children, refusing, for their sakes, to listen to the "voice of the charmer, charming never so wisely." Mr. Grey had owned a small farm, and after mature deliberation she had concluded to keep it, feeling that by so doing she secured at least a home and maintenance for her precious charge. Providence had abundantly blessed her, even beyond her hopes; and while many luxuries were denied to them, a comfortable and happy home had been theirs always. To promote her children's welfare, to advance their interests, and by giving them every advantage in her power to prepare them to fill honorably any position to which God should call them, had been the aim of her life. Now all was changed—instead of a help she was to be a hindrance, instead of a staff, a burden. She had hoped to stand between them and trouble; but henceforth she was to be dependent upon them for the supplying of her simplest needs.

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They took up the burden thus cast upon their young lives—not as a burden, but trustfully, even joyfully. Never, by word or look or deed, did they allow their mother to perceive the disappointment they must have felt at this sudden blighting of all their hopes for the future—this rude awakening from their happy dreams. For such it was. Julia Grey has but little to do with my story, and of her I will merely say that she possessed uncommon musical ability, which had been thoroughly trained and cultivated. At the time of which I speak she had just secured a situation as teacher in a neighboring city, with a salary that would enable her greatly to lessen her mother's cares, and to add to her comforts. But, alas! her filial devotion was to bear far different fruit.

As for Horace, in spite of the manly cheerfulness with which he submitted to what was inevitable, I knew that it must be almost more than he could bear to give up all the ambitious hopes, the eager, stirring dreams of his young manhood, and tie himself to the couch of an invalid, even though that invalid was the mother he so deeply loved. When scarcely more than a boy he had looked far onward into the future, and had chosen his life-path. Since then every energy of his being had been turned toward one object — preparation for that path. He had chosen the law as his profession. At first a collegiate education had seemed to him indispensable—the first stepping-stone, without which he could not hope to reach the heights above him. But when he thought of their limited resources, and of the privations and self-denials his pursuance of that course would entail upon his mother and sister, he gave it up. Educated he must and would be, but in some different way. How he labored and studied I need not tell here. Inspired by an intense love of learning, by his own personal ambition, and by his desire to place himself as quickly as possible where he could not only maintain himself but give his mother and sister a home more in accordance with his wishes for them, his rapid progress, his rapid mental growth, was a wonder to all with whom he came in contact. He had nearly reached the goal, and during the coming autumn was to enter the office of an eminent lawyer, under flattering auspices.

For several weeks after Mrs. Grey was hurt I was with her most of the time, assisting Julia in the care of the dear sufferer. It was one evening, as Horace was accompanying me home after a day spent in his mother's sick room, that he first spoke to me of his changed prospects.

"I must give up the law, Esther," he said. "It is worse than useless for me to think of it any longer."

His compressed lip, and the forced firmness of his voice, told me how much it cost him to speak those words; and I am sure that my own voice trembled as I replied, in a low tone:

"Do not decide too hastily, Horace. I have been so sorry for you all these weeks! Is there no way—?"

"It is hard, Esther," he rejoined, after a moment; "harder, perhaps, than you can imagine. It changes my whole future. I meant to be a great man some day. It is hard to give it all up."

I did not reply. What was there for me to say? After a while Horace continued:

"But it is all right—all right. It is such a comfort to feel that God knows what is best for us, and what we need, better than we do ourselves. And I do feel that, Hetty. I have had a hard struggle; but it is over now, and my mind is made up."

I asked him what his decision was—very needlessly, for I knew already.

"Why, I shall stay here, of course," he replied, "carry on the farm, and take care of mother. I shall make a capital farmer too. I am going to raise nobody knows how many bushels of corn and potatoes next summer—see if I don't!"

"Is there not some other way to manage?" I asked, after a pause. "Farming is all well enough, but it is not your calling, Horace. Can nothing else be done?"

"Nothing else, Esther. There is no other course for me to pursue. Here is my work. God never appointed any man's field of labor more unmistakably than he has mine. I thank Him for that; and I shall walk in the path His providence has marked out for me. But here we are at the gate. Good-night, Hetty!"—and our conversation ended.

Horace kept his word, and more corn and potatoes were raised on the little Grey farm that year than had ever grown there before.

The next few years wrought but few changes in Maybrook. Mrs. Grey grew neither better nor worse. Every morning Horace carried her from her bed to a lounge in the family sitting-room; and there she lay, as helpless as an infant, until her strong and stalwart son came in from his work and carried her back again. She had ceased to worry, ceased to be anxious. I never saw such perfect peace and serenity upon any mortal face as dwelt upon hers.

"I have learned one thing since I have lain here, Esther," she said to me as I sat by her side one day: "I have learned that we can none of us choose our own work or our own discipline. God chooses for us, and contentment is the highest wisdom."

I can hardly tell how or when I first became aware that Horace Grey loved me. We had been friends for so long, almost like brother and sister, that I was not aware when the relations between us began almost imperceptibly to change. Not a word of love had ever passed between us. Horace had little time for love-making. He had grown more manly, more quiet, more self-possessed than ever since he had become the head of the household, and felt the cares of this "work-a-day world" pressing so heavily upon him. We met less often than formerly; yet gradually I came to know beyond a peradventure that all the wealth of his deep,

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earnest heart was lying at my feet. Perhaps this consciousness accounted in part for our less frequent interviews. Whatever else I might be, I was assuredly no coquette; and I shunned rather than sought his presence.

Your eyes, Katie, ask me if I loved him. I was not insensible to the homage of a heart like his. No girl could have been. But I told you before I began my story that I was once very worldly-minded; and I determined to lock the door of my heart, and keep the key in my own possession. I could not be the wife of a Maybrook farmer.

That summer, on the afternoon of the Fourth of July, there was a picnic party at Millar's Grove. It was a more pretentious affair than our ordinary gatherings, and the young people for miles around had been for a fortnight half-wild with delightful anticipation. The preparations were complete, and in due time the company began to assemble. It was a beautiful sight. The grove was soon illumined with bright young faces; airy forms were flitting among the trees, and peals of ringing laughter filled the air.

The hours flew by, and at length we, who were expected to do the work as well as to wear the honors—in other words, the "special committee"—stationed ourselves at intervals around the tables. Then, amidst shouts and laughter, one of the young men blew a long, loud blast upon a conch-shell, the preconcerted signal which was to call our scattered flock together.

Doubtless you wonder why I linger thus over the occurrences of that day. I hardly know myself. Old age is garrulous, and the most trivial events of that bright evening return to my mind as vividly to-day as if they had occurred but yesterday. It may be that I linger in the sunshine, loth to plunge into the shadows beyond.

The gay company came flocking in, and the mirthful spirit of the hour held undisputed sway. I was carrying a cup of fragrant mocha in one hand and a basket of cake in the other, as I laughingly discharged my duties as waitress, when one of my curls became entangled in a drooping branch that intercepted my way. Julia Grey sprang to my assistance; but ere she reached me a strange voice at my elbow said, "Allow me," and a strange hand had released me from my unpleasant position. With a graceful bow and a slight smile the gentleman passed on, and I retired with Julia beneath the shadow of the trees to recover from my confusion and smooth my tangled hair.

"Who was my deliverer, Julia?" I asked, as soon as we were out of hearing. "Who can he be?"

"Don't you know him? Why, it is Mr. Ralph Ainsley—Laura Ainsley's brother," she continued, by way of explanation, as I shook my head. "He lives in Philadelphia, and lost his wife four or five years ago. Laura says he is going to stay in Maybrook all summer. He is fine-looking, I think, don't you?"

"Rather," said I, hesitatingly. "He is not very young, though."

"No, not young—neither is he old. He can not be over forty; and that is not old for a man. I hate boys!" she continued, energetically. "I imagine he will find Maybrook rather dull."

"Has he any children?" I asked.

"One; a little black-eyed thing, just the picture of her mother. Laura says he has a very elegant home, and she does not know how he will content himself in their little plain, brown house."

We returned to the company, and presently I saw Mr. Ainsley and his sister coming toward us. A moment more, and we were all laughing gayly over my "entanglement" and my release.

Dancing was soon proposed, and Mr. Ainsley eagerly sought my hand for the first quadrille. I was already engaged to Horace. "For the next, then?" I assented, and as I took my place, Mr. Ainsley, declining to seek another partner, leaned against a tree and followed my every movement with his eye.

I danced with him several times that evening; and conscious as I was that we were the "observed of all observers," and that I was envied by half the girls present, I carried myself more proudly and moved with more grace and spirit than ever before.

"What new spirit has taken possession of you to-night, Esther?" whispered Clara, in one of the pauses of the dance. I am speaking of your mother, Katie. She was a gay young girl that night, and I must call her by the name by which I knew her then. "You were never half as beautiful before," she continued.

Mr. Ainsley's admiring glances told me the same story, and my heart throbbed with pride and pleasure. The festivities were kept up till a late hour, and I returned home with my brain in a whirl of excitement and delight. I could hardly analyze my own feelings. I was not particularly charmed with Mr. Ainsley personally; but as I glanced at myself in the mirror there was a triumphant smile upon my lip and a new light within my eye. Never before had I had an opportunity to measure myself by, and compare myself with those of a higher grade in life, those who might be expected to have attained to a higher degree of social culture. And now I—a simple country girl, who had not since her childhood passed from beneath the shadow of the Maybrook mountains—had met this polished, traveled man of the world, and met him on his own ground, as an equal. Mentally I reviewed the events of the evening. Not a word or a look of Mr. Ainsley's escaped me. I criticised his manner, his conversation, his whole bearing. We had talked of life, of books, of men, and I knew that in no one thing had I been found wanting. There had been nothing like condescension on his part. He had not been amusing himself with me. We stood on the same plane, and I had given as much as I had received.

I can safely say that that night my thoughts

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went no farther than this. I dreamed of no possible future as connected with Mr. Ainsley. I only gloried in the fact that he, so far above me in social position and advantages, acknowledged me as his equal. That he did so his deferential bearing and evident pleasure in my society was abundant proof.

The next day Mr. Ainsley called to pay his respects to my grandfather, whom he had known in his boyhood, and to inquire after his partner of the preceding evening. On the succeeding day a servant left at the door an exquisite bouquet that I very well knew came from the Reedville green-houses. No name accompanied it, but of course I had no doubt as to the donor. Still another day brought Mr. Ainsley himself—and another, and another. Sometimes a book was the pretext for a call; sometimes an engraving, or a flower of which we had spoken. Until at last he threw aside all pretexts, and came simply and openly because he wished to come.

Things went on very much after this fashion for a month, and by that time Mr. Ainsley's attentions to Esther Wainwright were upon all tongues. You know very well how bitter and how virulent the gossip of a little country village can be; and every harsh and censorious remark that was made speedily reached my ears. Every imaginable form of evil was predicted of and for me, of which desertion and a broken heart were the very least. All the fiery pride of my nature was aroused, and when in less than six weeks from our first interview Ralph Ainsley asked me to be his wife, I said "Yes!"

Mr. Ainsley urged a speedy marriage, on the plea that he must take me with him on his return to Philadelphia in October. Business engagements would prevent his coming for me later in the fall, and he said that his home would be unbearably desolate without me through the winter. At first I demurred, for my heart shrank from so hasty an alliance. But my grand-parents agreed with him that a long delay was unnecessary; and at last his lover-like eagerness won the day, and I consented.

Amidst the hurry and bustle that ensued, converting our quiet home into the semblance of a mantua-maker's shop, I had little time for thought. It was well that I had not. I dared not look into my own heart, Katie, for I knew but too well that the name of my affianced husband was not written there. I did not love him. Polished, cultivated, and refined, and loving me, as I firmly believe he did, in all truth and sincerity, he yet utterly failed to touch the depths of my nature. In our recent intercourse I had taken his measure even more correctly than at first, when dazzled by the charm of manner, and by a certain conventional polish to which I was unaccustomed. He had but little real strength and earnestness of purpose. I felt that I could never glory in him; that he could never incite me to high and noble endeavor; that there were chords in my heart whose music he could not draw forth.

Alas! that I should say this, when at that very moment he stood above me as far as the heavens are above the earth. He at least brought to me a true and sincere affection; while I was compromising my womanhood, and giving him falsehood in exchange for truth. He was willing, nay anxious, to make me his wife, dowerless as I was, and with no one thing to render an alliance with me desirable in a worldly sense; while I was taking into the account his position, his social standing, and the elegances and refinements with which he would surround his bride.

I had not met Horace Grey since the day of the picnic. A certain indefinable feeling had prevented my usual visits to his mother, except in one or two instances when I knew he was not at home. Doubtless he had as intentionally avoided me.

The days rolled on too swiftly toward the last, and at length every arrangement was completed. My bridal robe lay upon the bed in the large "spare chamber"—a costly India muslin, and a wreath and veil, the like of which had never been seen in Maybrook. As your mother and Laura Ainsley, who were to be my bridemaids the following evening, were examining the elegant fabrics, a small ivory casket was placed in my hands. Upon opening it I found an entire set of pearls, brooch, ear-rings, neck-lace, and bracelets. On a card in the bottom of the casket these words were written:

"For my wife. R. A."

Clara's admiration both of the gift and the giver knew no bounds.

"You must wear them to-morrow night, Hetty. How beautiful they are! They just suit you, too. I must say Mr. Ainsley has excellent taste."

I closed the casket wearily and without a word. My heart was growing heavier every moment. Every additional proof of Mr. Ainsley's devotion but added to its weight. Clara wondered at my unnatural apathy. She could not read me then; and, with a laugh and a kiss, she bade me good-night, saying:

"Marriage seems to be a dismal sort of an affair after all, Hetty. I hope you will look brighter to-morrow."

My trunks were packed. The house was in perfect order; and down stairs in my grandmother's spacious store-room I knew that the richly-frosted cakes, the snowy pyramid, and all the elegant trifles that were to grace the table on my wedding-night, were in readiness. There was nothing for me to do, and the four walls of my room seemed to stifle me. I panted for the fresh air and a look at "God's broad, silent sky."

Throwing a light shawl over my head I went out. How beautiful, how holy seemed the earth, sleeping so serenely in the embrace of the moonlight! Alone, alone with God and night I wandered on, unheeding the heavy dews and the growing chillness of the air. What was I seeking? Peace—but she came not to me with healing on her wings. At last I was fully

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awake to the folly and wickedness of the step I was about to take. I felt that I was offering up myself, my life, my soul upon the unholy altar of my ambition. I was to live a lie the remainder of my days. I should be rich and envied, admired and caressed; yet how long and how dreary looked the far future! And then, Katie, to add to my misery, the form of Horace Grey rose up before me, and I felt that one smile of his was worth more to me than all Ralph Ainsley's rank and gold.

My thoughts reverted to the past. I had had my dreams like all other girls. I had dreamed of an hour when I should stand by one who was "all earth to me" and promise to be his, come weal, come woe, for time and for eternity. But I had never dreamed of being an unloving bride —of approaching the altar as the grave of every joy and hope.

Do not misunderstand me, Katie. I do not mean to say that a woman should always follow the dictates of her heart. I do not say that she is bound by any law of God or of her own nature always to marry the man she loves. She may love him devotedly, and yet feel that, for the sake of both, it is best that each should go to heaven by a separate path. And, not unseldom, fate and circumstance combine to render a union between two loving hearts impracticable or even culpable. Often, too, young girls make the great mistake of confounding a fancy with a real affection; and many a woman in the full content, the overflowing blessedness of a true marriage, thanks God that she did not marry her "first love." No, Katie, I do not say that a woman should always marry the man she loves. But I do say, she should never marry the man she does *not* love. Upon such a union rests the blessing of neither God nor man. Such an alliance is a contract, not a marriage.

I felt this even then, as, wearied and exhausted with the effort of controlling my emotions, I sank upon the turf at the foot of a tree and buried my face in my hands. But I felt, too, that I had gone too far to recede. I had mixed the bitter cup that was already lifted to my shrinking lips, and I must drain it to the dregs. I had sown the whirlwind, and I must reap the storm. I had but one hope, and that hope I dared not utter in the form of prayer. It was that, after I had been sufficiently punished, God would turn my heart toward him who was so soon to be my husband and help me to love him as I ought.

I was not kneeling. I had merely crouched at the foot of the tree with my face buried in my lap. Suddenly a hand touched me. As I lifted my head Horace Grey started back in bewildered astonishment.

"Is it possible? is it you, Esther?" he asked, falteringly. "I was passing by, and seeing some one bowing here apparently in distress, I approached to ask if I could be of any service. Pardon me," and he turned away.

He had gone but a step or two, however, when he turned and came back to my side.

"I can not leave you thus, Esther," he said. "You are evidently suffering. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, oh nothing!" I exclaimed, passionately, as, with a vehement effort at self-control, I arose and stood before him. "I need no assistance whatever. I am going home now."

The moon-beams fell full and clear upon my face, and he gazed upon me earnestly as he said,

"Tears, Esther—and you a happy bride tomorrow! They are not fitting."

"Indeed they are," I replied, lightly, and with an effort to laugh. "Brides always cry. It is quite according to rule."

His eyes were fixed upon me, and I felt that he was reading my very heart. He knew that poor attempt at levity was a miserable sham and a miserable failure.

"Happy brides do not shed such tears as yours," he said, after a pause. "Oh, Esther, Esther!"

He said no more. But never did I feel more fully the strength, the nobleness, the self-abnegation that characterized him than at that hour. He stood by my side so closely that in the utter stillness I could hear his heart beat; and I knew that the impulse was strong within him to speak the passionate words that trembled on his tongue. *I* trembled lest he should; and I knew that if he did, my burden would be greater than I could bear. But, manly and heroic as he was, he crushed the impulse ere it had blossomed into being. Quietly, yet with a firmness that was irresistible, he took my arm within his own and silently led me home. Then as silently, without one look or sign, he went his way.

The next day — my wedding-day — dawned fair and beautiful. "Happy is the bride that the sun shines upon," said my grandfather, as he met me. "This is a bright day and a dark one too. How shall we ever live without you, Hetty?"

Dear old man! I thanked God that he little dreamed it was the darkest day that had ever dawned for me.

Laura Ainsley and Clara, who were to be my bridemaids, were with me all day long. Blithe and busy as bees, they flew about the house giving the last adorning touches to table and hall, parlor, and bridal chamber. My thanks and kisses satisfied them; and I was glad that, in the fullness of their own delight, they did not feel the lack of mine.

Evening came at last. The day had dawned fair as a dream, but in the afternoon the weather changed from balmy June to bleak November. Yet within doors all was bright. My gay young bridemaids danced from room to room, continually congratulating themselves upon the perfection of their arrangements.

"But come, Hetty, come," said Clara, seizing my hand and half-drawing me to the door of my room. "You must begin to dress. Shall I dress your hair, or shall Laura?"

"Just as you please," said I, "I don't care."

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"What sublime indifference!" exclaimed Clara, half laughing and half vexed. "What ails you, Hetty? Are you flesh and blood, or are you not? Can you *feel?*" she continued, giving my arm a hearty pinch as she spoke. "Any way, Laura, her hair must be dressed. Which shall officiate—you or I?"

Laura stood looking out of the window in the direction of her own home.

"You may," she said. "There's a carriage coming yonder, and I presume it is Ralph's. I'll run down stairs and show him to his room."

Away she ran. Presently she returned, leading a little girl by the hand.

"It was not Ralph, after all," said she. "Only father and mother and little Amy. Here, pet, come and kiss this lady. This is your new mamma, do you know it?"

The child had evidently been instructed, for she came toward me immediately, with her head turned shyly on one side. Then suddenly putting up her rosy lips for a kiss, she said:

"Amy loves new mamma, loves her *indeed*."

I caught her to my heart with a throb that was half a pang, half a joy. At all events I would be a loving mother to little Amy; and perhaps in time God would forgive me for my great sin, and give me calm and peace, if I might not hope for joy.

"Where is Mr. Ainsley?" asked Clara. "It is time he was here."

"Of course it is," Laura replied. "He will surely be late. And where do you suppose he has gone? To Reedville after some flowers for Esther—just as if this pretty little bouquet we made for her would not have answered every purpose? Mother wanted him to send Tom over; but no, he must select them himself. And now there's nothing surer than that he will be late, and keep us all waiting."

"There—her hair is done," said Clara, triumphantly. "Now for the dress and veil. Take care, Laura. Don't tear the lace."

"Amy, you are in the way!" exclaimed Laura. "Run down to grandma, there's a darling. And the minute you hear your papa, come and tell us."

Amy's little feet pattered down the stairs, and in a very short time the girls led me before the mirror that they might present me to "the bride."

"Oh, the pearls!" cried Clara. "We had nearly forgotten them. Where are they, Hetty?"

"I am not going to wear them to-night," I answered.

"Not wear them! Oh, but you must!" said Laura. "What will Ralph say?"

"He will not care," was my reply. "Do not tease me, girls. My dress is well enough, and I can not wear them."

Perceiving that I was in earnest they ceased their persuasions, and hurriedly gave the finishing touches to their own toilets.

Carriage after carriage rolled to the door, and we heard merry voices and light laughter as the ladies tripped up stairs to their dressing-room. Laura paced the room restless and impatient.

"Why in the world doesn't Ralph come!" she exclaimed, as she turned from the window for the fortieth time. "Esther, how can you be so calm and quiet? If I were in your place I should go crazy."

I did not answer her. I knew not what I feared—what I dreaded; but the presence of some unknown horror was overshadowing me. Your uncle Charles was to be first groomsman—and just then he appeared at the door.

"Is Mr. Ainsley here? We have none of us seen him, and it is getting very late."

"We know it," replied Laura. "He went to Reedville after some flowers. That ever he should have done such a thing!"

"How did he go?"

"On horseback. He told mother he would be here in half an hour; and it is three hours, certainly. I suppose he is waiting for the unfolding of some choice rose-bud." And Laura laughed, simply because she felt a strong inclination to cry.

Charles did not reply, but I knew by his face that he was alarmed.

"Hark!" cried Clara, "I hear the horse's hoofs." And just then little Amy flew up stairs, exclaiming:

"Papa's come, Aunt Laura! Amy hears him."

Laura rushed to the window. In the black darkness of the murky night she could see nothing; and we reseated ourselves to await the next movement of the tide as best we might. Presently there were hurried voices down stairs, cries of alarm and exclamations of dread.

Our hearts stopped beating, and we looked in each other's faces in white, blank terror. Neither of us dared to approach the door to ask the meaning of the sounds we heard. After a while—how long I know not—my grandfather came into the room.

"Do not be alarmed, children," he said, stepping quickly up to us, and clasping my cold hand in his. "Be as brave and as calm as you can. We do not know what has happened, but Mr. Ainsley's horse has come without a rider."

Laura and Clara screamed and locked each other in a close, half-frenzied embrace. As for me, I was struck dumb, motionless. I could not speak or weep, I hardly breathed.

"What have you done?" at last asked Clara, in a scarcely audible whisper.

"The boys have gone out to look for him—Charles, and Horace Grey, and the rest. God help you, my poor child!" he continued, clasping my nerveless hands. "This suspense is very terrible, I know, but we must not despair. It is too soon for that."

I knew that Ralph Ainsley was dead. The girls wept and moaned, and sympathizing friends looked in upon us, bidding us be of good cheer and hope for the best. But I sat listening for the sound that I knew must come—the solemn,

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measured tread of those who should bring the bridegroom to his bride.

It came at last. Slowly, sadly, reverently they bore that cold, still form into the house—through the hall where cowered those who but a few brief hours ago had come so gayly to the wedding-feast—up the stairs, and laid it in the bridal chamber.

They had found him about a mile from the house. Death, so the physician said, must have been instantaneous. The horse had taken fright, and in the wind and storm and darkness the rider had been unable to control him.

Had my prayers been answered? Had God thus removed the evil to come from both of us? I know not. But, Katie, as tearless and benumbed, both in body and mind, I stood by the bedside and gazed upon that white, dead face, I felt as Cain must have felt when the voice of his brother's blood called to him from the ground.

The flowers for which Ralph Ainsley had bartered his life were lightly clasped in his stiffened fingers, and they were buried with him.

I need not, I *can not* tell you of the long years of remorse and self-abasement that followed. God knows, and He keeps a record of them all in the book of His remembrance. But I came forth from that fiery furnace chastened, and, I trust, purified by "much tribulation."

You know that long after these events—it was more than ten years—I became Horace Grey's wife. I felt very unworthy of him, utterly unworthy of such unchanging love as he had given me. For months and years I dared not listen to him, dared not grant myself the blessedness, the rest and peace he offered me. There came a time, however, when I felt that God had forgiven me; and that at last I might place my hand in his without the fear of its being to him who held it a curse rather than a blessing.

ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS GWILT'S DIARY.

"ALL SAINTS' TERRACE, NEW ROAD, LONDON,
"*July* 23—*Monday night.*

"I CAN hardly hold my head up, I am so tired. But, in my situation, I must trust nothing to memory. Before I go to bed I must write my customary record of the events of the day.

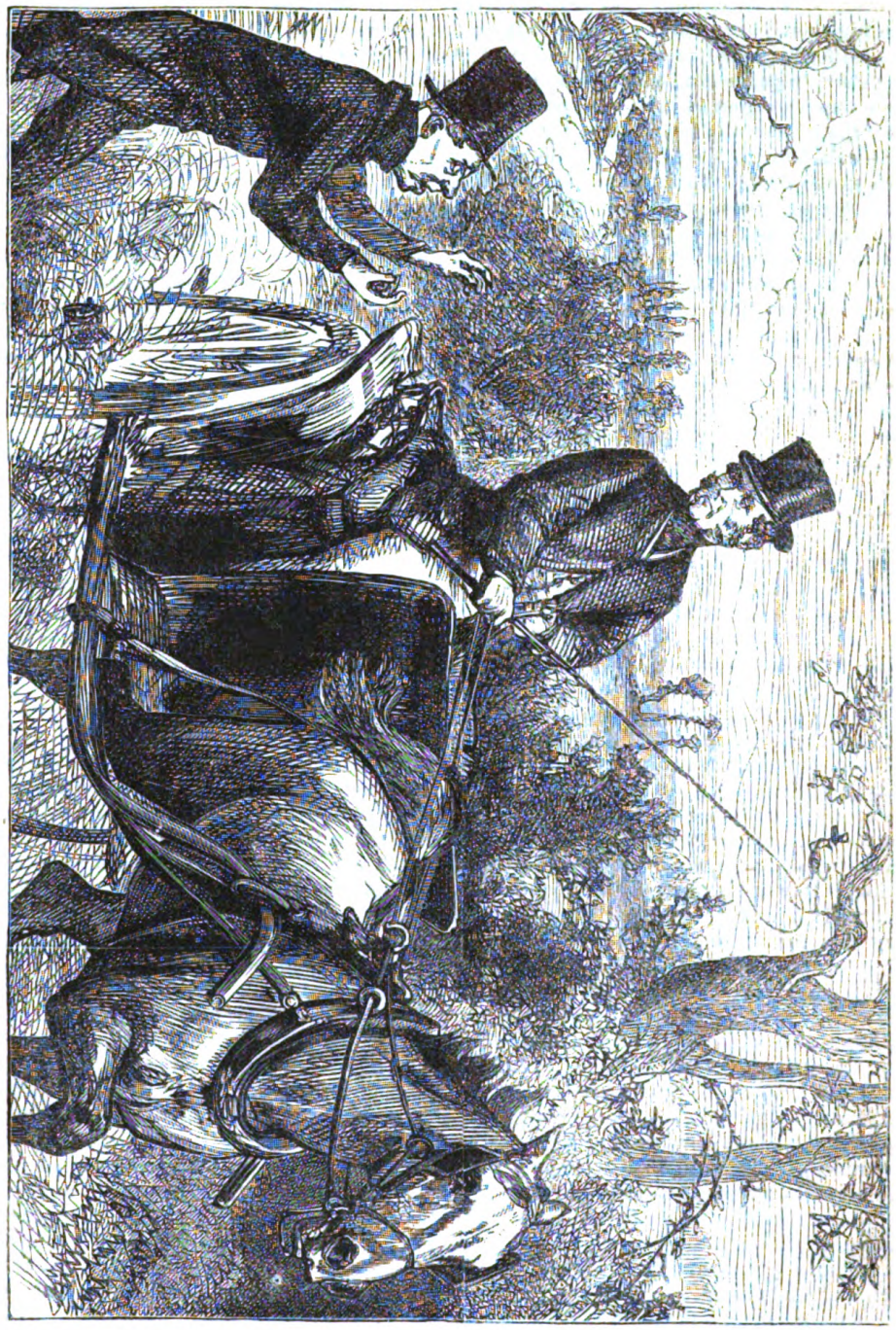
"So far, the turn of luck in my favor (it was long enough before it took the turn!) seems likely to continue. I succeeded in forcing Armadale—the brute required nothing short of forcing!)—to leave Thorpe-Ambrose for London alone in the same carriage with me, before all the people in the station. There was a full attendance of dealers in small scandal, all staring hard at us, and all evidently drawing their own conclusions. Either I knew nothing of Thorpe-Ambrose, or the town-gossip is busy enough by this time with Mr. Armadale and Miss Gwilt.

"I had some difficulty with him for the first half hour after we left the station. The guard (delightful man!—I felt so grateful to him!) had shut us up together, in expectation of half-a-crown at the end of the journey. Armadale was suspicious of me, and he showed it plainly. Little by little I tamed my wild beast—partly by taking care to display no curiosity about his journey to town, and partly by interesting him on the subject of his friend Midwinter, dwelling especially on the opportunity that now offered itself for a reconciliation between them. I kept harping on this string till I set his tongue going, and made him amuse me as a gentleman is bound to do when he has the honor of escorting a lady on a long railway journey.

"What little mind he has was full, of course, of his own affairs and Miss Milroy's. No words can express the clumsiness he showed in trying to talk about himself, without taking me into his confidence or mentioning Miss Milroy's name. He was going to London, he gravely informed me, on a matter of indescribable interest to him. It was a secret for the present, but he hoped to tell it me soon; it had made a great difference already in the way in which he looked at the slanders spoken of him in Thorpe-Ambrose; he was too happy to care what the scandal-mongers said of him now, and he should soon stop their mouths by appearing in a new character that would surprise them all. So he blundered on, with the firm persuasion that he was keeping me quite in the dark. It was hard not to laugh, when I thought of my anonymous letter on its way to the major; but I managed to control myself—though, I must own, with some difficulty. As the time wore on I began to feel a terrible excitement; the position was, I think, a little too much for me. There I was, alone with him, talking in the most innocent, easy, familiar manner, and having it in my mind all this time to brush his life out of my way, when the moment comes, as I might brush a stain off my gown. It made my blood leap and my cheeks flush. I caught myself laughing once or twice much louder than I ought; and long before we got to London I thought it desirable to put my face in hiding by pulling down my veil.

"There was no difficulty, on reaching the terminus, in getting him to come in the cab with me to the hotel where Midwinter is staying. He was all eagerness to be reconciled with his

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A CLIENT FOR MR. PEDGIFT.—[SEE FEBRUARY NUMBER, PAGE 334.]

dear friend—principally, I have no doubt, because he wants the dear friend to lend a helping-hand to the elopement. The real difficulty lay, of course, with Midwinter. My sudden journey to London had allowed me no opportunity of writing to warn him—or, rather, of writing to combat his superstitious conviction that he and his former friend are better apart. I thought it wise to leave Armadale in the cab at the door, and to go into the hotel by myself to pave the way for him.

"Fortunately Midwinter had not gone out. His delight at seeing me some days sooner than he had hoped had something infectious in it, I suppose. Pooh! I may own the truth to my own diary! There was a moment when *I* forgot every thing in the world but our two selves as completely as he did. I felt as if I was back in my teens—until I recovered and remembered the lout in the cab at the door. And then I was five-and-thirty again in an instant.

"His face altered when he heard who was below, and what it was I wanted of him. He looked not angry but distressed. He yielded,

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however, before long, not to my reasons, for I gave him none, but to my entreaties. His old fondness for his friend might possibly have had some share in persuading him against his will; but my own opinion is that he acted entirely under the influence of his fondness for Me.

"I waited in the sitting-room while he went down to the door; so I knew nothing of what passed between them when they first saw each other again. But oh, the difference between the two men when the interval had passed, and they came up stairs together and joined me. They were both agitated, but in such different ways! The hateful Armadale, so loud and red and clumsy; the dear, lovable Midwinter, so pale and quiet, with such a gentleness in his voice when he spoke, and such tenderness in his eyes every time they turned my way Armadale overlooked me as completely as if I had not been in the room. *He* referred to me over and over again in the conversation; *he* constantly looked at me to see what I thought, while I sat in my corner silently watching them; *he* wanted to go with me and see me safe to my lodgings, and spare me all trouble with the cabman and the luggage. When I thanked him and declined, Armadale looked unaffected, relieved at the prospect of seeing my back turned at last, and of having his friend all to himself. I left him with his awkward elbows half over the table, scrawling a letter (no doubt to Miss Milroy), and shouting to the waiter that he wanted a bed at the hotel. I had calculated (if I succeeded in reconciling them) on his staying as a matter of course where he found his friend staying. It was pleasant to find my anticipations realized, and to know that I have as good as got him now under my own eye.

"After promising to let Midwinter know where he could see me to-morrow, I went away in the cab to hunt for lodgings by myself.

"With some difficulty I have succeeded in getting a sitting-room and bedroom to suit me in this house, where the people are perfect strangers to me. Having paid a week's rent in advance (for I naturally preferred dispensing with a reference), I find myself with exactly three shillings and ninepence left in my purse. It is impossible to ask Midwinter for money, after he has already paid Mrs. Oldershaw's note-of-hand. I must borrow something to-morrow on my watch and chain at the pawnbroker's. Enough to keep me going for a fortnight is all, and more than all, that I want. In that time, or in less than that time, Midwinter will have married me.

"*July 29th. Two o'clock.*—Early in the morning I sent a line to Midwinter, telling him that he would find me here at three this afternoon. That done, I devoted the morning to two errands of my own. One is hardly worth mentioning—it was only to raise money on my watch and chain. I got more than I expected, and more (even supposing I buy myself one or two little things in the way of cheap summer dress) than I am at all likely to spend before the wedding-day.

"The other errand was of a far more serious kind. It led me into an attorney's office.

"I was well aware last night (though I was too weary to put it down in my diary) that I could not possibly see Midwinter this morning, in the position he now occupies toward me, without at least *appearing* to take him into my confidence on the subject of myself and my circumstances. Excepting one necessary consideration which I must be careful not to overlook, there is not the least difficulty in my drawing on my invention, and telling him any story I please—for thus far I have told no story to any body. Midwinter went away to London before it was possible to approach the subject. As to the Milroys (having provided them with the customary reference), I could fortunately keep them at arm's-length on all questions relating purely to myself. And lastly, when I effected my memorable reconciliation with Armadale on the drive in front of the house, he was fool enough to be too generous to let me defend my character. When I had expressed my regret for having lost my temper and threatened Miss Milroy, and when I had accepted his assurance that my pupil had never done nor meant to do me any injury, he was too magnanimous to hear a word on the subject of my private affairs. Thus I am quite unfettered by any former assertions of my own; and I may tell any story I please—with the one drawback hinted at already in the shape of a restraint. Whatever I may invent in the way of pure fiction, I must preserve the character in which I have appeared at Thorpe-Ambrose—for, with the notoriety that is attached to *my other name*, I have no other choice but to marry Midwinter in my maiden name as 'Miss Gwilt.'

"This was the consideration that took me into the lawyer's office. I felt that I must inform myself, before I saw Midwinter later in the day, of any awkward consequences that may follow the marriage of a widow who conceals her widow's name.

"Knowing of no other professional person whom I could trust, I went boldly to the lawyer who had my interests in his charge at that terrible past time in my life which I have more reason than ever to shrink from thinking of now. He was astonished, and, as I could plainly detect, by no means pleased to see me. I hardly opened my lips before he said he hoped I was not consulting him *again* (with a strong emphasis on the word) on my own account. I took the hint, and put the question I had come to ask in the interests of that accommodating personage on such occasions—an absent friend. The lawyer evidently saw through it at once; but he was sharp enough to turn my 'friend' to good account on his side. He said he would answer the question as a matter of courtesy toward a lady represented by myself; but he must make it a condition that this consultation of him by deputy should go no further.

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"I accepted his terms, for I really respected the clever manner in which he contrived to keep me at arm's-length without violating the laws of good-breeding. In two minutes I heard what he had to say, mastered it in my own mind, and went out.

"Short as it was, the consultation told me every thing I wanted to know. I risk nothing by marrying Midwinter in my maiden instead of my widow's name. The marriage is a good marriage in this way—that it can only be set aside if my husband finds out the imposture, and takes proceedings to invalidate our marriage in my lifetime. That is the lawyer's answer in the lawyer's own words. It relieves me at once—in this direction, at any rate—of all apprehension about the future. The only imposture my husband will ever discover—and then only if he happens to be on the spot—is the imposture that puts me in the place, and gives me the income, of Armadale's widow; and by that time I shall have invalidated my own marriage forever.

"Half past two! He will be here in half an hour. I must go and ask my glass how I look. I must rouse my invention, and make up my little domestic romance. Am I feeling nervous about it? Something flutters in the place where my heart used to be. At five-and-thirty too! and after such a life as mine!

"*Six o'clock.*—He has just gone. The day for our marriage is a day determined on already.

"I have tried to rest and recover myself. I can't rest. I have come back to these leaves. There is much to be written in them since Midwinter has been here that concerns me nearly.

"Let me begin with what I hate most to remember, and so be the sooner done with it—let me begin with the paltry string of falsehoods I told him about my family troubles.

"What *can* be the secret of this man's hold on me? How is it that he alters me so that I hardly know myself again? I was like myself in the railway carriage yesterday with Armadale. It was surely frightful to be talking to the living man, through the whole of that long journey, with the knowledge in me all the while that I meant to be his widow—and yet I was only excited and fevered. Hour after hour I never shrunk once from speaking to Armadale—but the first trumpery falsehood I told Midwinter turned me cold when I saw that he believed it! I felt a dreadful hysterical choking in the throat when he entreated me not to reveal my troubles. And once—I am horrified when I think of it—once, when he said, 'If I *could* love you more dearly, I should love you more dearly now,' I was within a hair's-breadth of turning traitor to myself! I was on the very point of crying out to him, 'Lies! all lies! I'm a fiend in human shape! Marry the wretchedest creature that prowls the streets, and you will marry a better woman than me!' Yes! the seeing his eyes moisten, the hearing his voice tremble while I was deceiving him, shook me in *that* way. I have seen handsomer men by hundreds, cleverer men by hundreds. What can this man have roused in me? Is it Love? I thought I *had* loved, never to love again. Does a woman not love when the man's hardness to her drives her to drown herself? A man drove *me* to that last despair in days gone by. Did all my misery at that time come from something which was not Love? Have I lived to be five-and-thirty, and am I only feeling now what Love really is?—now, when it is too late? Ridiculous! Besides, what is the use of asking? What do I know about it? What does any woman ever know? The more we think of it the more we deceive ourselves. I wish I had been born an animal. My beauty might have been of some use to me then—it might have got me a good master.

"Here is a whole page of my diary filled; and nothing written yet that is of the slightest use to me! My miserable made-up story must be told over again here, while the incidents are fresh in my memory—or how am I to refer to it consistently on after-occasions when I may be obliged to speak of it again?

"There was nothing new in what I told him: it was the commonplace rubbish of the circulating libraries. A dead father; a lost fortune; vagabond brothers, whom I dread ever seeing again; a bedridden mother dependent on my exertions— No! I can't write it down! I hate myself, I despise myself, when I remember that *he* believed it because I said it—that *he* was distressed by it because it was my story! I will face the chances of contradicting myself—I will risk discovery and ruin—any thing rather than dwell on that contemptible deception of him a moment longer.

"My lies came to an end at last. And then he talked to me of himself and of his prospects. Oh, what a relief it was to turn to that, at the time! What a relief it is to come to it now!

"He has accepted the offer about which he wrote to me at Thorpe-Ambrose; and he is now engaged as occasional foreign correspondent to the new newspaper. His first destination is Naples. I wish it had been some other place; for I have certain past associations with Naples which I am not at all anxious to renew. It has been arranged that he is to leave England not later than the eleventh of next month. Before that time, therefore, I, who am to go with him, must go with him as his wife.

"There is not the slightest difficulty about the marriage. All this part of it is so easy that I begin to dread an accident. The proposal to keep the thing strictly private—which it might have embarrassed me to make—comes from him. Marrying me in his own name—the name that he has kept concealed from every living creature but myself and Mr. Brock—it is his interest that not a soul who knows him should be present at the ceremony; his friend Armadale least of all. He has been a week in London already. When another week has passed he proposes to get the License, and to

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be married in the church belonging to the parish in which the hotel is situated. These are the only necessary formalities. I had but to say 'Yes' (he told me), and to feel no further anxiety about the future. I said 'Yes,' with such a devouring anxiety about the future that I was afraid he would see it. What minutes the next few minutes were, when he whispered delicious words to me, while I hid my face on his breast!

"I recovered myself first, and led him back to the subject of Armadale; having my own reasons for wanting to know what they said to each other after I had left them yesterday.

"The manner in which Midwinter replied showed me that he was speaking under the restraint of respecting a confidence placed in him by his friend. Long before he had done I detected what the confidence was. Armadale had been consulting him (exactly as I anticipated) on the subject of the elopement. Although he appears to have remonstrated against taking the girl secretly away from her home, Midwinter seems to have felt some delicacy about speaking strongly; remembering (widely different as the circumstances are) that he was contemplating a private marriage himself. I gathered, at any rate, that he had produced very little effect by what he had said; and that Armadale had already carried out his absurd intention of consulting the head-clerk in the office of his London lawyers.

"Having got as far as this, Midwinter put the question which I felt must come sooner or later. He asked if I objected to our engagement being mentioned in the strictest secrecy to his friend.

"'I will answer,' he said, 'for Allan's respecting any confidence that I place in him. And I will undertake, when the time comes, so to use my influence over him as to prevent his being present at the marriage, and discovering (what he must never know) that my name is the same as his own. It would help me,' he went on, 'to speak more strongly to him about the object that has brought him to London, if I can requite the frankness with which he has spoken of his private affairs to me, by the same frankness on my side.'

"I had no choice but to give the necessary permission, and I gave it. It is of the utmost importance to me to know what course Major Milroy takes with his daughter and Armadale, after receiving my anonymous letter; and, unless I invite Armadale's confidence in some way, I am nearly certain to be kept in the dark. Let him once be trusted with the knowledge that I am to be Midwinter's wife; and what he tells his friend about his love-affair he will tell me.

"When it had been understood between us that Armadale was to be taken into our confidence, we began to talk about ourselves again. How the time flew! What a sweet enchantment it was to forget every thing in his arms! How he loves me!—ah, poor fellow, how he loves me!

"I have promised to meet him to-morrow morning in the Regent's Park. The less he is seen here the better. The people in this house are strangers to me certainly—but it may be wise to consult appearances, and not to produce the impression, even on their minds, that Midwinter is engaged to me. Now I think of it, it might be wiser still to get Armadale to pay me some visits, and to set these people thinking (as I have set the Thorpe-Ambrose people thinking) that *he* is the man who is to marry me! If any after-inquiries are made, when I have run my grand risk, the testimony of my London landlady might be testimony worth having.

"That wretched old Bashwood! Writing of Thorpe-Ambrose reminds me of him. What will he say when the town-gossip tells him that Armadale has taken me to London, in a carriage reserved for ourselves? It really is too absurd in a man of Bashwood's age and appearance to presume to be in love!.....

"*July 30th.* News at last! Armadale has heard from Miss Milroy. My anonymous letter has produced its effect. The girl is removed from Thorpe-Ambrose already; and the whole project of the elopement is blown to the winds at once and forever. This was the substance of what Midwinter had to tell me, when I met him in the Park. I affected to be excessively astonished, and to feel the necessary feminine longing to know all the particulars. 'Not that I expect to have my curiosity satisfied,' I added, 'for Mr. Armadale and I are little better than mere acquaintances, after all.'

"'You are far more than a mere acquaintance in Allan's eyes,' said Midwinter. 'Having your permission to trust him, I have already told him how near and dear you are to me.'

"Hearing this, I thought it desirable, before I put any questions about Miss Milroy, to attend to my own interests first, and to find out what effect the announcement of my coming marriage had produced on Armadale. It was possible that he might be still suspicious of me, and that the inquiries he made in London, at Mrs. Milroy's instigation, might be still hanging on his mind.

"'Did Mr. Armadale seem surprised,' I asked, 'when you told him of our engagement, and when you said it was to be kept a secret from every body?'

"'He seemed greatly surprised,' said Midwinter, 'to hear that we were going to be married. All he said when I told him it must be kept a secret was, that he supposed there were family reasons on your side for making the marriage a private one.'

"'What did you say,' I inquired, 'when he made that remark?'

"'I said there were family reasons on my side,' answered Midwinter. 'And I thought it right to add—considering that Allan had allowed himself to be misled by the ignorant distrust of you at Thorpe-Ambrose—that you had confided to me the whole of your sad family

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story, and that you had amply justified, in my eyes, your unwillingness to speak of your private affairs, under all ordinary circumstances.'

("I breathed freely again. He had said just what was wanted, just in the right way.)

"'Thank you,' I said, 'for putting me right in your friend's estimation. Does he wish to see me?' I added, by way of getting back to the other subject of Miss Milroy and the elopement.

"'He is longing to see you,' returned Midwinter. 'He is in great distress, poor fellow—distress which I have done my best to soothe, but which I believe would yield far more readily to a woman's sympathy than to mine.'

"'Where is he now?' I asked.

"He was at the hotel; and to the hotel I instantly proposed that we should go. It is a busy, crowded place; and (with my veil down) I have less fear of compromising myself there than at my quiet lodgings. Besides, it is vitally important to me to know what Armadale does next, under this total change of circumstances—for I must so control his proceedings as to get him away from England if I can. We took a cab: such was my eagerness to sympathize with the heart-broken lover, that we took a cab.

"Any thing so ridiculous as Armadale's behavior under the double shock of discovering that his young lady has been taken away from him, and that I am to be married to Midwinter, I never before witnessed in all my experience. To say that he was like a child is a libel on all children who are not born idiots. He congratulated me on my coming marriage, and execrated the unknown wretch who had written the anonymous letter, little thinking that he was speaking of one and the same person in one and the same breath. Now he submissively acknowledged that Major Milroy had his rights as a father, and now he reviled the major as having no feeling for any thing but his mechanics and his clock. At one moment he started up, with the tears in his eyes, and declared that his 'darling Neelie' was an angel on earth. At another he sat down sulkily, and thought that a girl of her spirit might have run away on the spot and joined him in London. After a good half hour of this absurd exhibition I succeeded in quieting him; and then a few words of tender inquiry produced what I had expressly come to the hotel to see—Miss Milroy's letter.

"It was outrageously long and rambling and confused—in short, the letter of a fool. I had to wade through plenty of vulgar sentiment and lamentation, and to lose time and patience over maudlin and nauseous outbursts of affection, of kisses inclosed in circles of ink. However, I contrived to extract the information I wanted at last; and here it is:

"The major, on receipt of my anonymous warning, appears to have sent at once for his daughter, and to have shown her the letter. 'You know what a hard life I lead with your mother; don't make it harder still, Neelie, by deceiving me.' That was all the poor old gentleman said. I always did like the major; and, though he was afraid to show it, I know he always liked me. His appeal to his daughter (if *her* account of it is to be believed) cut her to the heart. She burst out crying (let her alone for crying at the right moment!), and confessed every thing.

"After giving her time to recover herself (if he had given her a good box on the ears it would have been more to the purpose!) the major seems to have put certain questions, and to have become convinced (as I was convinced myself) that his daughter's heart, or fancy, or whatever she calls it, was really and truly set on Armadale. The discovery evidently distressed as well as surprised him. He appears to have hesitated, and to have maintained his own unfavorable opinion of Miss Neelie's lover for some little time. But his daughter's tears and entreaties (so like the weakness of the dear old gentleman!) shook him at last. Though he firmly refused to allow of any marriage engagement at present, he consented to overlook the clandestine meetings in the Park, and to put Armadale's fitness to become his son-in-law to the test, on certain conditions.

"These conditions are, that for the next six months to come all communication is to be broken off, both personally and by writing, between Armadale and Miss Milroy. That space of time is to be occupied by the young gentleman as he himself thinks best, and by the young lady in completing her education at school. If when the six months have passed they are both still of the same mind, and if Armadale's conduct in the interval has been such as to improve the major's opinion of him, he will be allowed to present himself in the character of Miss Milroy's suitor; and in six months more, if all goes well, the marriage may take place.

"I declare I could kiss the dear old major if I was only within reach of him! If I had been at his elbow, and had dictated the conditions myself, I could have asked for nothing better than this. Six months of total separation between Armadale and Miss Milroy! In half that time—with all communication cut off between the two—it must go hard with me indeed if I don't find myself dressed in the necessary mourning, and publicly recognized as Armadale's widow.

"But I am forgetting the girl's letter. She gives her father's reasons for making his conditions in her father's own words. The major seems to have spoken so sensibly and so feelingly that he left his daughter no decent alternative—and he leaves Armadale no decent alternative—but to submit. As well as I can remember it, he seems to have expressed himself to Miss Neelie in these, or nearly in these terms:

"'Don't think I am behaving cruelly to you, my dear; I am merely asking you to put Mr. Armadale to the proof. It is not only right, it is absolutely necessary, that you should hold no communication with him for some time to come—and I will show you why. In the first place,

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if you go to school, the necessary rules in such places—necessary for the sake of the other girls—would not permit you to see Mr. Armadale or to receive letters from him; and, if you *are* to become mistress of Thorpe-Ambrose, you must finish your education; for you would be ashamed, and I should be ashamed, if you occupied the position of a lady of station without having the accomplishments which all ladies of station are expected to possess. In the second place, I want to see whether Mr. Armadale will continue to think of you as he thinks now, without being encouraged in his attachment by seeing you, or reminded of it by hearing from you. If I am wrong in thinking him flighty and unreliable, and if your opinion of him is the right one, this is not putting the young man to an unfair test—true love survives much longer separation than a separation of six months. And when that time is over, and well over—and when I have had him under my eye for another six months, and have learned to think as highly of him as you do—even then, my dear, after all that terrible delay, you will still be a married woman before you are eighteen. Think of this, Neelie, and show that you love me and trust me by accepting my proposals. I will hold no communication with Mr. Armadale myself. I will leave it to you to write and tell him what has been decided on. He may write back one letter, and one only, to acquaint you with his decision. After that, for the sake of your reputation, nothing more is to be said, and nothing more is to be done, and the matter is to be kept strictly private between ourselves until the six months' interval is at an end.'

"To this effect the major spoke. His behavior to that little slut of a girl has produced a stranger impression on me than any thing else in the letter. It has set me thinking (me, of all the people in the world!) of what they call 'a moral difficulty.' We are perpetually told that there can be no possible connection between virtue and vice. Can there not? Here is Major Milroy doing exactly what an excellent father, at once kind and prudent, affectionate and firm, would do under the circumstances—and by that very course of conduct he has now smoothed the way for *me*, as completely as if he had been the chosen accomplice of that abominable creature, Miss Gwilt. Only think of my reasoning in this way! But I am in such good spirits I can do any thing to-day. I have not looked so bright and so young as I look now for months past!

"To return to the letter, for the last time—it is so excessively dull and stupid that I really can't help wandering away from it into reflections of my own, as a mere relief.

"After informing her disconsolate swain that she meant to sacrifice herself to her beloved father's wishes (the brazen assurance of her setting up for a martyr after what has happened exceeds any thing I ever heard or read of!), Miss Neelie next mentioned that the major proposed taking her to the sea-side for change of air, during the few days that were still to elapse before she went to school. Armadale was to send his answer by return of post, and to address her, under cover to her father, at Lowestoft. With this, and with a last outburst of tender protestation, crammed crookedly into a corner of the page, the letter ended. (N.B.—The major's object in taking her to the sea-side is plain enough. He still privately distrusts Armadale, and he is wisely determined to prevent any more clandestine meetings in the park, before the girl is safely disposed of at school.)

"When I had done with the letter—I had requested permission to read parts of it which I particularly admired, for the second and third time!—we all consulted together in a friendly way about what Armadale was to do.

"He was fool enough, at the outset, to protest against submitting to Major Milroy's conditions. He declared, with his odious red face, looking the picture of brute health, that he should never survive a six months' separation from his beloved Neelie. Midwinter (as may easily be imagined) looked a little ashamed of him, and joined me in bringing him to his senses. We showed him, what would have been plain enough to any body but a booby, that there was no honorable, or even decent, alternative left but to follow the example of submission set by the young lady. 'Wait—and you will have her for your wife,' was what I said. 'Wait—and you will force the major to alter his unjust opinion of you,' was what Midwinter added. With two clever people hammering common sense into his head at that rate, it is needless to say that his head gave way, and he submitted.

"Having decided him to accept the major's conditions (I was careful to warn him, before he wrote to Miss Milroy, that my engagement to Midwinter was to be kept as strictly secret from her as from every body else), the next question we had to settle related to his future proceedings. I was ready with the necessary arguments to stop him, if he had proposed returning to Thorpe-Ambrose. But he proposed nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he declared, of his own accord, that nothing would induce him to go back. The place and the people were associated with every thing that was hateful to him. There would be no Miss Milroy now to meet him in the park, and no Midwinter to keep him company in the solitary house. 'I'd rather break stones on the road,' was the sensible and cheerful way in which he put it, 'than go back to Thorpe-Ambrose.'

"The first suggestion after this came from Midwinter. The sly old clergyman who gave Mrs. Oldershaw and me so much trouble, has, it seems, been ill; but has been latterly reported better. 'Why not go to Somersetshire,' said Midwinter, 'and see your good friend, and my good friend, Mr. Brock?'

"Armadale caught at the proposal readily enough. He longed, in the first place, to see 'dear old Brock,' and he longed, in the second place, to see his yacht. Yes; he would stay a

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few days more in London with Midwinter, and then he would go to Somersetshire. But what after that?

"Seeing my opportunity, *I* came to the rescue this time. 'You have got a yacht, Mr. Armadale,' I said; 'and you know that Midwinter is going to Italy. When you are tired of Somersetshire, why not make a voyage to the Mediterranean, and meet your friend, and your friend's wife, at Naples?'

"I made the allusion to 'his friend's wife,' with the most becoming modesty and confusion. Armadale was enchanted. I had hit on the best of all ways of occupying the weary time. He started up and wrung my hand in quite an ecstasy of gratitude. How I do hate people who can only express their feelings by hurting other peoples' hands!

"Midwinter was as pleased with my proposal as Armadale; but he saw difficulties in the way of carrying it out. He considered the yacht too small for a cruise to the Mediterranean, and he thought it would be wise to hire a larger vessel. His friend thought otherwise. I left them arguing the question. It was quite enough for me to have made sure, in the first place, that Armadale will not return to Thorpe-Ambrose; and to have decided him, in the second place, on going abroad. He may go how he likes. I should prefer the small yacht myself—for there seems to be a chance that the small yacht might do me the inestimable service of drowning him.....

"*Five o'clock.*—The excitement of feeling that I have got Armadale's future movements completely under my own control made me so restless, when I returned to my lodgings, that I was obliged to go out again and do something. A new interest to occupy me being what I wanted, I went to Pimlico to have it out with Mother Oldershaw.

"I walked—and made up my mind on the way that I would begin by quarreling with her. One of my notes of hand being paid already, and Midwinter being willing to pay the other two when they fall due, my present position with the old wretch is as independent a one as I could desire. I always get the better of her when it comes to a downright battle between us, and find her wonderfully civil and obliging the moment I have made her feel that mine is the strongest will of the two. In my present situation she might be of use to me in various ways, if I could secure her assistance without trusting her with secrets which I am now more than ever determined to keep to myself. That was my idea as I walked to Pimlico. Upsetting Mother Oldershaw's nerves, in the first place, and then twisting her round my little finger, in the second, promised me, as I thought, an interesting occupation for the rest of the afternoon.

"When I got to Pimlico a surprise was in store for me. The house was shut up—not only on Mrs. Oldershaw's side, but on Doctor Downward's as well. A padlock was on the shop-door; and a man was hanging about on the watch, who might have been an ordinary idler certainly, but who looked, to my mind, like a policeman in disguise.

"Knowing the risks the doctor runs in his particular form of practice, I suspected at once that something serious had happened, and that even cunning Mrs. Oldershaw was compromised this time. Without stopping, or making any inquiry, therefore, I called the first cab that passed me and drove to the post-office, to which I had desired my letters to be forwarded if any came for me after I left my Thorpe-Ambrose lodging.

"On inquiry a letter was produced for 'Miss Gwilt.' It was in Mother Oldershaw's handwriting, and it told me (as I had supposed) that the doctor had got into a serious difficulty—that she was herself more unfortunately mixed up in the matter—and that they were both in hiding for the present. The letter ended with some sufficiently venomous sentences about my conduct at Thorpe-Ambrose, and with a warning that I have not heard the last of Mrs. Oldershaw yet. It relieved me to find her writing in this way—for she would have been civil and cringing if she had had any suspicion of what I have really got in view. I burned the letter as soon as the candles came up. And there, for the present, is an end of the connection between Mother Jezebel and me. I must do all my own dirty work now—and I shall be all the safer, perhaps, for trusting nobody's hands to do it but my own.

"*July 31st.*—More useful information for me. I met Midwinter again in the Park (on the pretext that my reputation might suffer if he called too often at my lodgings); and heard the last news of Armadale since I left the hotel yesterday.

"After he had written to Miss Milroy, Midwinter took the opportunity of speaking to him about the necessary business arrangements during his absence from the great house. It was decided that the servants should be put on board wages, and that Mr. Bashwood should be left in charge. (Somehow I don't like this reappearance of Mr. Bashwood in connection with my present interests, but there is no help for it.) The next question—the question of money—was settled at once by Armadale himself. All his available ready-money (a large sum) is to be lodged by Mr. Bashwood in Coutts's Bank, and to be there deposited in Armadale's name. This, he said, would save him the worry of any further letter-writing to his steward, and would enable him to get what he wanted, when he went abroad, at a moment's notice. The plan thus proposed being certainly the simplest and the safest, was adopted with Midwinter's full concurrence; and here the business discussion would have ended, if the everlasting Mr. Bashwood had not turned up again in the conversation and prolonged it in an entirely new direction.

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"On reflection, it seems to have struck Midwinter that the whole responsibility at Thorpe-Ambrose ought not to rest on Mr. Bashwood's shoulders. Without in the least distrusting him, Midwinter felt, nevertheless, that he ought to have somebody set over him to apply to in case of emergency. Armadale made no objection to this; he only asked, in his helpless way, who the person was to be?

"The answer was not an easy one to arrive at. Either of the two solicitors at Thorpe-Ambrose might have been employed—but Armadale was on bad terms with both of them. Any reconciliation with such a bitter enemy as the elder lawyer, Mr. Darch, was out of the question; and reinstating Mr. Pedgift in his former position implied a tacit sanction on Armadale's part of the lawyer's abominable conduct toward *me*, which was scarcely consistent with the respect and regard that he felt for the lady who was soon to be his friend's wife. After some further discussion Midwinter hit on a new suggestion which appeared to meet the difficulty. He proposed that Armadale should write to a respectable solicitor at Norwich, stating his position in general terms, and requesting that gentleman to take charge of his affairs, and to act as Mr. Bashwood's adviser and superintendent when occasion required. Norwich being within an easy railway ride of Thorpe-Ambrose, Armadale saw no objection to the proposal, and promised to write to the Norwich lawyer. Fearing that he might make some mistake, if he wrote without assistance, Midwinter drew him out a draft of the necessary letter, and Armadale having delayed till the next morning, was now engaged in copying the draft, and also in writing to Mr. Bashwood to lodge the money immediately in Coutts's Bank.

"These details are so dry and uninteresting in themselves that I hesitated at first about putting them down in my diary. But a little reflection has convinced me that they are too important to be passed over. Looked at from my point of view they mean this—that Armadale's own act is now cutting him off from all communication with Thorpe-Ambrose, even by letter. He is as good as dead already to every body he leaves behind him. The causes which have led to such a result as that are causes which certainly claim the best place I can give them in these pages.

"*August 1st.*—Nothing to record, but that I have had a long, quiet, happy day with Midwinter. He hired a carriage, and we drove to Richmond, and dined there. After to-day's experience it is impossible to deceive myself any longer. Come what may of it, I love him.

"I have fallen into low spirits since he left me. A persuasion has taken possession of my mind, that the smooth and prosperous course of my affairs since I have been in London is too smooth and prosperous to last. There is something oppressing me to-night, which is more than the oppression of the heavy London air.

"*August 2d. Three o'clock.*—My presentiments, like other peoples', have deceived me often enough—but I am almost afraid that my presentiment of last night was really prophetic, for once in a way.

"I went after breakfast to a milliner's in this neighborhood to order a few cheap summer things. From the milliner's I drove to Midwinter's hotel; and (in pursuance of my resolution to throw dust, if I can, in the eyes of the people of this house) when I invited him to come and drink tea with me to-night, I begged that he would bring Armadale with him. I drove to the milliner's and to the hotel, and part of the way back. Then, feeling disgusted with the horrid close smell of the cab (somebody had been smoking in it, I suppose), I got out to walk the rest of the way. Before I had been two minutes on my feet I discovered that I was being followed by a strange man.

"This may mean nothing but that an idle fellow has been struck by my figure, and my appearance generally. My face could have made no impression on him—for it was hidden as usual by my veil. Whether he followed me (in a cab of course) from the milliner's, or from the hotel, I can not say. Nor am I quite certain whether he did or did not track me to this door. I only know that I lost sight of him before I got back. There is no help for it but to wait till events enlighten me. If there is any thing serious in what has happened I shall soon discover it.

"*Five o'clock.*—It *is* serious. Ten minutes since I was in my bedroom, which communicates with the sitting-room. I was just coming out when I heard a strange voice on the landing outside—a woman's voice. The next instant the sitting-room door was suddenly opened; the woman's voice said, 'Are these the apartments you have got to let?' and though the landlady, behind her, answered, 'No! higher up, ma'am,' the woman came on straight to my bedroom, as if she had not heard. I had just time to slam the door in her face before she saw me. The necessary explanations and apologies followed between the landlady and the stranger in the sitting-room—and then I was left alone again.

"I have no time to write more. It is plain that somebody has an interest in trying to identify me, and that, but for my own quickness, the strange woman would have accomplished this object by taking me by surprise. She and the man who followed me in the street are, I suspect, in league together; and there is probably somebody in the back-ground whose interests they are serving. Is Mother Oldershaw attacking me in the dark? or who else can it be? No matter who it is, my present situation is too critical to be trifled with. I must get away from this house to-night, and leave no trace behind me by which I can be followed to another place.

"*August 3d.—Gary Street, Tottenham Court*

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Road.—I got away last night (after writing an excuse to Midwinter, in which 'my invalid mother' figured as the all-sufficient cause of my disappearance); and I have found refuge here. It has cost me some money; but my object is attained! Nobody can possibly have traced me from All Saints' Terrace to this address.

"After paying my landlady the necessary forfeit for leaving her without notice, I arranged with her son that he should take my boxes in a cab to the cloak-room at the nearest railway station, and send me the ticket in a letter, to wait my application for it at the post-office. While he went his way in one cab I went mine in another, with a few things for the night in my little hand-bag. I drove straight to the milliner's shop—which I had observed, when I was there yesterday, had a back entrance into a mews, for the apprentices to go in and out by. I went in at once, leaving the cab waiting for me at the door. 'A man is following me,' I said; 'and I want to get rid of him. Here is my cab-fare; wait ten minutes before you give it to the driver, and let me out at once by the back way. In a moment I was out in the mews—in another, I was in the next street—in a third, I hailed a passing omnibus, and was a free woman again.

"Having now cut off all communication between me and my last lodgings, the next precaution (in case Midwinter or Armadale are watched) is to cut off all communication, for some days to come at least, between me and the hotel. I have written to Midwinter—making my supposititious mother once more the excuse—to say that I am tied to my nursing duties, and that we must communicate by writing only for the present. Ignorant as I still am of who my hidden enemy is, and of what that enemy's object may be, I can do no more to defend myself than I have done now.

"*August 4th.*—The two friends at the hotel have both written to me. Midwinter expresses his sympathy, and his regret at our separation, in the tenderest terms. Armadale writes an entreaty for help under very awkward circumstances. A letter from Major Milroy has been forwarded to him from the great house, and he incloses it in his letter to me.

"Having left the sea-side, and placed his daughter safely at the school originally chosen for her (in the neighborhood of Ely), the major appears to have returned to Thorpe-Ambrose at the close of last week; to have heard then, for the first time, the reports about Armadale and me; and to have written instantly to Armadale to tell him so. The letter is stern and short. Major Milroy dismisses the report as unworthy of credit, because it is impossible for him to believe in such an act of 'cold-blooded treachery,' as the scandal would imply, if the scandal were true. He simply writes to warn Armadale that, if he is not more careful in his actions for the future, he must resign all pretensions to Miss Milroy's hand. 'I neither expect, nor wish for, an answer to this' (the letter ends), 'for I desire to receive no mere protestations in words. By your conduct, and by your conduct alone, I shall judge you as time goes on. Let me also add, that I positively forbid you to consider this letter as an excuse for violating the terms agreed on between us, by writing again to my daughter. You have no need to justify yourself in her eyes—for I fortunately removed her from Thorpe-Ambrose before this abominable report had time to reach her, and I shall take good care, for her sake, that she is not agitated and unsettled by hearing it where she is now.'

"Armadale's petition to me, under these circumstances, entreats (as I am the innocent cause of the new attack on his character) that I will write to the major to absolve him of all indiscretion in the matter, and to say that he could not, in common politeness, do otherwise than accompany me to London. I forgive the impudence of his request, in consideration of the news that he sends me. It is certainly another circumstance in my favor, that the scandal at Thorpe-Ambrose is not to be allowed to reach Miss Milroy's ears. With her temper (if she did hear it) she might do something desperate in the way of claiming her lover, and might compromise me seriously. As for my own course with Armadale, it is easy enough. I shall quiet him by promising to write to Major Milroy; and I shall take the liberty, in my own private interests, of not keeping my word.

"Nothing in the least suspicious has happened to-day. Whoever my enemies are, they have lost me, and between this and the time when I leave England they shall not find me again. I have been to the post-office, and have got the ticket for my luggage inclosed to me in a letter from All Saints' Terrace, as I directed. The luggage itself I shall still leave at the cloak-room until I see the way before me more clearly than I see it now.

"*August 5th.*—Two letters again from the hotel. Midwinter writes to remind me, in the prettiest possible way, that he will have lived long enough in the parish by to-morrow to be able to get our marriage license, and that he proposes applying for it in the usual way at Doctors' Commons. Now, if I am ever to say it, is the time to say No. But I haven't the heart to disappoint him, he is so eager to marry me.

"Armadale's letter is a letter of farewell. He thanks me for my kindness in writing to the major, sends me his best wishes, and bids me good-by till we meet again at Naples. He has learned from his friend that there are private reasons which will oblige him to forbid himself the pleasure of being present at our marriage. Under these circumstances, there is nothing to keep him in London. He has made all his business arrangements; he goes to Somersetshire by to-night's train, and, after staying some time with Mr. Brock, he will sail for the Mediterranean from the Bristol Channel (in spite of Midwinter's objections) in his own yacht.

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him to do beyond this is to take the luggage himself to the South Eastern (so as to make any inquiries useless which may address themselves to the servants at the hotel)—and, that done, to meet me at the church door instead of calling for me here. The rest concerns nobody but myself. When Sunday night or Monday morning comes, it will be hard indeed—freed as I am now from all encumbrances—if I can't give the people who are watching me the slip for the second time.

"It seems needless enough to have written to Midwinter to-day when he is coming back to me to-morrow night. But it was impossible to ask what I have been obliged to ask of him, without making my false family circumstances once more the excuse; and having this to do—I must own the truth—I wrote to him because, after what I suffered on the last occasion, I can never again deceive him to his face.

"*August 9th.—Two o'clock.*—I rose early this morning, more depressed in spirits than usual. The re-beginning of one's life, at the re-beginning of every day, has always been something weary and hopeless to me for years past. I dreamed too all through the night—not of Midwinter and of my married life, as I had hoped to dream—but of the wretched conspiracy to discover me, by which I have been driven from one place to another like a hunted animal. Nothing in the shape of a new revelation enlightened me in my sleep. All I could guess, dreaming, was what I had guessed waking, that Mother Oldershaw is the enemy who is attacking me in the dark.

"My restless night has, however, produced one satisfactory result. It has led to my winning the good graces of the servant here, and securing all the assistance she can give me when the time comes for making my escape.

"The girl noticed this morning that I looked pale and anxious. I took her into my confidence to the extent of telling her that I was privately engaged to be married, and that I had enemies who were trying to part me from my sweet-heart. This instantly roused her sympathy—and a present of a ten-shilling piece for her kind services to me did the rest. In the intervals of her house-work she has been with me nearly the whole morning; and I have found out, among other things, that *her* sweet-heart is a private soldier in the Guards, and that she expects to see him to-morrow. I have got money enough left, little as it is, to turn the head of any Private in the British army—and, if the person appointed to watch me to-morrow is a man, I think it just possible that he may find his attentions disagreeably diverted from Miss Gwilt in the course of the evening.

"The last time Midwinter came here from the railway he came at half past eight. How am I to get through the weary, weary hours between this and the evening? I think I shall darken my bedroom, and drink the blessing of oblivion from my bottle of Drops.

"*Eleven o'clock.*—We have parted for the last time before the day comes that makes us man and wife.

"He has left me, as he left me before, with an absorbing subject of interest to think of in his absence. I noticed a change in him the moment he entered the room. When he told me of the funeral, and of his parting with Armadale on board the yacht, though he spoke with feelings deeply moved, he spoke with a mastery over himself which is new to me in my experience of him. It was the same when our talk turned next on our own hopes and prospects. He was plainly disappointed when he found that my family embarrassments would prevent our meeting to-morrow, and plainly uneasy at the prospect of leaving me to find my way by myself on Monday to the church. But there was a certain hopefulness and composure of manner underlying it all, which produced so strong an impression on me that I was obliged to notice it. 'You know what odd fancies take possession of me sometimes,' I said. 'Shall I tell you the fancy that has taken possession of me now? I can't help thinking that something has happened since we last saw each other, which you have not told me yet.'

"'Something *has* happened,' he answered. 'And it is something which you ought to know.'

"With these words he took out his pocket-book, and produced two written papers from it. One he looked at and put back. The other he placed on the table before me. Keeping his hand on it for a moment, he spoke again.

"'Before I tell you what this is, and how it came into my possession,' he said, 'I must own something that I have concealed from you. It is no more serious confession than the confession of my own weakness.'

"He then acknowledged to me, that the renewal of his friendship with Armadale had been clouded, through the whole period of their intercourse in London, by his own superstitious misgivings. On every occasion when they were alone together, the terrible words of his father's death-bed letter, and the terrible confirmation of them in the warnings of the Dream, were present to his mind. Day after day, the conviction that fatal consequences to Armadale would come of the renewal of their friendship, and of my share in accomplishing it, had grown stronger and stronger in its influence over him. He had obeyed the summons which called him to the rector's bedside, with the firm intention of confiding his previsions of coming trouble to Mr. Brock; and he had been doubly confirmed in his superstition, when he found that Death had entered the house before him, and had parted them, in this world, forever. He had traveled back to be present at the funeral, with a secret sense of relief at the prospect of being parted from Armadale, and with a secret resolution to make the after-meeting agreed on between us three at Naples a meeting that should never take place. With that purpose in his heart he had gone up alone to the room prepared for him,

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on his arrival at the rectory, and had opened a letter which he found waiting for him on the table. The letter had only that day been discovered, dropped, and lost, under the bed on which Mr. Brock had died. It was in the rector's handwriting throughout, and the person to whom it was addressed was Midwinter himself.

"Having told me this, nearly in the words in which I have written it, he lifted his hand from the written paper that lay on the table between us.

"'Read it,' he said; 'and you will not need to be told that my mind is at peace again, and that I took Allan's hand at parting, with a heart that was worthier of Allan's love.'

"I read the letter. There was no superstition to be conquered in *my* mind; there were no old feelings of gratitude toward Armadale to be roused in *my* heart—and yet, the effect which the letter had had on Midwinter was, I firmly believe, more than matched by the effect that the letter now produced on Me.

"It was vain to ask him to leave it, and to let me read it again (as I wished) when I was left by myself. He is determined not to let it out of his own possession; he is determined to keep it side by side with that other paper which I had seen him take out of his pocket-book, and which contains the written narrative of Armadale's Dream. All I could do was to ask his leave to copy it; and this he granted readily. I wrote the copy in his presence; and I now place it here in my diary, to mark a day which is one of the memorable days of my life:

"Boscombe Rectory, *August* 2.

"My dear Midwinter,—For the first time since the beginning of my illness, I found strength enough yesterday to look over my letters. One among them is a letter from Allan, which has been lying unopened on my table for ten days past. He writes to me in great distress, to say that there has been dissension between you, and that you have left him. If you still remember what passed between us, when you first opened your heart to me in the Isle of Man, you will be at no loss to understand how I have thought over this miserable news, through the night that has now passed, and you will not be surprised to hear that I have roused myself this morning to make the effort of writing to you. Although I am far from despairing of myself, I dare not, at my age, trust too confidently to my prospects of recovery. While the time is still my own I must employ it for Allan's sake and for yours.

"I want no explanation of the circumstances which have parted you from your friend. If my estimate of your character is not founded on an entire delusion, the one influence which can have led to your estrangement from Allan is the influence of that evil spirit of Superstition, which I have once already cast out of your heart—which I will once again conquer, please God, if I have strength enough to make my pen speak my mind to you in this letter.

"It is no part of my design to combat the belief which I know you to hold that mortal creatures may be the objects of supernatural intervention in their pilgrimage through this world. Speaking as a reasonable man, I own that I can not prove you to be wrong. Speaking as a believer in the Bible, I am bound to go farther, and to admit that you possess a higher than any human warrant for the faith that is in you. The one object which I have it at heart to attain, is to induce you to free yourself from the paralyzing fatalism of the heathen and the savage, and to look at the mysteries that perplex, and the portents that daunt you, from the Christian's point of view. If I can succeed in this, I shall clear your mind of the ghastly doubts that now oppress it, and I shall reunite you to your friend, never to be parted from him again.

"I have no means of seeing and questioning you. I can only send this letter to Allan to be forwarded, if he knows, or can discover, your present address. Placed in this position toward you, I am bound to assume all that *can* be assumed in your favor. I will take it for granted that something has happened to you or to Allan, which to your mind has not only confirmed the fatalist conviction in which your father died, but has added a new and terrible meaning to the warning which he sent you in his death-bed letter.

"On this common ground I meet you. On this common ground I appeal to your higher nature and your better sense.

"Preserve your present conviction that the events which have happened (be they what they may) are not to be reconciled with ordinary mortal coincidences and ordinary mortal laws; and view your own position by the best and clearest light that your superstition can throw on it. What are you? You are a helpless instrument in the hands of Fate. You are doomed, beyond all human capacity of resistance, to bring misery and destruction blindfold on a man to whom you have harmlessly and gratefully united yourself in the bonds of a brother's love. All that is morally firmest in your will and morally purest in your aspirations, avails nothing against the hereditary impulsion of you toward evil, caused by a crime which your father committed before you were born. In what does that belief end? It ends in the darkness in which you are now lost; in the self-contradictions in which you are now bewildered; in the stubborn despair by which a man profanes his own soul, and lowers himself to the level of the brutes that perish.

"Look up, my poor suffering brother—look up, my hardly-tried, my well-loved friend, higher than this! Meet the doubts that now assail you from the blessed vantage-ground of Christian courage and Christian hope; and your heart will turn again to Allan, and your mind will be at peace. Happen what may, God is all-merciful, God is all-wise: natural or supernatural, it happens through Him. The mystery of Evil that perplexes our feeble minds, the sorrow and the suffering that torture us in this little life, leave the one great truth unshaken that the des-

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tiny of man is in the hands of his Creator, and that God's blessed Son died to make us worthier of it. Nothing that is done in unquestioning submission to the wisdom of the Almighty is done wrong. No evil exists, out of which, in obedience to His laws, Good may not come. Be true to what Christ tells you is true. Encourage in yourself, be the circumstances what they may, all that is loving, all that is grateful, all that is patient, all that is forgiving, toward your fellow-men. And humbly and trustfully leave the rest to the God who made you, and to the Saviour who loved you better than his own life.

"This is the faith in which I have lived, by the Divine help and mercy, from my youth upward. I ask you earnestly, I ask you confidently, to make it your faith too. It is the mainspring of all the good I have ever done, of all the happiness I have ever known; it lightens my darkness, it sustains my hope; it comforts and quiets me, lying here, to live or die, I know not which. Let it sustain, comfort, and enlighten you. It will help you in your sorest need, as it has helped me in mine. It will show you another purpose in the events which brought you and Allan together than the purpose which your guilty father foresaw. Strange things, I do not deny it, have happened to you already. Stranger things still may happen before long, which I may not live to see. Remember, if that time comes, that I died firmly disbelieving in your influence over Allan being other than an influence for good. The great sacrifice of the Atonement—I say it reverently—has its mortal reflections, even in this world. If danger ever threatens Allan, you, whose father took his father's life—*you*, and no other, may be the man whom the providence of God has appointed to save him.

"Come to me, if I live. Go back to the friend who loves you, whether I live or die.

"Yours affectionately to the last,

"DECIMUS BROCK."

"'If danger ever threatens Allan, you, whose father took his father's life—*you*, and no other, may be the man whom the providence of God has appointed to save him.'

"Those are the words which have shaken me to the soul. Those are the words which make me feel as if the dead man had left his grave, and had put his hand on the place in my heart where my terrible secret lies hidden from every living creature but myself. One part of the letter has come true already. The danger that it foresees threatens Armadale at this moment—and threatens him from Me!

"If the favoring circumstances and the frightful temptation which have driven me thus far drive me on to the end; and if that old man's last earthly conviction is prophetic of the truth, Armadale will escape me, do what I may, and Midwinter will be the victim who is sacrificed to save his life.

"It is horrible! it is impossible! it shall never be! At the thinking of it only my hand trembles and my heart sinks. I bless the trembling that unnerves me! I bless the sinking that turns me faint! I bless those words in the letter which have revived the relenting thoughts that first came to me two days since! Is it hard, now that events are taking me, smoothly and safely, nearer and nearer to the End? Is it hard to conquer the temptation to go on? No! it is easy to conquer the temptation—for Midwinter's sake. I have never loved him yet, never, never, never as I love him now!

"*Sunday, August 10th.*—The eve of my wedding-day! I close and lock this book, never to write in it, never to open it again.

"I have won the great victory; I have trampled my own wickedness under foot. I am innocent; I am happy again. My love! my angel! when to-morrow gives me to you, I will not have a thought in my heart which is not *your* thought as well as mine!"

THE SECOND LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

ON the 22d of February, 1732, in a plain homestead of one story and attic, between Pope's and Bridge's Creek, in Virginia, near the Potomac, was born George, son of Augustine Washington, and great-grandson of the John Washington who, with his brother Lawrence, came from England, a Cavalier refugee, in 1657. On the 14th of December, 1799, in the stately mansion of Mount Vernon, upon the banks of the river that was overlooked by that old homestead many miles below, George Washington died, and the most memorable man whom God has granted to America entered upon his second life. With that second life, as it lives and acts in history, and especially in our national history, I am now to deal in this essay, not presuming to treat of that second life in God to which His faithful servants are called from this earth. He lived to see sixty-seven birthdays, and if we add sixty-seven to 1799, we have 1866, and February 22, 1866, closes the cycle of birthdays in his second life.

Since his death Washington has been a living power on earth as never before; and as we are to meet together now, as a great and united nation, on the festival of his birth, we can not but recognize his virtual presence, and are quite sure that his spirit speaks in our laws, guards our homes and forts, marches with our armies, sails with our fleets, and watches over our flag. His career, we say, is now completing its second cycle, and it is now about as long time since Washington's death as his death was from his birth—an obvious but most significant fact that, just as the nation has closed up the present signal chapter of its history and crushed out the great rebellion, abolished slavery, and restored the Union, the Father of our Country is rounding this great historic period of his second life, and the echoes of his old triumphs in war and peace are ringing through the land in the grand

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jubilee of liberty and union that is sounding from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

I will not attempt to review or sum up the first life of Washington. The simplest and most comprehensive generalization will suffice to keep the main points of those sixty-seven years in mind. The first period covers twenty-seven years, and may be called his *preparation*. It begins with the removal of the family up the river to Stafford County, opposite Fredericksburg, and his instruction in the "old field school-house" by Hobby, the parish sexton; it then presents him to us as fatherless, and living at Bridge's or Pope's Creek, with his brother Augustine, under the excellent discipline of Mr. Williams's school; then as living with his brother Lawrence, at Mount Vernon; then, at sixteen, a surveyor beyond the Blue Ridge, and for years familiar with the wildest scenes and roughest people of the Virginia borders; then begins his preliminary military career, and this presents him to us at nineteen, in 1751, as District Adjutant-General; and in 1754, as second in command, Lieutenant-Colonel, on the opening of the seven years' war with the French and Indians, which closed in 1759. Then, after an interval, during which the tyranny of English rule was developing itself, his second period—his great *war career*—opens; he appears at the head of the armies of the Revolution in 1775, and in 1783 he resigns his commission and closes his military career. Then the third, or *civic*, period begins, and covers the remaining sixteen years of his life, the eight years of his Presidency being hardly more memorable for their power over the nation than the eight years of his nominally private life. In order to make the parallel between his first and second life more distinct, it is best to remember his work under the three aspects—first, his preliminary training till the close of the French and Indian war, in 1759; then his service in the Revolution, ending in 1783; then his civic influence in establishing the Constitutional Republic and administering its supreme office, and in watching over its welfare to the last.

When he died he was nearer the heart of the nation than ever, and the career which had been developing itself part by part, and fastening attention to each successive part, now rose before the people in its unity, and his true historical cycle began. It began and continued, and the end is not yet, for it takes about the usual term of human life—seventy years—to show a great man's place, under the Providence of God and in the destiny of his nation and his race. Through three stages history must pass before it bears its ripe fruit and rises to its true dignity within the Divine word and kingdom. Its first stage is the *journal*, that gives events as they transpire from day to day; its second stage is that of *annals*, that unite the journals in the sequence and order of the year; last of all comes the *æonic* stage of high history, in which the wisdom of ages is heard, and the story of things past takes its place in that eternal truth wherein past, present, and future are one. The instinct of our people has gone before our scholars in thus making the history of our civic Father. The tidings of his death, that went from State to State, village to village, and house to house, as of a personal calamity, quickened the memory of the nation as it moved their grief and fixed their affection. The popular mind first recalled the scenes and events of his life in impassioned musing, as our own personal experiences sometimes rise before us like pictures upon some memorable vicissitude; then came more tranquil recollection asking for some due arrangement of his annals in sequence and order, such as his principal biographers, Marshall, Sparks, and Irving, have given; then comes the yearning for the higher story of his career—his true life in history—such a story as is now shaping itself in the heart of the nation, but which has not yet found any adequate embodiment. This essay aims rather to express the yearning than to fulfill the requirement, and I speak as one of the yearning people who are readers, not as one of the masters of history who are their teachers.

Let us understand at the outset what we mean by the position that we assign to Washington as our Representative Patriot. We, of course, do not mean to glorify his personal or individual character in oversight of the Providential ideas and forces that worked through him; nor to the disparagement of his comrades in the field and the council, as if to make them out to be nothing, or next to nothing, that we may make him all in all. No, we can not appreciate him without appreciating them, for he knew and used them all for the best purposes, and in being their leader he was their interpreter and organizer, the keystone in the arch that keeps the other stones together. What the nation could have done without him we can not say; but, thank God, in having him, we had all other patriots under their rightful chief; and in thus honoring him we do not put him on a pedestal for hero-worship as a demigod, but we accept him from God as the child of his Providence and the father of the nation. The characteristics that gave him place, and keep him still rising in estimation as our Providential man, are obviously three; in him met all the essential elements of our American condition and character; in him these elements were combined in personal life and organized into institutions; in him these elements and institutions developed a diversity in unity, the *many* in *one*, which years are confirming in the destiny of our nation, which still, in its differences and its oneness, is and is to be the Constitutional Republic of Washington. Consider his position in history, then, as the representative of our national idea and destiny—in fact, as ideally as well as geographically our continental man, who contained in himself the elements of our national destiny, and who was the practical synthesis of our domain, people, and principles.

I. Our national idea is, that we shall unite

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many soils, people, and parties in one country, government, and civilization. In each of these respects the Father of our nation has been working for its welfare without stop, and being dead he is yet alive. In him the idea of the nation lives and goes forward.

1. He has been a mighty power, first of all, in securing our *territorial unity*. At his birth the last of the old thirteen colonies was just planted, and Georgia was the youngest of the illustrious sisterhood. Probably the whole thirteen colonies then did not contain as many people as now live in this city and its immediate vicinity; while the bond of union was slight, being little more than community of language, dependence upon the British crown, and common hostility to the Indian and French marauders. In his lifetime Washington was the great Unionist leader—alike as a surveyor, land-owner, soldier, and magistrate. When a boy of sixteen, with compass and chain, he crossed the Blue Ridge, he carried the new empire of civilization with him; and as he looked down the slopes that empty into the Ohio, his glance was the pioneer of the march which afterward led him to Fort Duquesne, when, in capturing what is now Pittsburg, he virtually secured the whole Western valley to the future nation by securing the waters that dominate its destiny. It was indeed a comparatively little strip of land that he knew in his lifetime. He traveled north and south only as far as Boston and Savannah, and no farther west than the Ohio; and when he died, only three new States, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee had been added to the old thirteen, making sixteen States in all, with a population of about five millions, with annual receipts and expenditures of about twelve millions of dollars, and with an area of 820,680 square miles, about a quarter of our present domain.

After his death his name and power entered upon a new cycle of territorial dominion. In 1793 he laid the corner-stone of the original Capitol at Washington; and in the year 1800, November 17, about a year after his death, Congress held its first session in the new metropolis, and recognized his presiding name and influence. What a power that metropolis has been to the nation! and what foresight he who gave it its name showed in his choice of the Seat of Government! It binds North and South, and virtually East and West, together by its central position and the flow of its neighboring waters. It holds Virginia and Maryland within the Union by territorial necessity; commands Fortress Monroe as the key to Chesapeake Bay; and commanding Chesapeake Bay, it claims the control of the Susquehanna River and its tributaries in Pennsylvania and New York, and virtually integrates with itself the great States that have colonized and controlled the West. New powers have confirmed and extended these obvious territorial affinities; and since Fulton and Watt and Stephenson and Morse have given the nation the mighty forces of steam navigation, railways, and telegraphs, the Seat of Government is more than ever the centre of the nation; and ere long the remote northwestern border, the State of Washington that is to be, on the Pacific coast, will be within easier distance of the capital than Savannah was in Washington's time, and will catch and answer each word from the metropolis as by the nerve that binds the hand and foot of the nation to the imperial brain.

Our Territorial troubles have come chiefly from the new domain that was annexed since Washington's death, especially from the purchase of Louisiana in 1803, with an area larger than that of the whole national domain before. The State of Missouri, formed from a part of that Territory, became, as all know, the battle-ground between slavery and liberty; and after first being committed to slavery within the Union, in spite of the sound old Washington doctrine of emancipation and no more slavery, tried to keep and extend slavery outside of the Union. There the slavery propagandists showed their hand, first in the Missouri Compromise, then in its repeal, and then in the attempt at secession. The mantle of Washington had fallen upon a patriot President at the capital, and first by the sword and banner of the Union, under the rightful rulers, and then by the free act of the people, the treason was rebuked, and the curse of slavery has been forever removed from the soil. The leading influence went forth from the old capital, and border feuds were put down first of all by national power under the executive head. Back of the sword of Washington there was a moral force that has never parted company with his name, and that has been ever carrying out his emancipation principles. In 1786 he wrote to Morris: "There is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of slavery. But there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished, and that is, by legislative authority; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, will never be wanting."

So from the capital of the nation and from its cardinal principle, liberty, our great Father has been guarding the unity of the soil, removing the root of division, and bringing the new domain into harmony with the old. The land itself, in many respects so new and unadorned by history and romance, has an ideal, human worth from his influence; and a mighty power of civilization goes with his name from the mountain that lifts it to the skies down to the frontier village that speaks it to the prairies or forests, and the university that teaches it to youth as part of the living word of God and liberty.

Under God, we believe that Washington, in his second life, is keeping the national domain at one; and the whole horde of traitors, backed by foreign confederates, have not and can not take from us the capital that is our inheritance —our bond and our destiny. The most impassioned and effective outbreak of national valor

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came like a volcano's fire at the word that the capital was in danger of capture. While the war has been raging its walls have been rising, and its paintings and sculptures going forward, and the statue of Liberty is crowning the dome. Under God and Liberty our chief still guards the land and keeps the many in one. The soil that is identified with his name and centralized by his capital bears his mark every where, and is our country, under God.

2. Thus Washington lives still in the territorial unity of the country, whose many sections he did so much to make one. We might show that he had foresight of the great lines of communication that were to fix this Union, as when he planned the draining of the Dismal Swamp of Virginia, and the uniting of the waters of the James with the Potomac, and opening communications between the Potomac and the Ohio. But men are masters of the soil, and the land is one when the parties and races that tend to separate men are made to integrate them in a sound citizenship and generous humanity. We recognize his power as a living force in our citizenship and our humanity.

Our American *citizenship* is based upon the idea of unity in difference—many States under one Federal Union. Washington was practically the Father of our Union, and he is still its great practical representative. I do not say that as a speculative thinker or a professional statesman he excelled other founders of our national polity. Franklin had undoubtedly more constructive sagacity; Jay more juridical knowledge and acumen; Adams more intellectual originality; Jefferson more ideal insight. Madison had more cogent logic, and Hamilton more of a statesman's genius for combination and forecast. But practically Washington carried more weight than any of them, simply because he best embodied in his continental manhood, so contained and all-containing, the national life that they sought to school, define, and codify. He brought to the Constitutional Convention over which he presided the American Nationality itself in its solar mass, light, and warmth, centripetal and centrifugal forces, while his associates were rather the observers, and mathematicians, and philosophers, who noted the phenomena, studied and stated the overruling laws of the forming system, or superintended special departments of operation. He felt, and saw, and stated the principles that should shape the Magna Charta of the nation, as they had been developing themselves and working within him from his youth of public spirit through his career of military rule and civil influence. He carried in him the fact and the forces of the national life that was to be interpreted and written out. *He* bore the forces of repose and action in the body politic, while *they*, his associates, were to draw up the statical and dynamical laws of those forces, or administer especial branches of their action. Thus he was solar and they were planetary. Franklin said a true and deep word when, on the last day of the session of the Constitutional Convention in 1787, as the members were signing the engrossed copy of the Constitution, he looked toward the President's chair, at the back of which a sun was painted, and observed to the persons next to him: "I have often, in the course of the session and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that sun behind the President without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting. At length I have the happiness to know it is a rising, not a setting sun." So it was over that chair of Washington the sun of our America rose, and has not set nor waned. Practically he was our great statesman, and embodied the nation virtually, while others undoubtedly more acutely defined its theory. Yet he knew his grounds well; and in his plain, common-sense way he states the defects of the old Confederacy and the principles of the desired Union as distinctly as words can do it. To Colonel Henry Lee, in 1786, he wrote on the subject of suppressing tumults in Massachusetts, and thus met his call for influence rather than for positive authority: "Influence is not government. Let us have a government by which our lives, liberties, and properties will be secured, or let us know the worst at once."

Again, to Madison, in the same year: "Thirteen sovereignties pulling against each other, and all tugging at the Federal head, will soon bring ruin on the whole."

Washington well understood and indicated the two focal points of our national order, by which party-spirit and sectional jealousy are to be kept in check, and anarchy and despotism are to be kept off: the two principles of personal and local liberty and central order that are to bring and keep our many people and States at one. He did not pretend to be able to interpret, define, and apply these principles in their sequences and relations as sagaciously as his associates; but practically he wielded and mastered them as no other man could do, and kept them within their wholesome bounds. He accepted them both as Providential facts, when he held Jefferson and Hamilton in his Cabinet: those two focal minds of the nation, who are still with us in their influence, and still held together by that national sagacity which centred in their Providential chief. Jefferson and Hamilton are gone, but they live still in their characteristic ideas, and are working together in the new life of the nation more harmoniously than they worked together in the Cabinet of Washington. I will not speak now of their personal characters, but of their historical mission as representatives of the ruling principles of the republic, Liberty and Union. Jefferson was more of the French theoretical school—our political Rousseau, in some respects; while Hamilton was more of the English historical school—the Edmund Burke of America; yet each needed the other, and our nationality is integrating them both under startling and significant circumstances. A strange transformation, in one respect, has taken place in the championship of the great

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Virginia Liberal's idea of human rights; our Free States have adopted his ideal principles, and left to Virginia his personal frailties—as when the wine is drawn off by a syphon, and only the lees are left behind If any reader wishes to make a bad pun on the word "lees" he may do so, but we are not punning, but trying to study out our national history seriously. Our national life has been joining the ideal liberty of Jefferson with the conservative unionism of Hamilton in the great struggle under Abraham Lincoln, a patriot President, who was a Western edition of Washington—on paper a little rough, but with all the print there, and full and clear; while the Old Dominion was left to ruin under the tottering rule of a slave-breeding oligarchy of traitors who, at home and abroad, have been trying to betray every principle for which Washington fought and conquered and legislated. Long live that Liberty and that Union! Confounded are that junto of traitors. God blesses the Constitution of the Federal Republic, and confounds the Confederacy that conspired for its ruin. The Constitution now vindicates itself as never before, and the consummation that Washington desired has come through that legal amendment by which Liberty and Union are one; and those focal points that seemed sometimes in danger of separating draw near each other, like the foci in the ellipsis of the earth's orbit, and repeat the order of the spheres. He lived in our Constitution, and lives still, and still holds our many States in its unity. Andrew Johnson succeeds Abraham Lincoln in guarding the Union and Liberty of the Republic of Washington.

3. The same influence which Washington holds in harmonizing the antagonist principles and parties of the republic under our law, he exercises in reconciling differences of *race and habits* in our civilization and humanity. In him, as a soldier and civilian, all the elements and characters of American society seemed to be reconciled. In him, most obviously of all, the North and South met together and were friends. When he visited Boston, as early as 1756, when a young man of twenty-four, the staid Puritan population rejoiced to welcome him, and his blood-horses and stately equipments won more admiration than censure from grave fathers and mothers and earnest sons and daughters. When he had John Adams for his Vice-President the Cavalier and Puritan mingled their wisdom and affection; and what God has been doing for two centuries and more in English history, he did signally for America in that union of Cavalier lordliness with Puritan independence. The Southern people, except a certain class of sectionalists and slavery-lovers and propagandists, liked him, and the unspoiled heart of the Old Dominion set him forward as the model man. An incident in the campaign of 1754 shows something of the mischief that even then was breeding in the temper of South Carolina—that Judas Iscariot of the old thirteen States in treason, although not betraying with a kiss. When Washington and his little army were in great danger from the French and Indians about Fort Duquesne, Captain Mackay arrived with his independent company of South Carolinians, and soon began his game of cross-purposes, with all airs of civility and etiquette, as if he carried his ramrod in his back-bone, not in his gun. Holding a commission from the King, the Captain would not acknowledge a provincial officer as superior, kept separate guards, and refused to use the parole and countersign. Washington bore with the foolery of this Carolina captain as long as he could, but left him when he refused to have his men help make the military road that the other soldiers were at work upon, unless he could have a shilling sterling a day for each man, which Washington would not pay. Washington left Captain Mackay at Fort Necessity—the Fort Necessity virtually where the city of Charleston and the State of South Carolina have been left to lie, and ought to lie till they repent, which they will have ample time to do, and will perhaps do more effectually from changing the logical method of their madness to the logic of loyalty.

Generally, however, Washington was the bond of union between Northern and Southern men, and under his commanding and genial presence it became clear, as true philosophy affirms, that a certain difference of traits and culture helps instead of harming social fellowship, and differences, when wisely and kindly treated, integrate instead of provoking and sundering the parties. In old times the Northern man, with his reserved, thoughtful individualism, rejoiced to meet the genial, easy Southerner, with his ready fellowship and commanding air. So it will be again, when American ideas are carried out, and our commercial, agricultural, and educational habits are allowed to move among the Southern planters, and develop the industry that rests on liberty, and the order that gives power to character, not to caste. The New South and the New North are to meet together more cordially than the old, and Mason's and Dixon's line is to be the belt of our union, not the chain of our separation. Not precisely as some of us thought our great Father is mediating between the alienated sections, yet he is none the less mediating. Edward Everett bore aloft through the nation his sacred image to stay the storm, almost as Peter the Hermit bore the cross; yet the rebellion came, and Edward Everett lived to see that Washington was to sway the Union, not by ignoring, but by declaring and enforcing his anti-slavery principles and his emancipation policy.

Here again Washington was and is the representative idea of the union of our many races under one republic. Around him, in the field and court, all the nationalities gathered—French, German, Irish, Scotch, Polish; and all were represented in the new Union. The Celtic and Teutonic elements came together, and gave promise of that large hospitality that has since taken millions of new-comers to itself, and as-

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similated them to its temper and polity. The best heart of Ireland gave its allegiance to the Union in the faithful and ardent Knox, who clung to Washington like a brother when he bade farewell to the army, and served him as Secretary of War to the last. In Lafayette France was with us, and its best heart is with us still, in spite of its master. In Steuben our loyal Germany in America had a noble representative in the soldier who stood by his chief in the field, and who, with Hamilton, Knox, and St. Clair, represented the army at the Inauguration.

The relation of the African race to our nation Washington represented. He was not a radical reformer, not an ideal theorist, but a practical thinker and ruler, and as such he interpreted the African's destiny. He recognized his capacity to be a farmer, mechanic, and soldier, treated him kindly, and taught and practiced the principle of emancipation. He regarded slavery, indeed, as part of the law of the land, and denied the right of any citizen to interfere with the legal claims of the master to his slave; but he thought that the law ought to be changed, and he stands in our history as the representative of the old school of Emancipationists, who regarded slavery as a fading relic of a semi-civilized form of society. He could work with the negroes, and mingle praise with blame in his judgments; and without having extreme opinions of their gifts or virtues, he thought them fitted for freedom and capable of education. He died before the cotton gin had made slave-labor so attractive, but he has said enough of the negro's worth to teach us how to make the cotton gin a blessing instead of a curse, by teaching that the negro is open to all worthy human motives; and his free labor, and in time his intelligence, is to do for the South what the lash and chain, the Black Code and blood-hound can never do.

Thus in all leading respects we regard Washington as embodying our national idea of the Many and One, and as still a living force that is drawing us together in a common country, government, and civilization. He is our America embodied and ensouled, and his majestic countenance rises up with new radiance in each new crisis of our history. His portraits are commanding, but the loyalty of the people paints and carves better than all the artists, and sees him rising still in transfigured glory, as the years leave behind his earthly limitations and bring out his Providential mission. The lover like Dante sees his departed idol in her second beauty revealed in his vision of Paradise. The patriot sees our hero in his second glory in the firmament of our national fellowship, all radiant with ideas, powers, and destinies that he embodied, and building better than he knew, prophet as he was in his life more than in his thought.

It is the sober faith of our people that Washington is the Providential leader, the chosen Man for our America. I was brought up to believe this, and I believe it more than ever with expanding study and deepening thought. In the civil sphere the Eternal Word that made and the Eternal Spirit that holds the worlds manifest themselves to us in him; and the Divine ideas and forces that united in him as their Providential agent still work for us in history, and are our elemental law and continuous strength. His second life surpasses his natural life in these three respects—that it exalts him above earthly limitations, gives him universal range, and also distinct and integral development. Above us, yet with us, he is seen of all as never before, and his ruling idea is expressing, articulating itself in integrated diversity—the Many in One of our land, parties, and people.

II. Washington leads the Manifest Destiny of our country not only by thus representing its idea of Many in One, but by adding such virtue to that idea as to make it an organic power throughout the land, a power that still retains his energy, and under God still carries out his will. What is Destiny but a faith made into deed? and our Man of Destiny is not a despot, nor a soldier of fortune, but a citizen whose wisdom and courage fixed the original character of our institutions, and whose name still brings the loyal nation together in the arts of peace and the emergencies of war. His virtue lives still, and adds power to his wisdom, and holds us within the nation that he organized.

1. We read our manifest destiny under Washington's lead in the *land* itself, and make it our creed to give up not an inch of soil, not a drop of water, but to hold all in trust for the people, for humanity, for liberty, and God. The wealth of the nation is sacred in the name of the great chief of our industry, the thrifty farmer of Mount Vernon, and the far-seeing surveyor of our early borders, as well as the captain of our armies and the head of our councils. Whenever the integrity of our domain is threatened, either from near or from afar, we will cry, "The Sword of the Lord and of Washington!" and strike down the robbers of our birth-right and of the domain that our birth-right controls.

The products of the soil, in themselves and in their results under the hand of art and science, we claim for the nation, and insist that our wealth should not corrupt, but rather upbuild our worth. Let the treasures of field and forest, orchard and vineyard, mountain and valley, all combine to draw us together by bonds of interest and public spirit. Let the mines and farms conspire together, bring gold, silver, iron, copper, lead, coal, with grain, fruit, hay, cotton, rice, sugar, wool, and join in raising a circle of work-shops and factories throughout the land, that shall bind our borders with a mighty bond, keep the peace at home, and set all foreign threats at defiance. Let our industry rise into beauty and intelligence as well as thrift; and let taste and culture school our youth in the useful arts, and preside over the festivals of honorable labor. The majestic face of our Providential chief will then smile upon us anew,

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and the wealth of the nation will be its joy in peace and its sinew in war. Thanks be to God for what we have thus far seen done toward this consummation—that in these years of our trouble the mountains and rivers have opened unexampled treasures of the mine, and even the cold, dark earth has at last heard the decree, "Let there be light!" and light has gushed up in fountains on every side; The rock has been stricken, and oil as well as water comes forth at the stroke.

Thank God for the loyal purse of the nation, and for the ability and readiness of the people to sustain the rightful rule against a cursed rebellion with the earnings of industry, under a taxation as vast in amount as it is noble and effective in its aim! Well will it be for the nation if its book-keeping is modeled and its gigantic accounts are kept according to his precision, frugality, and honesty!

2. The *Sword* as well as the *Purse* of the nation is token of its Manifest Destiny, and our sword as well as our purse follows the lead of our Providential chief. Whether sheathed in peace or drawn out in war, to him the sword was the symbol of Law. So it is now; and now, as ever, we are a law-loving people. How majestic was the spectacle of this great nation quietly, as on a Sabbath, casting its vote of millions on that great November that chose Abraham Lincoln, and securing loyal rule over our empire for four years in the midst of terrible warfare, and after the heat of party agitation of unexampled intensity! How impressive the determination of the people to stand by the Constitution and the flag at whatever cost of treasure and of blood!

Our Man of Destiny has been with us in this war of our Constitutional Republic against the seditious Confederacy, which ever since his day has been trying to show its head, but has always been put down in his name. During the thirty years after his death the sectional factions were from time to time defeated, quite as much by his influence, when the Democratic party ruled, as if the nominal Federalism that claimed his good-will had prevailed; and Jefferson and Madison, as Democrats, were probably able, with less suspicion from the masses, to carry out Washington's Union idea, than if they had worn his Conservative colors. We may compare the years of Washington's second life in the nation, from 1800 to 1830, to Washington's preliminary career to the close of the French and Indian war, and affirm that during those thirty years his power was felt in meeting the various difficulties of our position, in repelling foreign aggressions that were like the old French invaders, and in putting down home broils and factions that raged like the old savages. In 1830 his second life entered upon its new term, and repeated against domestic treason the military strength and civic wisdom that it of old directed against English tyranny. In 1832 and in 1861 he was again our soldier and statesman; and he has been completing his cycle of military and civic influence by sanctioning our national defense and confirming and maturing our national polity. When Nullification and Secession showed their traitorous front, Democracy hoisted without reserve the old Union colors, and Washington held the pen for Andrew Jackson when he signed the Union proclamation against Carolina in 1832, and he sailed with Winfield Scott into Charleston harbor in the good ship *Constitution*. Washington stood by Anderson when he raised the stars and stripes on Fort Sumter in 1861, and with Gillmore when he put back that flag in its place. He was with Abraham Lincoln when he called the nation to avenge their insulted standard, and recover their stolen forts and store-houses and treasure. Washington has gone with us through the war—teaching us to bear reverses patiently and successes calmly. He went with Farragut and Butler to New Orleans, with Meade to Gettysburg, with M'Clellan to Antietam, with Sheridan to the Shenandoah, with Thomas to Nashville, with Grant to Fort Donelson and Chattanooga and Vicksburg and Richmond, with Terry and Porter to Wilmington, with Sherman to Atlanta and Savannah and Columbia. He led in this second war, not of revolution but of conservatism, and by his wisdom in council and valor in battle he defends the work of the first revolution and its organic fruit, the Federal Republic; and again he met the traitors at home, backed as of old by tyrants abroad. He trod down at once the insolence of the slave oligarchy and the British aristocracy, and in his outward work fights out again the old war with England, and in his inner work enacts again the Constitution of the United States. He held the pen when Abraham Lincoln signed the proclamation of emancipation, and when Andrew Johnson declared emancipation secured, and called on the nations to respect the power of the free and united republic. He has been the mighty though unseen enemy of the rebel chiefs who have been trying to undo every good work that he did, and to ruin the republic that he lived, and would have died, to save. It is a notorious fact that the leading fire-eaters of the South were long in the habit of making light of Washington's old-fashioned Unionism, and Jefferson Davis took the lead in the merriment. His mighty shade hovered over the miserable Lord of Misrule, the leader of the insurgents, as the avenging angel over the Prince of Darkness. Sherman and Grant, Thomas and Sheridan might strike, but an unseen power guided their arm in defense of the nation against the traitor, as the archangel Michael struck down Satan:

"Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnamed in heaven, now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself
And thy adherents—how hast thou disturbed
Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till thy rebellion? how hast thou instilled
Thy malice into thousands, once upright

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And faithful, now proved false?
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew."

To the hell of baffled ambition the Confederate Lucifer has gone, and he needs no curse or stroke of ours to bring him to his doom. Without calling for his blood, we leave him to himself and his friends. With the fall of the rebellion and the return of peace the sword has been sheathed, not in token of the cessation of the national force, but of its rest and its health. The nation will not, can not lose its vital power, but will turn to new triumphs of peace the great organic strength, the vital loyalty, which has been so schooled in war. He who surrendered his commission when his country was redeemed and laid his sword at the footstool of law leads our destiny still, and in his name we shall be guided to deeds of enterprise, conservation, humanity, and religion that shall turn swords into plow-shares, spears into pruning-hooks, and make the arts of industry majestic and brilliant and brave enough to be marshaled by banners and drums and bugles and saluted with peals of bells and cannon. His influence is behind the marvelous developments of our peace, and a million of soldiers, repeating his lesson, have been absorbed in the ranks of industry, no more an army of destroyers, but a host of producers. So Washington still holds our sword and nerves our power in peace and in war.

3. The *Flag*, as well as the *Purse* and *Sword*, of the nation follows the Manifest Destiny begun by our leader; and in our relation to other nations, as in our industry and our law, we are not to desert Washingtonian principles. Our flag—Washington first raised it aloft, and may every hand be confounded that would tread it down!—our flag expresses our international policy as well as our national idea. It declares in its stars that we are many in one; and in its stripes it waves toward other lands the same large affinity that we ourselves cherish. Under our flag we affirm that there are certain inborn and inbred differences of condition, and that these ought to be reconciled or integrated by good citizenship and broad humanity. We are many in one, and we have borne all sectional feuds and jealousies with marvelous patience, and have resisted faction only when it became rebellion, and when turning the other cheek but invited injury. We have tolerated and defended each other, and shall do it again as of old; again under the old banner, and over the abominated shreds of the rebel flag, that would inaugurate the empire of slavery in the place of our free republic, and put up the freebooter's pagan signal instead of our Christian standard.

Thus large and fraternal among our States and races, we are ready also to be amicable abroad, and act on foreign nations rather by our example of freedom and prosperity than by meddlesome intervention. In this respect we are still of the school of Washington, and our Government still holds his policy and keeps us at peace with Europe. Honor to the great representatives of this foreign policy, especially to Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, William H. Seward, and Charles Francis Adams, who have done so much to prevent Europe from assailing us, by the wise statesmanship of Washington! Under him as our representative man we stand before the world, and we have no reason to hide our heads in presence of other nations with their imperial chiefs, the heroes of their history. Under him, in our Providential position, we are developing a certain character, that is as yet by no means contemptible, and ought to be noble—a certain union of independence and reverence, of individuality and fellowship, such as history has not seen. We ought to be as universal as the Frenchman in ideas without his imperialism, as independent as the German without his stubborn individualism, as loyal as the Englishman without being so much of a fixture as he; to seek catholicity without Popery, Protestant freedom without self-will, fidelity to institutions without bondage to prejudices—many in all generous traits and affinities, but one in loyal patriotism and humanity. Such should all true Americans be, as we sit beneath our flag at home or sail under it around the world. True to this standard we honor the Father of his Country, and write in our own career and character the Second Life of Washington.

That life is now rounding itself; and soon, as already said, the term since his death will equal the term of his natural life. This year, that completes his second cycle, will without doubt bring new triumphs of his principles, and establish the great interests and institutions for which he labored and lived. Our continental hero, he represents the solidarity and continuity of our national life; and we forget him when we part with any element of our material welfare, our civic birth-right, or our human dignity. Our whole country, our whole rights, and our whole people—that is the true Washington platform, and there we stand, with God as our trust.

The great questions that are perplexing us will be settled by the mighty working of our institutions, the historical habits and indomitable instincts of our people, if our legislators will be content to leave time and God to do their work. The States will be free and equal, but not sovereign; and the Union shall be sovereign, but not tyrant. Free labor will make its way southward as westward, and the logic that reduces idleness to starvation and brings industry to abundance will be stronger than any verbal arguments to cure the folly of slavery propagandists and the laziness of vagabonds, black or white. Our republic will dominate the continent, and keep at bay the crowned Powers of Europe by its own prosperity and intelligence, its liberty and order. The Monroe doctrine will prevail sooner under a calm and determined statesmanship than a rapacious filibusterism: and the French will leave Mexico as soon as it

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is clear that Germanic liberty, not Latin empire, is to be the rule of this continent. The strong arm must be always ready, indeed; and it will be all the stronger when lifted only in a quarrel that is just, and the arts of peace have been invoked in vain.

Who can number the images and associations that rise before us as we recall those sixty-seven years of Washington's second life? The most memorable of all images and associations in our mind came to us in April 25, 1865, when the stately hearse bearing the body of Abraham Lincoln passed the statue of Washington in our Union Square, before the great multitude of uncovered heads, and attended by a vast escort of soldiers and citizens. Then the two most remarkable men in American history met together to our insight as guardians of the country; and Washington and Lincoln, the progenitor and regenerator of the nation, stood before the people, above the changes of time and the shadows of mortality, as good angels of the republic and servants of humanity and God. Lincoln, the President of the plain people, keeps near the common heart the principles of the stately chief who first ruled the land; and his death gives the majesty of tragedy to the annals of the office that Washington begun in his career of triumph and crowned with his death of peace. George Washington—Abraham Lincoln—and between them a line of Presidents unequaled, on the whole, in integrity and efficiency by any dynasty of princes in history. The last name says Amen to the first; and in view of the whole array, with honor to nearly all and charity for the few most open to our censure, it is easy to say, Long live the republic of Washington, and God bless Andrew Johnson, President of the United States!

TOO LATE.

I REMEMBER that Corinne was worse that afternoon, and I left her somewhat sadly. I hope that you will not throw aside all interest in my story when you learn that Corinne was my wash-woman and a quadroon.

You do not understand how it could sadden me, this illness of hers, and her poor, thin face, and her slow slipping away out of my hands into eternity? That is because you have never lived among these people as I did in that six months at Beaufort. To be sure, you might live *among* them a thousand years, and your soul and theirs never touch at a single point; never take so much as a step of common ground together; never speak the one to the other a word of that hidden language which God Almighty has established between soul and soul. But to live their life with them; to sorrow in their sorrows and weep at their tears; to be glad in their joys, to make all their little hopes, and plans, and fears your hopes, your plans, your fears; to help Chloe contrive Tom's new jacket out of his father's coat, to save Cæsar's earnings for him, and go out with him to count the planks just bought for his cabin; to puzzle away with gray-haired Jake over his alphabet, and turn and twist the contents of your own pocket to buy Juno the doll promised as a prize in the spelling-class: this is what makes them dear.

And they were dear to me—every one, from Jake down to the funny little coal-black baby born last week. They were my people. Mine whom God had given to me to help over their rough places—my poor, sorrowful people. Was it not a blessing, even for that little time, to see their sad eyes brighten and their cramped souls grow? I think it was.

Perhaps Corinne was my favorite—I do not claim to be infallible—but indeed she had stolen her way down into my heart before I knew it; she was such a pretty, sad-eyed creature. And she had such a story. She used to tell it to me sometimes: her patient head bent low upon her breast, her hands clutching at each other till it made my heart ache to see them. The thought of her followed me into the school-room that night; nor could I shake it off when I sat down among the crowd of upturned, sable faces for the evening lesson.

It was one of those quiet evenings, I remember, when the very air seemed to be asleep. The light that slanted in through the windows, and lay golden on the school-room floor, was fading lazily away; at the door the scarlet blossoms of a trumpet-vine peered in and hung motionless; over the sandy slope and the pine barrens the winds were hushed; I could see, as I sat at my desk, the purpling water, and beyond a bit of still, soft sky. A very rough, bare room, I suppose that school-room was; but to me, with the shifting pictures that the beautiful evenings painted beyond the open door, and the low, sweet winds that crept in at the windows, and the rows of happy, quiet faces that had learned to look their "God bless you!" when I came in, it had become a very palace for fairness and dearness. Indeed, something greater, more holy than a palace—a sanctuary; for my humble work among these humble people had brought, I think, richer blessings to me than to them. I used to fancy that certain silent prayers of mine for guidance had consecrated that little wooden step at the door into an altar.

But it is not my story that you want to hear. You suspect there *was* a story about that going to Beaufort, since women are not prone to go out into life to find a work, and that without a motive. It is possible. As to the title and the particular number of chapters, that is of little consequence to you or to any one. It is enough that, if I went there full of bitter discontents and sharp rebellings, my steps were led straight to a Bethel. I claimed to be a teacher—*I*. It was I who was taught of this sorrowing people. It was I who stood as a little child, abashed before the mystery of their grief.

But I started to tell you about Corinne and what happened that evening.

I had set David and Cæsar fairly at work in their new copy-books, observed with quiet de-

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spair the third capsizing of Chloe's ink-bottle, and brought Jake triumphantly through his first a-b—ab, when a shadow in the door-way obstructed my light, and I looked up. It is singular, and perhaps a specimen of the remarkable sense which usually accompanies such presentiments, that when I looked up I expected to see Corinne. She not having left her bed for weeks the clearness of perception exhibited in this expectation is apparent at once. So far from seeing Corinne I saw a man. He was tall and erect; I think the most massively built man I have ever seen. He had courteously removed his hat, and was looking around the room with a look of inquiry. I hesitated for a moment whether or not to pronounce him a white man. Before I had decided his eye fell upon me and he came into the room. I consigned Jake to the depths of his primer, and stepped out to meet him.

"Good-evening, Madam."

"Good-evening, Sir—you were looking for the teacher?"

"I was looking for the teacher."

"Can I be of service to you?"

"I should like to learn to write, if you please."

I started. I looked at his soft, curling hair, clear, dark skin, and regular features; also at the massive manliness of his figure, so erect, and towering above me. The hot, indignant blood rushed into my face. He saw it, perhaps, for his own cheek flushed slightly; he changed his hat from hand to hand.

"I came here yesterday. I have just escaped from my—master."

I wish type could convey to you the biting bitterness of that word—a bitterness the more intense from the smooth, low tones in which it was veiled.

"Very well; here is an empty seat."

I saw that the laconic, business-like answer suited him. He did not come there to be compassionated. He sat down in silence, and took up a primer that lay upon the desk. I took a chair beside him.

"I know how to read, you see," turning the leaves with a curious smile; a smile that sent the hot blood into my cheeks again. I folded my paper, and took my pen from the desk. I should have been thankful at that moment to any power, natural or preternatural, that would have transported me bodily to some "far island of the sea," any where, out of that Beaufort school-room.

"You would like to—begin?" He took up the paper, gravely.

"I have picked out a few of the letters by myself; perhaps—"

I took the paper from him and wrote a copy, somewhat more rapidly than ever copy was written before, I fancy. Do you want to know what I wrote?—"For the Lord will not hold them guiltless." Happening to be the only words that came to me just then.

He looked up at me when he had spelled out the words, then down again upon the paper. In that look I took the full measurement of the man's face. It was a face that I should have singled out in a crowd; finely moulded, but thin; the eyes deep sunken, restless, defiant; lips defiant too, or curling into that curious smile, but never coarse; there was not a shadow of coarseness about him. Neither did the defiance in doing its worst make it an evil face. Nevertheless, hardly the face of a saint.

I wonder if you know what I felt, sitting there teaching that man to write; his hair had begun to turn gray years ago. Certainly my equal, possibly my superior, in such gifts as God had given him. A *man*. A man who had never owned his manhood; and the manhood was made in the image of his Creator and mine. You spoke of property? One would never object to teaching one's horse or one's parlor chairs to write? A rattle of marbles, in the corner where Plato and Cato were dog-earing one spelling-book together, called me away presently

"I will come back to you again," I said. "Your name, if you please?"

"Herschel Du Bois," scrawling the D over his sheet, absently. I pardoned him a faint flash of his restless eye. It was something to own a name. How he came by it mattered not. It was his in Beaufort.

The lazy light was dimming fast upon the floor, before I had gone my round among the dusky faces, and come back to him. I observed that every instant of the time had been diligently occupied; also, that his page was unblotted. He handed it to me with a certain proud humility that fitted his face.

"You like it?" I said.

He answered, with his curious smile, "I want to learn. I used to be hungry for learning, once—hungry." Checking himself then into a sudden reserve.

"You will not need my teaching long, Mr. Du Bois."

Must I beg pardon for such a mistake? I assure you that it was instinctive, unconscious, spoken quite as I should speak the word to other men. Being naturally absent-minded, perhaps you will excuse me that I did not remember he was black? Be comforted; *he* had not forgotten it.

His eyes caught mine quickly, his face flushing all over; then he turned it away. We understood one another then. I pushed away the papers.

"I wish you would tell me all about it."

He turned back, the defiance gone from his mouth, a certain tremor in it.

"You—you are very good. But you hear so many of these stories."

"I wish you would tell me all about it."

The people had begun to disperse, breaking up in merry groups; they left us quite alone in that corner of the room before he spoke. Then, slowly,

"I haven't any thing new to tell. I have lived forty-five years with my master, Colonel Du Bois; you know they often call us by our

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masters' names. You won't be interested to know how many times I went to the whipping-house; how many spelling-books and Bibles he took away from me. It's just like all the rest. I'm black."

His finely-moulded profile, the cheek and forehead almost as fair as mine, was turned toward me.

"Well?"

"That's pretty much all; only—"

He turned abruptly from me, his eyes looking off through the window, some struggle in his face. Whatever was written in the dark places of this man's life there was that in it which only he and God should ever know. The mere story he might tell me, as he did, his voice smothered, intense·

"I loved her—my wife."

Some birds chirped to each other in their nest in the cypress by the window; the faint twitter filled the silence. Then—

"She was all I had—*all*. And Colonel Du Bois had a son."

He turned sharply around. His eyes startled me. You have seen eyes, perhaps, burned to a white heat?

"Colonel Du Bois had a son—Pierre Du Bois. For some reason he always hated me. I found him alone one day by the cotton-field. I don't know what I said. He struck me, and—Well, they sent me to the calaboose then. My master threatened to kill me. I wish he had. That was too good for me. He sold *her*. He sold my wife. I have never seen her since. I suppose I never shall. That's all."

If I had dared to say one word! I only looked at him, and then I hid my face on the desk to hide the quick tears. At last I said:

"You *shall* find her. God can do it. He won't forget you."

"I suppose he has remembered me for forty-five years; so Colonel Du Bois's minister says. I hope He will forget me a while now. I should like to try it!" the still white heat in his eyes changing and flashing.

I did not tell him that whom He will He setteth up, and whom He will He bringeth low; neither did I assure him that it was good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth; nor did I comfort him by the eternal predestination of the African race to fall into the keeping of benevolent Southerners. I only said:

"I do not understand about that. I do not know any more about that than you do. But I *know* He loves you."

His face softened, possibly.

"And now He has given you your freedom."

"What do I care for my freedom?" breaking into sudden vehemence. "What use is my freedom to me without her? Great God! if it had come five years ago!"

The faint, sweet sound of a distant hymn the people were chanting floated in just then through the open window:

"Along de darksome journey,
Along de darksome journey,
I'se walking all alone,
Alone in de lonesome journey."

He turned around presently, his face quite grave and still.

"You are very good. I have troubled you."

I was so sorry for him I could have cried. I wonder if I am foolish and tender-hearted—it hurts me so to see these lonely lives.

The room was quite empty and nearly dark. He stood on the steps while I locked the door. Just then Chloe and her husband—the happiest of lovers they were since their freedom—passed by, and in at their cabin door, nodding and smiling at me.

The man's face paled.

"I'll hunt the earth over but I'll find her!" his breath coming fiercely.

It came to me many times that night, and the cry in the school-room, "Great God! if it had only been five years ago!" Thinking it over, it grew unconsciously into a prayer: "If it had only been five years ago, great God!" For was it not a pitiful cry, in a land where the name of Christ is dear?

And we talk of recompense. And we count citizenship—nay, even the very rights of self-defense—too costly a gift to render to these our brethren. And we do not see it written in blazing emblems on God's pure, truthful sky, that even unto the third and fourth generation, by His terrible mystery of justice our sin shall find them out.

Recompense!

Corinne's room was on the lower floor—a little room by the kitchen opening on the piazza. As I passed by the window the curtain stirred, and I caught a glimpse of her there alone in bed, her little dim lamp burning beside her. Her face was turned over toward it on the pillow. Even with its poor, pinched cheeks, and bloodless lips, it was a fair face to look upon. She must have been very beautiful as a girl. There was a certain patient endurance about her mouth, a certain sharpness of pain in her eyes, as seen in the faint light which struck me freshly. The picture fitted into my thought. Freedom could not give her back her life—the beautiful, glorious freedom which had come so late. They were not murderers who worked the delicate creature there in the cotton-field a year? I am sorry not to agree with you. And, as I said, she had such a story—far sadder than the one I had heard that night. You see I was used to sad stories at Beaufort. But I can not tell it to you. I can not even tell you what this woman had lived through. And she was as womanly a woman as God ever made.

She heard my step upon the veranda and called me, feebly. I broke off a spray of the jasmine that clung to the pillars and carried it in to her. She loved flowers. She looked up to thank me, laying it all cool and dewy against her hot cheek. I saw her face more fully then.

"Why, Corinne!"

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"Yes'm. I am worse to-night."

I sat down by the bed and felt of her pulse. She watched me.

"Corinne, you must see the doctor."

"I have seen him."

"And he says—"

"Just what I knew before."

I was silent. I looked at her face, so thin, and furrowed with such pitiful furrows—the little gay flower touching it in such sharp contrast. It had been such a young, warm face once. And so happy. For she had been happy once; a few years. I had often thought how pretty she must have been in those few years; how her little fanciful name must have suited her. Very dear the name was then. For there was one to speak it who made all words music to her. Corinne! Corinne!

Ah, how the voice would call her now if it could!

Corinne! Corinne!

Never to hear the voice again! To die, and never the voice again!

While the thought was in my heart she started, looking out nervously at the window.

"I thought, I— Miss Nichols, did you hear any thing?"

"No, lie down, Corinne."

"I thought some one called me. I thought it was— I thought he said 'Corinne! Corinne!' Oh, it's so long since he said it—so long! He used to think it was a pretty name, Miss Nichols."

I went to the window and out upon the piazza. There was no one in sight. Oh yes, the stranger, Herschel Du Bois, pacing back and forth in the shadow of a little lonely road that wound away from the house among the pines. I knew him by his massive shoulders. That was all. I came back to Corinne.

"I *must* live!" she said, looking up.

I came up and took both her hands in mine.

"You won't, Corinne, if you look so."

"I didn't want to live until to-night. I wanted to die until to-night. Now I *must* live!"

"God will do right, Corinne."

She threw her arms up over the pillow.

"I've had to think that *all my life*, Miss Nichols. I get so tired of it sometimes! If He'd only give me any thing—*any thing!*"

Presently she caught my hand with a little sob.

"I don't know what I want to live for, and it's very silly in me, and I know He—Miss Nichols—"

I knew what she wanted; so, still clasping her hand, I knelt down by the bed, and asked Him who had always loved Corinne to do with her as seemed unto Him good.

Looking back now—remembering that night and all that came after—I know that He did with her and for her what seemed unto Him good. I know, too, that there is no *seeming* with Him.

I left her quietly sleeping at last, and went to my own room. One has no chance to be romantic in Beaufort—at least in our part of it. We inhabited a venerable mansion on one of the old plantations, which let in snow-drift and tornadoes through the crack in winter, and deluged us with mosquitoes in summer. So it was necessary for me to blow out my lamp and take down the netting before I could sit down to look out of the window. Under these practical circumstances I had a little fit of meditation It was all my own, and I am not going to tell you about it, even if you want me to, which I don't suppose you do. Only this you may know, that if the old discontents and sharp rebellings came up, we talked together there in the dark, they and I; and I told them what I have told you—about that woman struggling with death down stairs, and the man who had gone out into his lonely freedom, seeking, and seeking in vain, for all that would have made it bright—Corinne and Herschel Du Bois. I said the words over, as I had said over many other such simple words before there in the dark, since I came to Beaufort. All weak sorrows paled before the faces of those two. So the discontents and sharp rebellings—if there were any—grew quiet and hid themselves away: and just then a mosquito bit me, and I forgot all about them.

I think it was two days after that I took that afternoon walk in the woods. The day was oppressive almost to suffocation. I had stolen away after school was over to be alone in the shadow and stillness. The shadow was very deep, down on the red-cup mosses and nodding ferns; the stillness was very still up in the branches of the pines; there was only the sighing of a sleepy wind and the song of summer bees to break it. That rare glow of Southern skies was warm and golden through the leaves; the Cherokee roses, like pale invalids, unfolded their wax-like leaves to it, hanging motionless; on the oaks, the great gray-beards of moss caught vines of holly and myrtle, twining among them dark, and rich, and green. Down the slope a broad belt of cypresses towered grim and gloomy against the sky. The soldiers had worn a little path to it, coming to and from the barracks. There were beds of myrtle there too, and gay green moss, and woodland berries of scarlet and black.

It would have made a pretty bit for Weber or Church. I was thinking so, watching it lazily half asleep there under the pines, when the sound of footsteps up the path broke into my dreaming. Then voices; then silence; then a few more steps; then silence again, as if one had stopped abruptly.

"Do you know who I am?" said a voice. I fancied I recognized it, and sprang up with a vague fear. A low growl was the only answer. Then again:

"Do you know who I am? I never expected to have such a chance as this, Pierre Du Bois. I'm not a saint. I'm afraid I can't stand it."

And then I heard a laugh; and then there came a cry, cleaving the sweet summer air—

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long, and sharp, and terrible!—a fearful cry to hear on such a day, in such a still, fair place. Murder!

A man in a rebel uniform, his lips ashy, his eyes, great with horror, fixed on Herschel Du Bois, who stood with his finger on the trigger of a pistol, and smiled. That was what I saw. It was what I expected to see. I looked up and down the path, and through the trees, but there was no other face in sight—and still Herschel Du Bois smiled that smile. I looked up and down the path, and through the trees, and my heart stood still. What could *I* do with a man who smiled like that? But I laid my hand upon his arm and looked into his face. He started, then laughed again.

"This is my master—that's all. They took him prisoner to-day. The sergeant told me to take him over to the barracks. He didn't know he was my master. Now you'd better go, Miss Nichols. You'd better leave master and slave to themselves, when they haven't seen each other for so long."

I knew a word might madden him, so I simply kept my hand upon his arm and looked into his face. It was a fearful face! The great veins stood out like iron on his forehead; every drop of blood had left his dark, thin cheeks; his breath came like one in physical agony.

"I tell you he's my master! Where is my wife, Pierre Du Bois?"

Pierre Du Bois, reassured by the protecting presence of a woman, raised his sullen eyes from the ground and looked up angrily:

"Confound your impudence! I don't know!"

The other laughed. I heard the trigger click a little

"Give me back my wife! Give me back my wife! I don't want your accursed blood on my hands—I want my wife!"

"I don't know how you're going to get her. *I* don't know any thing about her. Darn their impudence!—putting a man under charge of his own niggers! Madam, I wish you'd oblige me by calling some of the Yankees. Since I'm so unfortunate as to be a prisoner, I prefer to be guarded by a white man."

"*His own niggers*—"

I sprang between them.

"For God's sake be still, if you value your life! Herschel Du Bois, do you mean to be a murderer?"

His breath, with its weight of agony, came sharper and harder. I could feel every nerve quiver where my hand touched his arm.

"I don't know! I don't know!" gasping as if for air. "Oh, my God! I don't know. She was *my wife*."

"Let me have that pistol." He clicked the trigger.

"Pistol? Yes. I *can*. You see I *can* do it, Pierre Du Bois. I *can* send you where you'll think of her through all eternity, and think of me, and think why I sent you there, and *then*—"

"Herschel, let me have that pistol." He looked at me.

"Let me have that pistol. Go and call the guard. I'll stay with him."

There was a long silence. In the silence the two men looked into one another's eyes and neither spoke. Then Herschel turned away, trembling like a child.

"I will go. You may thank Miss Nichols's God, Pierre Du Bois, that you're not in hell."

The other made no answer, but kept his eyes upon the ground. Then, without once pausing to look back, Herschel walked slowly and weakly away. Without once pausing to look back he passed over the myrtles, out of the sweet summer stillness of the slope where the bees were humming and the sunlight flickering, and out of sight behind the cypress-trees.

If it had not been such a solemn thing to have felt that human life hanging on my poor, weak words, and if my face had not still been too white for a smile, I should have thought the second act of the drama supremely ludicrous. I, who had never fired a pistol more than half a dozen times in my life—I, who didn't hit any thing when I did fire—I, who was frightened half out of my wits at that—*I* left to guard a full-grown man!

However, he was very accommodating, and made me no trouble at all. I thought it necessary to inform him, with the most *au fait* manner I could assume, that I supposed he need hardly be told that he would be a dead man if he stirred.

"I am a gentleman and a prisoner," replied he, looking up with a lordly air.

I supposed I was face to face with genuine Southern honor, and reflected on the stupendous fact in appropriate silence. I might have felt impressed if I had not thought of that lost wife. To say that it was a relief when the guard came up is a mild expression. It was an ecstasy.

Herschel came to school that night as usual. The story, of course, had gone about among the people, and they watched him curiously. His eyes were a shade sadder, but otherwise his face was quite the same. He lingered after school for me.

"I thank you," he said; and then turned abruptly away.

The next afternoon Chloe came to the school-room, and called me out.

"Corinne is dying; an' de poor critter she's takin' on dreffu', and say she can't die widout Misse Nichols noways."

So I dismissed the children quietly, and went up to the house.

Corinne lay upon her little, low bed by the window, her eyes wandering off through the trees. She caught my hand when I came up.

"It's come. I *did* want to live for something, something—I don't know—I—"

It was such a pitiful, appealing look. Then presently,

"If I could only die out under the trees, Miss Nichols?"

I looked at the doctor.

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"Ahem. It might shorten life by—perhaps an hour; but if the wish is so strong—"

"If I could only die out under the trees!"

I could not bear it, or the look that came with it; to deny this poor worn life that had always been denied, even the least of a longing now, seemed cruel. So we carried her gently out, and laid her down under a great dark oak, where the shade was thick and cool, and there were glimpses of sky through hanging moss. The sea, too, distant and golden in the afternoon light, and the murmur of waves. Beyond, ranks upon ranks of pines, and the western sky that waited for the sun setting. Through all the still hours, as I sat beside her on the grass, a mocking-bird sang a little mournful tune in the branches overhead. I have never heard the bird since without living over that afternoon and the end with which it ended.

It seemed so hard that such a life should meet such a dying. It seemed so hard that she must pass into the mystery of Eternity without one look into eyes that she loved, one sound of the voice that had made all words music to her.

Corinne! Corinne!

Ah, how it would have cried unto her in this hour if it could—the long-lost voice!

She was thinking of that, for she looked up once into my face.

"Miss Nichols, if I could see him just once—only just once!" Was I foolish? I could not help it. I bowed my head hiding the quick tears, and asked that Corinne might see him just once. Even now; at the eleventh hour. For, was not He omnipotent—He who had wrung out waters of a full cup to Corinne so many years?

The sun stooped into the West, and the shadow slanted long and still. She cried out with a bitter cry:

"I can't die! I can *not* die! It is time to live."

Time to live! Time to live, at the end of such weary years, and such patient waiting for death! I wondered at the words. I ceased to wonder when I knew what they meant and why they were sent to her.

The sun was still stooping into the West, and the shadows slanted longer and more still.

"I can't die! I can *not* die!" And, indeed, I almost believed she might wrench her life back to her again with a face like that. I have never seen such a calm, determined struggle with death. Yet why she should have one single desire to live—why the end of her pain should not bring her perfect peace, she knew no more than I. At last she closed her eyes wearily and there was a long silence. Then,

"It's no use. I guess He knows best. I won't try any more."

After a pause.

"Miss Nichols."

"Yes."

"If you ever find him."

"Yes, Corinne."

"Tell him I'll be his wife there; nobody'll ever take me away up there: do you think they will?"

The sun stooped lower and lower into the West, and the shadows slanted longer and more still.

Corinne did not speak again. A fleck of sunlight struck her face through the leaves with its closed eyes and drooping hair. Even then the face was beautiful. The steps of her going home had grown peaceful at last.

And while the sunlight struck her face the wind caught the voices of some singers on the beach. The words were the words of that little refrain of Tennyson's, than which few things more mournful were ever written since the sacred pen first told their story. The air—you have heard it, perhaps—sings itself over to me now as the only thing I have ever heard that was too sad for earth. I think it might go wailing through the world of woe forever, and the very blackness of darkness find language in it.

"Late, late! so late! and dark the night and chill:
Late, late! so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye can not enter now.

"We had no light; for that we do repent;
And hearing this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! ye can not enter now.

"No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!
O let us in, that we may find the light!
Too late, too late! ye can not enter now.

"Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye can not enter now."

It died away like a cry, and a footstep sounded on the grass. I looked up. Herschel Du Bois. The wail came up from the beach once more:

"No, no, too late! too late! too late!"

"Is she dead?"

The happy sunlight flecked Corinne's face, with its closed eyes and drooping hair. There was no sound or breath. The mocking-bird chirped faintly in the branches.

Herschel Du Bois knelt down beside her.

I took up one of the curls that lay lightly in her neck, and touched it to her lips. He caught it from me and held it; he held it like iron. Not a nerve of his hand trembled. It stirred—as faintly as it might stir over a baby's dream.

"Corinne! Corinne!"

I never saw such a face. I never heard such a cry.

"Corinne! Corinne!"

The faint breath, like the breath of a baby's dream, was the only answer.

He threw up his arms, as men will throw up their arms in battle.

"Great God, she is *my wife!*"

She heard him. She opened her eyes and looked up into his face—her husband's face. She only looked up into his face. She only smiled the shadow of a smile. And that was all. The man kneeling there had not moved or spoken. Upon the still face the happy sun-

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light flickered through the trees. Upon the still face the smile yet rested.

We stole softly away, and left them alone together.

The next day, when the twilight came, we carried her to a quiet grave down in the shadow of the cypress-trees. The people followed her, their dusky faces touched with awe. It was as much, perhaps, at the sight of that solitary mourner as for the mystery of death.

I do not think he had once left her. Food and sleep were quite forgotten. None had seen him shed a tear. His face— But I can not tell you what his face was. I know no words that dare touch upon that which looked out of it.

There were flowers about the grave, and sunlight, and fresh winds; but the cypress shadow lay dark upon it when we laid her down in her slumber. Full in the cypress shadow he stood and looked upon her, and said no word. She was his wife, you know. He loved her. Forty-five years had he waited, and toiled, and longed for freedom. And freedom had come. And freedom meant *this*. Forty-five years had he toiled and waited for *this*.

While we stood there there was a sound of steps upon the road, and I looked up. A prisoner was passing by, strongly guarded. Pierre Du Bois.

If Herschel Du Bois had seen him *then!* But he did not. His eyes were upon his wife whom he loved.

Pierre Du Bois saw the grave; he saw the solitary mourner. I hope he will see them as long as he lives; I hope he will see them in his dying hour; I hope he will see them until he cries out in agony, and prays God to take the sight away.

In the hush that followed the prayer the negroes chanted softly. The sweet, mournful harmony fitted the words:

"I walk in de moonlight,
I walk in de starlight,
To lay dis body down.
And your soul and my soul shall meet in de day
When I lay dis body down."

So she found her rest at last—this woman whose story I can not even tell you. Long sleep to the tired eyes—long, sweet sleep! Long bright waking to the happy eyes, and the touch of the hand that wipes the tears away!

When all the rest had gone reverently away I lingered. I could not bear to see that solitary figure standing there gazing into the grave. If there had been but a tear or a groan I should have left him. But to see him stand so!

I went up and touched his arm.

"The Lord God of heaven and earth has taken her. She will be very happy."

His hand clenched.

"What right has the Lord God of heaven and earth got to take her? What *right?* She is *mine!*"

"Corinne loves Him. She has gone to Him. She said she would be your wife there."

He groaned aloud.

"I'm not fit—I'm not—"

And then he broke down. He covered his face with his hands; he sobbed aloud—great choking sobs, as if they would wring the life-blood from his heart. It is a fearful thing to see a strong man weep. It is a fearful thing to see a man weep as Herschel Du Bois wept. I turned away that the open grave might be his only witness.

He came to me presently, his face quite pale and still, and simply said,

"Good-by!"

I had not the heart to question him. I only watched him walking slowly away under the cypress shadow, his face turned seaward. Walking slowly away and alone into his freedom. And I have never seen him since. I have often searched the papers for the lists of the dead in battle and hospital, and hoped to find his name.

Did you speak of recompense?

THE CUMBERLAND.

SOME names there are of telling sound,
Whose voweled syllables free
Are pledge that they shall ever live renowned;
Such seems to be
A frigate's name (by present glory spanned)—
The Cumberland.

Sounding name as ere was sung,
Flowing, rolling on the tongue—
Cumberland! Cumberland!

She warred and sunk. There's no denying
That she was ended—quelled;
And yet her flag above her fate is flying,
As when it swelled
Unswallowed by the swallowing sea: so grand—
The Cumberland.

Proud a name as ere was sung,
Roundly rolling on the tongue—
Cumberland! Cumberland!

What need to tell how she was fought—
The sinking, flaming gun—
The gunner leaping out the port—
Washed back, undone!
Her dead unconquerably manned
The Cumberland.

Noble name as ere was sung,
Slowly roll it on the tongue—
Cumberland! Cumberland!

Long as hearts shall share the flame
Which burned in that brave crew
Her fame shall live; outlive the victor's name;
For this is due.
Your flag and flag-staff shall in story stand—
Cumberland!

Sounding name as ere was sung,
Long they'll roll it on the tongue—
Cumberland! Cumberland!

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THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES ON THE PENINSULA.

JUNE 26 TO JULY 1, 1862.

[This paper, with considerable curtailments of detail, forms Chapter XIX. of "HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION." The title the "Seven Days' Battles" has been adopted, although the series of actions was wholly comprised within six days, beginning with the battle of Mechanicsville, June 26, and ending with that of Malvern Hill, July 1. This account is based almost exclusively upon official documents; and it has been thought proper to give, either by full citation or by reference, the authority for every important statement.—The first volume of the "Reports of the Operations of the Army of Northern Virginia" is mainly devoted to this period. Besides the Report of General R. E. Lee, it contains the Reports of each commander of a Confederate division, those of nearly every officer commanding a brigade, with many regimental and even company Reports: in all more than 150. These, taken together, give a perfect representation of the operations on the Confederate side. These are cited as "*Lee's Rep.*," with special note of the separate Reports when necessary. The Reports on the Union side are far less full. General McClellan's Report (cited as "*McC. Rep.*") is vague and indeterminate as to actual operations; and few of the Reports of his subordinate commanders have as yet been made accessible. But this deficiency is measurably supplied by their Testimony embodied in the Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War (cited as "*Com. Rep.*").—The foregoing are the authorities constantly cited. Others are named when adduced. The newspaper accounts of the time, with hardly an exception, abound in errors to such an extent as to render them of little historical value.]

THURSDAY, June 26, had been fixed upon by both McClellan and Lee as the day when each was to commence an offensive movement. Neither was aware of the intention, and each was deceived as to the object and position, of the other. Lee presumed that McClellan intended to lay siege to Richmond by regular approaches. The city was in no condition to sustain a prolonged and close investment. It was not provisioned for a fortnight in advance, and its line of supply was liable to be interrupted at any moment. His object was simply to raise the siege. This he proposed to do by assailing McClellan at the point where he himself was most vulnerable: by threatening his line of communications with the York River, whence, as Stuart's raid had shown, his supplies were wholly drawn. McClellan's purpose was to attack Richmond by direct assault.*

The armies by which these two plans were to be carried out were almost equal in number, character of troops, and equipment. Each consisted of a little more than 100,000 effective men, present for duty. Making every allowance for defective reports on either side, the difference could not have been more than 5000. In a contest between forces so nearly balanced the victory would rest with that which was most ably commanded. The general who made the fewest errors would win.†

* "The intention of the enemy seemed to be to attack Richmond by regular approaches. By sweeping down the Chickahominy on the north side, and threatening his communications with York River, it was thought that the enemy would be compelled to retreat or give battle out of his intrenchments." (*Lee's Rep.* 5.)—"On the 25th, our bridges and intrenchments being at last completed, an advance of our picket line on the left was ordered, preparatory to a general forward movement." "On the 26th, the day upon which I had decided as the time for our final advance, the enemy attacked our right, and turned my attention to the protection of our communications and dépôts of supply." (*McC. Rep.* 236, 239.)

† The strength of McClellan's force at this time is fixed within a few hundreds by official evidence. McClellan (*Report*, 53) states its numbers, from which should properly be deducted 1101 men with Colonel Ingalls, Quartermaster, at the White House, on the 20th of June, to have been, "Officers and men, present for duty, 105,825." This is exclusive of Dix's corps of 10,000 at Fortress Monroe, which was too far removed to take any part in the operations. The Report of McClellan's Adjutant-General of the same day (*Com. Rep.* 337) gives the apportionment of this force. From this number should be deducted the losses by casualty and sickness for the week between the 20th and the 26th. These, including the 600 killed and wounded in the "affair" of the 25th, could not vary greatly from 1500.

The Confederate force consisted of the divisions of Huger, Magruder, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and D. H. Hill, the reserve artillery of Pendleton, and Stuart's cavalry, in front of Richmond; Jackson's command, comprising the three divisions of himself, Ewell, and Whiting, coming down from the valley of the Shenandoah. To these are to be added a portion of Holmes's division and Wise's brigade, brought over from the other side of the James River near the close of the operations.—A. P. Hill (*Lee's Rep.* 173), D. H. Hill (*Ibid.* 187), and Holmes (*Ibid.* 151) give the number of their force. Longstreet does not state his, but four of his six brigade commanders (*Ibid.* 330, 331, 346, 353) give the number in their brigades, which enables us to fix very nearly the strength of the whole division. Magruder (*Ibid.* 190) gives his, and (*Ibid.* 191, 202) enables us, in connection with the statements of two of his four brigade commanders (*Ibid.* 367, 371), to fix very nearly that of Huger. Pendleton (*Ibid.* 224) enumerates fifteen batteries as constituting the reserve artillery; to each of these we assign 100 men. Stuart's cavalry (*Ibid.* 398) consisted of six regiments and three legions; we give the strength wholly by estimate. The precise numbers are, however, of little consequence, as the cavalry was not actually employed on either side. The main source possible of error in estimating the Confederate force consists in fixing the strength of Jackson's command, of which we find no official statement. The lowest probable estimate is 27,000, the highest 35,000; we put it at 30,000, not merely as a medium between the two, but as the one which, upon careful examination, appears to be the closest approximation to the truth.

From the foregoing data we educe the table on the next page, representing the effective force upon each side on the 20th of June.

Besides this effective force, "present for duty," each army contained many sick. Of these, on the 20th of June, there were in McClellan's army 12,225, probably increased on the 26th to 13,000; moreover, there were nearly 30,000 reported as "absent," a considerable portion of whom were undoubtedly away on sick-leave. We have no means of ascertaining the number of these in the Confederate army; but scattered incidentally through the Reports are evidences that it was very considerable. It is clear, however, that Lee brought into the field every effective man at his disposal.

The Confederate force in Virginia previous to the "Sev-

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Lee's plan of operations was carefully elaborated by himself and Jefferson Davis, and carried into execution under the eye, and by the direction of both, who were on the field, and under fire at the most decisive points. A chance shot might at any moment, by killing either, have changed the whole course of the war.*

The whole scheme of operations was set forth on the 24th, in an elaborate General Order from Lee, in which the movements of each division were carefully prescribed. A. P. Hill, Longstreet, and D. H. Hill, with 34,000 men, were to march from before Richmond, cross the Chickahominy above the extreme right of the Union lines, and join Jackson, who, with 30,000, was coming down from the north. Half of the cavalry were also to cross the Chickahominy. On the south side of the river were left only Huger's and Magruder's divisions, numbering 24,000, and the reserve artillery and the remaining cavalry, about 3000 in all: making less than 30,000 men of all arms on that side.† This plan involved one error which should have insured his destruction. It was made on the assumption

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en Days" has been variously estimated, and always overstated. The following statement, furnished, at the request of the writer of this chapter, by General J. E. Johnston, gives the force under his command, at different periods from September, 1861, to June, 1862, when he was wounded and succeeded by General R. E. Lee:

"*January 2, 1866.*

"In September, 1861, the effective strength of the army under my command in Northern Virginia was about 37,000. It occupied Leesburg, Centreville, and Manassas, and the Lower Occoquan.

"On the 31st of December it had been increased, by improved health and the addition of Loring's and Holmes's troops, to 54,000, including Jackson's command. Jackson's 8000 were near Winchester and Romney. There were 2600 at Leesburg; 31,800 at Centreville and Manassas; 7000 on the Lower Occoquan and near Dumfries; and 5000 about Fredericksburg. This army was much reduced during the winter by the effect of what we called the 'Bounty and Furlough Law,' but received some recruits from the South in the early spring. When, in April, it moved to Williamsburg, its strength (effective) was about 50,000, of which 6000 were left with Jackson, in the Valley, and 6000 with Ewell, on the Rappahannock.

"The remaining 38,000 were sent to the position near Yorktown in two bodies. I accompanied the second, which arrived on the 17th of April. Magruder's own force was about 15,000, making our army at Yorktown near 53,000, exclusive of cavalry. Sickness and the fight at Williamsburg reduced this number by 6000. Our loss at Williamsburg was about 1800.

"According to the above numbers the strength of this army, when it reached the neighborhood of Richmond, was about 47,000. To this were added, near the end of May, Anderson's and Branch's troops—about 13,000—and three brigades of Huger's division—not quite 7000. If the effect of sickness is not considered, this would make the army amount to 67,000 at the time of the fights at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines. On that occasion four brigades of G. W. Smith's division were engaged at Fair Oaks; and at Seven Pines, D. H. Hill's four, and two of Longstreet's, were engaged on the 31st of May. On the morning of June 1 there were nine Confederate brigades at Fair Oaks, five of them fresh, and thirteen at Seven Pines, seven of them fresh—that is to say, which had not been engaged the day before."

At the close of October, 1861, when its actual force is thus shown to have been between 40 and 50,000, McClellan (*Rep.* 46) estimated it at not less than "150,000 strong, well drilled and equipped, ably commanded, and strongly intrenched." When, in the spring of 1862, it evacuated Manassas, he estimated it (*Ibid.* 122) at 115,500, instead of 50,000, its actual strength. At Yorktown, April 7, he thought he "should have on his hands the whole force of the enemy, probably not less than 100,000 men, and possibly more" (*Com. Rep.*); whereas, ten days later, when Johnston himself had arrived with reinforcements, the whole force was only "53,000, exclusive of cavalry." And months after (*Report*, 239), he says that "the estimated strength of the enemy at the time of the evacuation of Yorktown was from 100,000 to 120,000." So, too, in May and June, he constantly supposed himself outnumbered, whereas the utmost numbers of the enemy at the close of May, sick and well, was 67,000, his own being [April 30, 115,000, June 20, 117,000, well and sick, *Report*, 53] about 117,000. And on the 25th of June, the day before the first of the "Seven Days," when the Confederates had been largely strengthened, he puts their force at 200,000 (*Report*, 238), or at least 180,000 (*Ibid.* 239), whereas our table shows that it numbered barely 100,000 effective men of all arms.

Union Forces.		Confederate Forces.	
Sumner's Corps	17,581	A. P. Hill's Division	14,000
Heintzelman's Corps	18,810	D. H. Hill's Division	10,000
Keyes's Corps	14,610	Longstreet's Division	10,000
Porter's Corps	19,960	Magruder's Division	13,000
Franklin's Corps	19,495	Huger's Division	11,000
McCall's Division	9,514	Holmes's Division	7,000
McClellan's Staff, Engineers, Cavalry Division, Provost Guard, etc.	4,844	Jackson's Command	30,000
		Pendleton's Artillery	1,500
		Stuart's Cavalry	4,000
	104,724		
Deduct losses, June 20 to 26 (say)	1,500		
Entire Force, June 26	103,224	Entire Force, June 26	100,500

* "The plan was submitted to his Excellency the President, who was repeatedly on the field in the course of its execution." (*Lee's Rep.* 5.)—The presence of Davis is repeatedly mentioned in the reports of different officers. We find him on the 26th giving directions for the battle at Mechanicsville; on the 27th and 28th we find him on the field; and on the 30th at Frazier's Farm, where "the fight was commenced by fire from the enemy's artillery, which swept down the road, and from which his Excellency the President narrowly escaped accident." (*Ibid.* 177.)

† The following are the most important portions of the General Orders of Lee; "No. 75; June 24 (*Lee's Rep.* 44, 45):

"General Jackson's command will proceed to-morrow from Ashland toward the Slash Church, and will encamp at some convenient point west of the Central Railroad. Branch's brigade of A. P. Hill's division will also, to-morrow evening, take position on the Chickahominy, near Half Sink. At 3 o'clock, Thursday morning, 26th instant, General Jackson will advance on the road leading to Pale Green [Walnut Green] Church, communicating his march to General Branch, who will immediately cross the Chickahominy, and take the road leading to Mechanicsville. As soon as the movements of these columns are discovered, General A. P. Hill, with the rest of his division, will cross the Chickahominy near Meadow Bridge, and move direct upon Mechanicsville. To aid his advance, the heavy batteries on the Chickahominy will at the proper time open upon the batteries at Mechanicsville. The enemy being driven from Mechanicsville, and the passage across the bridge opened, General Longstreet, with his division and that of General D. H. Hill, will cross the Chickahominy at or near that point—General D. H. Hill moving to the support of General Jackson, and General Longstreet supporting General A. P. Hill—the four divisions keeping in communication with each other, and moving *en echelon* on separate roads, if practicable. The left division in advance, with skirmishers and sharp-

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that the bulk of the Union army was still on the north side of the Chickahominy, whereas, of the 100,000 men of which it was composed, only 30,000 were on that side; the remaining 70,000 had already crossed, and were strongly posted on the south side.* While thus assailing the Union army on that side with double its force, he left Richmond open to assault from more than twice the number by which it was defended. But the very magnitude of the error prevented its being suspected. Neither McClellan nor one of his Generals ever imagined that Richmond was practically uncovered. It is curious to find that during the 27th—the decisive day—while on the north side of the river the Confederate force was two to one, and on the south side the Union force two to one, the commanders on both sides, and at all points, believed themselves to be fighting with or confronted against superior numbers.

THURSDAY, JUNE 26.—MECHANICSVILLE.†

During the evening of the 25th—at almost the hour when McClellan was awakened from his dream of rejoicing over what he thought the successful result of the advance of his picket line preparatory for the final advance of his whole army on the following day, by the unwelcome tidings that Jackson was close at hand, threatening his right and rear—A. P. Hill had marched northward and concentrated his whole division near Meadow Bridge. Branch's brigade had gone still further in order to communicate with Jackson, who was to be at that point at early dawn; the whole movement being entirely hidden by the formation of the ground from the view of the Union pickets on the opposite side of the Chickahominy.‡ Two and three hours after midnight Longstreet and D. H. Hill commenced their still longer march, through mud and darkness, in the same direction, reaching their assigned positions in front of Mechanicsville at eight in the morning.§ Branch waited for six long hours for the approach of Jackson. At ten word was sent that he was close at hand. Branch then crossed the Chickahominy and moved slowly down its north bank, driving the Union pickets before him. A. P. Hill, with the rest of his division, waited at their post for hours, also momently expecting the approach of Jackson. Three o'clock came, and yet no tidings. Jackson had been delayed by the Union skirmishers spread out along his line of march. Hill resolved to cross at once, rather than hazard the failure of the whole plan by longer deferring the execution of his part of it. The crossing was effected without serious opposition, and the bulk of the division, Branch being yet far behind, pressed down toward Mechanicsville. Here, but on the south side of the stream, Longstreet and D. H. Hill were in waiting, and after a little delay in repairing the bridge also crossed the Chickahominy, the Union advance falling back from the village for a mile to a position beyond Beaver Dam Creek.

This was held by two divisions of McCall's Pennsylvania Reserves, who had joined McClellan a fortnight before. The position was a strong one — the creek curving around Mechanicsville for a mile; the water, waist-deep, was five or six yards wide, with steep banks. It was impassable for artillery except by bridges on two roads, one crossing at Ellison's Mill, near its mouth, the other a mile above. These roads and the open fields between them were commanded by artillery, and the whole line on the north bank was defended by rifle-pits and felled trees. The position could be carried in front only by a superior force, and with heavy loss. But it could be turned on the right; and A. P. Hill supposed that this had been already done by Jackson, who would then have interposed his force between McCall and Porter, cutting off both retreat and reinforcements. Without waiting to ascertain whether this had been accomplished, Hill marched his whole division across the open fields, swept by the Union batteries. The main stress of his attack was at first directed upon the Union right at the upper road, which was held by Reynolds. The Confederates advanced gallantly under a murderous fire, and reached the edge of the creek. A few even succeeded in crossing above Reynolds's position, and gained a lodgment on the oppo-

shooters extending in their front, will sweep down the Chickahominy and endeavor to drive the enemy from his position above New Bridge; General Jackson, bearing well to his left, turning Beaver Dam Creek, and taking the direction toward Cold Harbor. They will then press forward toward the York River Railroad, closing upon the enemy's rear, and forcing him down the Chickahominy. Any advance of the enemy toward Richmond will be prevented by vigorously following his rear, and crippling and arresting his progress. The divisions of Generals Huger and Magruder will hold their positions in front of the enemy against attack, and make such demonstrations, Thursday, as to discover his operations. Should opportunity offer, the feint will be converted into a real attack; and should an abandonment of his intrenchments by the enemy be discovered he will be closely pursued....Commanders of divisions will cause their commands to be provided with three days' cooked rations. The necessary ambulances and ordnance trains will be ready to accompany the divisions, and receive orders from their respective commanders."

Magruder states (*Lee's Rep.* 191) that when these orders had been executed "there were but 25,000 men between the enemy's army of 100,000 and Richmond." He understates the actual force of all arms by some 3000.

* Lee seems never to have discovered this error, for in his Report, prepared eight months later, he says (p. 8): "The principal part of the enemy was now [June 27] on the north side of the Chickahominy."

† The battle of Thursday, June 26, is usually styled by Federal authorities that of Beaver Dam, from the small stream on whose banks it was fought; Lee, and all Confederate authorities, more properly call it that of Mechanicsville.—Lee calls the battle of the 27th that of the Chickahominy; by the majority of Union authorities it is styled that of Gaines's Mill; but we follow all other Confederate Reports, and designate it as the battle of Cold Harbor.—Various names have been given to the action of June 30, such as Glendale, Charles City Cross Roads, and White Oak Swamp; we follow Lee and all other Confederate Reports, and call it the battle of Frazier's Farm, that being the place where the sharpest fighting occurred.

‡ *Lee's Rep.* 173, 258. § *Ibid.* 122, 190.

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site side; but they effected nothing. Elsewhere the assault was repulsed, the assailants suffering fearfully.

Davis and Lee, who were watching the fight from different positions on the other side of the Chickahominy, ordered D. H. Hill to send forward a brigade to the support of the division which had been roughly handled. Ripley's was dispatched, and a little before dark aided A. P. Hill in a furious assault upon the Union left at Ellison's Mill, which was held by Seymour. The attack failed even more disastrously than that upon the right. At 9 o'clock, the Confederates, repulsed at all points, fell back beyond artillery range, and the firing gradually ceased.

This action was fought on the Union side wholly by Reynolds's and Seymour's divisions, numbering 6000, and five brigades of the Confederates, numbering about 12,000. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was about 1500, of which two-fifths fell upon Ripley's single division. The Union troops had every advantage in position, and their loss was not more than 300.*

From the moment when McClellan learned of the approach of the enemy on his right he wisely gave up all idea of maintaining his position on the north bank of the Chickahominy. At noon of the 26th he telegraphed to the Secretary of War that his pickets were being driven in, he supposed by Jackson's advance-guard; that his communications would probably be cut off, and even Yorktown might be recaptured; the case was a desperate one, but he would do his best to outmanœuvre, outwit, and outfight the enemy.† The Quarter-master at West Point was directed to send supplies to the front to the last moment; to hurry the remaining stores up the James River, burning every thing which could not be got off—to prepare, in fact, for a change of base, from the York to the James River—a change which should have been made weeks before. More than a week before, McClellan had made some arrangements looking to this movement.‡ Had it been undertaken in time, the whole course of the campaign must have been changed. Lee, instead of raising the siege of Richmond by threatening the line to the York River, must have assailed McClellan in his intrenchments, or subjected the ill-provisioned city, with its immense protecting army, to the hazard of a siege or of direct assault. This change of base demanded that the whole army should be united on the south side of the Chickahominy. McClellan thought that Jackson—whose force was supposed to be the whole, instead of less than half, of that opposed to him on the right—was so close that the trains could be saved only by accepting battle on the north side. He did not expect to win a decisive victory. His utmost hope was to hold his own for a few hours.§ The battle was to be fought by

* For the data upon which the losses in this and subsequent battles are estimated, see Note at the end of this chapter.—The Reports of the various Confederate Commanders are very minute, and fully set forth the completeness of their defeat.

Lee says (*Report*, 6): "Jackson's march on the 26th was longer than had been anticipated, and his progress also being retarded by the enemy, A. P. Hill did not begin his movement until 3 P.M., when he crossed the river and advanced upon Mechanicsville. Longstreet and D. H. Hill crossed the Mechanicsville bridge as soon as it could be repaired, but it was late before they reached the north bank. D. H. Hill's leading brigade, under Ripley, advanced to the support of the troops engaged, and at a late hour united with Pender's brigade of A. P. Hill's division in an effort to turn the enemy's left; but the troops were unable, in the growing darkness, to overcome the obstructions, and after sustaining a destructive fire of musketry and artillery at short range were withdrawn."

D. H. Hill (*Ibid.* 180) says: "I had received several messages from General Lee, and one from the President of the Confederate States, to send forward a brigade. In advancing this brigade I met General Pender, whose brigade had just been roughly handled, who told me that, with the assistance of two regiments of Ripley's brigade, he could turn the position at Ellison's Mill by the right, while two regiments should advance in front. General Ripley was ordered to co-operate with Pender, and the attack was made about dark. The enemy had intrenchments of great strength and development on the other side of Beaver Dam, and had the banks lined with his magnificent artillery. The approach was over an open plain, exposed to a murderous fire of all arms, and an almost impassable stream was to be crossed. The result was, as might have been anticipated, a disastrous and bloody repulse."

Ripley (*Ibid.* 230) says: "I was informed by General A. P. Hill that the enemy had a strong and well-served battery and force in position near Ellison's Mill, to attack which he had sent Pender's brigade by the right, and other troops to the left; and it was arranged that my brigade should co-operate. While the troops were in motion I received orders to assault the enemy from General Lee, and also from General D. H. Hill. Night coming on, and it being deemed important to attack the position at once, the advance was ordered along the whole line. We drove back the enemy from his advanced positions, and closed in upon the batteries and their heavy infantry supports, all of which poured upon our troops a heavy and incessant fire of shell, canister, and musketry. The ground was rugged and intersected by ditches and covered with abattis a short distance in front of the position to be assaulted. A mill-race, with scarped banks and in some places waist-deep in water, ran along the front of the enemy, at a distance ranging from fifty to one hundred yards. To this position our troops succeeded in advancing, notwithstanding the fire of the enemy was exceedingly severe. The loss was heavy in the extreme, amounting in the 44th Georgia to 335, and in the 3d North Carolina to 142. Some time after nightfall our troops were withdrawn. The fragments of the 3d North Carolina and the 44th Georgia were rallied some distance in the rear, under some difficulty, owing to the loss of all their field and many of their company officers." In this assault of hardly an hour's duration Ripley's single brigade of 2366 men lost 574 in killed and wounded—more than one-fourth being killed outright.

A. P. Hill (*Ibid.* 174), after describing the several assaults made by his division, and their "failure with heavy loss," adds: "It was never contemplated that my division alone should have sustained the shock of this battle; but such was the case, and the only assistance I received was from Ripley." Each of Hill's four brigade commanders who were engaged in this action speak of heavy losses in their commands.

† *McC. Rep.* 240.

‡ *Ibid.* 241, 243—"The superiority of the James River route, as a line of attack and supply, is too obvious to need exposition."—*Ibid.* 242.

§ "Our retreat was a contingency I thought of; but my impression is, that up to the time of the battle of Gaines's Mill, I still hoped that we should be able to hold our own." (McClellan, in *Com. Rep.* 435.)—"By desperate fighting our right wing inflicted so severe a loss upon the enemy as to check his movement on the left bank of the river, and give us time to get our materiel out of the way."—*Ibid.* 434.

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Porter, and McClellan wished to give him all the reinforcements which could be spared from the other side of the river. He asked each commander of a corps on the south side how many men he could spare to reinforce Porter, after retaining sufficient to hold his own position for twenty-four hours. The answers showed that not one of them imagined that the greater part of the force of the enemy which had confronted them had been withdrawn and was now on the other side. Keyes wanted to keep all the men he had, "if the enemy is as strong as ever in front;" Heintzelman would undertake to hold his intrenchments with four brigades, which would leave two disposable for service on the other side of the river. The afternoon of the next day, when the battle of Cold Harbor hung in even scale, Franklin, half of whose corps had already been sent over, did not think it prudent to take any more troops from him; and Sumner ventured only to say that he could send two of his eight brigades; and even that would be hazardous.* These two brigades were sent, but an hour too late to change the fortune of the day. They were too late to take part in the battle; but just in time to prevent a sore defeat from becoming a total rout.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27.—COLD HARBOR.

The position at Beaver Dam Creek was far in advance of the main force and easily turned. During the night the force which had held it was quietly withdrawn, leaving only enough to serve as a blind, and they were to retreat as the enemy advanced. A new line was taken up five miles below. The thirty heavy guns which had been placed in batteries between these two positions were removed across the Chickahominy, with nearly all the wagons of Porter's corps, and New Bridge, the upper one on the stream, was destroyed behind them. This was done during the night, and as the morning of the 27th broke, hot and sultry, Porter and McCall, freed from all impedimenta, stood ready for action.

The position was a strong one. A small unnamed stream, curving sickle-wise, empties into the Chickahominy. The banks are in most places fringed with a belt of swamp, but in places they rise steeply, and the bed of the stream forms a ravine. On the eastern side the land rises in a gradual slope crossed by gullies, about fifty feet above the swamp, and spreads into a flat table-land, with here and there a gentle swell. Patches of woodland dot the plain, which is mostly cleared and cultivated, the farm-houses standing alone each in the midst of its own fields. Two places find names on the map: New Cold Harbor, nearest the Chickahominy, and Cold Harbor a mile northward. Each consists of two or three dilapidated houses, a rifle-shot apart. Cold Harbor was the centre of Porter's line, which thence turned sharply eastward for a mile. The whole semicircular line covered the heads of the bridges crossing the Chickahominy. Hasty preparations had been made for defense. The trees in the swamp had been felled; rifle-pits and barricades had been flung up on the hill-side; and the crest was crowned by the artillery, which could thus play over the heads of the infantry upon an advancing enemy; but the elaborate earth-works, which now seam the region, were the work of Grant, almost two years later. The plain over which was the approach to the front of this line was also swept by the heavy guns two miles away on the other side of the Chickahominy.

Butterfield held the extreme left of this line, extending to the swamps of the Chickahominy; next came Martindale—both of Morell's division—then Griffin's division; then Sykes, with his regulars: all of these, of Fitz-John Porter's corps, formed the first line. Behind this was McCall's division: Meade, then commander of a brigade, who was a year and a week after to win the battle of Gettysburg, the true turning point of the war, was on the left; next Reynolds, in a few hours to be a prisoner of war, then Seymour, who a few hours before had crushed Ripley and Pender at Beaver Dam, as reserve behind the second line. Stoneman's cavalry were miles away to the north; they could be of no use on this field, which must be contested by infantry and artillery. Porter, fearing that Stoneman would be cut off by the advance of Jackson, sent orders to him to retreat to the White House, and afterward rejoin the army as best he could—where, no one knew.

If a battle was to be fought here by these forces, no stronger position could have been chosen, and no better dispositions made. Porter expected to be hard pressed in front; he hoped to hold his position without aid long enough to cover the retreat of the army; but he asked that some division on the other side should be held ready to support him.†

At dawn of the 27th the Confederates at Mechanicsville were astir. They had been aroused by a sharp artillery fire, and expected a renewal of the fight at Beaver Dam. After an hour they discovered that the firing was a ruse to detain them, and that the Federal forces had retired. Another hour was spent in repairing the bridges so that the artillery could cross; and then the divisions took up the line of march, as prescribed in Lee's order. D. H. Hill bore to the left to unite with Jackson, who was still behind. He had encamped for the night within sound of the cannonade. A. P. Hill and Longstreet—Hill in advance—kept to the right, following the road along the Chickahominy. The march was slow and cautious, for on rounding any swell of land they might come upon their enemy in force. Noon had passed before five miles had been accomplished. Passing Gaines's Mill, where a slight skirmish occurred, from which has been given one of the names to the whole battle, they came in sight of the Union force drawn up upon the hill-side across the unnamed creek. Between them lay an

* *McC. Rep.* 250–253.

† *McC. Rep.* 246–253.

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open plain a quarter of a mile wide, swept by artillery from the crest in front and from the other side of the Chickahominy, and bounded by a wood tangled with undergrowth, and traversed by a sluggish stream which converted the soil into a dense morass. Here a slight delay occurred to form the line.

It was past two o'clock* when Hill was directed to begin the assault. Longstreet was held back, because it was thought by Lee that Jackson's approach on the left, which was every moment expected, would cause the extension of the Union line in that direction. Hill's brigades dashed across the plain, floundered through the swamp, and pressed up the opposite slope in the face of a fierce fire of artillery and musketry. Some brigades advanced close to the infantry lines; a few regiments even pierced them. But they were soon forced back. For two hours the battle raged with equal obstinacy on either side. The Federal troops gained ground, and from being assailed became the assailants. Hill was defeated, crushed, and almost routed. Some of his regiments stood their ground; others threw themselves flat on the earth to escape the withering fire; others rushed from the field in disorder.†

Longstreet's division had been drawn up in the rear of Hill, covered from fire by a low ridge. Lee, finding Hill sorely worsted, ordered Longstreet to make a feigned attack upon the left, hoping to divert a part of the Union force to that direction, and thus relieve Hill. Longstreet soon found that the force here was too strong to be disturbed by a mere feint, and that to be of service he must make a real attack with his whole force. Jackson now came into view; D. H. Hill, who had joined him, in advance, on the extreme right, Ewell and Whiting on the left, and Lawton a little in the rear. The line was now complete, and a general advance along its whole extent was ordered.

Porter, in the mean while, seeing the immense force advancing upon him had two hours before asked for reinforcements. Slocum's division of Franklin's corps had been all day kept in readiness on the south side of the Chickahominy for this purpose. They had, indeed, been ordered over at daybreak; and had begun to cross; but when half-way over the order was countermanded. They were now hurried over, and came upon the field at half past four, when the general Confederate attack had been fairly commenced. Porter's whole line was so severely pressed at every point that he was forced to divide Slocum's force, sending parts of it, even single regiments, to the points most threatened.‡

* There is a general discrepancy between the Union and the Confederate notation of the time of the different points of the whole series of actions; the latter making them usually about an hour later than the former.

† The completeness of the defeat at this point is fully shown in the Confederate Reports. Lee (*Rep.* 8) and Hill (*Ibid.* 176) affirm it in general terms.—Archer (*Ibid.* 256) says: "My troops fell back before the irresistible fire of artillery and rifles. The obvious impossibility of carrying the position without support prevented me from attempting to check the retreat. Had they not fallen back I would myself have ordered it."—Pender says (*Ibid.* 253): "My men were rallied and pushed forward again, but did not advance far before they fell back; and I think I do but justice to my men when I say that they did not commence it. The enemy were continually bringing up fresh troops, and succeeded in driving us from the road."—Whiting, of Jackson's command, who came to the relief of these troops, says (*Ibid.* 154): "Men were leaving the field in every direction, and in great disorder; two regiments, one from South Carolina and one from Louisiana, were actually marching back from the fire. The 1st Texas were ordered to go over them, and through them, which they did.... Near the crest, in front of us and lying down, appeared the fragments of a brigade. Men were skulking from the front in a shameful manner; the woods on our left and rear were full of troops in a safe cover, from which they never stirred.... Still further on our extreme right our troops appeared to be falling back.... The troops on our immediate left I do not know, and I am glad I don't. Those that did come up were much broken, and no entreaty or command could induce them to come forward, and I have great reason to believe that the greater part never left the cover of the wood on the west side of the ravine."—Whiting does great injustice to the troops of Hill. They were, indeed, defeated and broken, but it was after two hours of desperate fighting, under every disadvantage of position, against a force quite equal to them, as the record of their losses shows. Thus, the regiment from South Carolina, which "was actually marching back under fire," must have been the "1st Rifles, S. C. Volunteers." Of this regiment its Colonel, Marshall, reports (*Ibid.* 502): "In that charge we sustained a loss of 76 killed, 221 wounded, and 58 missing; and on the next morning I had only 149 officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates for duty. Early on the morning after the battle I made a detail from each company to bury their dead, and so severe was the work of death in some of the companies that it took the detail all day to bury their dead;" and of those "missing" in the morning all but four rejoined their regiment. (*Ibid.* 505.)—Hill states the case fairly. After acknowledging the repulse, he says (*Ibid.* 176): "My division was engaged full two hours before assistance was received. We failed to carry the enemy's lines, but we paved the way for the successful attack afterward, and in which attacks it was necessary to employ the whole of our army that side of the Chickahominy. About four o'clock reinforcements came up on my right from General Longstreet, and later Jackson's men on my left and centre, and my division was relieved of the weight of the contest."

‡ *McC. Rep.* 243–251.—McClellan says (*Rep.* 248): "At 3.30 Slocum's division reached the field and was immediately brought into action at the weak points of our line." It is clear that he places the arrival of Slocum a full hour too early; for at 3.25 he telegraphed to Porter (*Ibid.* 251): "Slocum is *now* crossing Alexander's bridge with his whole command." To finish the crossing, form, march up the bank, and reach the field of action, must have required an hour or more.—There is some confusion as to the recall of Slocum's division in the morning. McClellan says (*Rep.* 243): "General Franklin received instructions to hold General Slocum's division in readiness by daybreak of the 27th, and if heavy firing should at that time be heard in the direction of General Porter, to move it at once to his assistance without further orders;" and (*Ibid.* 251) "Slocum's division commenced crossing the river to support Porter soon after daybreak on the morning of the 27th; but as the firing in front of Porter ceased, the movement was suspended." Franklin testifies (*Com. Rep.* 622): "At seven o'clock in the morning of that day I was ordered to send Slocum's division to assist Porter. This order was countermanded about nine o'clock, after a part of the division had crossed the Chickahominy. The order to send the division over was signed by Colonel Colburn, and I sent back some word, I do not remember what. General Marcy answered that he hardly supposed the General commanding could have intended to send the division over; that there must have been some mistake about it, he thought. Then about nine o'clock, perhaps nearly ten,

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The general Confederate assault was commenced by D. H. Hill upon the extreme Union right, held by Sykes with his regulars. He opened by a sharp artillery fire; but in half an hour the battery was withdrawn badly crippled. Meanwhile he could hear, by the direction of the fire on his right, that the Federals were forcing A. P. Hill and Longstreet back. The assault must be made hand to hand. In the face of a fierce fire, by which his force was sorely galled, and some of the regiments thrown into disorder, he succeeded in passing the swamp in his front, and pressed up the opposite slope, only to be forced back. Ewell had come up on Hill's left, and attempted to carry the position in front of him; but most of his command gave way under the fierce fire which they encountered. "We were attacked," he says, "in front and flank by superior numbers, and were for hours without reinforcements." The "hours" were less than an hour, and the "superior numbers" existed only in the imagination of the assailants, justifiable indeed by the terrible fire to which they were exposed. Trimble, of this division, led his brigade toward the Confederate right; he met two regiments coming out of the field in confusion, who cried out, "You need not go in; we're whipped; you can't do any thing!" "Get out of our way!" his men replied; "we will show you how to do it!" and they charged at a run across the field against the Union lines.* Still Ewell was losing ground, when Lawton's brigade came upon the field. This brigade, 4000 strong, composed wholly of Georgian troops, was a part of the force sent from Richmond a fortnight before to join Jackson, and "mask his withdrawal from the Valley." Jackson had incorporated this brigade with his "own" division, and it held the rear of his entire command. It was ordered forward from the place where it had been halted, two miles from the battle-field. Lawton went as rapidly as possible over a road blocked up by artillery and ambulances. Coming upon the field he learned that Ewell "was sorely pressed, and that reinforcements were promptly needed." Here he met two regiments standing in the open field, who had just been driven from the open woods. "I moved," he says, "through the interval between these regiments, promptly formed line of battle, and accepted the position which they had abandoned. A continuous line of 3500 men moving forward in perfect order, and at once opening fire along its entire length, chiefly armed with Enfield rifles, promptly marked the preponderance of musketry on our side." This long line advanced toward the thickest of the fight. In the wood Ewell was seen. He shouted, "Hurrah for Georgia!" as he saw Lawton's long line advancing.†

It was now half past six, an hour before sunset. The whole Confederate force on this side of the Chickahominy, with the exception of Kemper's single brigade of "1433 muskets," of Longstreet's division, which was held in reserve,‡ was brought into action. Opposed to them were only Porter's corps, McCall's division, and Slocum's sent over from the other side. Making allowance for losses on each side up to this time, the Confederate force on the field numbered about 56,000; the Union force 33,000.§ The Confederates, at a fearful sacrifice, had crossed the swamp at all points, and thus neutralized the former great advantage of position against them. The Union line was pressed along its whole length by a force of almost two to one. The crowning attack was made half an hour before sunset, and the Union line gave way almost simultaneously on the right, centre, and left. Where it first broke no one can say. Each Confederate commander believed that his troops gave the decisive blow. In our judgment the most decisive blow was struck near the centre, where Hood's Texans, of Whiting's division, charged upon a battery which was so posted that it had done fearful execution all through the fight. "In this charge, in which upward of a thousand men fell, killed and wounded, before the fire of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery were captured, the Fourth Texas, under the lead of General Hood, was the first to pierce these strong-holds and seize the guns."‖ About the same time Longstreet, on the extreme left, had driven back the Union force opposed to him, and was pressing them toward the brink of the Chickahominy. Five companies of cavalry, who had been kept in reserve, charged upon the pursuers, but were scattered at the first fire.¶

D. H. Hill, on the Confederate left, had been annoyed by an isolated battery which swept the road by which he proposed to attack in flank the Union right. A sudden charge by two of his regiments captured this battery; it was held only for a few minutes, then retaken, and the Confederates driven back, the regiment which had captured the guns losing half its number in the work. Brief as the time was, it was enough. The temporary silence of the terrible battery

the order was countermanded, the order countermanding coming from General McClellan, though I do not remember who signed it. What was the reason for ordering the division back I do not know."

* *Lee's Rep.* 309. † *Ibid.* 270.

‡ *Lee's Rep.* 124, 353.

§ Confederates: Jackson, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, D. H. Hill, 64,000; deduct losses, thus far, 8000=56,000.—Union: Porter, 19,000; McCall, 9000; Slocum, 8000=36,000; deduct losses, thus far, 3000=33,000. These are given merely as a close approximation to the actual numbers at that moment.

‖ Jackson in *Lee's Rep.* 135.

¶ [*McC.'s Rep.* 248; *Lee's Rep.* 124].—This slight cavalry affair is the only one in which that arm was actively engaged on either side during the seven days, with the exception of a Confederate charge two days later, which McClellan (*Rep.* 258) calls "a sharp skirmish with the enemy's cavalry;" but Bowers, the commander of the Confederate cavalry regiment, tells the exact story. He says (*Lee's Rep.* 417) that he charged upon the Federal cavalry, but was beaten back, carrying with him two officers and eleven privates wounded, but leaving behind two more officers and "forty-six non-commissioned officers [and privates?] missing, being wounded, killed, and thrown from their horses."

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enabled the rest of Hill's division to advance. The extreme right of the Union line gave way; it rallied, and was again forced back, not without disorder, toward the river bank. Hill asserts* that it was "this final charge upon their right flank which decided the fortunes of the day." The truth is, that the Union line, now pressed along its whole length by a twofold force, who had at a fearful sacrifice overcome the advantage of position, gave way on every point almost at once, and fell back toward the bluff which here bounded the Chickahominy. They were followed, though cautiously, by the enemy in the twilight which was fast closing in.

It was not a rout, though fast threatening to become one. The core of every division remained solid, but fragments were flying off, like sparks from an iron under the blacksmith's hammer. But all, soldiers and fugitives, pressed toward the bridges which stretched through swamp and over river, beyond which lay safety. All at once a great shout rent the murky air, and French's and Meagher's brigades—Meagher, they say, leading in his shirt-sleeves—dashed up the bluff, driving through the stragglers, who were thronging toward the bridge, and advanced to what was now the front. Their presence gave heart to the fugitives, who rallied behind them and marched up the hill. The Confederates paused in the pursuit, and after delivering a few ineffectual volleys withdrew, as night set in, and the battle was over. An hour earlier and these two brigades alone would have turned the wavering scale and won a victory. As it was, they were just in time to prevent a great defeat from becoming a disastrous rout. D. H. Hill, moralizing afterward, says: "A vigorous attack might have resulted in the total rout of the Yankee army and the capture of thousands of prisoners. But I was unwilling to leave the elevated plateau and advance in the dark along an unknown road, skirted by dense woods, in the possession of the Yankees."†

When morning broke the whole Union force was safely across the Chickahominy, and the bridges behind them were down. Three regiments, at different points, had been isolated by the Confederate rush, were surrounded and made prisoners. Many stragglers, scattered through the wood, were picked up next day by the cavalry who scoured the region. In all, the Federals lost about 2000 prisoners, among whom was General Reynolds, who, three days later, at Richmond, met his division commander, McCall, captured in a subsequent battle. The Union loss in this action was about 4000 in killed and wounded; that of the Confederates 9500. The Federals also lost 22 guns, of which 20 were captured by the enemy; the others were run off the bridge while crossing.

During the whole of this action, while Lee was with his troops controlling their movements and directing the fight, McClellan was on the opposite side of the river.‡ He was kept in alarm by the messages sent to him hour by hour from different positions on that side. At half past eight, Smith, on the extreme right, reported that six or eight regiments had moved down to the woods in front of Sumner. At eleven, Sumner telegraphed that the enemy threatened an attack on his right, near Smith; and an hour and a half later, that there was sharp shelling on both sides; and two hours after, that there was sharp musketry firing in front, to which he was replying with artillery and infantry, and the man on the look-out reported that there were some troops—how many could not be made out—drawn up in line of battle opposite his right. Then, at intervals, Franklin reported. In the morning the enemy were massing heavy columns on his right; then, an attack had been begun there on Smith, which proved to be an artillery fire;§ but his own shells were bursting well, and Smith thought Sumner would soon have a cross-fire upon the enemy which would silence them. At a quarter past five Franklin, half of whose corps, under Slocum, were across the river, thought it not prudent to take any more troops from him at present. Ten minutes after, McClellan replied that Porter was hard pressed, and it was not a question of prudence, but of possibilities, if Franklin could possibly hold his position until dark with two brigades, he should send one to support Porter. This last order seems not to have reached Franklin, for he says that during the whole day he did not know that a battle was going on across the river.‖

All the movements by the Confederates, on this side of the Chickahominy, are detailed at length by the different commanders. The substance is, that with pickets, skirmishers, and artillery, they felt the Union line along its whole length, showing themselves at points here and there, and then the force vanished, to reappear

* *Lee's Rep.* 183. † *Ibid.* 181.

‡ "During the battle at Gaines's Mills I was on the right bank of the river, at Dr. Trent's house, as the most central position."—McClellan's testimony, in *Com. Rep.* 435.

§ McClellan writes (*Report*, 252) "from 3 pieces." This is probably a simply clerical error, for Franklin testifies (*Com. Rep.* 622): "We had put up a work during the night of the 26th. The enemy opened upon that work and such of our artillery as he could see, early on the morning of the 27th, and there was a very severe cannonading, with 30 guns on each side, I should judge, lasting about an hour. Their object appeared to be to drive us away from Golding's, but it was evidently a diversion to prevent our sending assistance to Porter. There was no infantry fighting till about dark."

‖ *McC. Rep.* 251–253.—Franklin testifies (*Com. Rep.* 623): "At my position at Golding's the woods were so dense between Fitz-John Porter and myself, that we did not hear a musket or heavy gun of his all day. We did not know that there was any infantry fight going on. We saw some of the enemy's infantry going up to attack what we supposed to be his position, and we shelled them as well as we could from our side. I was about two miles distant from the field of battle at Gaines's Mills."—General J. E. Johnston reports a similar occurrence at Fair Oaks. Though not more than three miles from the battle-field of May 31, he did not hear the cannonading, which was yet distinctly audible at the Federal head-quarters, ten miles or more distant, across the stream. Johnston supposed that this was occasioned by some peculiar condition of the atmosphere.

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at a different spot, thus trebling their apparent numbers. The nature of the ground afforded facilities for these operations. There was a series of swamps, forests, low ridges, and ravines, which shut out all sight of what was passing at a few hundred yards' distance. If a body of troops showed itself at any point, no one could say whether it was a single regiment or the head of a full division. So an artillery fire upon any point might be a mere feint, or the prelude to an attack in force. All the shows of force which had all day long disturbed McClellan were but feints. The only real attack on that day, south of the Chickahominy, was just at sunset, when Toombs, anxious to distinguish himself, sent two small infantry regiments, reinforcing them afterward, to force the Union pickets. The attempt cost dearly. Half of the Georgia Second went into action 271 strong, and lost 120; the Fifteenth carried in 370, and lost 70, in killed and wounded. Toombs claims that after "two hours of fierce and determined conflict" the Federals were "driven back and repulsed." Franklin says: "There was no infantry fighting until about dark, when two brigades of the enemy attacked Hancock's brigade, which was in position as the advance of the picket line. He had a sharp engagement for about three-quarters of an hour, when the enemy was driven back. It was then entirely dark, too late to make any pursuit."*

Toward midnight McClellan held a council of war—the only one, apparently, during the campaign. Even then he seems to have had some purpose of recrossing the Chickahominy and risking another battle on that side. If the purpose was a serious one it was soon abandoned, and orders were given for a retreat to the James River.† He then wrote a bitter letter to the Secretary of War: He knew the whole history of the day. On this side of the river, the right bank, we repulsed several strong attacks; on the left our men did all that men could do, but they were repulsed by vastly superior numbers soon after he had brought his last reserves into action. If he had 20,000 or even 10,000 fresh troops to use to-morrow he could take Richmond; but he had not a man in reserve, and he should be glad to cover his retreat and save the material and personnel of the army. A few thousand more men would have changed this battle from a defeat to a victory; as it was, the Government could not hold him responsible for the result. "If I save this army now," he concludes, "I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army."‡

SATURDAY, JUNE 28.—THE RETREAT.

Lee had indeed won a formal victory, but at a fearful cost. In the two actions he had suffered a loss in killed and wounded of almost 10,000 men, double that which he had inflicted. He had indeed driven the enemy from the field of battle, and across the river; but this crossing was just what his opponent was endeavoring to effect. He had cut McClellan's line of communication and supply with the York River; but that line had been already given up, and a far better one chosen. To accomplish this he had placed his army in a position which, had his opponent known it, rendered its destruction inevitable. Two-thirds of it, 54,000 strong after its losses, was on the north side of the Chickahominy. The other third, ten miles away in a straight line, was before Richmond. Between them, and more than equal to both, the Union army, at last united, lay like a solid wedge. The river, which McClellan had so long found to be an impassable barrier, lay right between Lee's two wings, which he could unite only by retracing his two days' march up the left bank to Mechanicsville, then down the other side to Richmond. Had McClellan on the 28th or 29th struck at Richmond with his whole available force, the city must have fallen in five hours. The bridges being down, 25,000 men could have held the whole line of the Chickahominy from Bottom's Bridge to New Bridge, leaving fully 70,000 for the assault of Richmond, which was defended by only 27,000, along a line of nearly ten miles. The fall of Richmond must have involved the destruction or dispersion of the force across the Chickahominy; for at Richmond were his only dépôts of supplies. His men had marched out with only three days' rations, and were followed by a very small train. The rapidity of Jackson's march, and the nature of the country traversed, show that he could have only a meagre train. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that, away from Richmond, the Confederates had within a hundred miles provisions sufficient to supply Lee's 54,000 men for five days; and without supplies an army in that time becomes a disorganized and paralyzed

* *Lee's Rep.* 280; *Com. Rep.* 622.—This skirmish at Golding's Farm is the only affair which in any way justifies McClellan's assertion (*Report*, 257): "On the right bank we repulsed several strong attacks."

† Of this council Heintzelman testifies (*Com. Rep.* 355): "At about eleven o'clock I got a telegram that General McClellan wished to see me immediately at his head-quarters, about a mile and a half off. I found them all packed up and ready to move. The General stated the situation of affairs and what he proposed to do.. One thing was to move across to the James River. The other plan was to collect all the troops from my side of the Chickahominy and have a battle the next day, and throw every thing upon the result of that battle. I asked him what would be the result if we lost. He said that if we were defeated the army would be lost, but he was inclined to risk every thing upon that battle. I told him that it was of vital importance to the country, I thought, to save that army; that we were ruined if that army was lost; and that I thought it was better for us not to fight that battle, but to fall back from there to the James River; that we could reach there with a loss, perhaps, of a few pieces of siege artillery and some wagons—and then we could receive reinforcements. He said that was his opinion; still he felt inclined to risk every thing on a battle. The next day we commenced to retreat. That was the first time I was consulted in that campaign, any thing more than by mere conversation."—See also *McC. Rep.* 254, 255.

‡ *McC. Rep.* 257, 258.

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mass, incapable of offense or defense. If McClellan had but known his own position and strength, and that of his opponent, he could hardly have wished that Lee should have placed his troops in any other position than that occupied by them just after the battle of Cold Harbor. Magruder, who was in chief command on the left bank, appreciated the sore peril of the Confederate capital and cause. He saw that a vigorous attack upon him could not be other than successful.*

But McClellan had resolved, instead of giving battle to Lee on the left side of the Chickahominy, or of assaulting Richmond on the right, to abandon the whole position and retreat with his whole force to the James River. The different commanders were ordered to load the wagons with ammunition and provisions, and the necessary baggage of officers and men, and to destroy every thing which could not be carried off. The sick and wounded, who could not march or be carried, were to be left behind. These were fewer than might have been expected. Of the 13,000 on the sick list, and the 3000 wounded in the two previous days, about 2500 in all were thus abandoned.

The problem of the "Change of Base" was, after all, a very simple one. It was merely to march an army for fifteen miles with no enemy in front, but with one, erroneously supposed to be superior, in its rear, and upon one flank. The main difficulty was to carry off the guns and trains of supplies and ammunition. The country over which the march was to be made favored the retreating army. The retreat must indeed be slow, for the roads were few and difficult; but the pursuit must be slower, for these roads could be obstructed at every step.

Some three or four miles from the extreme left of the Union position White Oak Creek empties into the Chickahominy. This creek is bordered by a swamp. For five miles the stream has some volume, and the swamp is narrow, three or four hundred yards wide; then it spreads out for eight miles toward Richmond, to a breadth of three miles or more. From the Chickahominy to the head of the swamp it was crossed by only two roads. Southward, toward the James, the ground rises slowly, and becomes a dry flat instead of a wet flat, but with swamps along the sluggish streams, covered with scrubby forests, with here and there a clearing. The maps show roads in abundance and intricate confusion, but they are mainly mere paths, over some of which no wheeled vehicle had passed for years. Three roads, however, starting from Richmond, spread out like the sticks of a fan, and then unite half-way between the swamp and Malvern Hill, the point to which McClellan directed his retreat. Thence they branch out in every direction: toward the lower bridges of the Chickahominy, some miles below the railroad, and toward the rich plantations which border the James. Just skirting the swamp is the Charles City Road, then the Central or Darbytown, then the Newmarket. It was by these roads that Longstreet and A. P. Hill, who, having recrossed the Chickahominy and turned the head of White Oak Swamp, marched to make their attack on the 30th upon the retreating column; and Magruder, coming from near Richmond, reached Malvern, where he was so disastrously beaten back on the 1st of July.

McClellan's retreat was in the following order: At noon on the 28th Keyes, who lay nearest, crossed White Oak Creek and took position on its opposite bank, to cover the passage of the other troops and trains. These, which would have stretched for a distance of forty miles if drawn up in single line—accompanied by a herd of 2500 cattle—were got safely over, and proceeded on their way, Keyes's corps guarding the advance. They reached the James River without molestation on the morning of the 30th. Franklin and Porter followed from the rear, by the same route, and were over on the morning of the 29th. At daybreak of this day Heintzelman and Sumner evacuated their works in front, falling back toward Savage's Station, which they were to hold until night, and then to cross the swamp by the upper road. A part of these several corps were to keep a line of battle fronting toward the creek to check pursuit from the rear; while others were to take positions across the three roads, and so fronting toward Richmond, in order to protect the trains passing behind them from assault in flank. McClellan, having given general directions for the movements and positions of the troops, rode to the James to select the best position on that river, and to consult with the naval commanders there.†

On the morning of the 28th Lee was wholly at a loss what next to do. There was no force in front of him on his side of the Chickahominy; but still McClellan might propose to cross the river lower down, and give battle, in order to preserve his communications with the York

* Magruder, in *Lee's Rep.* 191: "From the time at which the enemy withdrew his forces to this side of the Chickahominy and destroyed the bridges to the moment of his evacuation—that is, from Friday night until Sunday morning—I considered the situation of our army as extremely critical and perilous. The larger portion of it was on the other side of the Chickahominy; the bridges had all been destroyed, and but one was rebuilt, the New Bridge, which was fully commanded by the enemy's guns from Golding's; and there were but 25,000 men between his army of 100,000 and Richmond. I received repeated instructions during Saturday night, from General Lee's head-quarters, enjoining upon my command the utmost vigilance, directing the men to sleep on their arms, and to be prepared for whatever might occur. I passed the night without sleep, and in the superintendence of their execution. Had McClellan massed his whole force in column, and advanced it against any point of our line of battle, as was done at Austerlitz by the greatest captain of any age, though the head of his column would have suffered greatly, its momentum would have insured him success, and the occupation of our works about Richmond, and consequently the city, might have been his reward. Our relief was therefore great when information reached us that the enemy had evacuated his works, and was retreating."

† *McC. Rep.* 255–265.

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River. The cavalry, with Ewell's division of Jackson's command, were sent down to the railroad to observe the state of things there. As they approached, the few troops guarding the railroad passed the river, burning the bridge behind them. Ewell remained until evening, and then rejoined his command. Stuart, with his cavalry, dashed down the railroad toward the White House, which they reached next morning. With him was the proprietor of that estate, Fitz-Hugh Lee, son of the Confederate commander. The house was in flames; nearly all the immense quantity of stores accumulated here had been removed, and were on their way to the James.* The abandonment of the railroad and the destruction of the bridge showed that no attempt would be made to hold that line; but still it might be McClellan's purpose either to move upon Richmond or to reach the lower bridges on the Chickahominy, cross the stream, and retreat down the Peninsula. Lee was therefore forced to wait until the intent of his opponent was developed. During the night it was evident that the Union army was in motion, and the Confederate pickets failing to detect any approach to the lower bridges, it became evident that the retreat was toward the James River. So, early on the morning of the 29th, Longstreet and A. P. Hill were ordered to cross the Chickahominy by the New Bridge, which had been rebuilt by Magruder during the night of the 27th; and, crossing in front of Richmond, to move down by the Central Road; Magruder and Huger were to move by the Charles City Road, thus taking the Federal army on the flank, while Jackson at a later hour was to cross by the Grapevine Bridge and move down near the right bank of the river, thus threatening the rear.†

At dawn Magruder discovered that the Federal works at Fair Oaks were abandoned, and Sumner and Heintzelman were slowly falling back toward Savage's Station. The works on the extreme right were held a little longer. An attack was made upon them, but it was repulsed, with a loss of 150.‡ Magruder, in the meantime, followed cautiously down the railroad, opening a distant fire at intervals—Sumner's retiring troops turning occasionally, and then keeping on the retreat. Late in the afternoon they had fallen back nearly to Savage's Station, from the front and the right. Sumner and Heintzelman had been ordered to hold this point until nightfall, the positions of each being assigned to them by McClellan. But Heintzelman abandoned his position before the time, and crossed the swamp by the upper road, giving orders for the destruction of the ammunition and stores remaining at Savage's Station, which could not be carried off by the trains. The stores and provisions were piled up in a great pyramid and set on fire. The ammunition and shells were heaped upon a train, which, with steam up, was sent down the railroad to the Chickahominy. Fire was set to the train, and before it reached the site of the bridge it was ablaze, and the shells began to explode. So great was the momentum, that the engine and first car leaped clear across the chasm and landed on the opposite side. At the same instant the whole mass of powder exploded, and the remaining cars plunged, shattered, into the mud of the river.§

Magruder in the mean time had been delayed by various contradictory orders; but at length came in sight of Sumner's corps, drawn up a little in front of Savage's Station, and about half past five o'clock opened a sharp attack with artillery, supporting it by infantry. He had one heavy gun mounted on a railroad car, protected from cannon-shot in front by a sloping iron roof, and from rifle-shot on the sides by thick walls of wood, lined with iron. This contrivance, which the Confederates named "the land Merrimac," was used with considerable effect. The action continued hot for more than two hours, when darkness coming on, the firing

* Stuart (*Lee's Rep.* 402) gives a glowing account of the quantity of munitions and stores destroyed here. He says: "The conflagration had raged fearfully at the White House during the night previous, while explosions of shells rent the air. I was informed that 5000 men held the place.... Provisions and delicacies of every description lay in heaps, and the men regaled themselves on the fruits of the tropics as well as the substantials of the land. Large quantities of forage were left also. Nine large barges loaded with stores were on fire as we approached. Immense numbers of tents, wagons, and cars in long trains, loaded, and five locomotives; a number of forges; quantities of every species of quarter-master's stores and property, making a total of many millions of dollars—all more or less destroyed." —Ingalls, the Quarter-master at the White House, however, testifies (*Com. Rep.* 448): "There were no stores of any importance destroyed. There was some pork destroyed, and some whisky, belonging to the Commissary Department. There were also the stores on one of the trains that I was going to send out at the time the rebels got possession of the road. Most of the stores on that train were abandoned. All the vessels, with the exception of two or three barges which had been got close to the shore, were got off."

† *Lee's Rep.* 10. ‡ *Ibid.* 169, 285.

§ This retreat of Heintzelman has occasioned much censure. He himself (*McC. Rep.* 261; *Com. Rep.* 356) gives reasons for his movement which seem hardly reconcilable with each other. Sumner, he says, had taken a position in advance of that ordered, and "this movement of General Sumner uncovering my right flank, it became necessary for me to retreat." But immediately after he says that after having been ordered to hold his position by Sumner, who was the commanding officer on the ground, he said that Sumner and Franklin had "more troops than could be brought into action judiciously," and "the reason I left with my corps was that the ground was so constructed that there were absolutely more troops there than could find room. The roads in their rear were filled with artillery and wagons.....I knew that General Sumner had as many troops as were necessary, and my corps, in case of a forced retreat, would only have rendered it more disastrous.....Sumner and Franklin had a very sharp action that afternoon, and repulsed the enemy." Sumner (*McC. Rep.* 260) says: "When the enemy appeared on the Williamsburg road, I could not imagine why General Heintzelman did not attack him, and not till some time afterward did I learn, to my utter amazement, that General Heintzelman had retreated with his whole corps (about 15,000 men) before the action commenced. This defection might have been attended with the most serious consequences; and although we beat the enemy signally, and drove him from the field, we should certainly have given him a more crushing blow if General Heintzelman had been there with his corps."—It is clear that not half of Sumner's force was engaged.

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ceased as if by common consent, neither side gaining any perceptible ground from the other, though the action was so close that firing was sometimes suspended on account of the impossibility of distinguishing friends from foes. The numbers actually engaged on either side were small. Magruder brought fairly into action only McLaw's two small brigades, numbering together 2250 men; of these 345 were killed and wounded. His entire loss was about 400. The loss on the Union side was considerably larger. Early next morning Magruder was ordered by Lee to cross over to the Newmarket Road in order to join in the flank attack of that day. Lee had counted in this action upon the co-operation of Jackson; but he was delayed by the necessity of rebuilding a bridge in order to cross the Chickahominy. Sumner's stand had effected its object of delaying the enemy; and before midnight his force was on its way to White Oak Swamp, leaving behind 2500 sick, wounded, and their attendants in the hospital at Savage's Station.*

MONDAY, JUNE 30.—FRAZIER'S FARM.

On the morning of the 29th Longstreet and A. P. Hill recrossed the Chickahominy at New Bridge, and after passing through the deserted Union lines, and going almost within sight of Richmond, headed the White Oak Swamp, went down the Darbytown Road, and encamped within striking distance of the centre of McClellan's retreating column. They had made a forced march under a fierce sun, and many of the men dropped from the ranks in utter exhaustion. Magruder and Huger were marching to the same point by parallel roads. Jackson and D. H. Hill crossed the Chickahominy on the 30th, and followed straight upon the line of McClellan's retreat to White Oak Swamp. In the mean while Holmes, whose brigade was at Fort Darling, on the opposite side of the James River, was to cross with all his disposable force and join in the attack. McClellan's whole force was stretched in a line ten miles long from the swamp to Malvern Hill, on the James; protected by this line, his artillery and trains were slowly floundering over difficult roads.

Lee's plan of battle for this day was an illustration of grand strategy—the only one deserving the name during the whole campaign. His purpose was to make an attack in column upon McClellan's long line, break through it at the centre, hurl the left back upon Jackson, and assault the right in the rear. To accomplish this plan his whole strength—more than 80,000 men—were so situated that they might apparently be concentrated at the right moment upon the given point: Jackson upon the rear, all the rest upon the flank. The plan failed because the force could not be brought together in time; and instead of the attack being made by the whole, the action on his side was confined wholly to Longstreet and A. P. Hill, with 18,000 men; and in place of a grand and decisive battle there were a series of combats, in which each brigade on both sides engaged almost without concert. From the accounts, more or less at variance, and all incomplete, we have to attempt to set forth the leading points in this fierce but desultory conflict.†

Holmes, joined by Wise, crossed the James with 7000 men, mostly fresh North Carolinians, and on the morning of the 30th came within sight of McClellan's retreating right, upon whom in the afternoon he opened fire from a distance. A few rounds of artillery and a few shells from the gun-boats scattered his force, the cavalry and artillery breaking into a wild stampede, and riding over and through the infantry. Two were killed, forty-one wounded, and several others seriously hurt by being run over by the cavalry and artillery. Holmes and Wise made no further appearance in this campaign; but the day after the battle of Malvern marched quietly back to their encampments across the James.

Jackson reached the White Oak Bridge at noon. He found the bridge destroyed and the approaches covered by artillery from the opposite side. In vain he attempted to repair it all through the afternoon. The men would not work under the heavy fire to which they were exposed. He was but two miles distant from the fierce battle in which Longstreet and Hill were engaged, and the noise of it could be distinctly heard; but he was powerless to aid the attack in which he had been expected to bear so prominent a part.

Longstreet and A. P. Hill resumed their march down the Darbytown Road in the morning, and about noon came in sight of a part of the Union line drawn up, its centre at Frazier's Farm, near a point where a road leading to the James River crosses the roads coming from Richmond, by which they were advancing. Huger was supposed to be coming down the Charles City Road, two miles on the right.

The whole Union line was so long that it was unoccupied in portions. At this point McCall was in the centre, with Kearney on the left, and Hooker, then Sumner, on the right. McCall was somewhat advanced, and upon his division, weakened by the two battles in which it had been engaged, the first onset fell.

After some skirmishing at about four o'clock Longstreet made the onset with the fiery impetuosity which he ever manifested. The first attack was made by Kemper's brigade, which

* *McC. Rep.* 259–262; *Lee's Rep.* 10, 160, 193, 290, 295, 298.—No reliance can be placed upon the Confederate estimates of the Union loss in this action. Thus Magruder (*Lee's Rep.* 195) says: "I estimate the loss of the enemy to be not less than 3000 killed and wounded; Semmes [who lost 53] reporting not less than 400 dead in his front alone;" while Kershaw, who was more hotly engaged, "turns (*Ibid.* 299) with pride and satisfaction to 500 dead of the enemy left on the field," as evidence of the prowess of his troops.

† Our authorities are: Lee (*Lee's Rep.* 10), Longstreet (*Ibid.* 125), A. P. Hill (*Ibid.* 177), Jackson (*Ibid.* 134), and Reports of the several Confederate brigade commanders engaged, all given in Lee's Report; McClellan's Report (pp. 265–269); the testimony of Heintzelman, Sumner, and McCall (*Com. Rep.* 357, 365, 586).

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had not yet been engaged, it having been the only one held in reserve at Cold Harbor. The brigade was driven back, losing 250 killed and wounded, and nearly 200 prisoners—a quarter of its whole number. Its place was taken by others, who, in greater force, dashed upon the same point. They swept in the Union line for a space, but were checked by Hooker and forced back. This was on McCall's left. All the force of Longstreet and Hill now rushed in, each brigade commander apparently acting for himself. Foiled at one point they dashed upon another, determined to break the line somewhere. At last, Wilcox's Alabama brigade leading, they poured over a swampy stream and through a dense wood, and across an open field upon McCall's right, straight in the teeth of his batteries.*

The battle raged with almost equal fury along the whole line. Hill, on the Confederate left, pressed forward his brigades in a mass, and gained ground at first, capturing two full batteries, which he retained; but he was unable to gain any ground permanently, and it at last became apparent that Hooker and Kearney, on their right and left, were slowly gaining, while the earlier repulse of McCall's flanks had been retrieved, and his centre remained unbroken. Lee, indeed, says:† "The enemy had been driven with great slaughter from every position but one, which he maintained until he was enabled to withdraw under cover of darkness. At the close of the struggle nearly the entire field remained in our possession." Longstreet reports:‡ "The enemy was driven back, slowly and steadily, contesting the ground inch by inch. He succeeded in getting some of his batteries off the field, and, by holding his last position till dark, in withdrawing his forces under cover of night." Sumner errs equally on the other side. He says:§ "After a furious contest, lasting till dark, the enemy was routed at all points, and driven from the field." There was no rout; though, as most of the Confederate brigade commanders report, their brigades were greatly shattered. A. P. Hill‖ gives the true account of the condition when darkness closed the struggle: "On our extreme right matters seemed to be going badly. Two brigades of Longstreet's division had been roughly handled, and had fallen back. Archer was brought up, and sent in, and in his shirt-sleeves leading his gallant brigade, affairs were soon restored in that quarter. About dark the enemy were pressing us hard along our whole line, and my last reserve, General J. R. Anderson, was directed to advance cautiously. Heavy reinforcements to the enemy were brought up at this time, and it seemed that a tremendous effort was being made to turn the fortunes of the battle. The volume of fire that, approaching, rolled along the line was terrific. Seeing some troops of Wilcox's brigade who had rallied, they were rapidly re-formed, and, being directed to cheer long and loudly, moved again to the fight. This seemed to end the contest, for in less than five minutes all firing ceased, and the enemy retired."

The Confederates captured in the earlier part of the action about 20 guns, and lost about 300 prisoners. Their loss in killed and wounded exceeded that of their opponents. Their two divisions kept a part of the field after their enemy had retired, thus holding the honors of the battle; but they were so fearfully shattered, here and before, that not a man of them was brought into the greater fight fought next day at Malvern. A. P. Hill had crossed the Chickahominy four days before with 14,000 men, and at Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, and Frazier's Farm had lost 4000 in killed and wounded. Longstreet had crossed with 10,000, and at Cold Harbor and here lost 4200. Some of his brigades had more than half their number killed and wounded. Wilcox carried 1850 into action at Cold Harbor; in the two battles he lost 1035. Pryor had 1400, and lost 850.

Accounts current at the time represent the division of McCall as having been thoroughly

* Here, with abridgments, are the accounts given by the opposing commanders of this charge:

McCall (*Com. Rep.* 558) says: "On the right, Randall's battery was charged upon by the enemy in great force, and with a reckless impetuosity I never saw equaled. They advanced at a run over a space of six hundred yards of open ground. The guns of the battery mowed them down, yet they never paused. A volley of musketry was poured into them at a short distance by the 4th regiment, in support of the battery, but it did not check them for an instant; they dashed on and pistoled and bayoneted the cannoniers at their guns. Part of the 4th regiment gave way; the remainder, however, with part of the 7th regiment in their rear, then coming forward, stood their ground like heroes. As I was with the battery at the time it was my fortune to witness, in the bayonet fight that there took place, such a display of reckless daring on the part of the Alabamians, and of unflinching courage on the part of the Pennsylvanians, as is rarely beheld. My men were, however, overpowered and borne off the ground. The battery was taken, but immediately after abandoned by the enemy, who rapidly retired. Just before sunset Cooper's battery in front of the centre was, after several charges had been repulsed, finally taken by the enemy, but only to be retaken by the 9th regiment in a most glorious charge."

Wilcox (*Lee's Rep.* 342) says: "The enemy's battery had an open field of fire, the ground being perfectly level. The 11th Alabama advanced, and, entering upon the open field, came on the battery, which began a rapid fire of grape and canister. The regiment did not halt an instant, but continued to advance, steadily and rapidly, without firing until it approached within two hundred yards of the battery, when it gave loud cheers and made a rush for the guns. Halting in front of it for an instant they fire upon the battery and infantry immediately in rear of it, and then make a successful charge upon and take it....The enemy, at first repulsed and driven from the battery, retire to the woods and deliver a terrible and destructive fire upon this regiment. With its ranks sadly thinned, it heroically stands its ground. The enemy, now seeing this regiment isolated and unsupported, advance from their cover against it. The sword and bayonet are freely used; many of the men received and gave in return bayonet wounds. There are no supports for them; no reinforcements come, and they are at length forced to yield and retire to the woods in the rear, having left upon the field and around the battery in dead alone eight officers, of whom seven were captains or lieutenants commanding companies, and forty-nine privates."

† *Lee's Rep.* 11. ‡ *Ibid.* 126.
§ *McC. Rep.* 268. ‖ *Lee's Rep.* 177.

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routed on this field. Parts of it were, indeed, shattered and broken; but, as a division, it fought bravely and held its ground firmly. Of the whole army it alone had fought in two battles—Mechanicsville and Cold Harbor. Here it was opposed to the first onset and the severest brunt of the fight. Meade, then leading one of its brigades, and a year after, lacking two days, to command the whole Army of the Potomac down to the close of the war, claimed for this division no more than its rightful due when he wrote: "It was only the stubborn resistance offered by our division, prolonging the contest till after dark, and checking till that time the advance of the enemy, that enabled the concentration during the night of the whole army on the James River, which saved it."* After the battle was over McCall, riding out into the darkness, fell in with a regiment of the enemy and was captured. He had been almost the whole day under the hottest fire, escaping unharmed, though every one of his staff was killed or wounded.

TUESDAY, JULY 1.—MALVERN HILL.

The battle at Frazier's Farm was hardly over when the Union forces again took up their retreat toward Malvern Hill, the point selected for resisting the further advance of the enemy. The rear of the wagons and reserve artillery had arrived there at about four in the afternoon. Soon after daylight the last division was in, and the post of each was assigned.

The position was admirably chosen for a defensive battle. Malvern Hill is an elevated plateau a mile and a half long and half as broad, the top nearly free from woods. It slopes gently toward the north and east down to the verge of a thick forest; westward it falls more abruptly into a ravine, which extends to the James River. All along the front are ravines, rendering the approach difficult except by the roads which cross them. On the crest of the hill seven heavy siege guns had been placed in position, and the reserve artillery was so posted that a concentrated fire of sixty guns could be brought to bear upon any point in front or on the left, the direction from which the enemy must advance to the attack. Here the main force was massed. The right, less strongly held, curved backward through a wooded region to the James. Both flanks thus rested upon the river, and were protected by the gun-boats. Porter's corps was on the left; then Heintzelman's, a part of Keyes's, Sumner's, Franklin's, and last, on the extreme right, the remainder of Keyes.

Jackson crossed the White Oak Creek, and followed in the track of the retreating army. At Frazier's Farm he found Lee, who ordered him to press forward; at 9 o'clock, coming in sight of the Union line, he took up his position, Whiting on the left, then Ewell; D. H. Hill being on the right, who was thus brought in front of Hooker, near the Union centre. Hill was within range of the artillery on the plateau, and suffered severely. "Anderson's brigade was roughly handled, he being wounded and borne from the field." The division was then halted and the Union position reconnoitred.† "The Yankees," says Hill,‡ "were found to be strongly posted on a commanding hill, all the approaches to which could be swept by his artillery, and were guarded by swarms of infantry, securely sheltered by fences, ditches, and ravines. Tier after tier of batteries were grimly visible on the plateau, rising in the form of an amphitheatre. We could only reach the first line of batteries by traversing an open space of from three to four hundred yards, exposed to a murderous fire of grape and canister from the artillery, and musketry from the infantry. If that was carried, another and another, still more difficult, remained in rear. I had expressed my disapprobation of a further pursuit of the Yankees to the commanding General and to Generals Jackson and Longstreet, even before I knew of the strength of their position. An examination satisfied me that an attack would be hazardous."

But Lee was resolved that his grand stroke of strategy should not fail. He sent a note to each of his division commanders, ordering an assault. That brief note of forty words cost him more than 4000 men.§

Huger had been directed to march down the Charles City Road and join Longstreet and A. P. Hill in the battle of the 30th. He failed to reach the point in time. Next day he tried to move forward, but got entangled among the other divisions, and finally lost his way. He had had the same misfortune a month ago at Seven Pines; and now when his divisions came up, they were one by one taken from him and given to Magruder, and formed a part of his command during the battle. At first he was inclined to ignore the arrangement, and even directed one of his brigade commanders not to place himself under Magruder;‖ but his order was disregarded, and he could only remonstrate

* *Com. Rep.* 589.

† McClellan thus describes this part of the engagement: "About 3 P.M. a heavy fire of artillery opened upon Kearney's left and Couch's division, speedily followed up by a brisk attack of infantry on Couch's front. The artillery was replied to with good effect by our own, and the infantry of Couch's division remained lying on the ground until the advancing column was within short musketry range, when they sprang to their feet, and poured in a deadly volley, which entirely broke the attacking force, and drove them in disorder back over their own ground. This advantage was followed up until we had advanced the right of our lines some seven or eight hundred yards, and rested upon a thick clump of trees, giving us a stronger position and a better fire. Shortly after 4 o'clock the firing ceased along the whole front, but no disposition was evinced on the part of the enemy to withdraw from our front."—*McC. Rep.* 271.

‡ *Lee's Rep.* 185.

§ Lee's note, given in *Report*, 212. See also pp. 185, 199. "Batteries have been established to act upon the enemy's lines. If they are broken, as is probable, Armistead, who can witness the effect of the fire, has been ordered to charge with a yell. Do the same."

‖ *Lee's Rep.* 200, 212, 368.

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afterward against the slight which had been put upon him, not for the first time. After the battle was over he was suffered to direct his division in removing the wounded and burying the dead.*

The afternoon was now wearing away when Lee ordered the artillery attack, which he hoped would break the Union lines. "But instead of one or two hundred pieces only a single battery opened, and that was knocked to pieces in a few minutes; and one or two others shared the same fate of being beaten in detail." Hill knew not what to do. He "wrote to Jackson that the firing from the batteries was of the most farcical character;"† and received for reply that he must advance, as ordered, upon hearing the shout from Armistead. At length he heard shouting and firing on his right, and supposing this to be the signal, urged his whole division forward. He shall tell the story of his charge in his own words, somewhat abridged:

"We advanced alone, neither Whiting on the left, nor Magruder or Huger on the right, moved forward an inch. The division fought heroically, but fought in vain. Garland, in my immediate front, showed all his wonted courage, but he needed and asked for reinforcements. I found Toombs's brigade in our rear, and ordered it to support Garland, and accompanied it. The brigade advanced handsomely to the brow of the hill, but soon retreated in disorder. Gordon pushed gallantly forward and gained considerable ground, but was forced back. Ripley's brigade was streaming to the rear. Colquitt's and Anderson's brigades had also fallen back. Ransom's brigade had come up to my support from Huger; a portion of it had come, but without its brigadier. It moved too far to the left, and became mixed up with the mass of troops there, suffering heavily, and effecting little. Winder was sent up by Jackson, but he came too late, and also went to the same belt of woods already overcrowded with troops. Finally Ewell came up, but it was after dark, and nothing could be accomplished. I advised him to hold his ground and not to attempt a forward movement."‡ Hill lost in this action, lasting only an hour and a half, of his own division, 336 killed and 1373 wounded.§

McClellan thus describes this part of the engagement:

"At six o'clock the enemy suddenly opened upon Couch and Porter, with the whole strength of his artillery, and at once began pushing forward his columns of attack to carry the hill. Brigade after brigade, formed under cover of the woods, started at a run to cross the open space and charge our batteries; but the heavy fire of our guns, with the cool and steady volleys of our infantry, in every case sent them back reeling to shelter, and covered the ground with their dead and wounded. In several instances our infantry withheld their fire until the attacking columns, which rushed through the storm of canister and shell from our artillery, had reached within a few yards of our lines. They then poured in a single volley and dashed forward with the bayonet, capturing prisoners and colors, and driving the routed columns in confusion from the field."‖

Hill was mistaken in supposing that "Neither Magruder nor Huger moved forward an inch," and in afterward reiterating, "So far as I can learn, none of our troops drew trigger excepting McLaw's, mine, and a portion of Huger's." McLaw's division was a part of Magruder's command; and all this time Magruder, with the whole of his own and Huger's force, was engaged in a fierce conflict on the right. From them came the shouting and firing which Hill supposed to be the signal for his own advance. To this attack by Magruder, as well as to that by Hill, belongs McClellan's account just quoted. So close were they in space and time that, viewed from the opposite lines, they appeared as parts of one movement.

Magruder, after a weary and harassing march from the battle-field at Savage's Station, was ordered by Lee to attack on the right of Hill, who was in position. He found Armistead, of Huger's division, awaiting the arrival of artillery. Magruder sent back to hurry it up, and pushed on some of his troops within range of a heavy fire. Just then he received a copy of Lee's note, ordering him as soon as he heard the yell from Armistead to "do the same" and charge. Armistead had driven in some skirmishers, and yelled. Lee supposing that the Union line was broken, and that the troops were retreating, wrote to Magruder to advance and cut them off.¶ He attempted to carry out the order. His plan was "to hurl about 15,000 men upon the enemy's batteries and supporting infantry; to follow up any successes they might obtain; and, if unable to drive the enemy from his strong position, to continue the fight in front by pouring in fresh troops, and in case they were repulsed, to hold strongly the line of battle where I stood, to prevent serious disaster to our own arms."** But in a short time his whole force was engaged, breasting a terrific fire of artillery and musketry. "The battle-field," says Magruder, "was enveloped in smoke, relieved only by flashes from the lines of the contending troops. Round shot and grape crashed through the woods; and shells of enormous

* "My brigades were, during the action, under the immediate command of General Magruder. As they were sent forward into the battle at Malvern Hill, I was directed to report them to another commander. As I was treated in the same manner at Seven Pines, I can only *hope* this course was accidental, and required by the necessities of the service. I therefore make no report, and refer to reports of others for details of the battle of Malvern Hill. After this battle, as required, the division was occupied, under my orders, in removing the wounded and burying the dead."—Huger, in *Lee's Rep.* 149.

† D. H. Hill, in *Lee's Rep.* 186. ‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Lee's Rep.* 307. ‖ *McC. Rep.* 271.

¶ Lee to Magruder, in *Lee's Rep.* 210: "General Lee expects you to advance rapidly. It is reported that the enemy is getting off. Press forward your whole line and follow up Armistead's successes."

** Magruder, in *Lee's Rep.* 200.

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size, which reached far beyond the head-quarters of our gallant Commander-in-chief, burst amidst the artillery parked in the rear. Belgian missiles and Minié balls lent their aid to this scene of surpassing grandeur and sublimity." This determined attack failed in making any impression upon the Union lines, or in disturbing a single battery. The Federal troops had no occasion to leave their strong position. It was quite sufficient to mow down the enemy with artillery as they advanced. When darkness set in, Magruder "concluded to let the battle subside," and his wearied men sank down to sleep on the spot they had reached. Some of them were within a hundred yards of the Union batteries.

Of these closing scenes, as viewed from the other side, McClellan writes: "About 7 o'clock, as fresh troops were accumulating in front of Porter and Couch, Meagher and Sickles were sent with their brigades to relieve such regiments of Porter's corps and Couch's division as had expended their ammunition, and batteries from the reserve were pushed forward to replace those whose boxes were empty. Until dark the enemy persisted in his efforts to take the position so tenaciously defended; but, despite his superior numbers, his repeated and desperate attacks were repulsed with fearful loss, and darkness ended the battle of Malvern Hill, though it was not until after 9 o'clock that the artillery ceased its fire."*

The Confederates were indeed repulsed fearfully—and, had McClellan only known it and followed up his advantage—disastrously.† But the superior forces of the enemy existed, as they had for months, only in the imagination of the Union commander. Neither Longstreet nor A. P. Hill had a man in this action. Jackson's own command was not engaged in the attack, though all of it was within the range of our guns, and suffered a loss of just 41 killed and 363 wounded by the distant fire.‡ D. H. Hill's division, reduced to less than 8000, and Magruder's and Huger's, then not exceeding 20,000, were all.§

General Trimble thus describes the condition of the Confederate army on the morning after the battle:‖ "The next morning, by dawn, I went off to ask for orders, when I found the whole army in the utmost disorder. Thousands of straggling men were asking every passer-by for their regiments; ambulances, wagons, and artillery obstructing every road, and altogether, in a drenching rain, presenting a scene of the most woeful and heart-rending confusion." The very show of an attack upon such an army by the unbroken Union force must have defeated it. But there was in the mind of its commander no thought of an attack. When in the morning the Confederates looked up the hill which they had so vainly attempted to scale, they saw not a trace of the grim batteries and serried lines which had confronted them the night before. In the storm and darkness the Union army had fled from a victory as though it had been a rout.

So closed the "Seven Days' Battles," and with them, in effect, the Peninsular Campaign. Never in all history was better fighting, and never worse generalship, on both sides. "In a contest between forces so evenly balanced, the commander who makes the fewest errors must win." Lee won the object at which he aimed, and had good right to say: "The siege of Richmond was raised, and the object of a campaign which had been prosecuted, after months of preparation, at an enormous expenditure of men and money, was completely frustrated."

The plan on the opposite page indicates, in a general way, the positions and movements of the armies from June 25 to July 1.

A. A. Union position at Mechanicsville, June 26.
B. B. " " Cold Harbor, June 27.
C. C. " " Savage's Station, June 29.
D. D. " " Frazier's Farm, June 30.
E. E. " " Malvern Hill, July 1.
F. F. " " Harrison's Landing, July 4.
G. G. Union intrenchments before Richmond: *a.* Keyes; *b.* Heintzelman; *c.* Sumner; *d.* Franklin.
H. H. Porter and McCall, after crossing the Chickahominy.
Jackson's and D. H. Hill's march.
Longstreet's and A. P. Hill's march.
Magruder's and Huger's march.
Holmes's and Wise's march.

The retreat of the Union army was by the same line as Jackson's march, after crossing the Chickahominy.

LOSSES FROM JUNE 26 TO JULY 1.

After the retreat to Harrison's Landing the losses of each division of the Union army, in killed, wounded, and missing, were summed up; but no attempt was made to give the proportion in each engagement (*McC. Rep.* 272). If any confirmation of the accuracy of the statement were needed, it would be found in a comparison of the official reports of June 20 and July 20 (*McC. Rep.* 53; *Com. Rep.* 337, 344).

Of the Confederate commanders, Jackson, D. H. Hill,

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* *McC. Rep.* 272.

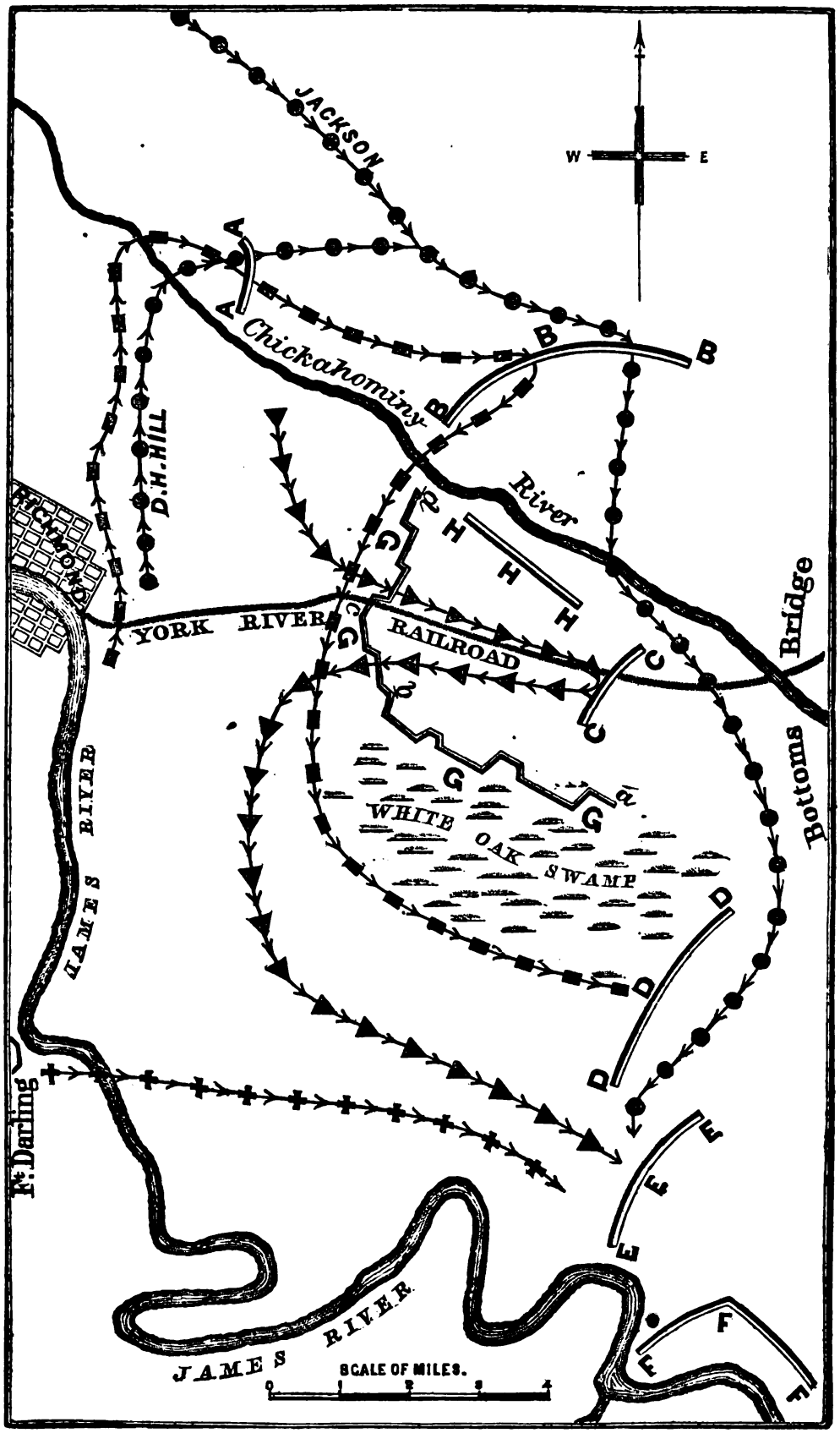
† Some days after the retreat from Malvern Hill McClellan proposed to renew the movement upon Richmond, if he could have a reinforcement of 20,000 men. In reply to the question, "In what do you consider your chances of success would have been greater, with the addition of 20,000 to the number which you had at Harrison's Landing, than they were when you were in front of Richmond, and before Jackson had formed a junction with the rest of the rebel forces?" he answered: "I should have counted upon the effect of the battles which had just taken place upon the enemy. We had then strong reason to believe that the enemy's losses had been heavier than our own, and that portions of his army were very much demoralized, especially after the battle of Malvern Hill."—*Com. Rep.* 438.

‡ *Lee's Rep.* 307.

§ Magruder, indeed, says (*Lee's Rep.* 202) that "there was a force of 26,000 or 28,000 under my orders engaged and under fire." But he must have considered himself in command of the whole field, and so have included D. H. Hill's division. For he repeatedly states that his own division and that of Huger together numbered, at the outset, only 25,000; of these fully 800 had been killed and wounded at Golding's, Price's, and Savage's Station; and many of his men gave out in the march before reaching Malvern Hill. As one example out of many scattered through the minor Confederate reports, General Howell Cobb says (*Lee's Rep.* 279) that his brigade "commenced the march on the morning of the 29th of June with 2700 men, but fatigue and exhaustion had so reduced our ranks that less than 1500 were carried into the battle of the 1st of July." Of his own division and Huger's, Magruder could not have had more than 18,000 or 20,000 at Malvern Hill.

‖ *Lee's Rep.* 314.

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POSITIONS AND MOVEMENTS, JUNE 25 TO JULY 1.

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Longstreet, A. P. Hill, Holmes, and Pendleton, give their exact losses. The losses of Magruder and Huger can be made up very closely from the reports of their brigade commanders. Barksdale (*Lee's Rep.* 296) says that "one-third of his brigade fell upon the field: it numbered about 2400, which would make the loss 800. Cobb (*Ibid.* 279) puts his loss in killed and wounded at "nearly 500." McLaws (*Ibid.* 161, 164), 97 killed, 456 wounded. D. R. Jones (*Ibid.* 172), 103 killed, 708 wounded. Ransom (*Ibid.* 370), 69 killed, 354 wounded. Mahone (*Ibid.* 372, 378), 63 killed, 216 wounded. Armistead (*Ibid.* 438, 439, 448, two regiments estimated), 320 killed and wounded. Wright (*Ibid.* 397), 55 killed, 243 wounded. — In all, 3984; of whom 656 were killed, and 3328 wounded. Of the cavalry and reserve artillery we find mention of about 20 killed and 104 wounded.

The missing in A. P. Hill's division are not given; the number was evidently small, probably about 100. In Magruder's command we find about 400 missing in about two-thirds of the brigades; we set down the whole at 600.

From the foregoing data we have compiled the following table of

KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING.

UNION.					CONFEDERATE.				
	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.		Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
McCall	253	1240	1581	3,074	Jackson	376	1,892	14	2,282
Sumner	187	1076	848	2,111	D. H. Hill	714	3,192	48	3,954
Heintzelman	189	1051	833	2,073	Longstreet	703	3,429	237	4,429
Keyes	69	507	201	777	A. P. Hill	619	3,251	100(?)	3,970
Porter	620	2460	1198	4,278	Magruder and Huger	656	3,328	600(?)	4,584
Franklin	245	1313	1179	2,737	Holmes	3	59	..	62
Engineers and Cavalry	19	62	118	199	Artillery and Cavalry	20	104	..	124
Total	1582	7709	5958	15,249	Total	3151	15,255	999	19,405

The losses in the separate battles can be given only approximately, by considering the troops engaged in each, and the nature of the fighting, aided by a few indicia scattered here and there through the various Reports of Confederate Commanders.

Keyes was engaged mainly at Malvern Hill; we put his entire loss in that battle.—Sumner was engaged at Savage Station, Frazier's Farm, and Malvern; we divide his loss between those three engagements.—Heintzelman at Frazier's Farm and Malvern; we divide his loss between them. McCall was at Mechanicsville, where he lost about 300, and at Cold Harbor, and the Farm, losing about equally in each. Porter was chiefly engaged at Cold Harbor and Malvern: we put three-fourths of his loss at the former. Of Franklin's corps, half with Slocum was at Cold Harbor, the other half with Smith at Garland's and Price's Farms, and elsewhere; we put two-thirds of his loss at Cold Harbor, dividing the remainder among the other engagements.

Jackson was engaged at Cold Harbor and slightly at Malvern; D. H. Hill at Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, and Malvern; both of these distinguish between their losses in each engagement. A. P. Hill was at Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, and Frazier's Farm. We estimate his loss in the first at 750, in the last at 900, leaving the remainder for Cold Harbor. Longstreet was at Cold Harbor and Frazier's Farm; we put his loss in the latter battle at 1100, leaving the remainder for Cold Harbor.

From these data we construct the following approximate table of

KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE SEVERAL ENGAGEMENTS.

	UNION.			CONFEDERATE.		
	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Mechanicsville	50	250	300	250	1,250	1,500
Cold Harbor	675	3250	3925	1500	8,000	9,500
Savage's Station	100	500	600	75	325	400
Frazier's Farm	350	1700	2050	325	1,700	2,025
Malvern Hill	375	1800	2175	900	3,500	4,400
Skirmishes (say)	32	209	231	101	480	581
Total	1582	7709	9291	3151	15,255	19,405

SUMMER LONGINGS.

SOFTLY falls the feathery snow
Over the valley and on to the hills,
Into the silent lake below,
As the delicate shower the wide air fills,
Dropping so gently without a sound,
And lying so white on the frozen ground!

Pure and beautiful seems the snow,
Falling so noiselessly out of the sky;
But I long for the winter days to go,
For the barren months to hasten by,
And bring me the Summer, fresh and green,
When the woods are hung with their leafy screen.

I long to walk by the meadow brooks,
To haunt the fields and the woods once more,
To loiter long in the shady nooks,
To tread the paths I have trod before,
Or under the spreading boughs to lie
And watch the clouds in the azure sky.

Close to me there will the wild bee hum
His drowsy tune in the meadow grass,
And the wandering winds will go and come,
Gently fanning my cheek as they pass;
Then haste, sweet Summer, my whole heart longs
For the beautiful flowers and the birds' gay songs.

Oh, glorious Queen of the halcyon year!
By vernal paths of the joyous Spring,
On rosy footsteps, my love, draw near;
Oh, haste, sweet Summer! hasten and bring
The warmth that lives in the sunbeam's light,
And the dews which drop from the lids of night.

Oh, regal Summer, I long for thee
As the turtle-dove for its mate when away!
Sweet is the scent of thy breath to me:
So come in thy beauty, nor long delay,
But bring the joy of thy honeyed hours,
The birds' gay songs and the beautiful flowers.

Oh, hasten with showers of silver rain,
Bright, flashing rain from the skies above,
To ripen the fields of bearded grain,
And teach us the lesson of God's great love!
Oh, glorious Summer, Queen of the year,
On the viewless pinions of Time draw near!

With crimson and gold will the sunsets burn
Far down in the west at the close of day:
Oh, haste, sweet Summer, haste to return!
Ah, when will the Winter pass away?
My heart with a passionate yearning longs
For the beautiful flowers and the birds' gay songs.

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WHAT HOPE BELL FOUND IN HER STOCKING. 3

I.

JUST outside Mrs. Bell's boarding-house, three little maids, of five, and six, and seven, were discussing the approaching Christmas with all the ardor of their years.

"*We're* going to have a *tree!*" exclaimed one of the small damsels with an accent of triumph, which was very aggravating to the other small damsels who were *not* going to have a tree. But Janey Evans, the eldest of the party, was equal to the emergency.

"Pooh, *we've* had a hundred trees!" she returned with a cool disdain which quite quenched the triumphant assertion. Her hearers didn't stop to question the overwhelming statement of a hundred Christmas's in the lifetime of a seven-year-old, so Miss Janey had the full benefit of a conqueror.

"It's *so much* nicer, hanging up your stocking," Janey proceeded, "and to wake up in the morning and find it crammed full!"

"Yes; but then there's the beautiful candles, and the music, and the dancing!" put in the other again, valiantly.

But Janey was not to be routed from her position, and away she went on the full tide of imagination, describing such glories in stocking-hanging as quite dazzled her auditors. Yet Janey was very far from feeling all she said, though she wouldn't have acknowledged it even to herself; for the beautiful candles, the music, and the dancing, had great charms for Janey.

"Isn't it a great deal nicer to hang up your stocking, Miss Hope?" she asked Miss Bell, confidentially, pursuing the vexed question half an hour after at the tea-table.

"A great deal nicer than what, Janey?"

"Than Christmas-trees!" and Janey looked up eagerly into Hope's face, for "Miss Hope" was a famous ally of hers.

"Well, I used to like it better than any thing, though Christmas-trees are very nice, Janey," answered Miss Bell, pleasantly.

Janey was radiant, and only wished that May Franklin could have heard that first part of the sentence.

"Shall you hang up your stocking, Miss Hope?" the little girl asked, with animated interest.

"I? oh, I'm too old for that, Janey. I haven't hung up my stocking for a long, long time."

As she concluded these words there seemed to steal into her tones a sad and wistful accent, which even Janey noticed.

"Oh, Miss Hope, I'm sure you're not too old!"

Hope laughed now at the earnest commiseration the little girl displayed.

"But I'm sure I am, Janey; and then nobody would think to put any thing into my stocking. It's only the little folks, like you, dear, whose stockings are remembered."

This conversation had been carried on in quite a low tone of voice; for Janey's place was between her mother and Miss Hope, and higher up the table there was a gay, skirmishing talk, which covered every thing else. But just round the corner, at Miss Bell's right, sat Mr. Weymer, and all at once Janey appealed to him in a way that disclosed to Hope that she had had another listener than her small companion.

Janey, in glancing up after that last remark of Hope's, had caught Mr. Weymer's eye and an amused smile which went sliding round his mouth; so she appealed to him forthwith:

"Mr. Weymer do *you* think Miss Hope is too old to hang up her stocking?"

"I don't know Miss Hope's age," Mr. Weymer answered, a little mischievously.

"It is more than three times Janey's," Hope answered, with a faint smile.

"Three times mine; and I'm seven!"

"Now for your multiplication table, Janey," said Mr. Weymer, with his glimmer of fun.

Janey ran it over in her mind, with moving lips and a knot in her brow, and presently broke out in triumph: "Three times seven is twenty-one. Oh, but how much more, Miss Hope?"

Hope laughed outright at this. "Three more, Janey, now how much does that make?"

"Twenty-four!" almost shouted Janey in her excitement of success. Then in a moment Janey's bright countenance fell.

"Why, Miss Hope, you're pretty near as old as my mother! I heard aunt Jane say the other day that mamma was twenty-six, and that is only two years older than twenty-four."

Hope blushed the least bit at Janey's solemn way, but said, smiling:

"Well, that spoils me for hanging my stocking, doesn't it?"

"No," answered Janey, stoutly; "nothing spoils *you*."

"Not even twenty-four years, eh?" Hope returned, a trifle mirthfully. "I can remember when twenty-four seemed very old to me, too, Janey," she concluded, in a musing way, but still smiling.

"And doesn't it now, Miss Hope?"

"Yes, sometimes; perhaps it does now, Janey."

Hope had forgotten for the last few sentences that there was any other listener than Janey, for she spoke as she was often in the habit of speaking with this little companion—half to herself, as it were. Lifting her head, she caught the keen gaze of Mr. Weymer, and then she wondered if Mr. Weymer's next neighbor, Mr. Camden, had heard her, and she blushed slightly as she wondered. But she could not have told why she wondered, nor why she blushed. She did not care whether Mr. Camden had heard her conversation or not, yet it interested her to wonder about it. And with these thoughts, which were half annoyance, she was annoyed still more by his suddenly raising his eyes and meeting hers fixed upon him. He smiled pleasantly—and a smile on Harry Cam-

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den's lips was certainly one of the pleasantest things you could meet—and, smiling, leaned forward a little and said something. It was a very small something—just a word or two—but it sounded gracious and complimentary, as all his words to women did, and Hope felt pleased to hear it. A while after, she stood in the hall, giving some direction to a servant, and thinking, in a weary sort of way, of the bills she must make out for her mother that night, when Harry Camden came stepping slowly down the stairs, dressed for the opera, and whistling absently the drinking song in *Lucrezia*, while he leisurely pulled on a pearl-tinted glove. He stopped at the foot of the stairs as he saw Miss Bell, made a pleasant remark or two, smiled that old smile of his, all the time looking at her with the handsomest eyes she had ever seen, and then, with a good-night, went out. Hope had noted his elegant attire—quiet, yet perfect in style—his *degagé* air, and even the delicate perfume, so faint as scarcely to be perceptible, which hung about him as he stood there for that moment; and she smiled bitterly as she went up to her room, and said to herself: "What business have I to please myself, for a moment even, with that youth's graces? We live in two different worlds." And then she sat down to her task of making out bills for her mother, while Mrs. Bell was busy at the same table over a basket of mending. Mrs. Bell looked up as Hope began her work, and noticing her weary face, said: "I wouldn't do those to-night, Hope; you look tired."

"Oh, it isn't that; I don't think I'm tired—only a little out of sorts, mother."

"What's put you out of sorts, Hope?"

"Oh, somebody else's rose leaves prove my thorns, I suppose."

Mrs. Bell knew well enough what Hope meant; she was used to Hope's figures of speech when she was a little bitter.

"Hope," she said, after a minute's pause, "I wish you would apply for a school."

"Now, mother, I have made you think I am very unhappy and discontented by my black looks, and my grumbling speech. I'm only cross, that's all: and as for the school—in the first place, I couldn't get one if I should try; and, in the second place, I want to stay at home with you. Who's going to make out bills for you, and go a-shopping, and a hundred other things, you dear little old lady, you?"

Mrs. Bell smiled, but she sighed, too. Presently she began again, in a graver and more determined tone: "Hope, I know you're a help to me, but it worries me all the time. I think every day, if I should die, what's to become of Hope—what would she do? Now, don't turn it off, Hope; we ought to look out for such things."

"Well, mother, I have thought of that, too; and why couldn't I stay on here, with Aunt Hannah, or Aunt Nancy for a matron, if—"

"Oh, Hope, it would never, never do. You're too young, and too pretty, and inexperienced."

Hope laughed, faintly, "Young and pretty, and inexperienced. Now, mother, I'm neither very young, nor very pretty, nor inexperienced, and every year would remedy those defects, too. But don't let us talk of it, mother. I can't go away from you when you need me, if I could get a school, and it breaks my heart to hear you talk of dying." Hope's voice was hysterical, and Mrs. Bell changed the subject, as she noted this fact. The Bells had never been very rich, but they had been what is called "well off" before Mr. Bell died; well off, and though neither aristocratic nor fashionable, in a good position. But after Mr. Bell's death it was found that there was very little left, when his business was settled up, for his wife and daughter to live upon. Mrs. Bell was an energetic woman, with a great deal of courage, so she set about what she knew must be done sooner or later—opening a boarding-house. This was when Hope was sixteen; and from that day to this, Hope had been her mother's dependence in all manner of ways. Yet, in spite of this, Mrs. Bell would have been glad to have had Hope in a school long ago; but Hope never would consent to making an application, for besides being doubtful of success, she wouldn't leave her mother. It was a wearing life—the more so, perhaps, that both Hope and Mrs. Bell were proud, and sensitive, and refined.

II.

Proud and sensitive and refined, Hope looked all that when she went out the next day to do some shopping. It wasn't fineries Hope was going to buy, but table-linen, and other housekeeping articles for her mother. As she passed down the street Harry Camden met her, and lifted his hat to her with that charming grace of his and the pleasant smile.

He was always meeting her in this way. It was but that morning that she came upon him in the parlor, and he had kept her talking with him until Mrs. Evans appeared. He had been particularly agreeable and genial in that talk, and Hope had enjoyed it with a pleased sense of flattery; and then there had crossed her a vague doubt which thrilled her with mortification, as Mrs. Evans entered. For at that moment Mr. Camden ceased his talk, and immediately addressed himself to the latter lady. Two or three times this same kind of thing had happened, or perhaps Hope wouldn't have noticed it; but now it had begun to give her a disagreeable suspicion of Mr. Harry Camden. It looked as if he didn't care to be observed tête-à-tête with his landlady's daughter. And then, ten minutes after, felt ashamed of her suspicion, he was so suave and courteous. Altogether, perhaps Hope interested herself more than was good for her in the ways of this handsome Harry Camden. She was by no means in love with the young gentleman, but he had touched her imagination with his grace and fine looks, and that air of a cavalier there was about him. Well, this morning she went about her shopping with that

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glance of handsome Harry's haunting her now and then, and making her a little less heedful of her work in hand. It was near dinner-time when she had finished, and as she hurried out to catch her car at the next square she was overtaken by the storm which had been impending for hours. It was a cold, driving rain, and she had no umbrella. A mile from home, one car lost, and fifteen minutes before another. Here was a predicament.

"If I had only an umbrella I would not mind, but I shall ruin my bonnet," she thought, despairingly. But at this juncture who should come round the corner but Mr. Camden and Mr. Weymer? Handsome Harry had his arm linked in Mr. Weymer's, and he was walking under Mr. Weymer's umbrella, while he carried his own closed under his other arm. He stopped suddenly at sight of Hope:

"Out in this rain, Miss Bell! How fortunate that I should meet you, for you have no umbrella, and you see I have an extra one, thanks to Weymer! Will you take this?" and he handed his extra one to her, and, bowing with his cavalier grace, turned to Weymer again.

A queer look came into Hope's face at this, and, glancing accidentally at Mr. Weymer, she saw her queer look reflected, as it were; and in the next moment the latter gentleman had put his own umbrella into Harry's hands, and approached her with an "Allow me, Miss Bell?" And almost before she knew it he had her arm in his, and he was carrying her two or three troublesome little packages, and holding the umbrella over her head.

Hope gave a little laugh, which was partly embarrassment and partly amusement, and Mr. Weymer met it with a smile which brightened his grave face wonderfully.

She had always liked Mr. Weymer, but had never quite understood him. She had thought him a gentleman certainly, but one who was a little wanting in affability and graciousness. And the contrast between him and Harry Camden just now was curious, if nothing more. And how his face had lighted at her laugh! Something possessed Hope—I think it must have been her good angel, though she did not know it—to follow up this laugh with a flow of her easiest, happiest talk. Mr. Weymer, to her astonishment, met her more than half-way in this attempt. He was so genial and pleasant that Hope was astonished, and she forgot her shyness and pride enough to say gayly, as they approached her home: "Why, Mr. Weymer, I think I never got acquainted with you before today."

And he answered, quickly: "It wasn't my fault, Miss Bell."

Hope blushed, for she knew how she had always looked the other side of Mr. Weymer when handsome Harry sat there, and it mortified her a little to think of it now. But Hope was greatly puzzled at Harry Camden's demeanor. Shortly after this street encounter she suddenly seemed to have become more valuable in his eyes, and he treated her with much more *empressement*. One day the secret came out. I won't let it come out here, but wait until Hope finds out what was in her stocking Christmas morning.

Only four weeks to that Christmas morning, and Janey talked every day about it, and quoted Miss Hope at every turn. "And you must be sure and hang up your stocking, Miss Hope, for I am going to put something in it," she said, with a great air of mystery, one night at the table.

And to satisfy her, Hope promised, laughing as she caught Mr. Weymer's eye, and asking mischievously: "You're sure you don't think I'm too old, Janey?"

"No, indeed! Is she, Mr. Weymer?"

But Mr. Weymer only smiled, yet his eyes looked at Hope as if he might have paid her a compliment, if it was in his way to pay compliments; and Hope blushed at the look more than she would at any words.

Hope was getting better acquainted with Mr. Weymer every day now, and she found him the kindest of friends; and certainly not wanting, as she had thought, in affability or graciousness, though he was not such an *élégant* as Harry Camden. Harry Camden, you see, still held Hope's fancy in a measure; for Hope was imaginative, and he looked so like a hero she couldn't give up the idea that he must be one. Twenty-four years old, and not inexperienced she thought herself, yet Hope was making some strange mistakes.

Mrs. Bell had never got over that "worry" about Hope's future, though she didn't speak of it again. It was always in her mind what would become of Hope if she should be taken away. And between this worry, and that other worry of pleasing twenty different people, the poor lady actually got sick at last of a fever.

Hope came down stairs the morning her mother gave out with a heart as heavy as lead, and a face that betrayed her heart. Harry Camden met her with his gracious speeches, and never noticed her depression. And when she told him that her mother was sick, with that low, stifled tone of apprehension, handsome Harry was very sorry, very sorry indeed, and he said so two or three times in the nicest phrases imaginable; but somehow he seemed an endless way off to Hope then, and his nice phrases made her impatient. And then it was, when she felt desolate and aching for some sympathetic word, that Mr. Weymer came up, unfolding his morning paper, with his grave face full of serious inquiry, and asked, earnestly: "What is it—what is the matter, Miss Bell?"

"My mother is sick." Three little words sadly and very quietly said; but Mr. Weymer knew all they meant to Hope Bell. He too said, "I am very sorry." The same words that Harry Camden had said, but his tone and manner were so near and cordial, that Hope felt as if a hand had been stretched out to help her over this dark way. And it was so. Through the three anxious, weary weeks of waiting and

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watching and working which followed, this grave, quiet man, who never made any show or fuss about any thing, was of infinite service and consolation to Hope. Always making her way easier in some manner; always ready with advice, or sympathy, or assistance.

"I don't know what I should have done without you, Mr. Weymer," she said, in a little burst of gratitude, one day, at the end of the three weeks, when her mother began to mend.

His face lighted. "I am very glad if I have been of use to you, Miss Bell, but it is very little I have done."

"Oh, it was every thing to me; you have been a real friend, and I can never thank you—never."

"Don't speak of thanking me, Hope. I"—But just here, through the folding-door, Mr. Camden appeared, and Janey followed him.

There were signs of emotion on Hope's face which Mr. Camden did not fail to mark with an inquiring glance, and the interruption might have been awkward but for Janey's childish presence. Janey was in the greatest state of excitement, for to-morrow was Christmas.

"And you'll hang up your stocking, won't you, Miss Hope?" she cried out, as she came running in after Mr. Camden.

"What's that about a stocking?" exclaimed Mr. Camden, glad of Janey's matter-of-fact subject just at this moment.

"Oh, don't you know to-night is Christmas-eve, and Miss Hope has promised to hang up her stocking; haven't you, Miss Hope?" and Janey went on in a voluble chatter, ending up with: "Oh, Mr. Camden, *you* put something in Miss Hope's stocking, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," declared Mr. Camden, laughing, but looking at Hope as if he meant it.

Janey did not ask Mr. Weymer to put something in Miss Hope's stocking, for she had a suspicion that Mr. Weymer thought Miss Hope was too old for that.

"But where shall I hang my stocking, Janey?" Hope asked, smilingly.

"Oh, on the door, Miss Hope—then you won't know any thing about it until to-morrow morning. I always lie awake, oh, ever so long! waiting and watching, till mamma gets all out of patience with me."

Hope laughed outright at the thought of Janey's allowance for her curiosity; but Janey was unconsciously a truer prophet than Hope had been aware, for in spite of herself Hope lay awake a long, long time; and, lying awake, she could not help wondering if Mr. Camden had been in earnest when he had said the last thing to her. "Be sure and hang up your stocking, Miss Bell."

And then she remembered Mr. Weymer's earnest eyes bent upon her, when she had colored a little at this, and she remembered it with a great deal of annoyance, and wished as she lay there thinking, over and over again, that she hadn't that foolish habit of blushing at nothing: "What would Mr. Weymer think?"

What Mr. Weymer would think seemed to trouble Hope more than any thing that night. But after a while she dropped asleep, and lost all her troubles and weariness and curiosity. It was a blessed sleep of rest and peace after her three weeks' anxiety, and she awoke with a feeling of childlike refreshment to hear the sweet chimes from the old Catholic tower on the next street ringing in the Christmas morn. Involuntarily a prayer of thankfulness rose to her lips for the mercy which had made this Christmas morn so peaceful to her. Three weeks ago her soul had been in a tumult of fear and anxiety; now the fear was over. That dear mother was getting well. She thought of nothing else but this for a while; then, all at once, Janey's admonition to hang up her stocking, and Mr. Camden's reiteration of it flashed into her mind. She sprang up softly, laughing, yet curious as Janey herself, and cautiously opening her door, reached out her hand for the stocking she had hung to keep her promise. It was a dainty little stocking, and white as drifted snow—not at all an unfit receptacle for the daintiest gifts, and very dainty indeed was the pretty scarf she drew out first—Janey's gift she knew from the slip of paper pinned on it whereon Janey had printed in round, childish letters: "To my dear Miss Hope, from her loving Janey."

But there was something else. Had Mr. Camden really?—Yes, it must be. Slowly she drew it forth—a long and slender package. What! yes, a charming party fan, such as Hope might have carried once when she was sixteen, for Hope had got out of the way of parties since that time. They were too expensive affairs, even if her friends chose to remember her. She sighed a little as she looked at this pretty toy—white and pearl laid and perfumed—and thought to herself, perhaps, that it would be pleasant to need such a thing; but of course she shouldn't. Wait a moment, Hope; do not be too hasty; you can not tell what you may need.

She laid the fan down, thinking it was very kind of Mr. Camden, for she knew it was from him by the card lying in the bottom of the box with "Mr. Camden's compliments and a Merry Christmas" written on it. Very kind and very graceful of him; but an odd thought stole into her mind, that Mr. Weymer wouldn't have chosen such a gift for her. She lay there thinking of this, when she saw there was still something else in that little stocking. Mr. Camden wasn't content with his compliments! But that isn't Mr. Camden's writing, and there is something in the note. Another Christmas gift! How fortunate she is! As she opens this note out rolls a ring—an old-fashioned ring of ruby and pearl, and this is what the note says about it:

"This ring was once worn by my mother, and her name was Hope—Hope Weymer. For some time I have wished, how ardently I can scarcely tell—that it might be worn again by one who would be another Hope Weymer. And with this wish I send it to Hope Bell. Will she wear it?"

As Hope read this note, there came into her

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eyes a light such as never shone on sea or land; for, before to-day, Hope had made the discovery that Mr. Weymer was of a great deal more importance to her than she would have cared to own. With this light in her eyes, and turning the beautiful old ring round and round upon her finger, she forgot all about Mr. Camden and his gift. But he was recalled a little later. She had stolen softly into her mother's room with her beautiful ring, and the story it told.

"Oh, Hope, this is too good to be true!" cried Mrs. Bell. "I couldn't wish any thing better for you; and to think I was so afraid all the time that you were thinking too much of Harry Camden's meaningless gallantries!"

A smile flashed over Hope's face.

"I am afraid I did think too much of handsome Harry's gallantries, as you call them, mother; but when I began to know Mr. Weymer better, I began to see Harry Camden clearer—I suppose by the contrast. And I began to see that Harry was more a hero in his looks than in his nature, and that, like a great many vain young men, he valued persons a good deal at another's valuation. He dazzled and puzzled me for a time, till I found this little secret out; but after that—" And here Hope laughed softly, and looked down upon the beautiful ring that shone upon her finger. Mrs. Bell watched her as she went out, with a great thanksgiving at her heart. She shouldn't worry about Hope any more. And as Hope went out she met Harry Camden upon the stairs, and thanked him for his gift. He was as graceful and gracious as ever, but Hope could see he was a little disappointed that she did not seem more impressed by that gift. How could she, with that beautiful ring upon her finger? And then Janey came flying down.

"Oh, Miss Hope, how lovely of you to give me such a doll!" and with Janey expatiating upon her doll, and a mutual expression of happy thanks, they went into the parlor together. And there Hope met Mr. Weymer. He came forward a step or two, with an anxious look in his eyes. But when she put out her hand to meet his Christmas greeting, and he saw the glimmer of his mother's ring, the anxious look gave place to such sudden joy that Mr. Camden could not fail to see it. He looked at the two a moment, and saw it all—the ruby ring upon Hope's finger, and the shy gladness in Hope's face. In that moment they had forgotten him, but when Mr. Weymer recalled himself and relinquished Hope's hand, Mr. Camden was ready with a graceful, gracious speech of congratulation; and as Hope listened to it, and looked at the gracious, graceful person—though she felt kindly enough toward the young man—she was very grateful for the power that had enabled her to discover the true hero, and still more grateful that this hero should choose her out of all the world; for Hope, with the pretty exaggeration of love, thought the world must be all open to Mr. Weymer.

"Now, ain't you glad you hung up your stocking, Miss Hope?" asked Janey, as she hugged her new doll, and watched the preparations for May Franklin's Christmas-tree across the way.

"Very glad, Janey," answered Miss Hope, looking into Mr. Weymer's face with an eloquent glance.

And then the old Catholic tower sent out the merriest peal you ever heard, and Hope's heart thrilled with thankfulness again; and, altogether, it seemed to her the most wonderful Christmas that had ever dawned.

A CHRISTMAS VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

"BUT are you not afraid of crossing the Atlantic at such an inclement season as this?" was the query put to me four years ago this month. I write this in December.

"Certainly not," I replied; "a man who has been twice round the world—twice rounded Cape Horn—need surely fear no other voyage; and, moreover, what is a 3000 miles' passage in a large and powerful steamer but a few days' short trip?"

And yet that few days' short trip, which I was ready to undertake with such easy indifference, turned out the most trying voyage I ever undertook, and never wish to experience again.

I had come to America from New Zealand in a return whale-ship, and after several months' residence in the States, took my passage home to Great Britain in a large steamer which still runs from this port of New York to Liverpool. I went on board one Wednesday, December, 1861. I had taken a steerage passage, as my funds were then nearly run out. I went on board at 11 o'clock in the morning, and found all in the bustle and turmoil of a start. At noon exactly we got under way, but had not steamed out of dock above an hour when a dense fog came on, and we were compelled to stop. All that afternoon and the succeeding night we remained in the same place, ringing an alarm-bell every few minutes, and it was not until near mid-day on Thursday that we were enabled once more to make a start. This delay was the more vexatious to me from my having lost nearly the whole of my luggage, owing to the carelessness of an express-man, to whom I had intrusted it for conveyance from the hotel to the vessel. I found, some weeks afterward, that it had been placed on board a ferry-boat by mistake; and after, Heaven only knows, how many wanderings and adventures, it arrived at last, some time in the following summer, in England, the boxes broken open and deprived of the most valuable of their contents.

I fretted and fumed, then, over the delay of the steam-packet, so near the shore, as I thought I should have had more than sufficient time to recover my missing effects.

On Thursday, at noon, we once more got under steam, favored, as well, by a good, stiff, fair breeze. A motley mob of passengers for-

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ward, consisting of some thirty males, and fourteen of the opposite sex: two or three returning from California, laden with golden spoil; three ex-militiamen,* and a Birmingham man, who came on board hugging a demijohn of whisky, the which he applied most assiduously to his lips, with scarce any intermission; several Irishmen, and one or two Scotchmen, and myself, the only Englishman, except Brummagem, as we called him, who was almost a cosmopolitan. Among the other sex were two actresses, and a popular vocalist.

Thursday and Friday we made good way, and every thing seemed to promise a fair, speedy, and successful voyage. Friday night we were all disturbed by Brummagem, who had drunk himself into an attack of delirium tremens, and aroused us and alarmed his female neighbor in the cabin, separated from him by a thin wooden partition, by violently kicking down the partition aforesaid, considerably to the damage of his feet, and then tumbling out of his bunk with an open-bladed bowie-knife, threatening to cut all our throats. I rushed off for, and returned with, the doctor. After some delay, and at the cost of a good deal of coaxing, we prevailed upon him to return to his berth, where, after taking a large dose of laudanum, he fell asleep, while we carefully removed all weapons of an offensive nature from his person. The jug of whisky he had already emptied: beneath his pillow were a quantity of English sovereigns—some fifty or sixty. Next morning when he awoke, his first look-out was for his bottle, and we found him snuffing at the empty hole.

"Throw it overboard," said his neighbor, an Irishman; "shure it's a marine."

"No," he replied; "I will keep it for the good it has done"—that good being well-nigh his death.

Of all the characters I ever met with his was the strangest. The cool, quiet way he related his adventures in California, told, as they were, with such an evident simplicity as to bear the impress of truth; and yet, being some of the most horrible records of murder, theft, and almost every conceivable crime, I can never forget; and yet, amidst all was a sort of careless deviltry and good temper, and occasional outbursts of generosity.

Another character we had was a genuine specimen of the "Green Isle," impulsive, one moment tipsy and sinning, and very shortly after sober and repenting; continually uttering vows and making resolutions, the next moment to be broken; your warmest friend one hour, and wanting to break your head the next. Andy was his name.

I must mention two more of my fellow-passengers before I proceed with the account of our voyage. One was an old, God-fearing man, from Rahway, in New Jersey, cheery, pleasant, always having a kind word, ever ready to do a kind deed, and when not otherwise employed, walking up and down the narrow space between our berths, singing hymns, more to himself than for the delectation of others—him we called, by general consent, "Old Dad." The last character was my chum—the one who slept in the berth below me—a young Irishman named Conolly, from Chicago, where he had been an employé as clerk on the railway, on his road home to Ireland to claim some property—a small farm in the neighborhood of the city of Dublin. He was a brisk, business-like, and yet gentlemanly fellow.

Our neighbors, the ladies, after their recovery from sea-sickness, mostly spent their time in singing; and here, by-the-way, let me observe, as surely as we had an extra spell of singing, so surely there followed a gale of wind. Over and over again we observed this to be the case: within twenty-four hours of a night of song we had a gale—a meteorological phenomenon I leave Admiral Fitzroy and Lieutenant Maury to explain.

All Friday, Saturday, and Sunday we progressed favorably; strong, steady breeze, and full steam, going, according to the almost proverbial nautical myth, sixteen knots an hour; although I must confess my experience has seldom or never really exceeded ten knots an hour. We spent our time in narrating, each in turn, our personal adventures. For example:

"Well, chaps, I suppose it's now my turn" (Brummagem *loquiter*). "I'm no hand much at what you call tale-making, but I can tell you what once happened to me in Francisco. I was green then, just arrived, in fact, and not up to the dodges as I now am. I'm a printer by trade, and a rare good 'un it is at times. Yes, Sir! I tell you I've made many a pile, ay, and spent them as fast as made. Well, I'll tell you, my first job was at the newspaper office—type setter—and I made thirty dollars a week. I chumed with another young fellow who had been at the diggings. One day we went on a spree, and both got blessed tight—so tight I got wild; I do sometimes." (We all believed him, for we had seen a specimen.) "I don't know how it happened, but a fellow at the bar began to fight me. I tell you my blood was up, and I quickly had my knife into him; see, this was the knife. That fellow ain't the last I guess it has touched. I believe he died, but I ain't sure, for you see I got sobered like at the row they kicked up, so made a bee-line for home, and packed up a few traps, and we—I and my chum—made a start of it for some new diggings he'd heard of. Well, we got there, but it wasn't in my line, do you see; my hands ain't used to such hard work as it turned out, and the grog-shops were a long way off. Bob, however, made out pretty well; and I stuck to it as well as I could, until one day we agreed to go down to the bar for a drink; and we went, and a jolly time we had of it for a day or two, until one night, the third night I think it was, mates, we both got warm like at a game at Hooka [*sic*], and he called me a —— liar, and then we fought and I quieted him; and then I cut for it, but I got his belt. I'm sorry now, d'ye see,

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I hurt him; but it was just here, if I didn't do it to him he would have to me. I then made my way back to Francisco, and took up my old trade. I'm now bound for home."

I can not give, nor should I like to try to give the whole account of his adventures; and yet this man-murderer, and what not he had been in the course of his life, had some touch of softness in his heart, was not altogether bad (as who is?); for on our arrival at Glasgow the following morning he called me into his bedroom (he was then far advanced in a consumption owing to his habits), and told me he wanted me to go out with him, and help him to buy a new suit of handsome black clothes, and a gold watch and chain, saying he would not leave Glasgow until he had got them; "for my folks are somewhat more than common, and up in the world, and I would not like them to be ashamed of me, or their neighbors think me beneath them." And so he staid three days in Glasgow, until the clothes were made; the gold watch and chain I saw bought myself; and doubtless he was received by his brother as one well to do—an excellent example of well-earned success, to be shown off to the admiring neighbors in his full-blown glory of watch, chain, and dress.

Monday morning, at 7 o'clock, I was lying carelessly in my berth, lazily smoking a short clay pipe, until O'Conolly had finished his ablutions, and done with soap, dish, and towel, and left me room to commence mine. For so we arranged it, turn and turn about, one morning he first, the next morning myself. He had finished and at length gone out on deck. I still procrastinated, not liking to give up my pipe just as I was in the full relish of it, and so another quarter or half an hour passed in a smoky, dreamy state of quiescence, out of which I was abruptly startled by the sudden entrance of Conolly, pale, agitated, and flurried.

"Hollo!" I cried out, "what's up, man, to scare you that way? Is the ship going to the bottom, or have you seen Jim's ghost?" (Brummagem's chum's ghost, which he said always haunted him.)

"I believe, Drummond," said he, "upon my soul I do, that she is going to the bottom—that—that we are sinking."

"Nonsense, man," I replied; "why there's not wind enough to turn a child's toy. How can she sink?"

He said no more, but again went out, and in about ten minutes again returned, so evidently frightened that I caught the infection, and, leaping out of my bunk, began to hurry on my clothes as fast as my excitement would let me, listening meanwhile to his words—words which came stammering out of his trembling and quivering lips:

"My God, Drummond, we are sinking!—we have sprung a leak, and the vessel is filling fast; we are going—going down to the bottom."

A few moments more and I was on deck myself, still thinking and hoping that Conolly had either mistaken or had exaggerated the evil. The steamer was an iron ship, built in three compartments, and heavily laden with wheat in bulk; that is, put loosely down in the hold without bags. So heavily laden was the vessel, that a great part of the coal for the use of the steamer was down in the engine-room. Going on deck I met with the first-mate, who was just going into his cabin, having come up out of the engine-room.

"Mr. Campbell," I said, "is there any thing wrong with the vessel? Has any thing gone amiss?"

"Oh, nothing particular," said he, "just a little water has got in—that is all."

I did not, however, like the doubting way in which he said it, nor yet an evident effort he seemed to make at subduing some feeling or other—he, who generally was so cool and collected.

"Oh! Mr. Campbell," I again exclaimed, "do tell me the truth—the whole truth. I do not say I will not be frightened, but I will try not to be, and if I can be of any use I shall be only too glad."

"Man, man," he replied, "go aft yourself, and look down into the engine-room, and ye will not need to speer any more questions."

Aft I went, and there down below, far down in the depths of the vessel, I saw a crowd of men hurrying backward and forward, busily—oh, how busily!—shoveling away at some coals. The captain, the mates, black and begrimed, were hastily issuing orders; and—most fearful of all sounds on board a vessel, next only to the roaring and crackling of flames; a sound once heard never to be forgotten afterward—the dull, heavy plash of waters, as the ship slowly and ceaselessly rolled from side to side. Just then one of the engineers came up.

"Is the leak a very bad one?" I asked.

"God only knows," he said. "Thus much *I* know, there are ten feet of coal down in that hole, and the water is bubbling out of the top of it."

On Monday morning, at 10 o'clock, the water had gained considerably on us despite all our utmost efforts to keep it under; and what was still worse, we could not find out where it was. The removal of the coal had occupied us so long and detained us so much—what quantity of water there might be in the hold now I feared to ask, and I was not at all sure that a correct answer would be returned. I could only guess, from the looks both of officers and men, that it was more than serious. I strove to forget our danger in working wherever I could or where I was most wanted.

At noon, "Man the pumps!" had been ordered some time ago, and, alas! no pumps would work. The wheat had got in and choked them all: six or seven hands were at each pump, and brought up, with hard labor and no small difficulty, more wheat than water. The leak was telling on us fast, and there was danger of its reaching and

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putting out the engine fires. If it did that, may God in His mercy help us!

At 3 o'clock, afternoon, "*All* hands on deck!" That order had come at last—how startlingly it fell upon the ears of passengers! Never heard but in times of sharp peril and urgent extreme distress, what wonderful strength it gives to the limbs and muscles, causing the hearers to attempt and accomplish feats of labor they would never have dreamed of else! We all quickly mustered on deck, all now fully alive with a sense of our peril.

"Off hatches!" needed no second order. "Throw cargo overboard!" was instantly obeyed. I and Andy jumped down into one of the holds and hoisted up barrels of resin and sacks of coals. Despair lent me strength as well as the others, and many a weight was lifted, many a feat accomplished that we none of us dreamed we could perform. Almost in silence we wrought—wrought all that long, long afternoon. Biscuits and brandy were served out to us at short intervals. Meanwhile, blankets had been hove overboard with a faint hope of the leak drawing them in. A vain hope! Still it gained on us—gained on us slowly, quietly, surely.

There we were, 400 miles from the nearest land, Newfoundland; in the depth of winter; ice round us; the very boats belonging to the vessel leaky and not to be trusted, even could we have launched them in the rough sea then running, or lived in them in the extreme cold then existing. No hope there! It must be the ship or not at all. Ah! how we all toiled. I, for one, although I wrought until nature was well-nigh overcome, could not, dared not, cease to sit down and think. Think, and see the dark cold waters creeping in on us; to hear their dull heavy wash from side to side! It nearly drove me wild. Better work the fingers to the bone than sit and think. Creeping slowly nearer and nearer the fires. Nay, now and again, as the vessel rolled a little heavier than usual, daring even to look into them, and splash into the open mouths of the furnaces, quickly to be driven out again in angry jets of steam, still the water gains on us.

One heavy roll—a sharp plunge forward—a loud noise, fearful exceedingly in its strangeness—half sob, half screech—as the steam rushed violently up the pipe a quick, shivering tremble through the whole ship—and then for a few seconds—seconds, which seemed hours—a deep silence. The fires were out, and the vessel for the time being lay helplessly rolling in the trough of the sea. How deep, how angrily sounded the swaying waters then! and what a sad, utterly sad and forlorn look of despair crept over all our faces! One man there was cool, calm, collected—the Captain. Foremost had he been in all the toil; bravest was he now in all the danger.

"I have done all I can," he said, quietly, "and I can now do little more. I much fear we are going down. Let those who can not work pray to God; to Him who now must be our best and surest refuge, and may He give us all grace to say His will be done!"

He ordered the pumps to be manned as usual and kept going, and then went for a short time into his cabin. I went up on to the poop and looked down upon the surging waters around, and in a dreamy sort of way tried to realize it, tried to think what would be the best to do. To sit there until she slowly settled, and the waters washed me off? to go down into the lowest part of the vessel and put off to the very last moment the final struggle? to make an attempt in the boats, to perish by a more lingering death of cold and starvation? or plunge at once into the sea and put an end to it? All these thoughts flashed quickly through my mind. And then came thoughts of the past. All my past life seemed to move in solemn review through my mind; all my past deeds and sins—things, long ago forgotten and buried in the oblivion of the past—revivified, as doubtless they will do in the last great day when time shall be no more.

In those few, fleeting moments were compressed a lifetime, and then came sad thoughts of what my friends would say at home; how they would wonder at my non-arrival; wonder what had become of the ship; what had been our fate? all hidden in that vast repository of so many sad secrets—the sea. Face to face have I been, more than once, with Death; but then the danger was momentary, sharp, of a few brief moments' continuance. But, oh, the dreadful wear of the soul in meeting thus Death, and fighting him hour by hour, inch by inch, as it were—the slow fading away of all hope, and the sure encroach of despair!

I can not but mention the brave conduct of the women. They shamed some of us men by their quiet, still manner. Ready and prepared they all seemed for any emergency. No shrieking or confusion; they sat in their cabins, some praying, and nearly all silently weeping. One poor lady—a widow, with a little child of some six or seven years of age—her son, and he her only one—came on the deck to me, and bursting into tears, she said:

"Oh, Sir! do you think there is really no hope for us—none whatever? I do not care so much for myself, but it does seem hard for my little boy to meet such a fate."

Dear mother's heart of hers! even in that sad, fearful hour, her child was her sole thought, her sole care. Oh, mother's love! the only true reality of entire abnegation of self.

Once more I roused myself and went below, to find the sailors and crew becoming mutinous and rebellious. Some wanted to take to the boats, and were trying, partly by persuasions, and partly by threats, to obtain provisions from the ship's stewards; while others, more determined, were bent upon breaking into and obtaining the wine and spirit stores. They were just coming aft as I descended the gangway—a disorderly body of some thirty or forty men.

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"Go back to your posts, men!" were the words I heard from the first-mate; words to which they seemed inclined to pay no attention.

Just then the Captain came out of his cabin. His eye took in at a glance the position of affairs.

"Back, men, all of you!" He spake loudly and firmly.

Two or three of the foremost came forward, each, as we could well see, armed with bowie-knives.

"We want brandy," they said, "and, d—n it, we mean to have it, too!"

The Captain did not answer, but quietly stepped back into his cabin, and returned with a revolver in his right hand. Most of the passengers ranged themselves alongside, or behind him, as well as all the officers.

"Now," said the Captain, "my men, I do not want to resort to harsh measures. God knows we are all in sufficiently bad plight, and any moment we may be called before Him. Let me tell you all quietly to return to your work. I have no brandy to spare. The little we have still left on board ship will be more than wanted; and I neither can nor will give it to you."

"We will see about that," said one of the men, advancing another step.

The Captain took a step or two forward, and, drawing a chalk-line on the deck, said:

"The first man that steps over that I will shoot."

"By God, then I will try it!" answered the man.

He had scarcely planted his foot on the line before the Captain fired, and the man's right arm hung wounded. Two mates sprang forward, and, seizing the man, they fettered his feet, and, attended by the doctor, carried him off below. The remainder of the crew, awed by what had passed, turned round, and, with many a muttered curse, returned to their places.

"Now," said the Captain, turning to the passengers, "if any of you like to try the boats, in preference to remaining on the ship (which I frankly confess I do not expect to keep afloat many minutes longer), I will fit them out for you as well as I am able; but I must fairly tell you, I much doubt whether they will float, much less live, in a sea like this; setting aside the bitter cold, which would not let you live long, exposed, as you would be, to it. However, it is for you to decide. My station and my duty are here, on board, to the last."

Yet slowly, but surely, the water all this time was creeping on us.

"God be merciful to us all, sinners!" exclaimed a full, deep voice.

We all turned, and there, standing behind us, was an old gray-headed minister, bareheaded, with a deep, calm look on his face—that face turned upward from the deep black waters to the bright serene blue of God's heavens. "'One deep calleth another,'" he continued; "'because of the noise of the water-pipes; all thy storms and waves are gone over me!' 'God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the waters rage and swell. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.' 'Thou, O Lord, who stillest the raging of the sea, hear, hear us, and save us that we perish not!'"

Oh, how deep was the response—"Save us that we perish not!" and oh, at that hour, in that our peril, the comfort of those few words so spoken, ay, even comforting to the most sinful and heedless among us! For where else could we look in such a time as that? And the answer came to that good old man's prayer—verily.

I said the answer came; scarce were the words out of his mouth when a voice was heard once more, "I have found the leak!" It came from the old carpenter, who had been all the time indefatigably at work. It appeared afterward, that as soon as the leak was sprung he had his suspicions, which rested upon a leaden feed-pipe, and they turned out true; the pipe had burst—it might be from the effect of the cold—and instead of feeding the boilers it was filling the ship; and, foot by foot, amidst the black sooty water in the hold, the old man had felt his way until he came on the leak.

"I have found the leak!" The words were scarce out of his mouth when the deep, bass voice again resounded:

"'Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord; Lord hear my voice!' 'So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivereth them out of their distress.'"

"Thank God!" was our response, and straightway there came new vigor into our frames, new hope into our souls, new strength into our hands. And with a loud bursting cheer we all made for the engine-room. Quickly a large wooden plug was wrapped round with a portion of a blanket, a long wooden handle fastened to a mallet and the plug driven into the hole. Despite the cold, coats and jackets were doffed, buckets handed out, and all set to work to lade out the water. Thus in hope we wrought until midnight, passing the buckets from hand to hand; a few of the crew on deck having put on all the canvas she could carry.

About midnight the wind gradually freshened into a gale, and we had to take in sail, in the which I assisted; and so freshly did it blow that it tore open a loose flannel jacket I wore, and took it, together with my hat, overboard, and yet so intent were the party below lading out the water, that most of them neither heard the wind roaring nor felt the tossing and pitching of the vessel. Toward morning the gale abated, and cold, wet, and weary, but very thankful, I betook myself to my berth for an hour or two's rest.

Our next fear was whether or no the water had injured the machinery. To our great thankfulness we found it had not, and by Tuesday night we got the water so far under that the fires were once more lighted, and the first sound I heard

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on Wednesday morning (sweeter then to me than the sweetest music) was the regular throb, throb, once more of the engine; and on dressing and going on deck I saw two regular small jets of water flowing from the ship's side, pumped out by a donkey engine.

Our troubles were not yet, however, entirely over; we had still much to undergo before we reached home.

Two or three mornings after the Monday of the leak of the vessel, Andy went out of the cabin in a state of "half seas over." I do not mean this as a wretched pun; he was in fact half tipsy, and made his way down to the engine-room. He had not been away more than half an hour before he came back perfectly sober, and looking exceedingly grave and serious. Without a word he betook himself to his berth, where, to our great astonishment, he remained without speaking a word for above an hour.

"Andy," I asked, "what is the matter?"

"Matter?" he replied; "matter enough. We have been as nearly blown to pieces as we could be. One of the engineers let the boilers get empty; and just as he was going to let in a supply of cold water I happened to see it, and shouted out in time to save them from bursting; but it gave me such a turn I have not yet got over it."

I too shuddered, and thanked God that the danger was past.

Slowly we plowed our way homeward, having continually to work the pumps; and very hard, laborious work it was, in consequence of their being so choked with the swollen wheat. I noticed too that the Captain and first-mate seemed continually uneasy. I at length ventured to ask why? and learned, to my great fear, the cause. They dreaded that the wheat would swell so much from the water that had got among it, that it would damage the ship.

Christmas-day.—At sea. All of us had fondly hoped to have spent this day at home amidst friends and relatives. That great home-day of all Christians. Alas! our good tidings of great joy were sadly dimmed of their brightness, while we could not but be thankful that we were so mercifully spared to see another Christmas-day at all. Toward night of this day the wind freshened once more into a fierce gale. The sea tossed the poor ship frightfully, and we lost two of our boats. And our friends at home—warmly sheltered over the Christmas fire, watching the bright sparks of the Yule log, partaking of the Christmas feast, all the more comfortable from hearing the angry roaring wind outside their windows—were, perhaps, at that very moment wishing us, their absent friends, a merry Christmas; some few breathing a prayer for those then out on the raging sea.

Six long tedious weeks that Christmas voyage lasted, and we were becoming in danger of falling short of provisions. Many an anxious look had been cast for our arrival—many a prayer breathed from lips, the outpourings of hearts half fearful, half hopeful. At length we sighted the Northern coast of Ireland, and the wild rocky islets which bestud the Irish Channel. How thankful we should have been but four weeks before to have sighted the most barren of the lot! We passed the Mull of Cantyre, with its light-house, beaconing us homeward; and gladly steamed along the Frith of Clyde. Here again the fog assailed us, and became so dense that we had carefully to feel our way along. Carefully, however, as we went we grounded forward. The steamer ran her bows upon a sand-bank, and there we stuck.

"At any rate, Old Dad," I said, "it is not a case of sinking this time. We can not very well get any lower."

"No," said the Captain, who overheard the remark; "but she may break her back," ordering at the same time a boat to be lowered, and soundings carefully taken all round her. To our satisfaction we found the water very little deeper at the stern of the vessel, but though we waited for high tide, and put on all the power the steamer had, we could not move. At length the purser was landed in a boat, and, going to a farm-house, procured a horse, and rode on to Greenock, where he obtained a couple of steam-tugs, and sent them to our assistance. At length we arrived, and once more placed our feet on the granite pier at Greenock. "Thank God!" was the exclamation fervently uttered from one and all, as we climbed the steps and trod the earth with joyful feet.

Thus far all the steerage passengers had shared all the dangers of the voyage; and we all agreed for the day or two we should be in Glasgow still to keep together; and so we did, much to the astonishment, yet evident gratification, of the landlord of the inn to which we betook ourselves.

After a hearty supper, we drew one and all round the fire, and, lighting our pipes, talked over our late perils; and to show what influence our so recent escape still had over us, with the exception of Brummagem, who very quickly retired to bed, *hors de combat* from the effects of Scotch ale and whisky, and Andy, who got, not drunk, but exhilarated, and wanted to fight us all round just for the fun of the thing. With these two exceptions, we all retired very gravely, soberly, and thankfully, to rest. Old Dad standing up just as we were about to separate for the night, said, very solemnly:

"'Then are they glad, because they are at rest; and so the Lord bringeth them unto the haven where they would be. Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness; and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men!'"

So ended my Christmas voyage across the Atlantic.

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BATTLE MEMORIES.

I.—BEFORE THE WAR.

IT costs an effort to call up the days,
  The grocery days before the war,
When life jogged on like a one-horse chaise,
  And the dollar was the guiding star;
When Whig and Democrat bowed down
If South Carolina chose to frown.

We've washed them out, those days of shame,
  In rivers of blood; we've crossed them off
With gunpowder grime and scorches of flame:
  The kings no longer can grin and scoff
To see a republic with millions of slaves:
We've balanced all that with millions of graves.

I tell you that we owe thanks to God
  For the first Bull Run and its groveling terrors:
That overthrow was the chastening rod
  To scourge us from the low-lived errors
That trade is a people's loftiest pride,
And man's most precious part his hide.

Our fight was nobler for disaster;
  No easy triumph were half so grand;
The nation's spirit towered the vaster
  Because of defeat; our spacious land
Was narrow verge for such events
As tracked its huge circumference.

II.—PORT HUDSON.

Do you remember the storming column
  Which Banks sent up on the fourteenth of June?
Do you remember the silently solemn
  Advance, unlighted by stars or moon?
The sombre wood and the boding cry
Of the owl that hooted us on to die?

Far in the inky distance we heard
  The picket musketry rise and fall;
Now and then the branches were stirred
  Above our heads by a random ball;
There was no shouting of orders then—
The orders were passed by whispering men.

Our road by dark battalions ran,
  By batteries harnessed, man and steed;
We heard them mutter, "There goes the van!"
  And then we knew that we should lead
The column; and though our lips were still,
Our hearts beat with a glorious thrill.

The colonel groped at the head of the files
  Of bayonets fixed and sabres drawn;
We wandered and stumbled: the rods were miles,
  And the night had changed to misty dawn
When the yellow earth-works loomed ahead
And the howl of battle called for our dead.

Then colonel and captain and soldier yelled,
  And gallantly charged the old brigade;
The savage hurrahs for a moment swelled
  Above the volleys and cannonade;
It must be that the caverns of Death
Re-echoed to that heroic breath.

For the dying shouted as they died,
  Cheering their living comrades on;
And though the thundering cannon replied,
  They never heard it, for they were gone;
So that I think their final cry
Entered the gates of eternity.

They died in a just and holy cause,
  And doubtless the angels met their souls
With welcoming anthems of applause,
  And wrote their names on the heavenly rolls,
While we, their comrades, struggled still
On the slippery slopes of that bloody hill.

We reached the ramparts; our foremost dead
  Dotted the yellow mounds with blue;
The ditches were streaked with clotting red,
  And still the whirring bullets flew;
They pattered down the gullied banks
And thinned the broken and breathless ranks.

In vain the covering cannon roared,
  In vain supporting columns pressed;
The rebel cross triumphant soared,
  We could not hold the flaming crest;
We could not conquer; we could but die:
Yet all the war was a victory!

A victory over cringing years,
  Dastardly lives of sordid shame,
An error of centuries, which tears
  Could not atone for; only the flame
And blood and agony of a strife
Which took from every fireside a life.

III.—GETTYSBURG.

Magnificent fighters those rebels were,
  As gallant battalions as ever dashed
Up smoking steeps with bayonets bare
  While Minies whistled and cannon crashed
Through the charging masses of gray-clad men!
The thought of it now makes me throw down the pen.

I fancy sometimes I should like to hear
  Their yell again, their infernal yell;
'Twas not a hurrah, no civilized cheer;
  It seemed as if beasts of the desert and fell
Had joined in a yelping and shrieking bout;
And yet 'twas a soldierly, glorious shout.

At Gettysburg how finely they came,
  Arms right-shoulder-shift, quick step and guide right,
Responding to all our clangor and flame
  With only their yell as they breasted the height,
The charging blood in their upturned faces,
And the living filling the dead men's places!

The continent trembled, the century reeled
  When Longstreet paused on the brow of the hill;
Another brigade might have given the field
  To slavery, treason, and ages of ill;
The heroes who held that last stone-wall
Saved freedom, mankind, from a woeful fall.

But the rebels are done for. Sheridan broke
  Their habit of victory at Middletown;
Grant, Sherman, and Thomas, with stroke on stroke,
  Followed close; and the Southern stars went down,
Spent like Lucifer, son of the morning,
Or only shining as beacons of warning.

That Southern Cross was the heaviest load
  That ever a people attempted to bear;
Old Christian traveled a pleasanter road
  Among lions and fiends and through Vanity Fair
Than did the Confederate heroes and sages
When they started alone to reach the Dark Ages.

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THE GRAY JOCKEY.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN CAMP-FIRE STORY.

I AM going to tell you of Camptown Races. Yes, the very ones concerning which the Ethiopian melodist warbles; and he tells the truth—they "*can't* be beat"—though why he wildly proceeds to add du-da, as if that shed any further light on the subject, I really never could see.

You ask for some of my horse experience, and I'll give you a bit whose chief interest trots (if it weren't the turf I'd say "revolves") around what Captain Cuttle would call that "dientical" Camptown course embalmed in song.

When I was a dashing fellow of twenty-five, with more of the tendencies to be both rich and good-looking than I notice in the young men now growing up round me—oh, I don't mind your derisive shouts of O! O!!—I used to say that there were three things on earth that I loved best and loved in the following order—the Woman, the Man, and the Horse of my choice.

There seemed no particular reason why I should fail of any of these. The last of the trio I had from the earliest time I can remember. My father kept a larger stud than most country gentlemen of easy fortune; and as soon as I could run alone I was in the stalls, dodging around between the horses' legs and pulling their tails, to the uncontrollable agony of my old English nurse, which usually vented itself in these words: "O Lud! O Lud! Master 'Arry! To think of taking hout a child in the hopen hair, which you bring him back a mask of brains hin a hapron!" But never a horse kicked me; and one Sunday afternoon, when they had been looking all over the house for me to have me say my "Palsam" (my idea of the correct pronunciation of one of David's lyrics), Jim, the groom, bet a yellow glass breast-pin against two small mutton-pies, with the cook, that he could find me in five minutes, and won the wager, with 2.31¼ to spare, by proceeding at once to the stable and picking me off the back of the most unruly stallion in the string. The stallion stood like a lamb.

My mother, who died in my infancy, left me an income independent of my paternal estate; and when my father married again, without a word of unkindness we concluded to avoid those jealousies which sometimes, among the best people, spring up between the first and second families, by putting the breadth of a single county between us; he refitting the mansion for my step-mother, and I taking the furniture I had grown up among, and seen my own mother's loving fingers dust after the maid and the broom had gone, to a house which she had given me—the house where she was born and brought up herself, where she was married, and where, on a visit to my grandfather, she had died. All the old people had forever gone out of it since; it had been vacant for a year when I went to inhabit it, the last tenants leaving because the Camptown Race-track was so near, and the turf was abominable in their eyes. The place just suited me. I was twenty-two when my father married again, and I loved life for its own sake. I loved those exhilarating brushes on the road behind a flat-going horse of one's own in light trotting-harness; better yet those grand avalanches of racing, in which the rider sits, hand on hip, like the torso of a sculptured Centaur, his own legs one with his beast, his beast's legs visible only as a *motion*, not as members—continuous, like the oscillation of a pendulum ticking tenths of seconds, or the spokes of Bonner's wagon-wheels behind Lantern and Ledger. I found at the dear old homestead every familiar thing as my grand-parents had left it, and, with the furniture I have said my father gave me, I was enabled to make it the coziest of bachelor boxes. My nurse went to keep house for me, and Jim, the groom, left my father's service, with his permission, for the first time in twenty years, to take command of my stable. I pretended to cut no swell; I kept, out of mere modesty (oh, you needn't laugh, you young sinners, I'm not talking of your day!), only three horses that could properly be backed, because I always hated to see inexperienced boys—and all boys of twenty-two *are* inexperienced—making a tremendous send-off for a five-mile race before they have any idea whether they've wind and bottom to come in first at the finish. Said I to myself, life's no short brush, and it isn't to be done by spurts. Neither am I going to be a quarter-horse—book all offers on *that*. So I went in light, and kept my little stud not for show, but for health and pleasure. That gave me the *horse* of my choice.

This horse was a trotter, and I called him Aladdin of the Wonderful Lamp, because he had the most brilliant eye I ever saw in an animal; and when he felt imperious, was in the habit of passing his eyelid over it fiercely, then lifting his head with a majestic air, as if he expected his slaves to come. He was one uniform bright bay, with hair as silky as a spaniel's; stood a trifle above the middle height of our best trotters, and did his two miles in 5.20, under saddle, and 140 pounds' weight, without breaking. The other two horses were a pair of matched Black Hawks, which drove very kindly in the thills, when it was found necessary to separate them, and could, even on occasion, be impressed into saddle service, though their tendency to gallop when ridden somewhat injured them for driving to the pole.

In the county where I lived I was called well off for a young man, so you may suppose it was easy enough for me to find what the world calls friends. But not among friends of that sort, even young as I was, did I look for the man of my choice. I had an ideal of somebody who would go to the death for me, I always standing ready to do the same turn, in time of need. I'll say to you young fellows around the camp-fire—since you won't believe a word of it, so it can't damp your spirits much—that a man's ideals are not all realized in this world. But

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give me a coal for my pipe, and when you see me metaphysical stop me.

I enjoyed the sports of horsemanship, *sub Jove*, and certain microscopic researches in science, which I made a specialty within doors, having an excellent housekeeper in Old Ellen, and a most agreeable place to visit in the paternal house which used to be my home. I had a good library selected, like my tastes, from "a' the airts"—where Waller hobnobbed with Dadd's Farriery; Rabelais tickled the sides of the holy Mr. Jessup, in the midst of his disquisition of eighty-seven heads upon Foolish Talking and Jesting; where Alchemy and Philology, Theology and Legerdemain, Poetry and History, Brantôme and Flavel, Balzac and Pascal were mingled in a senate of warring brains and morocco. I had a nice museum of my own preparations. I had foils, gloves, broadswords, and dumb-bells innumerable. A river bounded the front of my place—I had a boat-house, with one sail-boat, jib-rigged, and a light pleasure-gig for three pair of sculls. I had every variety of gun and pistol which had been invented up to that year, A.D. ——; rifles, fowling-pieces, and the earliest revolvers, to say nothing of Derringers, which I am glad to say I never had to use. There was always a cold cut, a game-pie, a steak, and a bottle of claret for any body with the remotest approach to a claim on my hospitality, who happened to drop in.

But all this gave me no friend. The people who came to see me for my books tired me with endless gabble about editions and binding. There were no scientific men in the neighborhood of Camptown, except Billy Brock, the lame tailor, who had kept a meteorological journal for thirty years. He appreciated my museum and visited it weekly; but I never could stand those fellows who go around with such an air of always knowing just what kind of weather it's going to be to-morrow, and Billy Brock bored me.

Such a "sport" neighborhood as Camptown could not, of course, fail to supply me comrades of the sword, the yacht, the chase, the gloves, and the saddle, while what country on earth is sterile of those charming people who consent to dine with you?

But I was as fastidious as a blood colt. I made no intimate friend among "sports," any more than among scholars. All classes sought my hospitality with a readiness which showed that I must at least have succeeded in making them comfortable; but no man could say he had my confidence—and my secretiveness was respected, for no man sought to violate it.

Except one. As he is rather an important character in this particular bit of my Camptown experience, I may as well introduce to you at once the invader of my privacy, Lemuel Lonehand. I don't recollect whether the slang phrase had come in then; but nowadays we should describe Lemuel as a person of the most enduring and illimitable "cheek." Without being impolite to Lemuel, it was impossible to withstand him; and impoliteness to Lemuel was forbidden by my fastidious sensitiveness, no less than by a deprecating something in Lemuel's manner, as if, supposing you hurt his feelings, he would be apt to say nothing about it, but retire, like a wounded stag, to some leafy covert, and do all that's expected of stags on those occasions. He had melancholy black eyes, deep-set and over-hung by a perfect chaparral of inky eyebrows. His tones were mild and soothing, as though he "aggravated his voice to please" one. He wore a mustache and goatee *à l'Empereur*. His complexion was a clear olive—the only time he ever blushed was when I asked him if he hadn't Kanaka blood in his veins; and I honestly believe he had either that or Hindoo. He had been in both India and the Sandwich Islands. If he was part Hindoo he surely came of the Brahmin caste, for a subtler being never walked on two legs.

To look at his long, pale fingers, with their scrupulous nails and rounded tips, you would never imagine that they could hold like a vice the snaffle of the hardest-mouthed stallion in the country; but this was a fact—he rode magnificently, boxed and fenced well, and understood the management of any craft, square or schooner rigged. I could not help respecting the man's skill in all these particulars, or cherishing the deepest suspicions of him morally. I did not believe there was any base to him; but he could make himself such an agreeable companion, and had been useful to me in spite of myself on so many occasions, that, waving consideration of the fact that he was an adventurer, living solely on the success of his bets at races and the green cloth, I permitted him to become a *habitué* of my house, and found myself falling into a kind of toleration for his intrusions, which I should once have thought quite impossible.

One morning, as I was getting into a particularly interesting part of Talfourd's Lamb, with a plate of hot muffins and my tall Sèvres cup on the table beside me—the latter full of coffee deliciously strong and mottled with rich cream into a liquid Sienna marble—Lonehand announced himself at the breakfast-room door by his unmistakable tap, a sort of dull but elastic palpitation, as if he were knocking with a plush pin-cushion; or, agreeable to his subtlety of character, had padded his knuckles that his left hand might not know what his right hand did. I always read my choice authors at breakfast, old Ellen staying within sound of my bell in case I needed any thing; and this irruption upon the most delightful solitude or rather sweetest companionship of all day was any thing but welcome to me. Nevertheless I masked my vexation, and, putting an old letter into Lamb to keep my place, called out, "Come in!" ringing the bell at the same time, because I knew Lonehand meant breakfast.

Lonehand entered and accosted me, apologetically.

"Ah! breakfast I see. Think you do ex-

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actly right in eating muffins when the weather's so open? Very bilious are muffins. But yours might tempt a saint. Really must beg your pardon for dropping in on you so unseasonably; but the fact is, my habits are so rural that I can't get it through me exactly that any body ever does breakfast at eleven A.M. Had my own little breakfast at six, after an hour's exercise on Norval—been amazing busy ever since (taking out his watch)—really had no idea it was so near my lunch time—I must go home or the smell of that coffee of yours will make me so sharp-set that I shall eat a small peasant, playing the genial but somewhat monotonous game of peg-top on the village street, as I return to my abode. But speaking of coffee, how do you keep such a steady hand at the cue, and such a flexible wrist at the rapier? I could never do it and drink *such* a swinger as that cup of yours. It *is* exquisitely fragrant, isn't it? Might help the muffins tempt the saint, heh?"

Ellen entered, and, seeing Lonehand, without a word from me realized that his barometer was set fair for breakfast, immediately on that conviction retiring to superintend the preparation of a second meal.

"Are *you* enough of a saint," said I, "to be tempted by coffee and muffins of the same kind? Ellen will be up with some fresh directly, and you can go through the struggle, getting vanquished as gracefully as usual."

Perhaps a little unintentional irony characterized the tone with which I spoke this last sentence, since my love of the ludicrous shoved into my view at the instant a succession of Lonehand's adroit refusals to dine, sup, and breakfast, each novel alike in plan and execution; but all sharing the common termination of an acceptance so skillfully modulated that Lonehand seemed to have been pressed to death and to be doing a great favor. If he noticed the involuntary satire of my tone, that explains why he darted from under those shaggy eyebrows and out of those jetty eyes one glance as quick and searching as chain lightning, as keen as a basilisk's, and possibly meaning a basilisk's venom. But the next moment Lemuel Lonehand smiled a languid smile, and said:

"Well, I've such good news to tell you that I know I shall make you take me as a free boarder if I guarantee to bring its like every day: so I don't mind if I do take a bite and a sup with you, desiring it to be strictly understood that the meal is lunch, or I wouldn't interrupt you—"

"Then perhaps you'd like a little wine—what do you say to claret for lunch?"

"Oh! ah! I never thought of *that*," said Lemuel, drawing off his gloves and smacking his lips deliberately. "Well, shall you take some? Ah, then I won't be in the way. Standing the bottle in hot water a minute or two is not considered injurious to the true claret flavor."

And so Lonehand slid gracefully into breakfast.

"Now for my news," said he, as I handed his second cup of coffee. "First, I've got another horse."

"That's no news—you're always getting another."

"Yes, but this is an animal I'm going to keep: trots inside of 2.40; strides as flat as your palm; regular thorough-bred; no more perpendicular action than if he were skating; only six years old come next Easter, and undoubtedly could be trained to do his mile in thirty. Not a vice nor a blemish in him; gentle as a kitten and spirited as Massena."

"How much do you expect to get for him?" said I, smiling at the corner of my eye in spite of myself.

"Oh! Bless your soul, my dear fellow!" replied Lonehand, with an injured look. "There's not the price on earth I'd take for him. Solely an unprofessional matter, you know. By-the-way, speaking of Massena (though when I said the word I meant the General), do you know part of my second piece of news, viz." (his always saying "viz." for "namely" exactly as it was written, was one of the only few betrayals of deficient education which Lemuel ever lapsed into), "viz., that the horse of that name has just found a purchaser?"

"What? So he's the horse you've got? I thought you had engaged to buy him for *me*, if you could get him at eleven hundred."

"But I couldn't, and you're on the wrong scent, for Massena and my horse are two entirely distinct animals. My horse is a bright sorrel—Massena's a dark bay. About half an hour after I bought my horse Tantrums at the county fair yesterday, Massena was sold at three hundred and fifty above the highest figure you authorized me to go for him. I'd have bought him myself if I could have afforded it, but I doubt he's got the speed in him that Tantrums has, though he may have bottom for long distances. After training for six months I'd match Tantrums against him any day for a cool thousand."

"Who bought Massena?"

"A stranger—quite a new man who has come to reside in the county. I inferred he was a man of sense from his appreciating the bay stallion, and a man of substance from his paying fourteen hundred and fifty for him. He's right in your neighborhood, too. It's the old Huntington Place, you know, on the river road."

"Indeed?" said I, rousing myself from the mild lethargy into which I usually retreated during Lemuel's recitals, "and who is this last arrival? What may I call him if I find it rulable to call on him?"

Lemuel Lonehand was one of those conversationists who prefer to engage at close quarters. He had shifted his plate from the position assigned him at the middle of my right-hand side quite up to my corner, and was about touching my shirt-studs with his nose, initiatory to that dearest enjoyment of his life, a confidential disclosure.

"His name is Colonel Blossom," said Lone-

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hand, in a tone at once subdued and earnest. "He, furthermore, has a pretty daughter," added Lonehand, poking me in the ribs with a familiarity which might have detracted from the pleasure of a long acquaintance, and certainly seemed uncalled-for on a short one. "That pretty daughter is the Colonel's only child—twenty, a horsewoman, and an heiress. The Colonel is worth three hundred thousand, and Miss Georgie Blossom is the only child. *He* will be an addition to our turf—*she* to our parties. I think we ought to give him a supper. Lend me fifty till the next races. I'll subscribe that, and you do as much yourself. Jack Howitzer will plank the same, and we can have one of the nicest spreads at Everie's that ever was seen on the road." (Everie's was a noted place for game and oyster-suppers, with nice wine, close by the Camptown course, and much frequented by sporting gentlemen.)

It all ended in my assenting to the arrangements which Lemuel Lonehand proposed, and the result was, that, after an excellent banquet at Everie's, I got very well acquainted with Colonel Blossom. He was a hearty man of sixty, with the ruddy complexion, the clear and frank blue eyes, the elastic walk, the cheery voice, the innocent spirit, and the faultless teeth of a handsome boy of seventeen. With these attractions he combined that of being a thorough sportsman in both skill and feelings, a traveler who had visited every quarter of the globe, and the father of the prettiest girl I had ever seen in my life. This crowning excellence of the Colonel had not been overestimated by Lonehand, as I had an opportunity to discover when, a few days after the banquet, I rode over to the Huntington Place and was presented to Miss Georgie Blossom.

It was the fashion then—more's the pity it hasn't staid so—for young girls to wear their natural curls, if they had any, falling loose and free below their shoulders. Miss Blossom justified this fashion perfectly by a mass of silky dark brown hair, dropping in lovely spirals unconfined by knot, band, or ornament of any kind, over a pair of shoulders whose arch would have done no discredit to a goddess of Praxiteles. But (unless Gibson of Rome be right) no such tint as Miss Blossom's suffused the Grecian marbles, and, at all events, theirs did not come and go like hers.

I hate to beat around the bush. I like to take a fence without. So, then, I fell in Love (Big L) with Miss Blossom, at first sight, and own up to it at once to save you from suspense.

I *did* think then, and I still *do* think, that there's nothing on earth so glorious—so just dropped down from the stars, one might say—as a real, thorough, honor-bright, *bona fide* woman! Women are the making of creation; "ay, and the marring too," do I hear you say, you Ben Turner, on the bearskin yonder? Keep well to wind'ard o' that sort, then, Benjamin my boy!

"What a piece of work is man!" says Hamlet. Yes, and what a piece of work a man *makes* too, unless he has a woman's love to live for! We fellows are originally made a little lower than the angels, and it's that which pulls us up the rest of the way. When women are good, graceful, spirited, brave, and clever—that's a vast deal more than most men deserve—but when they're as pretty as they can be besides, that's not only more than any man deserves, but as much as he can want; and to that class belonged Miss Blossom.

I spent the entire morning at the Colonel's, and staid to lunch as naturally as if I had been Lemuel Lonehand. Sitting at lunch I congratulated the Colonel on having become the fortunate possessor of Massena, and told him that I was glad to have been overbid by so thorough a connoisseur.

"Father certainly couldn't have a closer tie with any gentleman than to have admired the same horse, could you, dear?" said Miss Blossom.

"Well—that may be going a good ways—but I certainly do warm to a good horseman."

"Does Miss Blossom ride?"

The young girl's eye kindled in an instant—all the more conspicuous for her tossing back of the curls which had shadowed them—an action as unconscious as the lifting of a thorough-bred horse's head, or the listening attitude of a deer. I laughed half in glee at her innocent revelation of herself, and half in happiness to see so beautiful a creature so spontaneous in her expression. She blushed when she saw that my face betrayed both reasons for laughing, and looked much prettier than ever.

"There is no need to ask Miss Blossom," said I. "I see that she has the inalienable heritage of a born rider."

"I do love to ride, indeed," said Miss Blossom.

"I keep but a bachelor's house at the best, yet may I hope before long to have the pleasure of inviting both the Colonel and yourself to meet my father and mother at the homestead. In these counties we make nothing of a gallop of twenty miles. I have a married sister—Mrs. Stanhope—who lives as near; she is very fond of riding, and perhaps we may all some day enjoy a canter together, on the road."

"May I trot?" asked Miss Blossom, looking at me, demurely.

"I trot myself," said I, "but I never thought of asking a lady to do it." At that time almost all ladies' horses were trained to canter or pace.

"She rides like a cavalryman!" said the Colonel, proudly.

"Dear father!" exclaimed Miss Blossom, laughingly, "you oughtn't to tell every body that, or they'll think I'm an Amazon. Believe me, Mr. Sedleigh, I am a woman capable of fears."

"I am sure, Miss Blossom, that you will never find lack of cavaliers eager to quell them."

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I could not refrain from showing slightly, in my manner, as I rose to take my leave, that I myself had no objection to entering that knightly service.

As into every other place on earth, Lemuel Lonehand presently insinuated himself into the Colonel's privacy. I believe that if he had wanted to get inside a safe, that fellow could have damped one side of him and lain up against the iron overnight, with the certainty of having sucked himself once through and back again with the cash, by capillary attraction, before business hours in the morning. He could get in any where. If there wasn't a chink he'd make one for himself. I don't say he'd be a great man in this age—I don't think he would—but cheek was not so common in my day, and Lemuel was what the new lights call a forerunner.

One day when we were dining together at Everie's, he asked me whether I did not think that Miss Blossom was a delicious creature. I never realized how far Lemuel Lonehand and I were apart until I heard him speak in that way of a woman in whom I was interested, and thought of the repulsion Georgie and I would feel for him if we ever came together.

"I think Miss Blossom a very agreeable young lady," I answered, coldly; and Lonehand, after one of the sharp looks I have before mentioned, and then, turning to stare out of the window, in a fit of pretended abstraction, resumed the conversation with a

"Heh—what? Oh yes! we were speaking of Colonel Blossom. Have you seen Massena lately? Has the Colonel any idea of racing him?"

"Of course he has. The horse is now under train for that purpose."

"Have you shown the Colonel Aladdin?"

"No—why?"

"Simply because I thought it would be such a nice plan if we three—the Colonel on Massena, you on Aladdin, and I on Tantrums, could go out on the road some day with Miss Georgie as judge, seated upon her pet Black-Hawk, accompanying us, just to try the horses and enjoy the dash."

Save on race-days the roads about Canaptown were as vacant as they were good—and there being no concourse of spectators possible, I regarded Lonehand's proposition as much less theatrical than it would seem in town — infinitely less so, in fact, than the contraptions I see nowadays in the Central Park, where Billy MacShoddy drives out his servants in a Wellerian post-chaise, holding the reins of a spanking four-in-hand; where young Strykyle trundles three blowsy country girls in the coachmaker's imitation of their congenial market-basket, under the impression that every hidalgo on a livery-stable horse takes them for first-class people of fashion; where Bion Thifall airs his footman behind a tandem, basking in the down-shed glory of that mighty menial as if himself were the proud coachman of the Juggernaut he worshiped, and that Juggernaut, represented by the flunky, were the God of Stocks.

I told Lemuel that I had no objection to breathing my horse for a short brush by the side of his, if he cared to try animals, sometime during the next week, and that I thought Colonel Blossom would not dislike a chance of giving his new purchase a little exercise. The lady I did not engage to interest in the project, feeling reluctant to make her any way a subject of conversation with Lemuel.

I mentioned the idea to the Colonel, and he, as might have been anticipated, told it to his daughter. As naturally she, fired with enthusiasm, begged to go along. There was no such thing as resisting Georgie Blossom, even on the part of one of the same family, so the Colonel consented, and on Thursday of the week following the proposal, we four left the gates of the hospitable Huntington Place, an hour after the most recherché of lunches, and all mounted upon our favorite steeds.

Lonehand rode brilliantly well that day. He had said the truth—he *had* bought a good horse—a square and fair trotter inside of 2.50, who never broke in coming up to that time, and had no visible defect save a slight gingerliness about his slower step. When we walked, I thought that Tantrums seemed a little tender about the fore-hoofs, as if he had once been pumiced, or now had sand-crack, and would have suspected that his master unconsciously revealed this state of things when he told me the horse was good for a short brush, had not the defect disappeared entirely when the feet were in rapid motion. Lonehand seemed a piece of his horse. At no stage of the trot was there an articulation visible. You could not see daylight under him the thickness of sixpence—he was apparently framed in with Tantrums, and his jet-black forward-looking eyes were bright and handsome.

The Colonel and his daughter rode, as he had said, like cavalrymen. The former was one, the latter the daughter of one—and their school was the school of the army—not as precise as Lonehand's, but utterly fearless and dashing. I never saw a woman sit her saddle better than Miss Blossom, or feel her stirrup as well. The perfect of rhythm, elasticity, and grace were visible in every accommodation of her poise to the swing of her thorough-bred's long stride; indeed she rode so easily that there was no conscious accommodation at all; but she was as much at home in the saddle as on her feet. With her high-necked black habit fastened by one of the Colonel's army buttons against the throat, whose soft whiteness it relieved, and borne in rich folds behind by that frolicsome page, the breeze of our motion; with her luxuriant brown curls straining at the simple crimson ribbon which restrained them from taking whole holiday with the same mischievous playmate; with her eyes dancing to the twin-music of health and enthusiasm, her cheeks suffused

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with the velvety glow of a prize rare-ripe; her lips like breathing coral, the half-parted clasp of a casket of pure pearls; her voice cheery as Christmas bells, whether she spoke to man or horse; her jaunty little hat (no abominable man's tile, for she was a thorough woman, and had none of the man-style about her) perched a trifle on one side, and trimmed simply with a single Parana humming-bird, who dipped his rainbow-head over the brim as if he had merely lighted to inquire how *she* did her hair into that bewitching spiral with a view to the improvement of his own plumage—with these and all the other attractions (which I won't dwell on before young men of this generation, that being sheer cruelty, and tending only to render them dissatisfied with the present) Georgie Blossom was a woman to make a man feel more as if he'd like to go and talk with his mother than any I ever saw before or since.

That was a breather of a sentence; but when I'm descriptive I'm enthusiastic, and when I'm enthusiastic breathers are my way. Pass the Glenlivat, and I'll get down from my lofty carriage and enter what the unintentionally punning French call the "style *coupé*." Where it's carried to excess—the literary gentleman is asleep on the bearskins, so there are no knuckles to be rapped—I think a better name for it is the Quarter-Horse style, and that is just one-fourth as bad as the One-Horse style, which is very good of its kind, having made many an honest fellow his fortune.

As for my own horse he behaved very well, and I rode as usual. Of course we could not have a regular race, but we got a pretty fair test of the speed of our animals. I perceived that in a trot of three miles our horses would string in about the following order: Massena, my own horse, and Tantrums—Miss Blossom's horse giving the gentlemen no reason to hold back for him out of courtesy, but not particularly noted at present, as being the judge's and out of the trial.

I saw that Miss Blossom shared my estimate of the horses, and could not but admire the slight look of concern with which, on our home-stretch, she was evidently pondering the problem how to act the part of judge, when in all truth she had to say that her father's horse was the best of the lot, and mine next, while Lemuel Lonehand's was only the third, and her own untrained Black-Hawk easily even with him. Earlier in the day, when I had seen how she had admired Lonehand's splendid riding, I felt a little inclination to be jealous, for it couldn't help seeming to me all the time that I wasn't riding nearly so well myself, and I loved *her* more and more as we rode side by side, every time that the breezy folds of her habit touched my stirrup. But now I absolutely pitied the man, for, under a mask of scrupulous external courtesy, I was sure I saw a sort of blind animal sense that luck was down on him, and determination to be somehow even with it, regardless whom the *vendetta* might strike incidentally. I knew that he was desperately hard up; I believed, all the more for his denying it, that he wished to sell Tantrums to the Colonel or me; I had all a lover's suspicion that he was aiming at Miss Blossom with a view to his own selfish happiness and fortune; I knew that, as a sporting man, he would have immensely valued the prestige which in the eyes of many a horsewoman attaches to the man who bestrides the winning trotter; and now that he had lost all his throws, I felt that to receive the sentence of discomfiture from the woman with whom he imagined himself to have lost an advantage, would be as galling to his craftily cloaked pride as it was painful to her womanly sensitiveness. I wanted to intervene for them both, but I rode so near her skirt side (the Colonel having the other) that I could see the whole play of her beautiful unconscious features through the few seconds she was pondering the problem, and, spell-bound by the attractions of a sweet mind so frankly using the instrument of so sweet a face, I would not speak; thus she came to her own conclusions. Finally the face brightened as its coral lips pursed to chirrup the Black-Hawk an encouragement.

"Now let us hear the judge," said Lonehand, like a plucky fellow meeting his expected doom half-way; and I felt sure the judge was ready.

Miss Blossom smiled at Lemuel with a degree of radiance which might have neutralized the effect of a sentence to instant execution, and replied that she had entirely failed in her appropriate duties.

"I was so much interested in looking at the horses from an artistic point of view," said Miss Blossom, "that the scientific entirely escaped me. They were a nice sight! I was much obliged to all you gentlemen for holding back so as not to distance my little untrained Black-Hawk, but I'd far rather have been in front of you to see you coming."

"We'll be glad to give you a chance, Miss Blossom," said I, prompted by a sudden suggestion. "Suppose we three gentlemen put up a trifle apiece for a piece of silver to be called 'The Blossom Cup,' each of us entering his horse for three-mile heats, and leaving the competition open to any comers from within this or Columbia County. That will give us an extra trot this season, and by putting an adequate force at the course-gates we can so entirely keep out the riff-raff that the judge's seat will be a throne as worthy of Miss Blossom's acceptance as that of the 'Darby.'"

Miss Blossom threw me a quiet glance of gratitude for coming up as her Blucher on the occasion, and the hearty old Colonel, who was in for every kind of sport, instantly signified his satisfaction with the arrangement. Lonehand's manner did not change an atom in view of my proposal, but with a partly persuasible air he began turning it over as if it were a question whether to yield to an amiable weakness and do us a favor; then finally decided for his weakness by consenting that the favor should be done "on any day," said Lemuel, considerately—

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"any day when the Colonel and you would like to try it again."

It was agreed at the dinner which, upon the Colonel's insisting, Lonehand and I took at the Huntington Place on the conclusion of our ride, that the cup should be designed by me, ordered by Lemuel, named after the Colonel, and subscribed for by us all; that although delicacy forbade that Georgie should be the judge of the race, she was still to have a place on the sublime altitude of that functionary's stand; and that the Colonel was to name the day for the match a fortnight before it was trotted, our own horses going at once into train. With that understanding Lonehand and I left the Colonel's hospitable parlor at ten o'clock on the evening of our ride. If, as I still believe, Georgie's good-night clasp of the hand was more lingering than before; and if, as I also believe, Lonehand saw it—that accounted for a singular look under his scrupulous mask of courtesy as he bowed himself out of the door—a look as if he had seen his way clear to square accounts with the luck that was down on him.

The Colonel followed us out on his broad veranda to look at the weather. "The sky threatens," said he; then putting out his hand, "I feel the drops already. Gentlemen, you had better come back and wait till the shower passes."

"Thank you," said Lemuel, with urbanity. "It may annoy Mr. Sedleigh, in which case don't le me take him away; as for myself, I am toughened to this kind of weather."

"I'm sorry I'm obliged to excuse myself from accepting your kind offer," said I. "I have much to do in the morning, and must be about early. I'm afraid your hospitality would make me a late riser."

"If you will not accept an old campaigner's advice, at least take his company," said the Colonel. "It is pitch dark, and this house has been so long vacant that the lane from the main road is not in as good order as it will be presently. Let me have my pony saddled and go with you. If it rains I'm afraid you may slip and get mired, or worse, by running into the ditches."

"Oh, my dear Sir! don't speak of it, I beg!" replied I; "I know all this place of old—"

"Besides," observed Lonehand, pointing at the sky, as it cracked like a brittle dyke to show reservoirs of blinding fire through the fissures, "the lightning has become our Street Commissioner, and furnishes gas gratis to-night."

"Unfortunately, I'm afraid you'll find a Croton Board to provide you with water-privileges on terms as easy," remarked the Colonel.

"Well," returned Lonehand, as the thunder rumbled on the brazen floor and jolted down the iron stairs of heaven, "we'll have free music too, to keep our spirits up. A case in which the festival of the elements still follows the municipal Corporation's fashion."

We gave the Colonel's hand a parting grasp, took the reins from the hand of the groom, leaped to our saddles, and were off.

All the Colonel had said was true. It *was* dark as pitch. The lane to the road *was* very bad. We had come from the gate to dinner at the house by a bridle path across the fields. This was now out of the question. We could not see our horses' heads, and the trail was not sufficiently well trodden or familiar to them for us to trust their pilotage. So we felt our way gingerly along, Lemuel now and then swearing the most extravagant oaths in such a bland and unexcited voice that at a distance of ten feet, where one could only hear his voice, you might have thought he was merely interchanging the compliments of the season with some invisible acquaintance.

I was a little ahead of him, about thirty rods from the lodge, when he called to me that his martingale strap had broken at the circingle, and was slapping his horse's legs till the animal seemed frenzied. I turned Aladdin and went back to assist him. Tantrums was plunging violently in the dark, and finding it necessary to dismount, I put my arm through Aladdin's snaffle-rein, trusting to his tried stanchness, while I felt for the broken martingale. To my surprise nothing of the sort could be discovered. I stood up and was telling Lonehand that he was mistaken when Tantrums rose on his hind legs, pawing the air so high that I could feel the clots of mire fall on my cheek. Just then came the most tremendous lightning flash of the storm. It set the whole sky on fire, and in its momentary effusion of noonday brightness I had time for one comprehensive look, from head to hoof, at the horse and his rider. Tantrums was poised in a position nearly perpendicular; and pressing forward on his neck to urge him down upon me, Lonehand sat him with a face whose cool determined deviltry has no superior in the dreams of Fuseli or Doré. The sight was one of the most magnificent in the world—a grand equestrian statue of Murder, carved out of the black marble of solid Midnight by an instantaneous chisel of Lightning. It did not vex or frighten me. I admired it as I admire Milton's warring Satan; whether it was wicked or hurtful did not strike me, and I should doubtless have been hammered the next moment to a bloody pomace under Tantrum's hoofs, had not my own horse looked at the matter in a less æsthetic way, and, with a snort of terror almost human, jerked me by the elbow through his bridle, rudely but safely out of the way.

"Ride on, Lonehand," said I, shortly; "there is nothing the matter with your horse, and mine has torn the buckle-tongue out of his bridle."

He made offers of assistance, but I simply repeated "Ride on;" and, knotting my rein, jumped to the saddle. For the rest of the way to the fork, where our paths diverged after leaving the gate, I kept him a little in front of me, on the whip-hand, as sedulously as the help of an occasional sky-lantern offered by the lightning enabled me. He still seemed to find considerable difficulty in pacifying his horse, but got breath between the latter's capers to apolo-

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gize most heartily for the trouble he had caused me, and express his astonishment, on any other hypothesis than that of the broken martingale, at the behavior of Tantrums. He drew a long sigh, and said he should have to sell him, after all. If Tantrums had fallen when he reared at that flash, where would he, Lonehand, have been now? I did not say where *I* thought. I could not but admire the adroitness with which he had referred only to his own danger—as if he had never dreamed of *my* incurring any—and ascribed to the lightning, which was my Providence, the original source of the horse's frenzy, not knowing that I had seen his down-borne bridle, his spurring heels, his crowding chest, and his eyes of subtle mischief.

I was as brief as policy permitted, answering in monosyllables whenever I could, and, despite myself, throwing my good-night at Lonehand, when we parted, like a bone at a dog.

The next day his ineffable cheek shed its radiance through my door as if nothing had happened. Lonehand came to be commiserated. His right arm was in a sling. On the way home Tantrums had slipped, he said, and badly sprained his hand in struggling to rise. When I looked at the wonderful get-up of the fellow I admired it too much to kick him down the steps —or let him know in plain terms that I believed his sprain a hum, and himself an assassin. That he was the latter I had that kind of proof which, like the private papers in the "lost" column of an advertising sheet, is of no value to any body but the owner. *I* knew it—but to a person who had not seen that lightning-statue hewn suddenly from the quarry of solid darkness, Lonehand's explanation, that the flashes made his horse unmanageable, would carry irresistible conviction, and my view would seem excited or mistaken. Seeing the ineffable coolness of Lonehand, I resolved that I would be as cool as he; commit myself by no act of violence; let him think, as we said in California, "that he was playing me for a Chinaman;" and lie for him, as low and patiently as if I were waiting for bay-snipe. Such men always show their hands in time. The most indiscreet and unwary of pigeons is a hawk, so bedazzled by confidence in his own bad success, that he flies into the net or springs the trap before he knows it. Lonehand would not stop at last night's villainy—I would be ready for him.

"I have an hour to entertain you this morning, Lonehand," said I, "after which an engagement takes me away. Let's lunch, meanwhile." I rang the bell, gave my orders to the kitchen, requesting Ellen to show Mr. Lonehand up to the Rose Room, that he might make his toilet.

After the two had disappeared up stairs I did, on the principle of "every thing's fair in war," what was as repugnant as it was necessary—I played the spy on my guest. Next to the Rose Room was the Green Room—(both called from the color of their furniture and hangings)—and between these a large closet, which I had formerly fitted up for use as a chamber of experiment in some researches upon polarized light. This had a window and a door on each side of it—opening severally into the Green and the Rose Rooms, but the door entering the former had been nailed up, and there was a heavy silk curtain on the Green Room side of the adjoining window. When I had heard Lonehand lock his door, I quietly shut myself into the Green Room, and ripping a peep-hole in the curtain with my pen-knife, had an uninterrupted view of my guest's motions through the opposite window. He deliberately took off his sling, threw it on the bed with a sarcastic grin, and, straightening himself like an athlete, began to spar the air vigorously with both fists. Having compensated his right arm for the self-control and weariness of the last few hours, he proceeded to wash his hands. As he turned up his cuffs, I saw his unpleasant grin for the second time. He was looking at his fore-arm: he had actually stained it with some preparation which made the most natural black-and-blue spots you could imagine, all along the track of the tendons! Actually, the fellow had come prepared to hear me ask to see his arm. Was this an attempt to counteract the suspicions my manner might have exhibited in parting from him last night? Or to throw further suspicion off his track, after the commission of bad deeds that needed a sound right arm? Or was it only to get off Tantrums for above his real value on somebody green enough to suppose him selling the horse for mere restiveness, as far below it? I could not tell. Lonehand's style of cunning was artistic and conscientious; he slighted nothing because it was a small job; he took the same religious care of his joints and surfaces in tinkering up a tenpenny treachery and an unpardonable sin; he would have spent equal pains on the make-up of his sprain, whether he meant merchandise or murder; in either case dyeing and lying, as deep as stains can sink into arms or conscience. So I was not sure whether he was trying to sell Tantrums or me.

During the lunch I felt conscious that Lonehand's eyes were riveted on me every moment my own were off of him. I stood his scrutiny with stoicism, and he parted from me, as we rose from the table, with an air of assured familiarity, which showed that he believed my suspicions entirely dispelled, or never in existence.

My engagement was one made to myself, and of a kind which I particularly meant to keep — being none other than to ride out to the Huntingdon Place, and learn from Miss Blossom's own lips whether I had been playing teetotum with my heart only to turn up cipher. I was very much in hope she loved me; but the remaining "perhaps," which had seemed so small a flaw in the happiness of my love's earlier and more speculative stages within the last two months had come to look like a gap I must mend, with my very life, if necessary.

It was a sunny, breezy afternoon when I emerged from the shrubbery hedging the Col-

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onel's cross-cut bridle-path and came upon the broad, gravelly terrace before his veranda. The house already showed that after its long neglect it once more had a mistress. A beautiful Wistaria had been reclaimed and set erect against the pillars, where it shook an ethereal fragrance from its purple-blue censers, in company with a Virginia creeper, a woodbine, and an ivy, whose delicate leaves dappled the mosaic floor with dancing shadows. For a space of six feet between the base of the veranda and the gravel extended a bed so crowded with blue violets, pansies, lilies of the valley, mignonnette, heliotrope, and infant's-breath that the ground was almost invisible, and Flora herself could have stretched her goddess limbs upon no daintier couch than this lovely cushion of living color and perfume. To its very edge, next the house, the lawn was a sea of luxuriant green, its far wind-rippled spots like those on the ocean floor where stray zephyrs make a silvery blot in the sunshine, and islanded with grand old oaks, maples, beeches, and European lindens, whose boughs hung so low, in all the affluence of nature, as to touch the wavy grass and make a continuous shore of greenery all round the trunks. But the loveliest object about all this summery archipelago was on its main shore, not on its expanse; for, half in golden sunlight and half in breeze-thrilled shadow, Miss Blossom sat netting a purse for her father, on a rustic seat near the west pillars—dressed in the simplest of white muslins, cut as it was *comme il faut* twenty years ago to cut young ladies' summer-afternoon dresses, low-necked, and showing a little of the beautiful white shoulders, but not *décolleté*, thank Heaven, in our present party style. Over those beautiful shoulders strayed that living wealth of hair whose curls had ensnared me, as you know, and the look of analytical anxiety with which she compared a portentous colored pattern from the embroidery shop, which looked like nothing in the world with the purse which was expected to be exactly like it, was something at once so sweet and droll that I laughed for glee as I sat Aladdin. Then putting on, as was due, my reverent face, I came to the tie-ring, dismounted, hitched, ascended the steps, and, taking off my hat, stood before my destiny.

"Really," said Miss Blossom, coming to greet me with a frank smile, "how much—my father—will be relieved about you!" As Colonel Blossom already knew that I had got home safe, having sent down his servant to inquire just after breakfast, I felt that perhaps Miss Blossom might not mean her father after all. This, I confess, emboldened the natural modesty of my nature, and, so to speak, gave me an opening. I improved it by taking my seat at Miss Georgie's side, and, upon the discovery that Colonel Blossom was at his nap, inspecting the purse intended for him rather closer than was necessary for its successful completion.

How my interest in the manufacture gradually extended itself to the craftswoman, and by what sweet gradations we two slid from commonplace to romance, from romance to its quintessential phase of real nineteenth century love-making, I might poorly limn to your youthful imaginations; but "woe be he," says Cupid, "who betrays my secrets—worse than Prometheus's shall his fate be, since his vulture tears the heart not the liver." Remembering the classic, I leave you to learn the mysteries for yourselves—supposing there's any such poor timber in you that you don't know them already.

I therefore leave a gap in this history up to the time when I sat with her hand in mine and heard her heart throb, as she drooped her black lashes, not daring to let me look in her eyes, lest she should betray at once whatever the truth was.

What was it—pity or love? She had not spoken. Not daring to let her speak, in doubt if my suit had been strongly enough pressed, I kept on till it seemed as if my whole heart were poured out at her feet. I had taken from my finger a signet-ring with my cipher carved on a blood-stone scutcheon; I was asking her to wear it while she thought of her answer, should she need time for reflection; I was telling her that if I durst hope to be so happy, I should pray her for the smallest thing that had touched her—if not a ring of hers, at least a ribbon that had bound her beautiful hair, or a rosette fallen from her slipper. I pressed her hand to my lips, and sought to put my ring upon her finger, when the hand was drawn suddenly away, and Miss Blossom, turning toward the lawn, uttered a suppressed little cry, which brought me to my feet instantly. Lonehand, with his right arm still in sling, ambled through the shrubbery on a livery-pony, and sat before us, just where I had struck the terrace. In spite of her self-control, which, for so young a girl was great, she could not entirely avoid showing Lonehand's practiced eye that she knew of twenty openings in the shrubbery, through which he could have seen us at his leisure, during the cat-like approach which he must have made to the house, seeing that his beast's hoofs never betrayed him till he was on us. As for myself, I had no doubt that Lonehand saw us; but my contempt for his character, and my sense of the ludicrous in the speedy opportunity fate had offered him to be even with me in espionage, acted as a sort of outrigger to my dignity, and I was so cucumber-cool as to surprise even myself.

The commonplace salutations were followed by an inquiry after Lonehand's arm, sweetened by an amount of feminine pity which it vexed me so to see *her* throw away on that arrant cheat, that I sat down hard on my natural disposition to keep it from jumping up and pitching him off the piazza. Miss Blossom presently excused herself, and, after a few minutes' absence, spent by Lonehand in adjusting his sling, and myself in reading memoranda, returned, bringing the Colonel with her. When I saw that she had his support, I felt that her self-possession before such a man as Lonehand would be better secured by the absence of the

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originally agitating cause; so, after a few minutes' chat with the Colonel, I withdrew, Lonehand's lynx-eye leaving me no corner in which I could read my certain sentence, unknown to him, out of Miss Blossom's lips or eyes. Riding home alone, I smote, in metaphor, his mighty cheek, until that colossal structure was entirely demolished. I did not swear out loud, but as would be said by that literary man on the bearskin yonder, my subjective imagery was Oriental. I deserved correction as much as that filial Dutchman to whom the paternal one remarked: "You no say dam, do you, you young rascal? Den I gives you a licking pecause you dinks him!"

On reaching my own house, I received such news as to soften my mood. During my absence, a messenger had come from my father's, saying that he was seriously ill with what the doctors supposed to be typhus fever—a disease in those days, much more frequently than now, assuming the malignant and fatal type.

I sat down at my desk, and inclosed my blood-stone signet in a note to Miss Blossom, substantially reading like this:

"My dear Miss Blossom,—I have been called away suddenly to my father's side. He is in sickness and danger of death. The fact that this severe anxiety has fallen upon me may, perhaps, excuse my wish to set my mind more at rest than this afternoon's interruption left it, upon another subject of the first importance. My address will be at Riverside until my father's case takes a decided turn. If you do not return me the signet, I shall sustain myself under any allotted trouble with the thought that it is at least sealing your *memory* with my name, and reminding you to talk of me with your *heart*. Till I return I will not ask you the latter's advice, or your own conclusion. Your obedient servant,

"Henry Sedleigh."

Is that the way we wound up letters to our sweet-hearts in my day—and, if so, was I a contemporary of Sir Charles Grandison? No, you irreverent youngsters! Your mothers got better courted than your wives! I wrote lots more—like the foregoing, only nicer; but if you think I'm going to tell you what it was, you'd better go to Spain, where they do all their sparking outdoors.

I then gave orders to Jim, the groom, that no one should approach the stables during my absence without his personal knowledge and company, and sent him off with the note to Miss Blossom. I could see him wiping his eyes with the cuff of his whip-arm, until he went out of sight round the turn of the road. He loved my father dearly, and wanted to go to him with me—but I knew there was no immediate need for him there, and as I could trust no one else to take care of good old Ellen and the horses, I concluded to leave him behind, promising to send for him post-haste if the danger got imminent. Ellen had packed my portmanteau while I was writing the note, so that Jim had hardly left the gate for the Colonel's before I was whirling away in another direction, on the seat of the sulky which had brought my father's messenger.

I will not annoy you with troubles which were only *in posse;* and as my father did not die, but is living yet, thank God, at the hale old age of eighty-three years, I'll dismiss the whole sickness by saying that it was a painful and dangerous season of suspense to all of us, taking more than six weeks to run to a happy termination. Miss Blossom did not send back the ring, and that gave me courage through the worst anxiety. I heard at least twice a week from Jim, through letters, telling me, in a cramped hand, which looked as if it had been written at three A.M., by the light of a barn-yard lantern, and with one broken tine of a stable-fork, that "the hosses woz oll well, and he never seized to prey for Measter Sedleigh, an' Master Arry." Several times during my father's illness Colonel Blossom sent a servant to inquire how he was; and the man never failed to bring a beautiful bouquet, within whose fragrant tufts I found a small slip of paper, signed in a hand as feminine as that which had evidently arranged the flowers—"Georgie Blossom," under a warm oval, stamped with the cipher on my signet.

On the first day of the seventh week my father showed that which, in any American, is a sign of returning vitality—he called for the latest paper, and it was brought him. We are all a sporting family—so he instantly turned the sheet down at the racing column. His eye, with restored clearness, glided along the records of the Union and Fashion. He read, with a benevolent smile, the account of certain wonderful time made by horses whose opponents, he knew, before his sickness, to have been bought off by speculators on the winner's sale. Finally, he reached the announcement of a trot on the Lewisville course, not more than thirty miles away from us, in an adjoining county.

Here his eye stopped for a minute, and then he said:

"You still have Aladdin, I suppose?"

"Yes, indeed, father. I never in my life thought of parting with any birthday gift of yours."

"Do you know, I always felt a great deal of confidence in that horse—even as a colt, when I first had him. Now, Harry, I know I'm sick and feeble, and perhaps this may be a sick man's fancy, but it happens to seem to me that I'd *so* much like to have Aladdin in that trot! I see it comes off one—three—seven—nine days from now—yes, next Tuesday week. Can you send Aladdin, think you?"

"To be sure, and go down there myself to superintend him, if it will please you."

"I think it will almost make me well!"

Knowing how often the longings of a convalescent are indicative, I determined at once to gratify my father; but had hardly sat down to write Jim the letter arranging matters, when it occurred to me whether Colonel Blossom had not appointed the identical day advertised at Lewisville for the Camptown trot, open to all comers, in which our own and any body else's trotters were to compete for the silver cup, al-

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ready procured, as per agreement, by Lonehand.

Feeling bothered on this point, I wrote a preliminary note to Colonel Blossom, saying, that in the absorption of the last few weeks I had lost the memorandum which might have assured me whether our trot was on for the day surmised, and begging that he would give me, at his convenience, the necessary information. I then told Jim to have Aladdin ready at a moment's notice, and dispatched both notes by mail.

My father got better and better during the three days I waited for my answers. On the morning of the fourth I heard from both correspondents. Jim returned an "Ay, ay, Sir!" in his quaint hieroglyphics, and the Colonel told me that I was entirely mistaken, our trot having been appointed for three weeks from the day mentioned by me. The latter apologized for his shaky handwriting by reminding me of the rheumatism, which I knew had sometimes troubled his hands, but I felt much complimepted by the care which he had taken to make every letter in the note scrupulously regular, despite the pain it must have cost him to look out for that nicety.

On the receipt of the Colonel's letter I wrote a line to bid Jim bring Aladdin at once over to Riverside for training, under my special eye. He was always in prime condition, but I wanted to see him fed, exercised, and groomed, a few days before he went on the course.

My father had sufficiently recovered to take his toast, propped up in bed, for the first time, the morning that I was about to start for Lewisville. I was excavating the second soft-boiled egg of my early breakfast when the waiter told me that a man wanted to see me, in the servants' hall. I went down at once, and found Jim there, dusty from head to foot, and excited to the utmost degree. A boy had come from the Colonel's, late the night before, to know whether Aladdin was ready for the trot advertised on the Camptown Course, at three o'clock on the afternoon of the present day. Jim had returned word that I was still at Riverside, the horse with me, and I expecting to send him into the Lewisville trial at the very moment he ought to come to the Camptown stand. Leaving this message behind him, and filled with anxiety to the bottom of his soul, Jim had driven my light buggy across the county, behind one of the double-team horses during the night, with a faint hope of saving my credit at the eleventh hour. Fine old fellow! he lies under the sod now, this many a day; and as I stand by that green lump in the church-yard, where he waits the last send-off, I think how few fellows step about on the upper side of the grass, as loyal as he that lies beneath. He died of inflammatory rheumatism, got in my service, three winters after the occurrences I'm relating.

Jim was perfectly astonished when I told him of the letter I had received from the Colonel, and begged permission to see it. My correspondence on horse matters was always shown him, and a better cabinet officer, or secretary of the stables, than Jim, a closer-mouthed confidant, or a discreeter counselor, never existed among my acquaintance. He had seen several notes from Colonel Blossom, and when I handed him this one, he mounted a pair of horn spectacles, and cross-examined the letter like a divorce-lawyer. After turning it upside down, sideways, inside out, and edgewise, he remarked, gravely:

"It *do* look main like Measter Blossom's hand."

"*Look!* It *is*, isn't it?"

"If I was put upon my Bible-oath, Measter 'Arry, I couldn't say solemn as how it isn't, nor again, could I otherwise say solemn as how it is; but, begging your pardon, Measter 'Arry, for the term, if I was to speak as man to man, you know, I should state my opinion as it isn't—to a degree of conviction."

The roundness of this closing expression was a source of great comfort to the old fellow, while the honest earnestness and truth of nature which he threw into his "*man to man*," are quite inimitable. When he said that, he always meant to give his utmost guarantee. I could not doubt that he believed the letter a forgery. Still keeping it in his hand, he scrutinized it more closely, and at length said:

"It's noat the Colonel's usual peaaper, Meast'r 'Arry"—and showed me the water-mark of a ream which had been sent me from Paris as a present when I was a child of ten. I recollected having laid a quire of it on my library table the morning I last rode up to the Colonel's. But perhaps the Colonel had written the letter in my library? No—that could not be; he distinctly stated that he was confined to the house with rheumatism. It was possible, but extremely unlikely, that he had any paper of the rare and antiquated stamp which my own bore. Heretofore I had paid no attention to these inconsistencies; but now I saw irresistible circumstantial evidence that the letter had been written in my own library, and by quite another person than Colonel Blossom.

"Well, Jim," said I, after reflection, "an enemy hath done this, and we must make the best of it. I sent Aladdin to Lewisville yesterday, in charge of the jockey who is going to ride him to-day; so he may as well be in Guinea for any of our Camptown purposes."

"May I ax what jockey he's trusted to, Meast'r 'Arry?"

"To Joe Packer—isn't he a good man?"

"The best o' men, Meast'r 'Arry. He'll take as good care of your horse as if you was there yourself, Sir, and win for you, too, Oi shouldn't wonder."

Jim had seen before I spoke that I keenly felt the necessity of being at the Camptown race, and took it for granted that I would go. His high estimate of Joe's abilities decided me on sending a neighboring horse-man of my ac-

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quaintance to act as my representative and Joe's counselor, while I myself was making the best time I could for Camptown. Having seen him off, I had a fresh horse put in the buggy Jim had driven over, and, with him, set off instantly. My father was asleep, so I sent my good-by to him, telling only trusty old Margery, the nurse, that I was going to Camptown, that my true address might be known, if my father got worse and needed me. As it was, he expected me to be absent several days, and would not worry.

For the first long stretch of level road I resolutely avoided all thought about the exact course I should pursue after reaching Camptown. I sent my iron-gray spanking along at twelve miles an hour, and let the delicious morning wind blow all the cobwebs out of my brain, and polish the windows of my eyes. There's nothing like it for a freshener—knocks your cocktails into a cocked hat. When we went up the first long hill my head felt cool as strawberry ice, while the healthy tingle of my blood was like Champagne *frappé*. I accordingly squared myself for my problem, and spent the next ten miles in maturing a method which will develop as I proceed, for the defeat of Lonehand's deep-laid plan to win the trot by treachery. He had got my horse off the track, but the Colonel's was still in his way.

I drove at once to the Colonel's, on reaching Camptown. To my sore disappointment, *she*, whose sight would have been my fresh inspiration, was not at home, having accepted an invitation to pass the day of the race with a family in the neighborhood who had sons, and felt particularly anxious to secure the certain belle of the occasion for their own barouche. The Colonel welcomed me with a melancholy smile, and, upon my showing him the letter which had purported to come from him, seemed unable to believe his eyes.

"My dear fellow," said he, "believe me when I tell you that I now lay eyes on this document for the first time."

"So Jim thought, and I was prepared to find so. Now, who could have done this?"

"Somebody who intends to enter his horse this afternoon, and was afraid to match him against yours."

"It must have been some one who watched your mail pretty vigilantly, else how was it that, though I received the forgery, I did not get your genuine answer to my inquiry?"

"Why, I don't know. I certainly wrote one. Mr. Lonehand usually drops in during the forenoon, and I recollect was at lunch the day I got your letter. I told him you had written, asking a memorandum of our appointment, and went from the table to the library to answer you. He took my letter down, and that evening told me particularly that he had mailed it."

"Ah! Lonehand, heh? He was very obliging. Well, that letter missed me, and I got the other. Some scamp, who wanted my horse off the track, played me this scurvy trick. But never mind. I am glad your horse is in the trot, any way."

"Oh but, my dear fellow, he *isn't!* He's suddenly gone lame in the off fore-foot. Hadn't you heard that? Oh no! Jim started after you before we found it out. It was discovered this morning by the groom, as he curried Massena."

I fairly bit my lip with vexation. Had the devil come to his accomplice's aid, that Lonehand should be the only one of our original trio to have his horse in the trot? Had the Colonel dismissed his jockey, I asked him. He *had*, in utter despair of our being able to do any thing save make our apologies at the judges' stand, and participate in the pleasure of seeing Lonehand beat the lesser trotters of the county.

I looked at my watch. We still had an hour and fifty minutes before the gates would be shut on the last entry to the race.

I told the Colonel to go up stairs and dress, promising to meet him in half an hour. Meanwhile, I, not intending to change my clothes, lighted a cigar, and walked out toward the stables, with a view to relieving my feverish mind by motion, like a lion pacing up and down his cage.

When I reached the stables, I was struck with a sudden desire to inquire after the condition of Massena; so I entered the stall-door.

At this juncture I received an illustration which I shall never forget, of a pretty little fable read in Æsop many years before. Its name was the Lion and the Mouse. Here you must excuse me for going back a little way.

The first day that I ever rode up to call at Colonel Blossom's I was annoyed on the way from the gate by a very bad small boy, with three unfreckled spots and no hat, who so far disapproved of my horse's pace as to follow him behind for the occasional ministration of a scourge, compounded from thorn-locust and haw. If I had not known that the Colonel was clearing up the Huntingdon Place, I should have discovered that fact when I got part of his hedges under my horse's tail, and dismounted, after great peril from my beast's rearing, to collar the prodigal son of the gardener—a son aged seven years. His mother lived in the lodge, he said; she was nursing a baby, and would be scared to death, besides which he would never do so again—extenuating facts whose plea led me to let him off, at once unthrashed and unshaken, after solemn exhortation to drive horses no faster than their owners wished.

This small boy I now saw for the first time since my admonition. He met me at the stall-door, where he had been trying to play knuckle-down against the stable-boy with a lot of old sleigh-bells. He had signally conquered in this struggle, and was in that triumphant state of mind where doing a kindness for a friend is a simple act of self-relief—even when one gets older.

So he familiarly accosted me with:

"Guess that's your glove."

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As he handed out from a tangle of fish-lines and jack-knives the pocketed article corresponding to his description, I recognized as plain as day a glove of Lonehand's, and asked the Mouse to tell the Lion where he had found it.

"Found it down there in the straw under Massena," said the small boy, looking at me out of the corner of his eye expectantly, like a sort of unwashed Talleyrand.

I put sixpence into his hand. (We had sixpences at that day.) The hand was almost too small to close over it, but its diaphoretic effect on the boy's intellect was such that since then I have never wondered at homeopathic practitioners who introduced metallic silver into their practice.

I asked Teddy, who had visited the stables yesterday, and he told me with alacrity that nobody had been there but the Colonel's grooms and jockey, together with himself and a thin, black-faced gentleman, with whiskers on his upper lip—the same that he'd let in at the gate many and many was the time. How long had the black-faced gentleman been there, and was he at the stables any time during the day without the Colonel? Teddy said, No—except that he smoked tobacco like I was doing; and the groom said it would set the stable afire some day, and then we'd see—after which he pitched his cigar over the fence, and went into the stalls to see how the horse was getting on for to-morrow's race. Teddy and the groom went down to dinner at the lodge together, said the former, leaving Mr. Lonehand at the stables till they returned.

The Lion had received from the Mouse an abundant recompense. Having my clew I entered Massena's stall. He neighed to see me, and at the same time raised his off fore-foot uneasily. That was the suddenly lamed one, poor fellow! and, stooping, I took it up tenderly into my lap. As I lifted it he bit at it, but carefully avoiding the leg on which it rested. I examined it for a long time. It was not cracked or pumiced; it was unsprained and unbruised. The shoe-smith had not injured the hoof; the frog was not diseased, and there was no glandular swelling. I ran over the whole category of aquine foot-diseases, but there was not a symptom of any one of them. I was about to put the foot down in despair, and credit incipient *tetanus* from an old nail-hurt with the tenderness Massena undeniably displayed, when I saw an end of fine black silk thread dangling among the hairs of the horse's off-fetlock. The chances were a thousand to one that it should never have been discovered, but it *was;* and having discovered it, I at once set about untying the tight ligature, of whose knot it was a tag. This compressed the nerves and arteries, supplying the foot with life to a degree nearly reaching actual paralysis. The moment I had cut the string Massena gave a whinny of exultation, and commenced pawing his stall-floor as if there were no such word as lame in the dictionary.

I gave Teddy another sixpence, which threw him into such a trance of opulence that he permitted my return to the house without pursuing me. Nevertheless, I felt followed by his cataleptic gaze, and knew that until the shrubbery hid me I was pierced by the intuitive eye of infancy.

I entered the Colonel's library, and after five minutes he came down dressed. I looked at my watch and saw I still had an hour and a half. That was all-sufficient for the plan I had resolved to carry out. I accosted the Colonel on his return with—

"Well, Massena is not lame after all. It is not too late, and I have ready the jockey for him. Ask me no questions just now, for the time is short; but, if you trust me enough, let me engineer Massena, and I think I shall win the race for you."

The Colonel looked almost bewildered, but, seeing my earnest manner, finally let me go back at once to Camptown for the jockey I proposed, and send him up to ride the Colonel's horse. As he consented to ask me no questions I felt in magnanimity bound to show him Massena, and convince him that the horse was *not* lame. After leading him to the stables for that purpose I set off for home on the full gallop, and reached there in about twenty minutes.

At half past two the gate-keeper of the Camptown course looked anxiously out for the last comers. This was a trot in which entry was open till fifteen minutes before the send-off, and the last quarter of an hour was grace for every laggard in the county. Lonehand's horse had been inside an hour—there were already entered twenty horses besides, but neither Massena nor Aladdin had passed the keeper; and therefore he looked anxiously out along the highway, knowing both horses well.

But at forty minutes past two Massena walked up to the gate. His jockey was an older man than usually rides trots, but supple and wiry, besides being blessed with a quiet look of endurance under his iron-gray eyebrows. The keeper smiled and bowed to the horse, but stared after the rider, as he let him in, with eyes which testified how utterly unknown he was to the precincts of Camptown. The jockey was dressed in a simple blue jacket and gray pantaloons, with knee-boots and spurs. He wore his whiskers cut in the so-called English style, and their hue was the pepper-and-salt of middle age. He was as unknown at the judges' stand as he was at the gate. Even the cool Lonehand looked as surprised at seeing him as at seeing the horse he rode.

What follows I must quote from my jockey's account. He was a man whom I could trust, but whom I little thought of employing when I left my father's in the morning. And he had brought Massena down in time!

The usual preliminaries having passed, twenty-two of the best horses in the county started, at the judges' signal, for a three-mile trot in as many heats.

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For the first minute, as I afterward learned, Miss Blossom leaned from the balcony of the judges' stand, straining her eyes through a pair of Voigtlander's glasses, which made her feel like a scientific sort of lobster, and showed her nothing but a cloud of dust. The Colonel's little enthusiastic chirrups of joy would, however, have assured her that Massena was on the front line, even had she not dimly thought she perceived through her lorgnette her father's bay leading the string with Lonehand's sorrel at his neck, and the rest at various degrees of distance behind.

Despite all that, Tantrums won the first heat. Upon this—as the conqueror came to the post, Miss Blossom put back her curls and looked sorry. The jockey said he saw the look, but that so far from discouraging him it only made him jolly—set him wondering how the young lady 'd feel at the end of the next heat. That next heat Massena won. Some of the other horses were hauled off, but at least a dozen kept the track for the final brush.

The horses were all considerably heated as they faced their way for the last time, but Massena did not tremble on his legs as most of the others did, nor was he at all distressed for wind. Several men were putting brandied sponges to their horses' noses, when Massena, whose idiosyncrasy it was not to abide the smell of that liquor, kicked over the tin pail in which it was contained, and snorted so as to create incongruous laughter on that solemn elevation, the judges' stand. The gray old jockey approached Massena, patted him on the neck, and said a few words in his ear; upon which he became as quiet as a lamb—that is, a *trotting* lamb, whose excellences of character might be supposed to excuse such little eccentricities as dancing every variety of steps on a five-foot perpendicular. Now, for the first time, Lemuel Lonehand scrutinized him with anxious curiosity. The jockey then loosened his neck-tie, jumped into the saddle, and was off at the word.

It was a well-contested heat. A tall gray mare led the send-away for fifty yards; then a light thorough-bred sorrel shook her off to his nigh-shoulder, and Tantrums came up neck-and-neck with him, Massena going easily at Tantrums's flank. The Colonel's bay had no notion of distressing himself, and went the first quarter at that same quiet swing, but the field-glasses on the judges' stand revealed that Tantrums was making a desperate effort to widen the gap without the result of a fraction of an inch perceptible to his heaviest backers. They neared the turn. The gray whiskers of the jockey swept Massena's neck, and as his sturdy old figure again sat upright, the Colonel's bay shot the curve like a boomerang, and in one minute thirty seconds more was at the winning post.

Nobody, said the jockey, seemed sorry but Mr. Lonehand. *He* looked so smiling any body could tell how *he* liked it. The rest of the competitors were gentlemanly and took their defeat well, acknowledging that Massena had won the trot in very handsome style. The Colonel tried his best to avoid taking the cup offered in his name, but was unanimously outvoted, being very popular already with his new neighbors. A rich young farmer in the neighborhood at once took the chair (metaphorical for a feed-box near the stand), and appointed Messrs. Lemuel Lonehand and Henry Sedleigh as the committee to present Colonel Blossom with the cup, accompanied by suitable remarks. No minority presented itself on the young farmer's asking if any body objected to these appointments, and he proceeded to call the committee together: "Mr. Lonehand!" "Here." "Mr. Sedleigh—Mr. *Sedleigh*!" Nobody answered.

"Too bad!" said the chairman, impatiently cocking his hat over one eye—"he is not here—at what you might call his own trot, too!"

He glanced around the crowd with a view to fill the vacancy. Suddenly his eye was arrested by the novel face and figure of Massena's jockey, standing on the outskirts, just returned from seeing the winner stabled.

"Hollo, old boy!" cried the chairman, suddenly struck by the whim of addressing the jockey—"I don't see why you haven't as big a right to the honors as any of us, seeing it's you who beat, after all. I therefore appoint Mr. Lemuel Lonehand and the venerable victor, Mr. —— ?"—"Parker Potts."—"I'm obliged to you, Sir; never heard the name before—I appoint *those* two gentlemen to present the distinguished man, lately come into these—ahem—parts, with the cup which has just been won so gallantly by Messrs. Parker Potts and Massena. In the excitement of the moment I include the horse; but he's behaved like such a perfect gentleman, and it is quite involuntary. With some appropriate remarks, if you please."

Saying which the chairman sat down, having covered himself with a blaze of glory which eventually lit him into high positions at county fairs, and emboldened him to be defeated for Assembly.

The jockey looked surprised at this compliment paid him, but acted as politely as if he had been born in a drawing-room and weaned to the music of polite society. Lemuel Lonehand came forward with smiling alacrity to draw cuts for the purpose of deciding who should head the committee and present the cup. Lonehand drew the shortest straw, and smiled at that fact to a degree which made the jockey say that he was preparing strychnine privately to put in the cup on its way to the winner.

It made little difference about his poison, for there was no faintest shadow of a chance for Lemuel Lonehand to get hold of the cup. The gray jockey took the cup the instant he had drawn his cut and [illegible] up to the seats on the judges' stand, [illegible] Colonel Blossom still sat by his daughte[illegible]th he and she very much embarrasse[illegible]ss made about the prize given in the[illegible] Lonehand went up

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the steps to the stand like the tail of a kite. The jockey never once looked at him nor seemed to know that such a person existed. Lemuel Lonehand damned his impudence, but smiled; and on the fifth step smiled so exceedingly that the jockey turned round.

"Smile, Lemuel," said the jockey—"I like to see it when it can be done. Three steps more and you won't." The stairs were eight in number. Lemuel Lonehand visibly stopped on the third step, and showed the jockey in his face what he'd do to him when he caught him alone.

"Come, *Lemuel*," said the jockey, amiably, "I know the stair's steep; but don't let's take all day, LEMUEL."

The two reached the top stair. The young farmer who officiated as chairman, together with all the people inside the gate, reiterated at the top of their voices—"With appropriate remarks, ye know."

Lemuel Lonehand stepped a little forward of his colleague to comply with an injunction the uneducated fellow Potts, of course, could not obey. But the jockey put him back with his hand as if he himself had been the superior, and quietly reminded him:

"*I* am head of this committee, *Lemuel*."

The person addressed smiled again, in such a style that there could be no doubt whether he needed any pepper and mustard to eat the jockey from gray head to top-boots had the requisite solitude offered.

The head of the committee, with Mr. Lonehand at his shoulder, approached the end of the stand, upon which were sitting the judges, the Colonel, Miss Blossom, and the family who had brought her in their barouche. One of the marriageable sons of that family was sitting beside her twirling a mustache which looked like some cheap grade of capillary molasses-candy, and talking to her in language derived from the highest-priced poets, having smuggled himself on to the stand on the strength of Miss Blossom's having come in his mother's carriage—a stroke of genius which the ladies of his company were still admiring with all the confidence of doting relationship.

The head of the committee was at the Colonel's side before either the latter or his daughter knew it. As the Head was coming up he said he heard Miss Blossom say to the molasses-candy-and-poetry young man, "Dear old fellow—I could kiss him for winning that trot!"

With an unimaginable impudence, astonishing even Lonehand, the jockey bent low over Miss Georgie's lap, but his colleague did not hear what he said to her, or his words would have surprised Lemuel even more than his manner. At the moment Miss Georgie said the words just quoted from her, Colonel Blossom motioned toward her, signifying that the cup was to be handed to the [illegible] he had left him to love best, and that [illegible] rascal of mine actually answered [illegible]

"*You may!*"

She turned about, faced him closely, and looked into his eyes as he looked into hers. Instead of treating him as the occasion demanded, and as the Colonel would have insisted on, had he heard the jockey's words, Miss Blossom deliberately took from her finger her late mother's engagement ring, and slipped it over the fellow's finger, saying,

"I can't do *that*, here; but look—I *answer* you. *This* is the real Blossom prize, if you'll take it."

At that moment the jockey threw his cap on the platform. A pair of theatrical gray whiskers next got dumped into the cap, and beneath them appeared brown ones. These were followed by a pepper-and-salt wig; then the jockey brushed the flour out of his brows and lashes—then he pulled off his riding-gloves and showed the hand from which was gone the blood-stone now on Miss Blossom's finger. None of this was seen, in the few seconds it took, by the young chairman below the stand where the crowd was buzzing—so he called out in his lustiest voice for "a few appropriate remarks!"

"I am about to make them," said the jockey, quietly drawing from his pocket the letter purporting to have reached me from Colonel Blossom.

"Do you know that?" said the jockey.

"I have already told you I never saw it before," replied the astonished Colonel.

The jockey then held it under Lonehand's eyes, asked him if *he* saw it, and quietly returned it to his own pocket. Then putting his hand into another recess of his riding-coat the jockey pulled out a kid glove, and, exhibiting it, asked Lemuel if he knew *that*. Finally (Mr. Lonehand still considering the matter, with a smile), the jockey felt in still a third pocket, and brought out a small length of sewing-silk nicely pinned on to a card, which bore the name, "Henry Sedleigh."

"Do you see *that?*" said the jockey.

Lemuel Lonehand was for once in his life abashed, and vainly tried to treat the matter as a good joke.

"Now," said the jockey once more, "I have the following appropriate remarks to make. Mr. Lonehand will stay here till I make them."

A loud shout of applause went up from the crowd, who just saw how quietly the presentation had been managed, and began, after our good old American fashion, to cry, "Speech! speech!"

Taking advantage of the noise, the jockey addressed Mr. Lonehand:

"That glove of yours was found in the stall of the winning horse." (The jockey dwelt on the word "*winning*" with an emphasis which cut.) "This bit of silk was found around the off fore-foot of the *winning* horse, where a sharper eye than yours found it fortunately. This letter" (exhibiting it for the last time) "was written by *you*, in my study, at my table, and on my own unmistakable paper. It told me that this trot was not to come off till this day

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three weeks. It was intended to keep my horse off the track. It *did*. The ligature was intended to shelve Colonel Blossom's. It *didn't*. Now, if you will quietly go down that staircase and get into the nearest hole your cowardly face can select to hide itself—*go!* Under those circumstances I will not kick you down the steps, nor will I publicly proclaim you as a swindler from this balcony or at this instant."

I stooped down (apologizing on the way, because I meant to whisper) and added:

"*Nor will I say how you tried to murder me on the Colonel's lane.*"

This last dose proved entirely sufficient. Mr. Lonehand's face became altogether serious, and he turned to go down the steps.

The Colonel then for the first awoke to the realities of the occasion. Thus far astonishment had kept him a candidate for Doctor Peet and One hundred and Fifty-second Street. It happened to strike him, just as I had finished my admonition, that he had never seen such a villain as Lonehand, and that in all probability there would never be another such chance of revenging himself on the total depravity of the human race. I was about letting Lonehand go in such peace as that kind of fellow could take with him; and Miss Blossom drew a long sigh of relief when Colonel Blossom took him by the collar with a grip like an iron vice, led him to the top of the steps, and only released him simultaneously with a kick which sent him entirely down the first half and assisted his descent the rest of the way. As he got up from the dust at the bottom he smiled back at us for the last time, such a smile as made me keep horse-pistols under my pillow for the next six months.

Of course, to make the story perfect, I ought to tell you that he finally murdered me in cold blood; but, against all romantic precedent, candor compels me to assert that "I ain't dead yet!" When Lemuel Lonehand went out of the course-gate he was seen in Camptown for the last time. I am glad to say that, though *he* is dead, he did not die a felon's death, but fell from the weather earing of a brig's fore-yard off Hatteras, and was smashed on deck. At the time he was the only man of the whole watch brave enough to lie out on the yard-arm and take in the last sail the vessel had been steering by. So he came home to the stand in better style than any of us thought he would, and Heaven grant him a place among the winners!

The day after Lemuel disappeared I heard that my Aladdin had won the Lewisville trot. A week after my father was beyond all danger. A year after I was *married*—am yet, thank the Lord and Mrs. Sedleigh, *née* Blossom (though I haven't the slightest idea why "*née*," because she certainly *is*)!

Do I hear that sympathetic youth with blue eyes and a mustache (*coming*, like Christmas and the man who engineers the Millennium)—do I hear him ask, "Did you never have a *man* friend?"

Yes, you may bet! I have two boys growing up, one of them nearly as tall as you are.

So, pass the "baccy." Wake up that poet on the bearskin, and let him tip the company something lyric to breathe us for the next story.

Editor's Easy Chair.

NEW YORK shows its metropolitan character in nothing more than in the number of its theatres. The *Times*, of this city, now publishes a directory of the evening amusements at the head of its editorial column, in the manner of the London *Times;* and lately comparing the two lists, we found that the New York amusements were more numerous.

Yet the theatre in this country is still an exotic. The plays and the players are, in great measure, foreign. The life and the humor are not our own; still, the theatres are popular and frequented, and their number constantly increases.

A great deal of the pleasure at the play is now purely reflective. It is the interest which the kindly criticism of some favorite author has excited which is the real charm. Charles Lamb, for instance, paints such delightful pictures of his evenings at the play—he is so felicitous and delicate in his observations upon the players; he enjoyed Munden so thoroughly; he had so genuine a reverence for the old drama; he was so fond of the theatre—and the theatre is so essential to London life, that it is sympathy with Lamb, and sincere relish of his theatrical gossip, that take many a man to the play.

Then the "old English comedy" has similar traditional associations. It is formal, and exaggerated, and grotesque, and as utterly unlike as possible to the easy, familiar flow of the modern vaudeville of society; but it has a certain strong flavor of what British life is supposed to have been a century ago. It lays bare the unmitigated John Bull; and there is nothing so testy, unreasonable, and tyrannical in the old father, or gross in the country squire, that we do not recognize its resemblance to much within the experience of our own observation.

But, like the opera, the old comedy, whether in its actual works, or those of a more modern date, written in its spirit, must be judged by its own rules. We mean, now, the domestic comedy that holds the stage, and not the Congreve comedy, which has become intolerable to modern taste. "Speed the Plow," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Heir at Law," "The School for Scandal," and "Paul Pry" are instances of the "old English comedies" which are still acted. They are quite sure to disappoint; yet, such is the intrinsic charm of the name and its association, that, whenever it appears on the bills, even a well-regulated Easy Chair may be conscious of a desire to post itself in the pit, and renew the fond traditions, which never quite satisfy.

So, when Paul Pry was lately announced at the Winter Garden, with Mr. Clarke as the hero, the opportunity of seeing so famous a play, which the

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talent of Finn had so peculiarly commended to American play-goers of the last generation, was not to be resisted. That the evening was rainy, and sloppy, and uncomfortable, made the pleasure only a little more costly; but it was easy to sympathize with the managerial eye, peering through the convenient holes in the curtain, at the small audience. But the house was bright and cheerful, the audience may be fairly supposed to have especially to see Paul Pry—not from the genire of amusement—and to be quite ready for rest enjoyment.

it proved. The curtain went up, and the few difficult moments of entering in t of the play; the slight struggle of the n to see, in the young gentleman upon rubbing his hands and sweeping the a h his eyes to calculate if it be "a paying e rosy inn-keeper of an English village, or more ago. But the struggle is brief. ruses, a little "gag," and the spell is c he imagination yields, and no more smi cessant absurdity than at Edgardo rou end.

Paul P a of some ingenuity of plot; but its cl the array of traditional characters. ied, despotic old father, Colonel Hard d neighbor, cajoled by a scheming ne saucy young woman, and the love; the midshipman lover, and dy cousin, with Paul Pry himself, fat umbrella under his arm, hoping he rude, as he just pops in—these are the d friends of the theatre, as the naughty p-mother, the giant, the good fairy, the fair one with golden locks, and the perfect prince are the company of the story-book. Under many forms they reappear to the unfailing delight of the audience. The point of the play is the old one—to bring the two lovers together, and incidentally to save old Mr. Somebody from marrying his housekeeper. These agreeable results are accomplished by the ludicrous inquisitiveness and obtrusion of Paul Pry, who constantly gets kicks instead of coppers, and forever renews his oath never to do another good-natured thing so long as he lives.

The fun lies in his part exclusively, and in the confusion of identity between the gallant midshipman, who has the delightful swagger of the sea in his speech and bearing, and the sober cousin. And the play rests upon the humor of Paul Pry. Done drolly, as Mr. Clarke does it, it is exceedingly amusing. The make-up, the movement, the tone, the look, the gesture—if these are comical, the success is sure. Then the felicity of situation is often striking, showing the skillful hand of an expert. There is no preaching, no sentiment, no description, nothing that lags and hinders, and the brisk movement and utter ridiculousness of Mr. Pry give you the hearty laugh which the old English comedy was designed to create.

But the broad drollery, the clumsiness, the extravagance of such a play are remarkable in contrast with the delicater play of wit and fancy in the French drama of to-day, from which the British stage is continually borrowing. The old taste seems to have been divided. The compromise between the scenic effect and the essential humor of the conversation and character is abandoned. The former is now gratified with the sensational drama and spectacle, the latter by the quiet vaudeville. And it is amusing, but true, that the old Bersekir and primeval Briton betray themselves in the qualities of the "fine old English comedy" as the gentilhomme of old France shows himself in the French drama. There is always something bovine in John Bull, and you see it in an English wine party in Rome as in the characteristic plays of the British theatre.

Meanwhile the American drama seems to be indefinitely postponed. Its most typical illustration, the Jibbenainosay, if that is the proper word descriptive of Nick of the Woods, has apparently passed from the stage. Our playwrights adapt Irish spectacles and French dramas; and when the star of humor would shine most refulgently, he is obliged to glitter in the fine old English comedy. But it is a very pleasant light to sit in for an evening; and it is with a curious complexity of emotion that you smile as Paul Pry tumbles forward as the gate opens, through the keyhole of which he has been busily peeping, or as he carefully studies the name in the hat of the sober cousin. It is good, honest fun; and if you do not care to laugh at nonsense stay carefully at home.

But to the play-goer in this country of the last generation there is, as we were saying, a peculiar association of Mr. Finn with the part of Paul Pry. Whether it is upon the principle that the cherries of our youth were larger than any which the latter days can ripen, or because he was truly a superior comedian, the play-goers of thirty-five years ago agree that there has been no more comic actor than Henry J. Finn. He was a Boston star, but he was not unknown elsewhere. Nor shall we ever forget a serious man in sad-colored clothes, whom, in the old Clinton Hall at the head of Beekman Street, we saw one morning long ago looking at the pictures in the Exhibition of the National Academy. He was quiet and shy in his movements, studied the catalogue attentively, and looked earnestly at the walls. The grave gentleman was Finn. A year or two afterward we stood upon the wharf, one bleak and lowering January afternoon, and saw the black and fated steamer *Lexington* sail away upon her last voyage. Before midnight she was burned, and among those of whom no trace was ever found was Finn.

In his Message at the beginning of his term Mayor Hoffman speaks severely of the markets of New York. It is not surprising, for they are horrible places; and yet there is no more quaint and interesting spot in its way in the city than Fulton Market. Its absurd inconvenience, its utter want of proper and sufficient accommodation, its outrageous filth and smells, are apparent. But where in the world can you get oysters more delightfully served? And the spot in which the oyster is properly prepared will never be lightly esteemed by a country tranquilly true to its palate.

If you approach Fulton Market from the Beekman Street side, you will ascend the steps and pass across the corner, where vast quarters of beef are to be seen and smelled. The fish-market adjoins. Then you descend into the interior, or large court, of the market, where game, vegetables, and truck of all kinds are heaped in indescribable confusion, and where little passages run and slip insanely about, and red-faced market-women in bonnets sit or stand calmly, like the young woman of Norway who casually sat in a doorway. When the door squeezed her flat she said, What of that; and that is precisely the expression of the estimable women

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who sit among butter-tubs and cheeses. What of it all? is the inquiry of their calm countenances.

But not with these nymphs must Telemachus dally. His ardent soul is set upon oysters; and presently he will see against the Beekman Street side a range of rooms opening upon the inside of the market, and before them are heaps and piles and tons of oysters, and such fires of living glow—every particle of coal alive—as are seen elsewhere only in furnaces at white heat. The fires are open all around, and the high oyster priests, with shirt-sleeves rolled up and moist faces shining in the glow, are serving at the incandescent altars.

The floors of the little rooms are sanded. There is a series of small wooden tables standing out lengthwise from the walls, and upon them are the castors and the vinegar-bottle and the salt. A shelf runs along the room over the tables, crowded with bottles of ale, and above the ale vigorously-colored prints of Lola Montez or Evangeline hang upon the wall. The little room is entirely open by windows and doors toward the fires, and from twelve to three o'clock the hum and bustle of the place are incessant and exciting.

The room is crowded at that time. Four devotees of oysters sit at each table perfecting the sacrifice. As you enter, a small young man in shirt-sleeves, who moves swiftly about, bearing full dishes and empty dishes, and swooping with a damp cloth upon any table from which one of the faithful has risen, follows you to a seat, if there be one empty, or beckons you to one whenever it becomes empty, and stoops to hear your order. Then raising his head he shouts, sonorously, as he swiftly moves away, "One small saddle-back ste-e-e-e-w—Toby ale!" The intonation of the word stew is indescribable. Like the ri-too-ral-loo of the ballad of Vilikins, expressing the emotions of Dinah upon beholding her lover, so this incomparable twirl of sound in the mouth of a master is expressive of the emotion of anticipated delight and unquestioning confidence which possesses the soul of the Telemachus who has been there before and would fain go every day. As he shouts for the stew the energetic young man thrusts his hand into a drawer and scoops up a handful of small biscuit, which he drops upon a plate, and then seizing another plate of cut cabbage he returns swiftly and dumps them upon the table before you. Such is the celerity of the performance that you have scarcely time to survey your neighbors or open a newspaper when the generous stew is placed smoking hot before you, and you proceed to the delicious feast.

Meanwhile every body else is as busy as you are minding their own business. There is no impertinent curiosity, no vexatious delay. The keen-eyed custŏmers indeed who have found no seats watch you with a severe interest, intent only that you shall waste no time nor wait a moment longer than the delightful heat of your repast compels. And the instant you have accomplished the ceremony and rise, the nearest neighbor slips quietly into your seat; the swift young man swoops again with his damp cloth, inclines his head; calls aloud again for a ste-e-e-e-w. The king is dead, long live the king! and Richard reigns in the place of Henry.

The Mayor is probably right; but the frequenter of the oyster-rooms of the Fulton Market would hear with sorrow that it was doomed. Oysters would remain and hot fires. Ste-e-e-e-ws would still be attainable. But when it is a question of comfortable old shoes, or old coats, or familiar conveniences of eating or drinking, who is not a Conservative, if not a Hunker?

Our friends beyond the city may not be aware of the internecine war which is raging in the metropolitan world of art. It is one in which all lovers of pictures are profoundly interested, and in which—such is the stress of the struggle—it is almost impossible to retain a position of lofty neutrality. Indeed, the neutral who would fain be friendly to each party, is savagely attacked by both. He fares much as John Bull fared in our national contest. Kicks and cuffs are his portion on every hand. And yet the Easy Chair is resolved to brave destiny, and assert the neutrality which springs from a conviction that there is much to be said upon both sides, which is exactly the position that both sides indignantly deny.

Some years since a number of painters in England were of opinion that the true principles of art were more fully illustrated by the painters who lived before Raphael than by those who have followed him. They declared that the art of painting was losing all earnestness and high purpose, and becoming a mere luxury and ornament. They found the chief evidence of its decline in the relaxation or total suspension of an exact study of nature, and insisted upon the supreme necessity of returning to a religious observation and a conscientious fidelity of treatment or representation. Nature must be painted, they said, as she is, and if you would produce her effects you must imitate her methods.

The movement was stimulated and widely published by the remarkable works of John Ruskin, who made light of the most venerable reputations, and called Claude's trees lumps of wool. Ruskin hailed Turner as the greatest of landscape painters, and found the secret of his power in his marvelous fidelity to the facts of Nature. But Turner was not fully accepted by the severer disciples of the school, whose own works upon the walls of the London Exhibitions, fifteen years ago, filled the newspapers with laughter and the studios with indignation.

The Pre-Raphaelite doctrines, as they were called, were for a long time merely theoretically and doubtfully entertained in this country, and our own exhibitions showed little sign of the prevalence or influence of the spirit of the P. R. B., the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren. But a body of young men were meanwhile studying and accepting one canon, at least, of the new school, that the effects of Nature could be properly represented only by the most rigorous study and heroic fidelity, and within two or three years both the painters and the professors of the new school, as it is called, have taken the field with an audacity and enthusiasm which are making the dust fly in every direction.

The circumstances which marked most plainly the opening of the contest were those of the exhibition at the great Sanitary Fair two years ago in New York. A beautiful gallery was built, light, spacious, convenient, and upon the walls hung some of the most noted and characteristic works of our most noted painters. Leutze's Washington Crossing the Delaware filled one end of the room; Church's Heart of the Andes and Bierstadt's Rocky Mountains faced each other upon the sides. Kensett and the other academicians were finely illustrated. The room was constantly thronged by murmuring admirers, and — "to them enter" the P. R. B. critics. These gentlemen dashed in, toma-

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hawk in hand. The scalps of the P. N. A. and the V. P. N. A., and of all the illustrious group of N. A.'s and A.'s were incontinently whisked off. Dignities and reputations were of no avail. Old and new, from the good ex-President Durand down to the last tyro who had been schooled in what was called the false system, were brought to the reeking block. The carnage was frightful. Off with their heads! So much for the Buckinghams of the National Academy.

A series of articles in the *Tribune*, by which this tremendous and universal execution was continued from week to week, provoked the astonishment and rage of the artists who were attacked and of their friends; and when the critic selected for his choicest praise some landscapes by Mr. Farrer, one of the new school, which were hung in unfavorable places, and were the objects of academic censure and the butts of popular ridicule and wonder, the storm culminated. On every side the critic was denounced as a mousing interloper who knew nothing of art or of nature, and who insolently assumed to decide upon subjects which he did not understand, and upon the merits of artists who had given a life of enthusiastic study to their art. He was accused of unpardonable personality; of assaults upon private character; of the most ridiculous ignorance; of the basest motives. He was charged with stealing bread from hungry men, of preventing the sale of poor men's pictures, and of wantonly outraging the feelings of those whose long years, spotless lives, and high character and reputation entitled them to respectful consideration. It was reported that one N. A. came very near tweaking the wrong nose by way of justice for these atrocities, and it was very plain that the person of the critic could not be considered altogether safe from the attack of some one whose temper might get the better of his discretion.

For ourselves, we could not agree with all the criticisms; but as they did not seem to us personal, in the sense asserted, we could not deny the perfect right of any man to express his opinion of any picture. Indeed, whenever there seemed to us some truth in what was said, it was said so truculently that we could not wonder at the exasperation it occasioned. But, like all reformers, the new critics were evidently persuaded that the time had come for resounding blows. The old walls of false theory and practice in art were to be battered down, and the work could not be done by patting. If art were to be saved in America, the work was to be achieved by a tremendous pommeling of its inert and moribund body. If it kicked, so much the better; that was a hopeful sign of life; but thwacked and thumped and bastinadoed it should be until the proper circulation were restored, even if it were necessary to strip the velvet from the critical claws and strike them into the quivering flesh.

The work went bravely on. With the zeal and energy of all new sects, the reformers possessed themselves of every advantage they could command. They published a thin monthly paper called *The New Path*. They secured the critical chair of the *Tribune*. Two new periodicals, the *Nation* and the *Round Table*, appeared, devoted partly to literature and art, and lo! the brethren were seated upon the new thrones with their weapons sharper than ever, and driving them up to the bloody hilt in every direction. Even the journals which they did not control their onslaught had influenced, so that the criticisms upon the Academy Exhibition of last spring were more generally severe than they have ever been.

It is not to be denied that the feeling among the conspicuous artists, whose names are familiar and honored, is very bitter. They declare that they do not deprecate criticism but insult. They deny that the crude assertions of a critic who may have no talent as a painter can be taken as the primeval truth of nature and the necessary law of art. They claim that the assumption of a special love of nature, or a peculiarly conscientious and careful study of natural forms and aspects, by a few men, is utter folly. They criticise in turn, and with the same caustic contempt with which their works are treated, the paintings of the favorites of the new critics. But they disdain publicity. They speak frankly but privately; only occasionally in brief communications opening a rattling volley upon those whom they regard as guerrillas.

One such volley shall now be heard. It seems to us that the guns are held by hands that are too impatient. The article is unnecessarily contemptuous of the spirit of the criticisms it condemns. It is a tit for a tat. A rousing assertion upon either side is not an argument; but our readers will see that the new school are not to be allowed to take judgment by default. The "Myopians" declare that the N. A.'s do not study nature. "'Tis false," cries this indignant voice, "they do." So thinks the Easy Chair, and knows it. Have we not seen some of those who are now among the most honored masters at their work? Have we not lain through long summer days while Kensett, for instance, studied a weed, or a leaf, or a twig with as much devotion and as much delicate skill in reproduction as any of the newer brethren? Shall any body persuade us that his works are painted by one who neither sees nor feels nature, and who has not studied her with affectionate enthusiasm? We are glad that the new critics are determined that pictures shall be brought to the test of nature. But let us all endeavor to understand what nature is.

THE MYOPIAN CLUB.

This is a little clique of near-sighted young men, mostly students of weeds, briers, leaves, blades of grass, straws, dead sticks, warts, hairs, nose-pimples, and cheek-freckles—meeting together on the mutual admiration principle—disciples of a well-known Champion of the Ring of Art in England, an autocrat of a prize-fighter, who is supposed by some persons to have knocked down and laid in the grave some scores of old and new masters in the world of Art.

Perhaps very few of the good people of Gotham are aware of the existence of this formidable little *coterie* of infant Herculeses, who, not yet free from their leading-strings, but seated in their cradles, and sucking hard at Mr. Ruskin's milk-bottles, are inspired with such precociously gymnastic vivacities, that, clutching with their little hands at the time-honored celebrities of Art, which they suppose to be poisonous serpents, they fancy they are succeeding in strangling them.

No, good Manhattanites! you would not probably know of the existence of this nest of juvenile gods, unless you unawares got into their neighborhood, any more than you would be aware of mosquitoes in broad daylight, till you unluckily plunged into some woody marsh. There, as in the Myopian circle, among beloved ferns, water-weeds, lichens, mosses, and toadstools, you might be made uncomfortably conscious that the smallest creatures may at times prove the hugest nuisances.

You haven't heard, then, the oracular utterances of the New York *Tribune* on matters of Art? You know nothing of the specimens of criticism (so-called)—the fair, just, sweet-tempered, consistent, wise, Rubskinian articles which issue from time to time from the columns of the leading Reform journal—fluttering the dove-cotes of the timorous

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artist? You haven't heard of the *Round Table* critic, who demolishes the entire artist fund with a single blow? or of the wise and learned young commentator on Art in the *Nation*? You haven't discovered the new and narrow path, which, according to the Myopian oracles, alone leadeth unto life—while all others descend infallibly to destruction? Very likely you haven't. For (without intending to be irreverent) it is a strait and a narrow way, this new path—and of the way and of the paper indicating the way it may be said—"few there be who find it."

I see, in imagination, a small band of beardless Quixotes, clothed in the antiquated armor of some Giotto or Durer, seated on raw-boned Rosinantes, taken from medieval stables, and going forth to do battle with all the world for some maggot of their brains; living and working in the open fields, yet shut up in a twilight region of half-truths; owl-like closing their eyes to the lights of past and present, and with theory-disordered brains mistaking wind-mills for giants; bound down to the very materialism of Art, yet professing to be guided by principles different in kind from any that are nowadays recognized by artists and Art-critics.

What is this new and narrow way? "Stick to nature," they say; "then you will be on the road we have opened." My dear young, conceited friends, was there ever a conscientious artist who proposed any other road than this? It seems to me you make a great pow-wow about what every body knows. You rush out with your little lanterns in your hands into the broad daylight, exclaiming, "Lo! here we are, the disciples of the *Newness*, ready to guide your stumbling steps up the right road. You can't see the road unless WE go before you with our lanterns; and if you don't follow us, you are lost in Egyptian darkness." Why, bless your Myopian brains, is there any artist who works with love and earnestness who don't know the road and can't see it? Get out with your little lanterns! Before you were born we were traveling this road, and you only annoy us like so many importunate cicerones at Niagara or St. Peter's.

But, "an artist must not paint for money but for love." Oh! this is also a discovery of yours; and you proclaim it at the top of your lungs in the light of the nineteenth century, as if any artist deserved the name of artist who did not pursue his art with the passion of a lover for his mistress.

But the artist must turn his back on all academic rules, and on all works of art, old and new, save the elected few which Mr. John Ruskin and his young disciples honor with their approval. We thought we had enough of Ruskin several years ago. We thought we had sifted and winnowed him pretty thoroughly. We separated as well as we could his grain from his chaff—"acknowledging the corn"—and very grateful for whatever of truth and eloquent statement he gave us; but not by any means accepting his chaff, which seems to be cooked up into a favorite griddle-cake for the intellectual breakfasts of our young American P. R. Brethren, and to tickle their palates so deliciously that they would feed us all upon it *in secula seculorum*. But we are fortunately too old birds to be caught by it. Mr. J. Ruskin, autocrat of academies, perpetual, self-constituted chairman of all hanging, drawing, and quartering committees in the jurisdiction of Art, has had his say. He has told us some solid truths, and he has promulgated some unsolid errors. He has discoursed eloquently of Nature and Art, but he has signally failed in his ambitious attempts to lead us through the cloud-land of fruitless metaphysical speculation. We acknowledge him a light, but a light rather of the jack-o'-lantern order. He is full of inconsistencies, extravagant statements, and nebulous theories, and we long ago came to the conclusion that he was the most unsafe of guides. His judgment is rarely to be trusted; and, on the whole, we are inclined to think that his windy pretense in philosophizing about Art exceeds whatever clear, simple perception of truth we may have given him credit for.

But though the judicious grieve that he has proved so unsatisfactory a teacher, and the unprejudiced lay his volumes aside and look for better guidance, it seems he is the idol of a little nest of one-sided young men whose chief occupation in a literary way (we have as yet seen but little from them of artistic performance, though they perpetually prate about what *ought* to be done), is to fling mud at the faces of the living artists of America, and at the honored statues of those who are dead. For the last forty years, it is said, nothing worth preserving has been done in American Art. The artists have all worked on wrong principles. Stuart and Allston and Inman had a *little* merit, and Thomas Cole was the "worst dauber that ever spoiled canvas." As for any other artists, in this period of forty years, the oracle deigneth not the mention of their names. Whoever they may be, great or small, they are strangled and give up the ghost in the tremendous gripe of this young Hercules. His terrible besom of destruction has swept away forty years' worth of poor daubers, and he is preparing the way for a new order of men.

And who are the new men, and what have they done, and what do they promise? They are reduced to a few fanatical young men with one idea—and that is, to spend a whole summer or a whole winter over a small canvas, producing a so-called painting from nature, which a photographer might have saved them all the labor of, and done it well—a feeble little cold colorless ghost of a picture, with about as much of the spirit of nature in it as there is heat in an icicle.

Fearful to think of, isn't it? that our artists are all to be superseded by these tyro traducers of Nature's color—these niggliers and stipplers of the brush—these microscopic imitators, the unlovely results of whose patient but mistaken labor are puffed in a leading journal as something the like of which our country has never seen—as we verily believe it never has.

But we live in the faint hope that the *Tribune* critic, who seems to have it all his own way (as preachers have in their own pulpits, where nobody is allowed to get up and contradict them), will never beat into his readers' brains the love of ugliness. The gospel of the apotheosis of the microcosm needs abler hands and wiser commentators before it can be painted into popularity and preached into sound Art doctrine.

We think that what is good in Art will somehow stand its ground against this terrible scourger and sweeper of the Narrow Way. We can't help hoping that, in spite of his repeated assertions to the contrary, the majority of our artists have some little "realizing sense" of their mission: that they don't all work for money merely—that they do look sometimes at nature; and that long ago there were some of them a good ways on in the path which these young Columbuses think they have discovered, but which every true artist knows, by a sort of instinct, is the only path—the pathway of Nature.

Those who undertake to make it a business to write upon Art should first of all learn that, to be a critic, one must be able to do something more than handle microscopes, pick flaws, strain at gnats, and swallow camels.

In America it seems every person who can write thinks himself qualified to be a critic on Art. And the public tolerates the crudest attempts in this line. But just fancy what would be thought if every body undertook to judge of military tactics, or finance, or medicine, or architecture, or music.

Cease then, O cacklers! You have scratched up a few grains of corn, and would summon the whole world to your feast, as if corn were a miracle. You are ignorant that outside the fences of your little barn-yard there are wide-waving harvests and reapers at work gathering them in. And if you will reach up a little higher and look over the fence you will see.

THE peculiarly soft and open winter, which was interrupted, up to the end of January, by only one severely cold "spell," is not welcomed by the doctors. They already see signs of the coming cholera. In the character which certain diseases assume, they detect the subtle forereaching of the pestilence. The springs are not full, and that, also, is an unpromising fact. Indeed, the human system and nature are preparing for the cholera—what are the sanitary commissions of towns and cities doing?

The city of New York is so situated, and commands such intercourse, that its sanitary condition is fairly a national matter. If a pestilence takes

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firm hold of the city, it will shake the country to its extremity. So the country will be glad to know that there will probably be a Board of Health Commissioners appointed by the State, who will defend the city against itself. If it is not appointed, the cholera will probably rage virtually uncontrolled.

The poor city of New York proves to be quite unequal to the business of governing itself. The Police and the Fire Department are managed by the State, and therefore the peace is tolerably preserved. Our new Mayor protests vigorously against State interference, and speaks of the city in a strain of pride which, in the actual civic condition, is refreshing to hear. The enormous taxation, it appears from what his Honor tells us, does not spring from "the Ring" but from the State. If the State would only leave us to the Ring, the city would probably at once become virtuous and happy. Now, government by the State may be disagreeable, but Government by the Ring would be intolerable.

It is a curious fact developed by the census that, in the whole number of registered voters in the city, there is a majority of 26,000 naturalized voters. This astonishing truth may help explain some of the anomalies of our civic legislation. Perhaps it may explain why the cholera will rage so fearfully, should it reach the city. Probably it explains why nothing is to be hoped for in mitigation except from the Legislature.

Literary Notices.

The War of the Rebellion, by H. S. FOOTE.—Mr. Foote, long time Senator in the Congress of the Union from Mississippi, and later Senator in the Confederate Congress from Tennessee, is no stranger to the American people. Pugnacious to the extreme, he was better known than liked north of the old line of Mason and Dixon. A few unfortunate utterances made his name there any thing but a Household Word. But whatever may have been said or thought of him, no man ever charged him with hesitating to speak what he thought, or with saying what he believed to be untrue. He has here written a work upon the "Causes, Course, and Consequences of the late Civil War in the United States;" reviewing the exciting topics of the last existing two-score years, all of which he saw and a part of which he was. It is pleasant to see that to him years have brought the philosophic mind. He speaks fairly and justly not merely of Webster and Clay, but of John Quincy Adams and Seward. If there are traces of old animosities, they are to be found mainly in the passages which relate to Benton. Abraham Lincoln now appears to Mr. Foote as "the most humane, moderate, and clement of men;" and Andrew Johnson is "his firm-nerved, sagacious, and energetic successor," who, "if he perseveres to the end in the execution of his admirable scheme of reconstruction, will be recognized as the restorer of his country's liberties, and the renovator of its glories." The secondary title of Mr. Foote's book is "Scylla and Charybdis." Scylla is Abolition, the Rock, and Charybdis is Secession, the Whirlpool, the passage between which involves sore peril to our Ship of State; and so he lifts up the old warning cry: *Eripite, O socii*—"Pull off, my friends;" though, as he afterward affirms, the rock has been safely passed and nobody hurt thereby; while he and others have been sucked into the whirlpool, and yet have somehow managed to get safe again to dry land, a little damaged perhaps by their rough experience. How it happened that Mr. Foote got sucked into the whirlpool of Secession is rather hinted than told. His course, he says, was governed by motives "of a nature most peculiar and pressing, a good deal out of the ordinary routine of civic duty, anomalous and eccentrical." Sucked into the whirlpool he clearly was, and he went down as far as any of his unlucky companions. When fairly down in the depths he was a thorn in their sides; and now, fairly out of it, he brings no very favorable reports of his quondam comrades in the abyss. Jefferson Davis is "the unfortunate victim of dark and dangerous heresies for which he is by no means primarily responsible;" a victim likewise of the "intriguing machinations of cunning and unscrupulous managers, whose true character he had never penetrated;" and the "dupe of adulation and of false promises from abroad, which might, perchance, have deceived men far more sagacious than himself." His Cabinet consisted of "a large proportion of incompetent public functionaries," with some who were more knaves than fools. For instance, Judah Benjamin, who, "besides his inability to meet the military exigencies which he had been encountering, as well as the more serious ones in prospect, was subject to other objections, as the incumbent of a high cabinet position, of the greatest and most vital character. His reputation for integrity had never been good, and of late years it had become deeply tarnished by his known participancy in schemes of notorious corruption both in the State of Louisiana and in Washington City." Once Mr. Foote was present at a dinner-party where were many of the prominent men in the Confederacy, including General J. E. Johnston. There, says Mr. Foote, "Mr. Benjamin's gross acts of official misconduct becoming the topic of conversation, one of the company turned to General Johnston and inquired whether he thought it possible that the Confederate cause could succeed with Mr. Benjamin as War Minister. To this inquiry General Johnston, after a little pause, emphatically responded in the negative." In consequence of this, Benjamin left the Department of War, but was appointed by Davis Secretary of State, where, according to Mr. Foote, "he had it in his power, both abroad and at home, to perpetrate more barefaced acts of corruption and profligacy than any single individual has ever been known to commit in the same space of time in any part of Christendom." In this incident Mr. Foote finds the solution of the mystery of the hostility of the Richmond Administration toward General Johnston. Every student of military history knows that Johnston was, by all odds, the ablest Confederate commander; and yet, from the time when he recovered from his wound at Fair Oaks, the Davis and Benjamin Administration only employed him in the vain task of trying to undo somebody else's foolish blunders. Of Seddon, who in time succeeded Benjamin as Secretary of War, Mr. Foote says that "he did not possess one of the qualities need-

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ful to a creditable and useful performance of the duties devolved upon him; he proved himself to be the most heartless and ruffianly tyrant whom I ever yet saw in the possession of official power." Seddon, according to Mr. Foote, resigned his office of Secretary of War only when it had been proved by the books of his own department that he had caused to be paid to himself $40 a bushel for his entire crop of wheat, while he, at the same time, compelled the farmers of North Carolina and Georgia to yield up theirs "at the inadequate price of from $7 to $9 in Confederate paper." This was in 1864, when a Confederate dollar was supposed to be worth five or six cents. Of Jefferson Davis's Cabinet there were, according to Mr. Foote, "only two whose qualifications were even respectable—the Attorney-General, Mr. Watts, of Alabama, and the Postmaster-General, Mr. Reagan, of Texas." Of the nine-tenths crazy Dr. Northrop, of whom the ex-Confederate General Jordan has written in this Magazine, Mr. Foote gives a pen-and-ink portrait, which, much diminished, we reproduce. "His appearance was unprepossessing; his manners coarse, overbearing, and insulting; his temper austere and crabbed; he was utterly ignorant of the duties of the post assigned to him, and was not at all solicitous to make himself acquainted with them; the heartless tyranny practiced by this monster of iniquity in all the States of the South, in connection with the system of forcible impressment, has scarcely ever been equaled. Yet he was retained in the Commissary Department for four years, in utter contempt of remonstrance, of complaint, and of direct and positive accusations of delinquency."—Of notices, equally flattering, which Mr. Foote gives of sundry military officers, such as Hindman and Bragg, we have not space to speak. Nor can we attempt to reproduce the really sound and sensible view which he gives of the present aspect of affairs, and of the duties which devolve upon Americans in consequence. Only, his book being evidence, Henry S. Foote, late Confederate Senator from Tennessee, is now as thorough a Union man as is Andrew Johnson, once Senator from that State while in the Union; later, military Governor thereof, when nominally insurgent; and now President of the United States. In any case, this book of Mr. Foote, abounding, as it does, in anecdote and incident, furnishes a graphic inside view of the Whirlpool of Secession, as seen by one who has sounded its lowest depths. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Pilgrim's Wallet, by GILBERT HAVEN. One hardly looks for any thing fresh in a volume which purports to be merely scraps of travel, gathered in such well-gleaned fields as England, France, and Germany. But even here, Mr. Haven has succeeded in picking up many things well worth putting into his wallet. Thus, in visiting the Lake Country in England, he has collected many anecdotes of Wordsworth, *the* Coleridge, and his poor son Hartley. The sketch of a night in Parliament is brief, but graphic; and there are several personal sketches of distinguished persons, slight, but graceful, and never violating the amenities of society. (Published by Hurd and Houghton.)

Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction, by WILLIAM A. WHEELER. In speaking of the last edition of Webster's Dictionary, we took occasion to characterize as a most acceptable addition to that work Mr. Wheeler's "Vocabulary of the Names of Noted Fictitious Persons and Places." That work forms the basis of the present volume, though it has received very large additions. There is hardly a character or personal epithet which has made its mark in fictitious literature, which is not here referred to its author and work, with a brief descriptive note. This volume is to fiction what a Biographical Dictionary is to history. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.)

Across the Continent, by SAMUEL BOWLES (published by Hurd and Houghton), is a republication, with additions, of a series of excellent letters written to the Springfield *Republican*, by its editor, who formed one of the "Colfax Party" in their late journey across the Continent. Apart from the incidents of the trip the work contains a large amount of facts and information respecting the great mineral region of the Northwest, and of the condition and prospects of the Mormon community in Utah. The letters are well worthy of having been gathered and put forth in a permanent form.

A Child's History of the United States, by JOHN BONNER. The third volume of this series, which is really a separate work, contains the History of the Great Rebellion. Though written for children, it is by no means a childish book. The author wisely judges that children wish to know in the main just the same things as persons of larger growth. Above all things they want facts. This Child's History is really a graphic and spirited narrative of the prominent events in the war. So admirably are these selected, and so clearly are they described, that within the compass of a single small volume is compressed a more reliable history of the war than is to be found in most of the more pretentious works which have been produced on this subject. The Engravings, which are numerous, are not mere fancy sketches, but pictures which really illustrate the text. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams, by WILLIAM V. WELLS. Considering the prominent part acted by Samuel Adams in our early history before, during, and after the Revolution, it is a matter of surprise that no memoir of him, beyond a mere sketch, has hitherto been written. The mere outlines of his career have indeed found a place in Biographical Dictionaries and in history. From these we know that he was born in 1722; that he was educated for the ministry, but preferring trade and politics to theology never took upon himself clerical functions; that he was foremost in Boston in all the early measures of resistance to the British aggressions; that he and John Hancock alone were specially excepted from the offer of amnesty and free pardon in 1775; that he was a delegate to the first Continental Congress, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and afterward Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and that he died in 1803 at the ripe age of fourscore and one. Several persons of his kindred have at different times meditated the writing of the Life of Samuel Adams, and had made collections for that purpose. These finally fell into the hands of Mr. Wells, his direct descendant, we believe; and from these and other materials gathered by himself and some of our ripest scholars, he has prepared this elaborate Life, which is not merely a Memoir of its subject, but a History of the time in which he acted. In every respect it is a valuable addition to our historical and biographical literature. (Published by Little and Brown.)

Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi, by DAVID and CHARLES LIVINGSTONE. Dr. Livingstone's former volume of Travels and Researches in South

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Africa is still fresh in the minds of most readers. He has since, in conjunction with his brother, made another extensive African journey, lasting four years, partly over the same ground and partly in other directions, the results of which are embodied in this volume. No higher praise can be awarded to the work than to say it is in no way inferior in interest and adventure to the former one, while in many respects it exceeds it, for his route brought him into direct contact with tribes where the slave-trade, fostered by the Portuguese, exists in all its horror. We propose at an early day to give a full abstract of this work, and content ourselves here with briefly stating the general object of the expedition, and mentioning some of its leading results. The expedition, which was largely aided by the British Government, left England in March, 1858, and reached the eastern coast of Africa in May. It was brought to a close in April, 1864. During this time half the breadth of the Continent from east to west was traversed, and various extensive journeys were made northward toward the Lake region, partially explored by Burton and Speke. The object was not adventure for its own sake, but to "give a clear account of parts of country hitherto unexplored, with their river systems, natural productions, and capabilities; and to lay before all who are interested in the cause of humanity the misery entailed by the slave-trade in its inland phases." The general results are, that here is a vast extent of country admirably adapted for the residence of a civilized people, capable of producing such great staples as cotton, sugar, indigo, and tobacco. The soil and climate appear to be quite as favorable to the cotton-plant as is any portion of America. But the whole region is cursed by the slave-trade, which owes its very existence to the Portuguese, whose "pretense to dominion is the curse of the negro race on the east coast of Africa." (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Text-Book of Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, by JOHN C. DRAPER. Dr. Draper is Professor of Natural History and Physiology in the New York Free Academy, and this work is primarily designed as a text-book for that institution. But it is by no means the bald outline which is generally understood by that term, but a complete and elaborate treatise, giving in an attractive form the results of the researches of the great men who have for centuries, and notably in our own day, devoted themselves to the study of these kindred sciences. The more strictly scientific divisions of Anatomy and Physiology, by the free use of illustrations, are brought within the comprehension of any reader of fair intelligence. But for the general reader the division of Hygiene will be found of especial and immediate value. It treats clearly, among other topics, of the conditions requisite to health; of the uses and properties of various kinds of food; of the number, frequency, and times of meals; of condiments, their nature, uses, and abuses; of water, tea, coffee; of fermented and alcoholic liquors; of tobacco and its hygienic effects; of air, ventilation, and heating; of the all-important but generally disregarded subject of the hygiene of the skin; of the different kinds of baths, and their adaptation to various constitutions; of clothing, exercise; of medicines, and so on. A few pages are devoted to cholera and the best means of guarding against its attack. These, in view of the "measured but apparently inevitable approach of this disease to our shores," are of special importance. The illustrations, of which there are nearly 200, are far superior in accuracy of detail and beauty of execution to any thing of the kind ever attempted, except in the most costly works, the price of which puts them beyond the reach of all except the wealthy. We can not doubt that this admirable and timely volume will not only be adopted as a text-book in schools and colleges, but will also be read for instruction and profit in families. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates, by MARY E. DODGE, is a pleasant story, wrought out in all its details with the minuteness of a Dutch painting, of life in Holland in the olden time. (Published by James O'Kane.)

The Story of a Trooper, by F. COLBURN ADAMS (published by Dick and Fitzgerald), presents a picture mainly of the grotesque side of the aspects of life in the cavalry service. It relates mainly to the time before the cavalry came to be the terrible active arm which it became toward the close of the war; it therefore adds little to our knowledge of the history and achievements of our mounted force.

James Louis Petigru, by WILLIAM J. GRAYSON. It is fitting that a memorial should be left to after-ages of James Louis Petigru, of South Carolina always, but the only man in that State, who, for four years after the fatal 20th of December, 1860, dared or could safely dare, to avow himself still a Union man. It is fitting also that this memorial should have been erected by a South Carolinian, who, while not favoring secession, accepted it as an accomplished fact. Of Mr. Petigru it may be briefly said that he was born in 1789; that, having entered the legal profession, he rose by slow degrees, through native ability, professional acquirements, and perhaps still more by unquestioned personal character, to be acknowledged as the head of the bar in his State; that always and ever he opposed disunion, in whatever shape and form it came; and that when it at last took the shape of secession by the State he opposed it, firmly but not fiercely. To the honor of the people of South Carolina let it be further said that, during the very furor of secession, to which every man of them seemed pledged, they elected Mr. Petigru, its avowed opponent, to the most important trust, and the largest salary within their gift. He was chosen to codify the laws of the State, and was re-elected until the work, notwithstanding his failing health, was complete in 1862. He died on the 9th of March, 1863. Mr. Grayson, his life-long friend, and his senior by a few months, set himself to prepare this memorial while the siege of Charleston was in progress. The manuscript is a standing witness of the straits to which the city was reduced long before its abandonment. It is written on scraps of paper, fragments of account-books, and backs of letters. It was evidently prepared for circulation in the Confederacy, and by the guarded manner in which it hints at rather than narrates Mr. Petigru's political course, evinces the stringent, practical censorship, under which every man at the South wrote at that time. We may presume that, had the author outlived the Confederacy, this memorial would have been more full upon these points; but Mr. Grayson died on the 4th of October, 1863, six months after the decease of Petigru. This brief memorial of a great and good man was the work of the last weeks of his long life. It is well, perhaps, that it is incomplete. Silence is often more eloquent than speech. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

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Notes from the Plymouth Pulpit, by AUGUSTA MOORE. There is in some of our libraries a huge German folio, three centuries old, entitled the *Tischenrede* or "Table-Talk of Dr. Martin Luther." The frontispiece represents the great Doctor, seated with his friends Melancthon, Justus Jonas, and others at a table, while in the back-ground are disciples taking down notes of his talk. These notes make up the "Table-Talk," which has furnished material for more than one volume, and contains matter for more. This volume of "Notes" might be called the "Table-Talk of Henry Ward Beecher," only, instead of being spoken to a few persons, it was addressed to the great multitude who throng the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn. Of these "Notes" there are hundreds; some of only a few words, brief and pointed as an aphorism; some filling a page or two; all relating to human and Christian character and development. Many who know Mr. Beecher only by his bold and earnest course upon the great national questions of the day, are at a loss to understand the secret of his power as a preacher and pastor. This volume presents the other side of the medal, and gives an insight into the preacher, not needed by those who hear him from Sabbath to Sabbath, but needed by those who know him only as the lecturer. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Old New York is a series of Historical Discourses by the late Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS, to which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author, by HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. Dr. Francis, it is needless to say to any New Yorker, was the representative man in this generation of the generation which had gone before. He was born in 1789, the year of Washington's inauguration as first President of the Republic, and died in 1861, the year which witnessed the outbreak of the great conspiracy to overthrow the Republic. The Discourses in this volume treat of such topics as Richmond Hill and Aaron Burr; of the venerable Columbia College; of such New York worthies as Egbert Benson, Samuel L. Mitchell, and Nicholas Romayne; of Bishops Hobart and Chase; of the great actors of the last generation; and of many reminiscences of the author's long and useful life. How noble that life was, both professionally and personally, is set forth in the loving Memoir which Mr. Tuckerman has prefixed to the Discourses. (Published by W. J. Widdleton.)

Poems of the American Revolution, by PHILIP FRENAU. Frenau was the popular poet of the days of the Revolution, perhaps we ought to say verse-writer, for we fail to find the higher qualities of the poet in any of his productions. Still, as one of the earliest names in our literary history, it is well that his verses should be made accessible to a new generation. Mr. EVERT DUYCKINCK'S Introductory Memoir and copious Explanatory Notes render this republication especially useful. (Published by W. J. Widdleton.)

Commentary on the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, by THOMAS NAST. The design of the work is to present in a popular form, and with sufficient fullness, the results, not only of the author's own thought and investigation, but those of others who have made the Holy Writ a matter of study. He has drawn largely from the laborious efforts of German as well as of English commentators. Though the materials have been gathered from so many sources the Commentary is by no means a mere compilation. The materials have been moulded by the workings of a strong mind into a harmonious whole. Thoroughly orthodox in his views, holding in full assurance the distinguishing views which are by way of distinction styled evangelical, his commentary is an argument for the faith. Written originally in his native German, and not merely translated, but recomposed in English, it bears few traces of its double origin; we see it mainly in the care with which he meets the attacks of the German rationalistic school of commentators, bringing against them their own severe research and philosophical discipline, warmed and strengthened by the practical scope and logical clearness of the American mind. (Published by Poe and Hitchcock.)

Wives and Daughters, by Mrs. GASKELL. This story, originally published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, was cut short by the sudden death of the author. Of the sixteen monthly portions within which it was to be comprised, the last must remain forever unwritten. "What promised to be the crowning work of a life is a memorial of death." Of the four great female novelists of the present generation—Charlotte Brontë, Marian Evans, Miss Mulock, and Mrs. Gaskell—it is hard to say to which the first place should be assigned. Either of the first two manifest, probably, some higher qualities than the others, while these had a wider scope. Commencing twenty years ago with "Mary Barton," the most powerful description ever written of factory life in England, Mrs. Gaskell wrote the quiet idyls of "Cranford," "My Lady Ludlow," and "The Moorland Cottage;" "North and South," second only to her own "Mary Barton" in its way; then in quite a different vein "Sylvia's Lovers" and "Cousin Phillis;" and the touching "Memoir of Charlotte Brontë." "Wives and Daughters," we think, would have been, and in fact, even unfinished, is, the best of her works. It embraces a wider range of character, and a more skillfully conceived plot, while there is no diminution of the blended sweetness and strength of diction which characterize all her works. Mrs. Gaskell will hold a place among the classic writers of English fiction long after the "Sensation Novelists" of the day are forgotten. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Among the recent novels published by Harper and Brothers we mention: *A Noble Life*, by Miss MULOCK (or rather Mrs. CRAIK). Of this it is enough to say that it deserves to stand by the side of her "Christian's Mistake."—*The Belton Estate*, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, is among the best tales of this prolific author.—*Guy Deverell*, by J. SHERIDAN LE FANU, presents the same characteristic features as the author's exciting story, "Uncle Silas."—*Reuben Davidger*, by JAMES GREENWOOD, gives, in a form which reminds one of Robinson Crusoe, a series of strange adventures during a captivity of more than seventeen years among the wild Dyaks of Borneo.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 31st of January. The proceedings in Congress have been thus far mainly preliminary, no definite action having as yet been reached in respect to the main topics of discussion. We therefore present a view of the present position of these questions, with abstracts of some of the leading speeches upon both sides:

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE STATES.

The general course of proceedings in Congress shows that there is a wide divergence of opinions in the Republican Party as to the measures to be adopted in regard to the States lately in insurrection. The general views of one branch of the party, of which Mr. Sumner in the Senate and Mr. Stevens in the House may be set down as exponents, are fairly embodied in the following resolution offered in the Senate by Mr. Howe, of Wisconsin:

"*Whereas*, The people of Virginia, of North Carolina, of South Carolina, of Georgia, of Florida, of Alabama, of Mississippi, of Louisiana, of Texas, of Arkansas, and Tennessee, have heretofore declared their independence of the Government of the United States, have usurped authority denied to every State by the supreme law of the land, have abjured duties imposed upon every State by the same law, and have waged war against the United States, whereby the political functions formerly granted to those people have been suspended; and whereas such functions can not yet be restored to those people with safety to themselves or to the nation; and whereas military tribunals are not suited to the exercise of civil authority; therefore,

"*Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled*, That local Governments ought to be provisionally organized forthwith for the people in each of the districts named in the preamble hereto."

The general views of the other branch of the party are embodied in an elaborate speech by Senator Doolittle, also of Wisconsin. The prominent points are these: The question is, how many States now constitute the Union? The President and those who agree with him say 36; others say 25, excluding 11 States, with a population of 10,000,000, and a territory greater than that of England, France, Spain, Portugal, and Germany together. The general scope of the argument was that all these States were, and always had been, legally in the Union, and could by no act either of their own or of others, except that of a revolution successfully accomplished by force, be removed from the Union. "Two ideas, both radically false, brought on the civil war: *first*, that the States had a right to secede; *second*, that slavery was a blessing. The surrender of these ideas by the South is now the basis of permanent peace."

The policy of the Government, Mr. Doolittle said, was clearly announced in President Lincoln's proclamation of December 8, 1863, in which it was announced that whenever the people of any of the insurrectionary States should re-establish a State Government which shall be republican, that Government "shall be recognized as the true Government of the State, and the States shall receive thereunder the benefits of the Constitutional provision which declares that 'the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and protect each of them against invasion.'" This policy was approved by every member of the Cabinet; was sustained by the people at the next Presidential election; was reaffirmed by Mr. Lincoln in his last public speech, on the 11th of April, 1865; and had been adopted and acted upon by Mr. Johnson in the measures which he had taken.

All admitted, argued Mr. Doolittle, that the insurrectionary States were once in the Union. They could be got out of it only in one of three ways: (1.) By peaceable secession; (2.) By successful revolution; (3.) By being put out by act of Congress. All admitted that they had not gone out by either of the first two modes; and Mr. Doolittle proceeded to argue at length that they had not gone, and could not go, out by the third, which he designated "the Sumner way for States to go out of the Union." After denying that Congress had the right to put any State out of the Union, or to open the way for it to go out, Mr. Doolittle proceeded to argue that it had never attempted to do this. He referred to the prominent war measures adopted, commencing with the Act of July 13, 1861, which placed the whole military power of the nation in the hands of the President, and authorized him to prohibit commercial intercourse with the insurrectionary States so long, and no longer, "as the condition of hostility shall continue;" to the declaration of Congress, just after the battle of Bull Run, that the war was not prosecuted for the purpose of conquest or subjugation, or to overthrow or interfere with the institutions of the States, but to "preserve the Union with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired;" and to the act of March 5, 1862, which was not to take effect until a year after, in which the ratio of representation in Congress of the several States was established, and in which all the insurrectionary States were included. The struggle during the war, he said, was not for the destruction of any State, but to decide whether certain States should bear allegiance to the Union or the Confederacy; and when the latter went down these States became in fact, as well as in law, members of the Union. This branch of the argument was elaborated at great length.

The insurrectionary States, Mr. Doolittle said, were found by our armies under martial law of the Confederate military forces; when these were overthrown martial law of the Union forces took its place; but this change did not destroy a State (say Georgia when it was overrun by Sherman), but changed the existing ruling power from the commander of the Confederate army to the commander of the Union army. But martial law belongs wholly to times of war. It is by its very nature despotic, and should cease when the necessity for it ceases. The same power which invested the President with full authority to carry on the war also invested him with authority to make peace. He was authorized to accept volunteers, who were to be "disbanded at the end of the war"—disbanded by the President, of course; and the end of the war was when "the constitutional authority of the United States shall be re-established, and organized resistance to such authority shall no longer exist." The President was to be the judge when this had been accomplished. Congress "empowered and required him to perform a twofold duty: one to make war, and the other to stop making war after its end was reached." The first of these great duties rested mainly upon President Lincoln, the second mainly upon his successor.

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The terms which the President had a right to demand of the insurrectionary States and their people, as a condition precedent to peace and the withdrawal of the army, are thus stated by Mr. Doolittle:

"*First*—And before all, and as the basis of all, unqualified submission to the Constitution of the United States, and all laws of Congress passed in pursuance thereof. *Second*—The annulling of all acts, laws, and proceedings by which the States made or prosecuted war against the United States, including the rebel debt. *Third*—Acquiescence in the situation which the war has brought upon them, including the abolition of slavery, for and on account of which they made the war; for the sincerity of such acquiescence, and as the supreme test of its good faith, the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment by which slavery, the cause of the war, is surrendered and made impossible, and liberty made sure, by being placed under the guardianship of Congress in every State and Territory forever. *Fourth*—The practical resumption of their political duties, upon those terms, as States of the Union."

These terms, he says, are substantially those announced almost three years ago by President Lincoln; they are the substance of those offered by President Johnson; several of the States have accepted them; and the faith of the nation is pledged for their execution. The appointment of Provisional Governors was no infringement upon these conditions; for they are in fact merely "commissioners to propose terms of peace, or to see if peace had come in reality."

Having thus argued that these States are in the Union, and consequently entitled to be represented in Congress, Mr. Doolittle proceeded to speak of the claim to seats of the persons chosen. The substance is, that if the elections were not properly held they are void; and if ineligible persons have been chosen, each House has a right to reject them. The objections to establishing Territorial Governments in these States are thus summed up by him:

"It would turn the North into a nation of slaveholders, the people of the South being made our slaves. This would very soon make the South not fit to be free, and we should become too much corrupted and demoralized by the exercise of such power to permit them to be free.—To hold them thus would require the presence of a large standing army, which if kept on foot for a long time is sure to undermine the virtue of republican institutions, and prepare the way for a concentrated despotism, perhaps an empire.—It would subject us to incalculable expense, which the financial situation of the country is in no condition to bear.—It would most disastrously affect our national credit, at home and abroad.—It would keep the question open, to be the source of ever-increasing irritation, until all hope of Union would be gone."

The following is the course of policy advocated by Mr. Doolittle and those who agree with him:

"It is our duty and our best policy to carry out in good faith the terms of pacification tendered by President Lincoln and President Johnson, and accepted by the mass of the people of the Southern States. Let us at once recognize them as States in the Union, entitled to representation; and take up for consideration each State by itself, and inquire into the election returns and the qualifications of those who claim the right to represent them. Let us begin with the State of Tennessee."

Several speeches have been made in reply to Mr. Doolittle, the most elaborate being on the 26th of January by Mr. Howe, the mover of the resolution. The leading points were: That there were in the South millions of people who had been changed by national decree from chattels to men, and there were others who had been changed from men to almost the condition of chattels because of their fidelity to the flag and Constitution of the country. These two classes deserved care and protection. They were not, in some respects, equals of other classes; but just because they were weaker Government should protect them. The insurgent States were not destroyed by the war; they had destroyed themselves as States before the war. When South Carolina overthrew the authority of the United States she ceased to be a State, and her people became, in the eye of the law, criminals and felons. The war was over, but order was not yet restored. Providence had raised up for us 200,000 men, without whose aid peace might not have been re-established; and it was our duty to see that they were not again trampled into the dust. He spoke for himself, not for Mr. Sumner, who had not indorsed the resolution, though its mover hoped that he would do so. The resolution embodied four propositions: (1.) That the functions of the States lately in rebellion had been suspended; (2.) That the time for their reconstruction as States had not come; (3.) That Military Governments were unsuited to the people of the South; and (4.) which followed logically from the other three, That Provisional Governments should be established. The first and third propositions were taken from the Message of the President; so that, if he were looking for a godfather for the resolution, which he was not, he might call upon the President of the United States; he wished his proposition to fall through unless it was adopted by Congress. The first years of the war were spent in an effort to put down the rebellion in such a way as to leave no trace that there had ever been any rebellion. There was then no purpose to interfere with the political organization of the South, or with slavery, but it was in time found that there could be no peace except by whipping the enemies of the country. Even now, as he endeavored to show, the people of that section were disloyal, and were only kept in a state of obedience by the presence of the military force among them. He would keep them in a Territorial condition until a Congress, composed of loyal men, chose to admit them into the Union.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

In the Senate, Jan. 25, a Bill was passed by a vote of 37 to 10, enlarging the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau. The text of the Bill is too long for reproduction here. The following is an abstract of its provisions:

"(§ 1.) The President may divide the region containing freedmen and refugees into districts, not exceeding twelve in number, and, with the consent of the Senate, may appoint an assistant commissioner for each district.—(§ 2.) Each district may be divided into sub-districts, with a certain number of agents and other officials, and the President of the United States, through the War Department and the Commissioner, shall extend military jurisdiction and protection over all the employés, agents, and officers of this Bureau in the exercise of the duties imposed or authorized by this Act, or the Act to which it is supplementary.—(§ 3.) The Secretary of War may issue supplies, etc., for the relief of destitute and suffering freedmen, their wives, and children.—(§ 4.) The President may reserve from sale or exemption under the homestead or pre-emption law, for the use of freedmen and loyal refugees, 3,000,000 acres of unoccupied lands in the States of Florida, Mississippi, and Arkansas, to be let or sold to them in specified quantities and upon certain conditions.—(§ 5.) The occupants of land under General Sherman's order of Jan. 15, 1865, are confirmed in their possession for three years.—(§ 6.) Prescribes the manner in which lands may be purchased and asylums and schools established for freedmen and refugees in certain cases.—(§ 7.) Provides that in any district where the ordinary course of judicial proceeding has been interrupted by the rebellion, or where any legal discrimination is made on account of color as to the rights of person or property, or as to the punishment inflicted for crime, the President of the United States, through the Commissioner, shall extend military protection and jurisdiction over all cases affecting such persons so discriminated against.—(§ 8.) Any person within these districts who shall subject any person of color to

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slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crime, or shall cause to be inflicted upon them any punishment other than that imposed upon whites for any offense, 'shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and be punished by a fine not exceeding $1000, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both.' This Bureau to have jurisdiction in all such cases; but such jurisdiction to cease 'whenever the discrimination on account of which it is conferred ceases; and in no event to be exercised in any State in which the ordinary course of judicial proceedings has not been interrupted by the rebellion; nor in any State after it shall have been fully restored in all its constitutional relations to the United States, and the courts of the States and of the United States within the same are not stopped or disturbed in the peaceable course of justice.'"

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

A number of propositions to amend the Constitution have been presented for the preliminary action of Congress. If two-thirds of each House agree upon any amendment, it is then submitted for the approval of the several States. If three-fourths of these accept it, it becomes a part of the Constitution. The following are the principal amendments thus far proposed:

In the Senate, Dec. 4, 1865, by Mr. Sumner—

"Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union according to the number of male citizens of the age of 21 years having in each State the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature. The actual enumeration of such citizens shall be made by the census of the United States."

In the Senate, Dec. 13, 1865, by Mr. Stewart—

"The Union of the States, under this Constitution, is indissoluble, and no State can absolve its citizens from the obligation of paramount allegiance to the United States.

"No engagement or obligation incurred by any State, or by any number of States, or by any county, city, or other municipal corporation, to subvert, impair, or resist the authority of the United States, or to support, or aid any Legislature, Convention, or Body in hostility to such authority shall ever be held valid, or be assumed or sustained, in whole or part, by any State or by the United States."

In the Senate, Jan. 5, 1866, by Mr. Sumner—

"The National Debt is hereby declared to be of paramount obligation, to which the faith of the nation is pledged; and Congress shall not at any time do any thing directly or indirectly to impair this obligation in any part, but shall in all ways maintain it in full force and value.

"Debts and liabilities incurred in aid of the rebellion, are without any just consideration, and void, and no tax, duty, or impost shall be laid, nor any appropriation of money be made, for the payment thereof."

In the Senate, Jan. 5, 1866, by Mr. Williams—

"No power shall exist in Congress to provide for payment to any person or persons for or on account of the emancipation of any slave or slaves in the United States, and no appropriation shall ever be made by law of Congress for that purpose."

In the House, Dec. 11, 1865, by Mr. Jenckes, to the effect that—

"In elections for President and Vice-President, the ballots shall be cast directly for persons to fill these offices; and that all male citizens of the United States, of the age of 21 years, not under conviction for infamous crime, and who shall have resided for one year in the State, and six months in the district where they shall offer to vote, shall be entitled to vote for President, Vice-President, and members of the House of Representatives."

In the House, Dec. 11, 1865, by Mr. Hubbard, to the effect that—

"Every person who shall have served honorably in the army or navy of the United States during the late rebellion shall be entitled to vote for all Federal officers elective by the people; and that after 1870 no person other than the above, who can not read the Constitution of the United States, shall vote for Federal officers; and that after 1872 Representatives in Congress from each State shall be in proportion to the number of electors thus qualified to vote."

In the House, Dec. 11, 1865, by Mr. Delano, to the effect that—

"It shall be the duty of each State to provide for the security, protection, and education of all its inhabitants without distinction; and that Congress shall have power to enforce this article whenever any State fails to comply with it."

In the House, Dec. 11, 1865, by Mr. Stevens—

"All National and State laws shall be equally applicable to every citizen; and no discrimination shall be made on account of race or color."

In the House, Dec. 11, 1865, by Mr. Bingham—

"No money shall be drawn from the Treasury of the United States but in consequence of appropriations made by law, except that the interest on the debts of the United States shall be paid as the same becomes due out of any money in the Treasury, and to the exclusion of appropriations for any other purpose."

These, and several other propositions to the same general purport, were referred to the appropriate committees. On the 22d of January the Joint Committee of Fifteen on Reconstruction reported, through Mr. Fessenden, in the Senate, and Mr. Stevens, in the House, the following Amendment to the Constitution:

"Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed: provided, that whenever the elective franchise shall be denied or abridged in any State on account of race or color, all persons of such race or color shall be excluded from the basis of representation."

In the House, several amendments to this resolution have been offered, the prominent points of which are:

By Mr. Kelley, That representatives and direct taxation be apportioned among the several States according to the whole population, exclusive of Indians not taxed; but that when in any State the elective franchise is denied to any persons on account of race or color, such persons shall be excluded from the basis of representation.

By Mr. Baker, That the basis of representation shall be all persons in each State; but that persons excluded by reason of race or color shall be also excluded from the basis of representation; and that there shall be no property qualification abridging the elective franchise.

By Mr. Lawrence, That the resolution, and all amendments, be referred to the Committee on Reconstruction, with instructions to report an Amendment to the Constitution providing that taxation be according to the property in each State; and representation according to the number of adult male voters, citizens of the United States.

By Mr. Eliot, That representation be on the basis of all the population, excluding Indians not taxed; and that the elective franchise shall not be abridged on account of race or color.

By Mr. Schenck, That representatives shall be in proportion to the male citizens over twenty-one years of age, having the qualifications required for the most numerous branch of the State Legislature: that Congress shall provide for a census of such persons: the number of representatives not to exceed one for every 125,000 of actual population, but that each State shall have at least one Representative.

By Mr. Broomall, That when in any State the right of suffrage shall be denied to any class of male citizens over twenty-one years of age, these persons shall be excluded from the basis of representation.

And a proposition, said to have been suggested by the President, That Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States, according to the number of qualified voters in each; and that direct taxes be apportioned according to the value of all taxable property in each.

Mr. Raymond, on the 29th of January, spoke at length on these proposed Amendments to the Constitution. He thought that the Committee on Reconstruction had exceeded their powers in reporting

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an amendment to the Constitution instead of merely reporting upon the question of representation. While he recognized the wisdom with which the Constitution had been framed, he also recognized the propriety of amendments to meet the change of circumstances; for instance, in the two-thirds representation allowed for 2,000,000 who were once slaves. This was an inequality which demanded correction, if one could be found not worse than the evil itself. He objected to the amendments which proposed to make voters alone the base of representation. It was a fundamental principle in all free governments that all who are the subjects of law should be represented in the enactment and execution of the laws. The propositions to exclude from the basis of representation all persons of a class any portion of which were denied the elective franchise was also unwise. It held out no inducements to enfranchise any portion of the colored race. He believed that this proposition was a part of a scheme to reconstruct the Government on the basis that the insurgent States had forfeited all rights as such, and were reduced to the condition of unorganized territory, the people thereof being simply vanquished enemies, subject to the will of the conqueror. He utterly denied the fact of such subjugation, and entered into an elaborate argument to show that these States had never ceased to be such within the scope of international law. Their passage of acts of Secession did not take them out of the Union; their making war upon the United States did not take them out. If the rebellion had been put down in six months no one would have contended that the States were out of the Union. But the duration of the war made no difference. If indeed the war had been successful, they would have gone out by force. It was the result, not the duration, of the war which decided the question whether they were in or out of the Union. There was nothing practical in the talk about exacting guarantees from the South, such as the repudiation of the Confederate, and the non-repudiation of the Federal, debt. There was no danger that a dollar of the former would ever be paid; and the security of the latter rested not upon any such guarantee, but upon laws imposing taxes for its payment. He combated earnestly the proposition to hold these States as provincial dependencies. No such outrage had been perpetrated in the history of the world for a thousand years. "If," said he, "we deal with them in that form we shall simply justify the course they have taken, and a repetition of that course in future." Mr. Raymond submitted the following points:

"(1.) That we ought to accept the status of the Southern States as having resumed, under the President's guidance, their functions of self-government in the Union.—(2.) That the House should decide on the admission of Representatives by districts, admitting none but loyal men who can take the oath prescribed, holding all others as disqualified; the Senate acting in the same way in regard to the representatives of States.—(3.) That we should provide by law for giving to the freedmen of the South all the rights of citizens in courts of law and elsewhere.—(4.) Exclude from Federal offices the leading actors in the rebellion.—(5.) Adopt such amendments to the Constitution as may seem wise to Congress and to the States, acting freely and without coercion.—(6.) Take such measures of precaution as will prevent the overthrow in any State of a republican form of government."

The resolution was then referred back to the Committee on Reconstruction, who on the 31st reported it back, amended, so as to read thus:

"Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed; provided whenever the elective franchise shall be denied or abridged in any State on account of race or color, all persons therein of such race or color shall be excluded from the basis of representation."

Mr. Stevens, the Chairman of the Committee, demanded the previous question, which shut off further debate; he, however, by the rules of the House, having an hour in which to make the closing speech. He said that our fathers had made a declaration of Independence, which they intended to be the foundation of our Government; and by that every man would have been equal before the law; but when they came to reduce its principles to order, in the shape of organic law, then "the institution of slavery, hot from hell, appeared among them, increasing in volume since that time, and obstructing all their movements and acts;" but rather than have no harmony they compounded their principles for what they believed a greater good, believing that in a short time the Constitution would be purified from slavery. The question now, said Mr. S., was, "When every thing was in our power, when the rebels had lifted their parricidal hands against the country, had been vanquished, and had cut themselves off from every right by the law of nations, and repudiated the Constitution of the United States, should they so rebuild the sacred edifice as to place it on a broad foundation of human rights, or cut off a portion of those rights, and crush beneath their feet four millions of immortal beings? This was the question presented to them, and yet they were told no amendment was necessary." Alluding to the proposed amendment said to have been suggested by the President, Mr. Stevens said that this, put forth at a time when the House was legislating on the question, was in direct violation of the privileges of that body. Made in that way, a few centuries ago, to Parliament by a British king, it would have cost him his head.—The resolution passed the House by 120 to 46, being more than the requisite two-thirds vote. With the single exception of Mr. Thomas, of Maryland, all those who voted in the affirmative are classed with the Republican Party. Of those who voted against it all are Democrats except the following Republicans: Baldwin and Eliot, of Massachusetts; Hale and Raymond, of New York; Jenckes, of Rhode Island; Latham and Whaley, of West Virginia; Noell, of Missouri; Phelps, of Maryland; Randall, Rousseau, Shanklin, and Smith, of Kentucky.

PROTECTION OF CIVIL RIGHTS.

In the Senate, January 29, Mr. Trumbull called up a bill previously offered by him, to protect all persons in the enjoyment of their civil rights, and to furnish means for their vindication. The text of the bill is very long; the following are its leading points:

"There shall be no discrimination in civil rights or immunities among the inhabitants of any State or Territory of the United States on account of race, color, or previous condition of slavery; but the inhabitants of every race and color, without regard to any previous condition of slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall have the same right to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be parties, and give evidence, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold and convey real and personal property, and full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property, and shall be subject to like punishment, fines, and penalties, and to none other, any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding. The remainder of the bill prescribes punishments for the violation of the above provisions by fine and imprisonment."

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Mr. Trumbull offered an amendment, inserting at the commencement of the bill the following clause:

"All persons of African descent, born in the United States, are hereby declared to be citizens of the United States."

Mr. Trumbull spoke at length in favor of this bill. He said that the bill was necessary to give practical effect to the Amendment made to the Constitution, which declared all the inhabitants of the United States to be free. Of what use, he asked, was this, while many who were affected by it were denied all means of availing themselves of its benefits? Of what avail was the other declaration of the Constitution, declaring that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges of citizens of the several States, to a citizen of Massachusetts, who, for undertaking to assert a Constitutional right in the courts, had to flee from South Carolina to escape personal violence? Of what avail will be the Act abolishing Slavery, if the late slaveholding States shall still be permitted to deny to persons of African descent the great essentials of freedom? In some States, he said, free negroes were prohibited by law from entering the State, under penalty of being sold into slavery; those residing there could not travel from county to county without a pass; and any one exercising the functions of a minister of the Gospel was liable to be punished with the whip. The measure under consideration was designed to protect colored persons against such legislation, and all other which discriminates against them in the matter of civil and personal rights. The basis of the bill was in the first section, which provides that all persons of African descent born in the United States are citizens thereof; and that no discrimination should be made against them either in respect to civil rights or the punishment for offenses, on account of color. The remainder of the bill was designed to give practical effect to this section. Mr. Trumbull argued at length that Congress had the right to pass such a bill; for, being invested by the Constitution with the power of abolishing Slavery by appropriate legislation, it had, of consequence, power to abolish laws which deprive a freeman of his rights, and so practically reduce him to Slavery. Surely, said Mr. Trumbull, it can not be unconstitutional, now that Slavery is abolished, to enact as severe penalties against those who attempt to reduce freedmen to Slavery, as were, Constitutionally enacted, as is claimed, against those who while it existed attempted to make them free. In answer to a question, by what authority Congress could make persons of African descent citizens of the United States, if they were not such now? Mr. Trumbull replied, that Congress could do so under its Constitutional authority to establish uniform laws of naturalization. He believed that this bill contained all that was necessary to secure equality in civil rights, through the Federal courts, to all persons in the United States.

Mr. Saulsbury, in reply, said that he considered this bill as more dangerous to civil liberty than any one ever before introduced into the Senate. The Constitutional Amendment gave no power to pass such a law. If that Amendment, instead of abolishing slavery, had abolished all distinctions of color, then such an enactment might be justified; but that Amendment did nothing to the slave but to remove the burden of servitude from him. It was about time, Mr. Saulsbury thought, that we heard no more about tears for the poor slave; he had seen more cause in the last few years to shed tears for the poor white man. He believed, although such might not be the intention of its advocates, that the bill would be construed to grant the right of suffrage to negroes in the States. If, said Mr. Saulsbury, the President should sign this bill and that for the enlargement of the Freedmen's Bureau, he would sign two Acts more dangerous to liberty and more disastrous to the country than all the Acts that had been passed from the foundation of the Government to the present time.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN THE DISTRICT.

In the House, Jan. 18, was passed, by a vote of 116 to 54, the following bill, extending the right of suffrage in the District of Columbia to persons of color:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from all laws and parts of laws, and prescribing the qualifications of electors for any office in the District of Columbia, the word 'white' be and the same hereby is stricken out; and that from and after the passage of this Act no person shall be disqualified from voting at any election held in the said District on account of color.

"And be it further enacted, That all Acts of Congress and all laws of the State of Maryland in force in said District, and all ordinances of Washington and Georgetown inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, are hereby repealed and annulled."

Among other measures upon which action more or less definite has been taken is a resolution passed, Jan. 8, in the House, 94 to 37, that the "military force should not be withdrawn from the seceding States until the two Houses of Congress shall have ascertained that their further presence there is no longer necessary."—A resolution to the effect that polygamy, like its twin brother slavery, should be swept from the territories of the Republic, if it should require the whole power of the Government to do so; and directing an inquiry into the conduct of certain Government officials in Utah.—A resolution passed, 107 to 32, "That the House have an abiding confidence in the President, that in the future, as in the past, he will co-operate with Congress in restoring to equal position and rights with the other States in the Union all the States lately in insurrection."—The Military bill, introduced into the Senate by Mr. Wilson, fixes the peace establishment of the army at seven regiments of artillery (one to be of colored troops), ten regiments of cavalry, and sixty of infantry; the bill provides for one Lieutenant-General, five Major-Generals, and ten Brigadier-Generals.—A resolution was passed, 120 to 13, commending the action of the President in refusing to accept the present of a carriage and horses, and condemning the practice of subordinates in giving presents to their superior officers, upon whom they depend for appointments and promotion.

THE REVENUE SYSTEM.

A special Commission, consisting of David A. Wells, Stephen Colwell, and S. S. Hayes, was appointed in March to revise the whole revenue system of the United States. This Commission has presented an elaborate Report. Some of the principal features of this Report are: The reduction, as rapidly as possible, of taxes which tend to check development, and the retention of those which fall chiefly upon realized wealth; and that a policy should be adopted, looking at a future time to the entire exemption of the manufacturing industry of the country, with the exception of distilled liquors, tobacco, and a few other articles, from all direct taxation; and in the mean while that the tax be levied upon the

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articles as complete, instead of, as at present, upon the separate materials and processes. That the direct tax on books be remitted; that the tax on distilled liquors be $1 a gallon instead of $2, as at present. That $1000 instead of $600 income be exempt, and all excess above that be taxed uniformly. To provide for the deficiency occasioned by these reductions, the main means suggested is a tax of five cents a pound upon cotton, to be paid by the manufacturer or shipper. This, it is estimated, will produce $40,000,000. They give the following estimate of the revenue from the several sources, for the fiscal year ending June, 1867.

From customs		$130,000,000
From excise, viz.:		
Distilled spirits	$40,000,000	
Fermented liquors	5,000,000	
Tobacco and its manufactures	18,000,000	
Cotton (raw)	40,000,000	
Coal oil, refined petroleum, etc.	3,000,000	
Spirits of turpentine and rosin	2,000,000	108,000,000
Licenses	15,000,000	
Incomes	40,000,000	
Salaries	2,000,000	
Banks	15,000,000	
Stamps	20,000,000	
Gross receipts	9,000,000	
Sales	4,000,000	
Legacies and successions	3,000,000	108,000,000
Miscellaneous receipts, 1866–'67		21,000,000
Aggregate		$367,000,000

Adding to the foregoing about $68,000,000 now derived from sources not here enumerated, it is estimated that a gross revenue of $435,000,000 may be realized in that year, being $135,000,000 above the estimated expenditures. They suggest that $50,000,000 could be set apart for the reduction of the principal of the public debt, and then a reduction of $85,000,000 be made in taxation. They recommend as an initial measure that the taxes upon domestic articles, such as furniture, carriages, and plate, and that upon repairs, should be abolished. While, however, the Commission estimate that $50,000,000 per annum might now be set apart toward the payment of the national debt, they do not recommend that it should be done. In their judgment, for the present, the surplus should be deducted from the taxation now levied. They believe that if industry is untrammeled, the rate of taxes which would now produce $300,000,000, would in 1875 produce double that sum.—The Secretary of the Treasury, in transmitting this Report to Congress, approves of the recommendations of the Commissioners, "with the single exception, perhaps, of the one in regard to the time at which the payment of the principal of the public debt should be commenced."

TRIAL OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

In response to a request from the Senate, the President, January 10, sent in a Message, accompanied by Reports from the Secretary of War and the Attorney-General, relating to the trial of Jefferson Davis. The following are paragraphs from the Report of the Attorney-General:

"When the war was at its crisis, Jefferson Davis, the Commander-in-Chief of the army of the insurgents, and others were taken prisoners by the military force of the United States. Until peace shall come, in fact and in law, they can be rightfully held as prisoners of war. I have ever thought that trials for high treason can not be had before a military commission. The civil courts have alone jurisdiction of that crime. The question arises where and when the trials shall be held. The Constitution declares that they must be held in 'the district wherein the crime shall have been committed.'"—The Attorney-General dissents from the view that "the Commander-in-Chief of the rebel armies should be regarded as constructively present with all the insurgents who prosecuted hostilities and made raids upon the Northern and Southern borders of the loyal States;" and therefore he "had not advised the President to cause criminal proceedings to be instituted against Jefferson Davis or any others in States or districts in which they were not actually present during the prosecution of hostilities." The Attorney-General thinks that the prominent persons who were actually present at the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, who subsequently received military paroles upon the surrender of the armies, have thereby no ultimate protection against prosecutions for high treason," yet he considers that it would be "a violation of the paroles to prosecute those persons for crimes before the political power of the Government has proclaimed that the rebellion is suppressed." He thinks Mr. Davis and some others should be tried "in some of the States or districts in which they in person committed crimes with which they may be charged." But "none of the Justices of the Supreme Court have held courts in those districts," and until the courts are open he thinks the alleged criminals can not be properly tried. He says, in conclusion: "I think it is the plain duty of the President to cause criminal prosecutions to be instituted before the proper tribunals, and at all proper times, against some of those who were mainly instrumental in inaugurating, and most conspicuous in conducting, the late hostilities. I should regard it as a direful calamity if many whom the sword has spared the law should spare also; but I would deem it a more direful calamity still if the Executive, in performing his Constitutional duty of bringing these persons before the bar of justice to answer for their crimes, should violate the plain meaning of the Constitution, or infringe in the least particular the living spirit of that document."

FOREIGN RELATIONS.

The correspondence between Mr. Adams, our Minister to Great Britain, and the British Government, in relation to the depredations of Anglo-Confederate cruisers has been continued. The recently published correspondence relates in part to the rescue of some of the crew of the *Alabama* by the *Deerhound*. This is justified by the British Government. The main subject, however, is the depredations of the *Shenandoah*, for which Mr. Adams says explicitly: "My Government claims to look to that of Great Britain for indemnification for losses that have been occasioned by her depredations." And subsequently, when the vessel came within British waters, Mr. Adams asked the British Government to take possession of her, and to hold her crew in arrest. The Earl of Clarendon, who succeeded Earl Russell in the Foreign Office, acceded to the first demand but refused to accede to the last. Whereupon Mr. Adams (Nov. 14) acknowledged satisfaction with the first procedure but expressed his "disappointment at the manner in which Her Majesty's Government had decided to treat the persons who have been engaged in the nefarious transactions perpetrated by that vessel." The Earl of Clarendon replied (Nov. 18), justifying the course of the British Government on the ground that the crew of the *Shenandoah* "were all foreigners, and that there were none known to be British subjects on board; whereupon they were all landed with their effects." The correspondence was carried on at great length; the upshot being that the British Government still declined to consider itself responsible for any depredations committed by Confederate cruisers, built, equipped, and manned mainly in and from England; and Mr. Adams formally declined to accede to the proposition for a commission to consider other grievances, these being expressly excluded.

Some important correspondence between the Secretary of State and the French Government in relation to Mexican affairs has been published. Mr. Seward wrote (Nov. 6) to Mr. Bigelow, our Minister to France, that "the presence and operations of a French army in Mexico, and the maintenance of

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an authority there, resting upon force, and not the free-will of the people of Mexico, is a cause of serious concern to the United States. M. Montholon, the French Minister at Washington, furnished to Mr. Seward (Nov. 29) a copy of a dispatch from M. Druyn de Lhuys, the Foreign Minister, in which he says that the French Government wished the day to speedily come when the last French soldier should leave Mexico; that what was asked of the Government of the United States was, that it should not "impede the consolidation of the new order of things in Mexico; and the best guarantee would be the recognition of the Emperor Maximilian by the Federal Government." Mr. Seward replied (Dec. 6), that

"The real cause of our national discontent is that the French army which is now in Mexico is invading a domestic republican government there which was established by her people, and with whom the United States sympathize most profoundly, for the avowed purpose of suppressing it, and of founding upon its ruins a foreign monarchical government, whose presence there, so long as it should endure, could not but be regarded by the people of the United States as injurious and menacing to their own chosen and endeared republican institutions." And that "We have constantly maintained, and still feel bound to maintain, that the people of every State on the American continent have a right to secure for themselves a republican government if they choose; and that the interference of foreign States to prevent the enjoyment of such institutions, deliberately established, is wrongful, and in its effects antagonistical to the free and popular government existing in the United States." And therefore the Government of the United States hopes that France "may find it compatible with its best interests and its high honor to withdraw from its aggressive attitude in Mexico within some convenient and reasonable time, and leave the people of that country to the free enjoyment of the system of republican government which they have established for themselves."

Mr. Bigelow was (December 16) instructed to inform the Government of France:

"*First:* That the United States earnestly desire to continue and cultivate sincere friendship with France.—*Second:* That this policy would be brought into imminent jeopardy unless France could deem it consistent with her interests and honor to desist from the prosecution of armed intervention in Mexico to overthrow the domestic republican Government existing there, and to establish upon its ruins the foreign monarchy which has been attempted to be inaugurated in the capital of that country."

The Fenian quarrel has assumed a new shape. A Convention, comprising 500 delegates, met in New York on the 2d of January, and passed a resolution to the effect that any person who did not recognize its authority on the dispute, and submit his judgment to its decision, "ceases *ipso facto* to be a Fenian, and for his contumacy shall be cut off from the Brotherhood." In this body the O'Mahony party seemed to have it their own way, and the members of the "Senate" refused to present themselves for trial. "President" O'Mahony, however, preferred charges of "perfidy" and "violation of the Constitution" against the Senate, the members of which were found guilty, and declared unworthy of any longer holding a position in the Fenian ranks. A new Constitution was also adopted, in which the offices of "President" and "Senators" were abolished; the chief officer being styled the "Head Centre." A letter was read from James Stephens, C. E. I. R., charging the Senate with treachery, approving the course of O'Mahony, and appointing him "Representative and Financial Agent of the Irish Republic in the United States, Canada, etc." The Roberts party, however, still maintain that they alone are the genuine Fenians, and intimate that the letter of Stephens, if genuine, was o' tained by misrepresentation.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* the intelligence is too vague and contradictory to warrant its reproduction at length. Its general purport is that the foreign troops of Maximilian, though generally successful in actual fighting, are greatly harassed by guerrilla warfare on the part of the Republicans. On the borders of Texas there is an unquiet feeling which threatens at any moment to break out into actual hostilities. On the 4th of January a party of filibusters under a "General" Crawford, crossed the Rio Grande, and captured Bagdad, a small place not far from Matamoras. According to report he asked and received a force from General Weitzel to protect the place from pillage. Crawford was subsequently arrested by General Sheridan. The latest reports locate President Juarez near Chihuahua, whence he had been driven by an Imperialist force.

The war on the *Plata* continues, the Paraguayans still falling back before the Allies. Both armies are represented to have suffered greatly from disease and privation. Lopez charges the Allies with conducting the war in a barbarous manner, and threatens to retaliate. President Mitre, of the Argentine Republic, denies the allegations, and warns Lopez not to carry his threats into execution.

In *Chili* the first actual hostilities have resulted against the Spaniards, their frigate the *Virjen de Covadonga* having been captured on the 25th of November by the Chilean steamer *Esmeralda*. The Spanish Admiral Pareja took this misfortune so much to heart that he committed suicide.

EUROPE.

An insurrection has broken out in *Spain*. Whether it is a mere *pronunciamiento* against an unpopular ministry or a serious revolt we have as yet no means of ascertaining. At its head appears to be General Prim, one of the most distinguished of Spanish commanders. According to the vague accounts allowed to be transmitted, several regiments broke out into mutiny early in January, and are reported to have gained some successes, and Madrid was placed under martial law, and the Queen, who was on her way back from a visit to France, was stopped by a telegram from the Ministers, warning her not to leave France. The following proclamation, to which we find no date, was issued by General Prim:

"SPANIARDS!—We have arrived at the terrible moment in which revolution is the only resource of the nation and the main duty of honorable men. I am at the head of considerable military forces, and a great number of armed countrymen hasten on all sides to fight under my orders for the cause of freedom and our fatherland. My banner is the last manifesto of the Progressista Central Committee. With it in my hand I will fight with my wonted valor against the Government which dishonors us abroad and ruins us at home, to the point of making us a laughing-stock among foreign nations, and bringing us to the verge of a shameful bankruptcy. Soldiers—who have already fought under my orders—you are aware that I have never forsaken you, and that if you stand by me in this enterprise I shall know how to lead you, first showing you the path to victory and next remunerating your endeavors. Fellow-citizens, men of honor, aid me, you too, to bring to a happy end a political revolution which may do away with the necessity of that social revolution with which we are threatened. Spaniards, hurrah for liberty, for the programme of the Central Progressista Committee, for the constituent Cortes! JUAN PRIM."

In *Great Britain* there is renewed alarm on account of the Fenians. On the 13th of January Dublin and the Counties of Tipperary and Waterford were "proclaimed under the Arms Bill," nearly equivalent to placing them under martial law. In London extra guards were posted around the Custom-house and Government offices.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE following anecdote of the late President Lincoln has never been published, I think, and unlike, perhaps, some of the stories attributed to him, is an actual fact, for I have it from one who was present at the time and sat next the hero.

During Mr. Lincoln's practice of his profession of the law, long before he was thought of for President, he was attending the Circuit Court which met at Bloomington, Illinois. The Prosecuting Attorney, a lawyer by the name of Lamon, was a man of great physical strength, and took particular pleasure in athletic sports, and was so fond of wrestling that his power and experience rendered him a formidable and generally successful opponent. One pleasant day in the fall Lamon was wrestling near the court-house with some one who had challenged him to a trial, and in the scuffle made a large rent in the rear of his unmentionables. Before he had time to make any change he was called into court to take up a case. The evidence was finished, and Lamon got up to address the jury, and having on a somewhat short coat his misfortune was rather apparent. One of the lawyers, for a joke, started a subscription paper, which was passed from one member of the bar to another as they sat by a long table fronting the bench, to buy a pair of pantaloons for Lamon, "he being," the paper said, "a poor but worthy young man." Several put down their names with some ludicrous subscription, and finally the paper was laid by some one in front of Mr. Lincoln, on a plea that he was engaged in writing at the time. He quietly glanced over the paper, and immediately took up his pen and wrote after his name, "I can contribute nothing *to the end in view*."

A TRAVELER said in company that he passed through a country where the cabbages grew so large that ten thousand *soldiers* could easily encamp under the leaves. Another of the company added that, while traveling in a far country, they were making an immense copper kettle, and ten thousand *workmen* employed upon it were placed at such distances from each other that they could not hear their hammers. The gentleman who told the cabbage story inquired what they were going to do with such a big kettle? "To boil your cabbage in!" was the quiet reply.

IN Sandusky City, Ohio, there is, or was, a certain presiding elder of the Methodist Church, who was a great Democratic politician. During the first years of the war the citizens called a war meeting irrespective of party. After speeches, they appointed a committee to draft resolutions; and on that committee was the elder. He rose and begged to be excused, saying, "It did not seem fit for men in his profession to be mingling in political matters." The motion was made to let him off, when Homer Goodwin rose and said he would like to tell a story first.

He said: "Where he came from, 'Down East,' they had always been represented in the Legislature by lawyers. The people were dissatisfied, and determined to object to any lawyer receiving the nomination. The Convention came on in due time, when among other candidates named was a lawyer. He was opposed at once; but a friend arose, and wished the Convention to understand that his friend was indeed somewhat of a lawyer, *but not enough to hurt him!*"

Mr. G. sat down amidst great applause, and the elder was *not* excused.

FROM Omaha, Nebraska, writes a law-maker:

Funny things happen in this world, but I never laughed more than to-day, during the discussion in the Legislative Assembly of Nebraska on an amendment to the election law, wherein it was proposed to provide that a person challenged for disloyalty should swear that he had not aided and abetted the rebellion before being permitted to vote or hold office. One gentleman rose in his place and charged upon the proposed amendment. Said he: "If you tack this addition on to the oath, the next thing will be to tack on the Lord's Prayer; Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not commit adultery—and all the rest of it!"

IN Marion, Ohio, an aged gentleman, now residing there at his ease, relates the following story of himself with much zest, as an illustration of his early enterprise:

More than fifty years ago he left a remote village in Vermont, a verdant juvenile, to "seek his fortune," with a capital of twenty-five cents (all in pennies), bound for Hartford, Connecticut. He reached the mouth of White River, took passage on the top of a load of boards in one of Justin and Elias Lyman's scows, and reached "old Hartford" in ten days, with his capital untouched. After a general view of the streets and houses, big and little, and to fully store his mind for future life he entered the Museum, where he spent the day in devouring its contents, and left with the privilege of returning without charge; but the next morning discovered he had learned enough, seen the elephant, and parted with all his capital; when the idea struck him that something else must be done before he could be President of the United States. The resolution was immediately taken to look for employment, and he started to scour Main Street, by entering every store, down on one side and up on the other, until he fell into the book-store of Hale and Hosmer, who, for some cause that he could never account for, engaged him "on trial." He went on finely, and he grew amazingly, until one morning a gentleman whom he took for a farmer came in and inquired for "Goldsmith's Greece," and was answered that such articles were not kept in book-stores; and, assuming a slight swell, took the gentleman to the door, and pointed out to him a sign of "John Hall, Goldsmith," where he would find the desired oil, and complacently wishing each other good-morning, with a promise to call again when Mr. Hale returned. Mr. Hale did soon come in, to whom the whole transaction was rehearsed, with a little pride and plenty of conceit; but Mr. Hale, with no little restrained mirth, produced a splendid volume of that work from the shelves, to the great confusion of his clerk; and the "country gentleman" soon after appearing at the front-door, the clerk retired at the back-door, perfectly cured of conceit for life.

DOCTOR STILL, a physician of this city, says that as he was going down the Mississippi, some years

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since, on a steamer whose engine was upon the deck, he sauntered in that vicinity to the working of the machinery. Near by stood a man apparently bent upon the same object. In a few moments a squeaking noise was heard on the opposite side of the engine. Seizing the oil-can (a gigantic one, by-the-way), the engineer sought out the dry spot, and to prevent further noise of that kind liberally applied the contents of his can to every joint. All went well for a while, when the same squeaking was heard in another direction. The oiling process was repeated and quiet restored; but as the engineer was coming quietly around toward the spot occupied by the Doctor and the stranger, he heard another squeak. This time he detected the true cause of of the difficulty. The stranger was a *ventriloquist*. Walking directly up behind him, he seized the astonished joker by the back of the neck, and emptied the contents of the can down his spine.

"There!" said he; "I don't believe that old engine will squeak again!"

THE unmerciful "sell" which the "Old Cap" (our worthy A. Q. M.) perpetrated upon his friend Frank, in December, respecting the counting of the mules in the saw-mill, has been borne by the latter with becoming fortitude and forbearance. Frank takes the ground that "what's sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander;" and firmly believes that the following equation of the account does *himself* justice at least. [By way of prelude I would here remark that of late Assistant Quarter-Masters in this Department are required to make to the Chief Quarter-Master many Special Reports not demanded formerly; and if a mail arrives without bringing with it an order for still another, it is an exception, and a cause of congratulation among the clerks and all concerned. After a lot of papers have been made up, it is customary here for the clerk making them to pass one at a time to the Captain for signature; and whenever a document with which he is not familiar is placed before him, he not unfrequently remarks, "Another *Special Report*, I suppose?"]

Not long since a party of officers and others were assembled for a little fun, and the Captain could not forego the temptation to twit Frank about counting the mules; whereupon Frank rallied, and placed his huge antagonist *hors du combat* in the following superb style:

"Oh yes! it's all well enough for *you* to talk about counting mules, after doing what you did the other day!" Of course every body was on the *qui vive* to know what was coming, and Frank continued: "Why, 'Old Cap' was signing a lot of papers, and just as he had put the finishing touch to the last one, and was about to remove his 'specs,' M——, the clerk, having opened a Bible at the last page, placed it before him. Down went the official signature on the 'fly-leaf' quicker than a flash, and after running his eye up and down the printed page opposite a time or two, quite indifferently, the Captain carelessly shoved the book aside, with the other documents, exclaiming, as he did so, 'Another *Special Report*, I suppose!'"

Frank is not *quite sure* that he has got even, but has concluded to take his chances on it.

"OLD GROVE," as he is familiarly called (Captain of Company —), is what might be termed a droll 'un. Longitudinally speaking he is a tall specimen, and usually wears a very long countenance, behind which is concealed an unlimited fund of dry wit. When in company he seldom ever says much, but when his face does open something is sure to come.

For several months past his health has been failing, and some time ago he tendered his resignation in consequence. After having waited patiently for several weeks without hearing any thing on the subject, he began to think his case had been overlooked. At last the desired papers arrived, and having read them he entered the presence of some of his fellow-officers with a broad grin upon his face. Upon being asked what it was that pleased him so much, he, in his off-hand way, replied:

"Oh, nothing much," at the same time drawing from his coat-pocket a huge envelope.

"What have you got there, Grove?" was next asked.

"Oh, not much of any thing; *only* a little order to turn over all my Company property to Lieutenant C——, that's all!"

"Why, that's good news!" says another; "it is evidently a *forerunner* to your being mustered out—don't you think so?"

He then produced another document, which was no less than an order to report to St. Paul preparatory to the desired event, and shouting at the top of his voice, said: "*Fore-runner*, indeed!—it's a whole pair of *bobs!*"

The crowd immediately dispersed.

THE Drawer does not always laugh. The Drawer holds that the serious part of the man is the only part that tells to his advantage in this world or the world to come. Mr. Corwin (Tom Corwin, as he was called), the most amusing and popular of our modern orators, who kept his audiences in a roar, and often disturbed the gravity of the United States Senate, regarded his life a failure because of this way of his. A recent writer says of him:

Mr. Corwin, with all his success at the bar, before the people, and in Congress, regarded his life as a failure. We were riding together one sunny morning, in the summer of 1860, when he turned, and remarked of a speech made the evening before:

"It was very good, indeed, but in bad style. Never make the people laugh. I see that you cultivate that. It is easy and captivating, but death in the long-run to the speaker."

"Why, Mr. Corwin, you are the last man living I expected such an opinion from."

"Certainly; because you have not lived as long as I have. Do you know, my young friend, that the world has a contempt for the man who entertains it? One must be solemn—solemn as an ass—never say any thing that is not uttered with the gravest gravity, to win respect. The world looks up to the teacher and down upon the clown. Yet, in nine cases out of ten, the clown is the better fellow of the two."

"We who laugh may be well content if we are successful as you have been."

"You think so, and yet were you to consult an old fellow called Thomas Corwin he would tell you that he considered himself the worst used man in existence; that he has been slighted, abused, and neglected; and all for a set of fellows who look wise and say nothing."

Mr. Corwin uttered this with much feeling, and we have no doubt but that he expressed what he believed to be the net purport and upshot of his whole life.

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In a town not thirty miles from Niagara Falls, some two years ago, the Grand Jury were in session. The judge had charged the jury that they should pay special attention to the numerous violations of the law prohibiting the selling of liquors by the glass by those not having the proper licenses. Among others "Jack's" case was considered, and a certain well-known good fellow, whom we shall call Finn, was hauled up for examination.

Juryman. "Did you ever buy any liquor at ——'s store?" naming "Jack's" place of business.

Finn. "Yes, Sir."

Juryman. "Did you ever drink any whisky there?"

"Yes, Sir."

To similar questions having reference to brandy, gin, juleps, etc., Finn returned the same answer, explaining, however, that in the morning he rather preferred whisky.

After sundry questions by different jurymen it became clear, so far as Finn's testimony was concerned, that a case was made out against "Jack," and Finn was told that he might leave.

He rose up slowly, and taking his hat, politely asked the jury if he might make a few remarks before leaving, and permission being accorded he said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury,—I would like to give you a little parting advice. To three-fourths of you it is unnecessary, I know, because I have had the pleasure, with at least that number, of imbibing, at that jovial counter, the flowing bowl; but to those of you who are ignorant and uninstructed I would say, if you should at any time, at short notice, wish a genuine whisky toddy, brandy smash, mint julep, or gin cocktail—if you want your inner man entirely satisfied from your lips to your stomach, why, go to 'Jack's.' Gentlemen of the Jury—farewell!"

A gallant officer having been asked by the fair daughter of a prominent philanthropist whether he was an abolitionist, replied, "I am more than an abolitionist; for ever since I first met you, Miss J——, I have been a slave."

During the raid of the rebel General Price into Missouri and Kansas, in the fall of '64, the post at Fort Leavenworth was garrisoned by the militia companies of Leavenworth city. One night, as General Davies, the commander of the post, was making his rounds to see that the sentinels were watchful, he paid a visit to the magazine, which is situated in the middle of the parade-ground, and on that particular night was guarded by a burly son of the Emerald Isle.

The General approached him and informed him that he was the commander of the post, and remarked that he (Pat) was not holding his gun as a soldier should, and if he would hand the gun to him he would show him how. Pat did as he was bid.

"Now," says the General, "I am going to blow up this magazine."

"Well," says Pat, "if you don't care any more for the magazine than I do you can blow it up and be hanged."

The General handed back the gun, and walked away whistling "When this cruel war is over."

The arrangements for extinguishing fires in Leavenworth are not very perfect, but the citizens generally are wide awake and on hand to prevent a conflagration, of which our people have been in fear for the past two years. As an instance of the zeal of some of our citizens I will cite the following:

As one of our merchants—a German, by-the-way, and a dealer in "sheep clothing"—was passing down the principal business street about ten o'clock at night he espied what appeared to be fire in the second story of a building across the street. He immediately raised the alarm and rushed across the street and commenced kicking in the windows to effect an entrance, all the while crying "Fire! fire!"

Getting through the aperture that he had made he rushed into the room, the expectant crowd outside waiting for further orders from their leader. Hardly a moment elapsed before he again appeared and cried out, in an excited manner, "Somepody pring me a light, quick, quick, so I can see vare de fire ish!"

We have away out here, in Iowa, a very learned and very worthy "missionary," known as "Father T——," who is more than suspected of being very fond of having his own way. He once attempted to cross a wide, unsettled prairie, and was compelled to "camp out" overnight. In the morning he took the wrong course, and traveled twenty miles due north, while he wished to go east. Some one inquired how it happened, as it was a clear day, and asked him if he couldn't see the sun. "Why, yes," replied Father T——, "I saw the sun, but I couldn't bring myself to believe *that* way was east!"

He is usually a very effective preacher, and sometimes his great candor adds an unlooked-for point. At the time of the great tornado that destroyed Comanche, in 1860, Father T—— was in the eastern part of the State attending a Church Convention, and made it in his way to visit the destroyed district. After he got home he took occasion to preach a sermon about it. Depicting in glowing colors the horrors of the scene, and explaining the resistless power of the wind, he went on to say: "It seemed as if the Almighty had determined to come down in His power and rebuke the presumption of men—to show them what weak and helpless worms they are in His hands, and how utterly impotent they are to save themselves when *He* sees fit to destroy them. And," added the old man, "none did save themselves except a few who got into their cellars!"

The late Governor Mattox, of Vermont, was Chairman of a Committee appointed to examine candidates for admission to the bar of Caledonia County, Vermont, and reported that one of them was not qualified for admission, for he had answered but one question right which the Committee asked him.

"And what was that question, Brother Mattocks?" inquired the presiding Judge.

"We asked him, your Honor, what a freehold estate is, and he answered *he didn't know!*"

In the summer of 1861 I spent a few days at Cresson, Pennsylvania, the station near the summit of the Alleghany Mountains. I was walking early on Sunday morning toward a little Catholic Church just as the congregation was gathering for morning service, and passed an Irishman on his way there, clad in the holiday uniform of blue coat with brass buttons, yellow vest, and light-brown trowsers climbing away from his heavy boots, and a bell-crowned hat tipping off one side of his head.

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He said "Good-morning to ye!" as I passed, which greeting I carelessly returned, when he called after me, "Is it going to church ye are?" I answered, with a poor equivocation, "Yes, I am going that way," and passed quickly on. When I saw through an opening in the forest some remains of the old canal which was built there, and not knowing what they were, I waited for the man to come up and answer my inquiries, and regretted that I had passed him so coldly.

He answered my questions, and then said:

"It's a stranger ye are: are ye from Filadelfy?"

"No," I replied; "I am from the other side of the mountains," pointing westward.

"And might ye be from Pittsburg?"

"No, I am from a great way farther off—I am from Chicago."

"And is it from Chicago ye are?" he said, with great animation; "and did ye know that great little man that died there the other day, Judge Dooglas?"

I replied that I knew him.

"Ah, ye knew him, did ye; did ye ever hare him spake?" Without waiting for a reply, he continued: "Ah, I tell ye he was a bould boy for the debate." After some further talk, he said: "I'm glad to see a friend o' Judge Dooglas; and don't ye think if he had been made President, instead o' that lukewarm fellow down at Lancaster, that we wouldn't a been cuttin' one another's throats as we are now?"

His description of the lamented Douglas as "a bould boy for the debate," and of his successful rival before the Cincinnati Convention of 1856, can not be easily surpassed.

Before leaving him, I asked how long he had been there, and what his business was; when he informed me that he had been there nearly thirty years, and during the last two years "had been the *physical* agent of the State on the canal, and had charge of all the *resaits* and *expidentures* of the works!"

I was told, on my return to the hotel, that my quaint friend of a morning was what he described himself—an ardent Douglas Democrat, and a noted blunderer in speech besides.

A Boston lady writes pleasantly on this wise:

Passing the St. Charles Hotel, in Syracuse, one day last winter, I witnessed the following: A handsome sleigh came dashing up to the door in fine style—and, stopping, out sprang a sprucely-dressed little fellow, who might have seen a dozen summers, but who had the air of one who labors under the impression that his father is considerably his junior in years and experience. Accosting a passing boy, some years his senior, he haughtily exclaimed: "Here, boy! hold my horse!"

The boy stepped up, and, looking at the animal, asked: "Can *one* hold him?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, hold him yourself, then!" and he passed on, leaving our hero quite "took aback."

At a neighboring cheese factory the stencil plate used in stamping the boxes before shipment is large and quite after the "spread eagle" style. Among the visitors at the factory one day, while the boxes were being stamped, was a man who seemed vastly interested in the whole process, but who did not venture to indulge his Yankee propensity to ask questions. Finally, his curiosity conquered his diffidence, and he eased his mind. Pointing to the name of the factory, he remarked to the proprietor: "That's your name, I s'pose, Captain; and that" —pointing to the "E Pluribus Unum"—"must be the name of your cheese-maker!"

I have never seen, dear Drawer, a cow with brass horns. Is that the distinguishing feature of the Durham breed? I cut the accompanying from the Utica *Herald*:

"$10 REWARD.—Strayed away, with the assistance of some Cow Thief, Monday night, a white and red Durham Cow, with brass knobs and horns. Said cow is rather thin in flesh, with hair rubbed off of neck. TEN DOLLARS reward will be paid for the return of the cow, and FIFTY DOLLARS reward will be paid for the apprehension of the thief, or if the cow was let out of the pasture by some vagabond for mischief, I will give TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to learn who he is.

"Breen & Co., 79 Genesee St."

I was stopping for a night at the Neil House, in Columbus, Ohio, a short time since. On the departure of the early morning train the porter could not find all of his baggage, one trunk being missing. He was sent up to my room to make inquiry for it; and after considerable pounding on the door to awaken me, and receiving the proper "Halloo!" he stammered out:

"I say, Mister, is dar a trunk in dis room wid a letter on marked wid a D?"

On being assured there was not he continued his search.

The following incident—which proves the old adage to be true, that "misfortunes never come singly"—is sent from Boston to the Drawer:

Mr. A——, a shrewd and well-known druggist of Concord, New Hampshire, having some Western business on his hands, found it necessary, in company with Judge F——, to go to St. Paul, Minnesota, to see parties there, stopping on the way to see the country. They left Concord together, intending to stop first at Niagara Falls. Reaching Albany at early evening, Mr. A—— took a sleeping-car (the Judge preferring to ride where he was), and not knowing any thing about the change of cars at Rochester, he awoke the next morning at Buffalo; while Judge F——, who had kept awake, had gone on to Suspension Bridge—so he had to buy a ticket from Buffalo to the Falls. On arriving there it so happened that when he was on the American side the Judge was on the Canadian, and *vice versa*. After spending a day in unsuccessful search for each other, they both went to Detroit; thence to Chicago, where they at last met. In looking about Chicago they stepped into the Court-house—the Judge, of course, being interested in all such institutions. They had been in court but a short time when a gentleman stepped up to Mr. A—— with the inquiries, "What is your name?" "W. H. A——," was the reply. "What State are you a native of?" "New Hampshire," said Mr. A——. A few minutes later the man (supposing Mr. A—— to be a citizen of Chicago) stands up in the other end of the room, and calls out, "W. H. A——!" In amazement Mr. A—— turns to Judge F——, and says, "What does the fellow mean?" He replied, "Why, they have drawn you on the jury!" Explanations followed, and they turned their backs on Chicago, bound for Madison, Wisconsin. On the road, about midnight, Mr. A—— was seized with a distressing sickness, and thrusting his head out of the car window out dropped his false teeth. With-

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out a moment's reflection he jumped up and pulled the bell-rope, which in due time brought the whole train to a stand-still. The conductor rushing through the cars to discover what the trouble was, came across Mr. A——, who imparted the desired information. As good fortune would have it, the train had to stop a little way ahead for several hours; so Mr. A——, taking two brakemen with lanterns, went back about half a mile, found his teeth, and returned to the train, which had waited for him. Between Madison and Prairie du Chien he lost his ticket, which cost him seven dollars to replace. The time by boat from Prairie du Chien to St. Paul is usually twenty-four hours; but the river being very low at the time, they were three days in going up. On their arrival at St. Paul they learned that the parties whom they went out to see were going to Concord in two weeks; so they had their journey for nothing. Mr. A—— immediately started for home, intending to cross the lake at Milwaukie, but before reaching there a railroad agent got hold of him, and by drawing a vivid picture of the dangers of crossing the lake, induced him to change his ticket for one by another route, at the expense of several dollars. He reached home at last, having been gone but twelve days. To cap the whole, he found his lost ticket in his vest pocket on his arrival home. Mr. A—— says, "If any persons ever went through any more in the same length of time, they will please send him their address and the small amount they owe him."

At a recent trial in the Supreme Court in Broome County, New York, to recover a judgment, the plaintiff was trying to prove that the defendant was the real owner of a grocery in an adjoining county, which was "run" nominally by another individual. Among the witnesses was an Irish lad who had officiated as clerk in the grocery. The counsel (now a well-known M. C.), after a somewhat extended examination, said: "Now, James, will you tell us who paid you your wages?" The reply came at once: "An' that is what I'd like to know meself!" It is unnecessary to say that an audible smile pervaded the court-room.

The proprietor of a news dépôt ought to be a regular contributor to the Drawer, for he is sure to hear many things worthy of a place there. "How often is *Harper's Weekly* published?" is a common question; but one occurrence I must place before your readers:

A thrifty farmer, named Watts, lately subscribed for *Harper's Magazine*. He was, unfortunately, a little "hard of hearing." Shortly after subscribing he asked if his Magazine had come. I remembered him as a subscriber, but had forgotten his name, so I asked him, "What's the name?" He nodded assent; so feeling assured he had not heard my question, I repeated, somewhat louder, "What's the name?" He replied, "Yes," so I concluded he must be as deaf as a post, and determined he should now hear me, shouted as loudly as I could, "What's the name?" He answered, "Yes, the name *is* Watts." I handed him his Magazine, and if he wants any one hereafter to identify him as Watts, he may call on me.

Many years ago a gentleman whom we shall for the present call Mr. G—— (or, rather, Judge G——, for he has long held an honorable position upon the Supreme Court bench), then quite a young man, was employed by a fellow who had been arrested at a place known to our old residents as "Bloody Corners" for horse-stealing, and brought for examination before one Squire Couch. The thief at first admitted the theft, but on reflection concluded to plead not guilty, and trust to the eloquence of his counsel for his acquittal. The fellow was arraigned, and the fact of his previous admission of the crime charged to him fully proven.

G—— then "opened for the defense." Said he: "It is true, your Honor, that my client, when first arrested, did admit stealing the horse; but, your Honor, what were the reasons which impelled him to make that acknowledgment—what promises were made him—and what threats held over his defenseless head? Why, Sir, they told him they would cast him into jail, your Honor, and he was not moved to confess by that; they threatened to send him to the State prison, your Honor, but he faltered not; they threatened to ride him on a rail, your Honor, but he remained true to his integrity; *but when they told him they would bring him before Squire Couch, of Bloody Corners, he yielded as he would before the pangs of the second death!*"

The *original* notice below is sent to the Drawer from Harrisburg, Texas:

☞ NOTICE.

Gentleman are Respecfuly Requested not to come to the Table without ther coats on, or some clean Garment.

J. C. Butcher, M.D., *Proprietor*.

Last Fourth of July (writes a Western friend) the inhabitants determined upon a grand celebration. A procession was formed, and marched to the Grove, amidst the starings of the crowd from the surrounding country, to listen to the reading of the Declaration of Independence. One of the most prominent lawyers in the town read it in a very acceptable manner. After he had concluded Judge P——, who had been giving the closest attention to the reading, turned toward a prominent citizen, and said: "That—that refers to some trouble they had with Great Britain, don't it? I lost the connection." The gentleman said he believed it did, and then turned on his heel to conceal the laugh he could not repress.

A friend in Palmyra writes to the Drawer:

During the Presidential campaign of 1864 Lawyer W—— took quite an active part. One day, after the fatigues of a political meeting which had been addressed by the candidate for Congress of this District, W—— invited the speaker into his office, and seeing that he looked pale and exhausted, asked him if he hadn't better take "suthin;" for, said W——, "I believe my partner has a bottle of good whisky under the wash-stand, and it will do you good." The worthy candidate assented to the proposition, and W—— poured out a pretty good "horn," which was speedily "put down" (as John Phœnix has it); but the wry face which followed induced W—— to ask him what was the matter. "There's a queer taste to it," said he. W—— poured out a little more and tasted, and found it so villainous that he at once was seized with the horrible fear that it was poison. Telling his friend to stay quietly there while he ran down to where his partner could be found, and ascertain what the mixture was, he started at full speed down the street, and fortunately found the gentleman he was in search of only a block distant. He clutched him by the

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arm, and eagerly inquired: "For Mercy's sake, F——, tell me what is in that bottle under the wash-stand!" "Under the wash-stand?" said F——, deliberately; "why, that is nothing but my hair-restorer. You see my hair was getting rather thin, and—" "No matter about your hair! tell me if there is any thing poisonous in it!" said W——, impatiently. "Well, I can't say as to that," said F——; "but if you will go over to the drug-store they will tell you there." W——, whose anxiety was by no means allayed, hurried over the way and excitedly asked what that said hair-restorer was made of. The druggist reflectively replied, "Bay rum, alum, borax, and—" But W—— cried out: "All I want to know is this—is there any *poison* in it?" "No," was the answer; and our friend hastened back to his office with his mind very much relieved. He found the candidate with his hands clasped across his stomach, imagining that the poison was doing its deadly work. "How do you feel?" said he. "Oh, very bad! I have got some of it up—what was it?—tell me quick!" W—— could keep in no longer; and although at first disposed to be indignant at the laughter, the victim at last joined in. There was no use in trying to keep the thing secret, and as it has become public property here, I hereby appropriate it for your benefit.

A LAUGHING SONG.

I CAN not sing. I don't know how.
I did not bring my notes.
I'm out of practice, too; and now,
I've got the sorest of sore throats.
Instead, I'll tell some tales I've seen
In the Drawer of Harper's Magazine;
Whose pages are so full of wit
That it makes me laugh to think of it.
That Ha! ha! Ha! ha!
Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Har-per's Magazine.

One tale that I remember reading
Told what happened at a wedding:
A very pompous fellow tried
How he'd congratulate the bride.

[*Spoken.*—So he walked up to her, and he bowed, and he smiled, and he said, "Madam, I wish you many happy returns of this most joyful occasion!"]

That's one of the tales I've lately seen
In the Drawer of Harper's Magazine.
Of Ha! ha! Ha! ha!
Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Har-per's Magazine.

There was a little Western boy,
Who went up stairs to bed,
He chanced to see the crescent moon,
A-shining brightly overhead.

[*Spoken.*—"Oh! mamma!" he said, "God has been paring his finger-nails, and there's one paring has fallen down into the sky."]

That's one of the tales I've lately seen
In the Drawer of Harper's Magazine.
Of Ha! ha! Ha! ha!
Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Har-per's Magazine.

Three graceless boys once chanced to meet
The famous Doctor Byles,
They stopped the doctor in the street,
With many bows and nods and smiles.

[*Spoken.*—"Doctor," said they, "have you heard the news? People say that the Devil is dead."—"Is the Devil dead?" said Doctor Byles. "Then may Heaven have mercy upon you, you poor fatherless children!"]

That's one of the tales I've lately seen
In the Drawer of Harper's Magazine.
Of Ha! ha! Ha! ha!
Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Har-per's Magazine.

A School Committee came one day
To see a public school;
They heard the children read and spell,
And do some sums, and tell the rule.

[*Spoken.*—"Now, boys!" said one Committee-man, "if I had a mince-pie here, and gave one-third to Tommy, and one-third to Jimmy, and kept two-sixths myself, what would be left?"—The boys considered a while, till one little fellow put up his hand, and said: "I know, Sir—*the plate!*"]

That's one of the tales I've lately seen
In the Drawer of Harper's Magazine.
Of Ha! ha! Ha! ha!
Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Har-per's Magazine.

Once Doctor Scudder, from Ceylon,
Came to a church to preach;
The pastor thought he'd introduce
The Doctor with a little speech.

[*Spoken.*—"You will be addressed this morning," he said, "by a brother who comes to us all the way from Ceylon's isle; '*Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile!*'"]

That's one of the tales I've lately seen
In the Drawer of Harper's Magazine.
Of Ha! ha! Ha! ha!
Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Har-per's Magazine.

A would-be wit, who liked to crack
A joke upon a preacher,
Once undertook to make a hit
By poking fun at Mr. Beecher.

[*Spoken.*—"Sir," said he, "I understand the President has appointed you Governor of all the fools in the United States."—"Then get yourself ready," said Mr. Beecher, "to obey my commands."]

That's one of the tales I've lately seen
In the Drawer of Harper's Magazine.
Of Ha! ha! Ha! ha!
Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Har-per's Magazine.

There was a bashful youth Down East
Who wished he had a wife,
But dared not venture to propose—
No! not to save his precious life.

[*Spoken.*—"Why, you fool!" said his father, "how do you suppose I did when I got married?"—"Oh! that's all very well," blubbered young Verdant; "but you married mother, and I've g-got to *m-marry a strange g-i-r-r-l!*"]

That's one of the tales I've lately seen
In the Drawer of Harper's Magazine.
Of Ha! ha! Ha! ha!
Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Har-per's Magazine.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went
The lamb was very sure to go.

[*Spoken.*—One day it followed her to school; but the teacher turned it out of the school-room, and so it waited outside till Mary did appear.]

But that's a tale I've never seen
In the Drawer of Harper's Magazine.
Of Ha! ha! Ha! ha!
Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Har-per's Magazine.

There's not a book in Literature,
In Medicine, or Law,
In Science, Art, or History,
So good to read as Harper's Drawer.
I'm bound to read it, when I can,
As long as I'm a living man;
And when I'm dead, and children come
To gather leaves to crown my tomb,
The leaves I'd rather have them glean,
Are—leaves from Harper's Magazine.

AT a late village debate held at the county seat

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of Henry County, Illinois, nearly all parties present seemed to agree that the report of a gun was nothing more nor less than the sound caused by the air rushing into the gun-barrel immediately after the discharge; but "the decision of the question" rested with the Chairman, who for that occasion happened to be no other than "Uncle Dan" M——, late Wagon-Master of the Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Regiment. He has heard considerable shooting during the last four years; and in summing up the case in question said: "I don't want to be onreasonable, gentlemen, but I must decide agin you all; for, jest to illustrate the philosophy of this thing, suppose you drill a deep hole in a solid rock, fill it full of powder, and tech it off, and suppose the rock, hole and all, is blown to atoms, what makes the noise in such a case?" Uncle Dan's illustration was too much for the debaters! The people of that village intend to send for some learned man to aid them in their search for the philosophy of the thing.

A WORTHY gentleman in Philadelphia wishes to tell a couple of the Drawer's stories over again. He shall have the opportunity; but, like many other *originals*, his are only second or third editions of something that went before. He writes:

You have this month spoiled a venerable "Joe," in your story of a medical student. The story, as I heard it twenty odd years ago, was as follows:

Abernethy—then a Professor in the Royal College of Surgery—asked a student under examination, "Suppose a man was blown up with gunpowder, what would you do?" "Wait until he came down," returned the student. "And suppose," said the irate surgeon, "I should kick you for such an impudent answer, what muscles would I put in motion?" "The flexors and extensors of my arm," coolly returned the candidate, "for I should certainly knock you down."

To those who knew the character of Abernethy, it is needless to say he passed the aspirant for medical honors.

SHALL I correct another story I have seen spoiled in *Harper?*

Luke Beckley, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, was noted for his dry, caustic wit. One raw morning he came into his store, and walking up to the stove, remarked, "This is what I call a cold wet storm." One of the by-standers remarked: "Uncle Luke, did you ever hear of a hot dry storm?" "Humph!" returned the old man, "I think I have, about the time of Sodom and Gomorrah—that was what I call a hot dry storm!"

BILL HODGSON was the village butcher and the sexton of the village church. It was easy enough to carry on the two branches of business, but he sometimes mingled them up rather loosely in his bills. He helped one of his neighbors in killing and dressing a hog, and shortly afterward was called upon by the same neighbor to bury his wife. Hodgson sent in his bill:

Mr. Tinson, To W. HODGSON, *Dr.*

Nov. 9. To killing hog	$1 00
Nov. 20. To berrying wife	5 00
	$6 00

Please call and settle.

And he too had a call from the great killer. Death came and took his daughter. Bill thought he would lay aside his work till after the funeral; and as he had just killed a cow, he went to his neighbor Tinson, and said: "I've just killed a cow, and Jessie's dead; I want you to come and cut her up!"

THIS comes from New Haven, and reads as if it were pretty well made:

Sitting a few mornings since in the reading-room of one of our hotels, I was accosted by a very tall young man, apparently a stranger, who, after a few preliminary observations respecting the weather, etc., inquired:

"Do you belong to Yale College?"

I replied that I had not the honor of being connected with that institution.

"Will they let strangers in?"

Not quite comprehending the inquiry, I replied that I "supposed so."

"Well," continued the tall young man, "I want to see the alumni."

"The *what?*" said I, supposing him to be the unconscious victim of a *lapsus linguæ*.

"I want to see the *alumni!*"

"Oh!" I said, "you mean the Alumni Hall, I presume?"

"I don't care about the hall," was the rejoinder; "but I've heard a great deal about the alumni, and I'm bound to see it if I can."

With as much presence of mind as I could command I explained that I knew very little about college affairs, and referred him to the clerk of the hotel for further information.

AN ear-witness, who was also in the battle that occurred just two and a half miles from Lynchburg, writes to the Drawer:

The morning of June 18, 1864, found Major-General Hunter in full retreat from Lynchburg toward Kanawha Valley. As we passed through a quiet village on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad one of the "boys in blue" called out, rather rudely, to a lady who stood at the window of a house by the roadside:

"I say, *you!* what town is this?"

"Big Lick, Sir," was the polite reply.

"Big Lick, eh? Well, where's Little Lick?"

"Just two miles and a half this side of Lynchburg!" and she turned away without waiting to enjoy the noisy merriment with which her keen sarcasm was received by all save *one;* and he bears the name of Little Lick to this day.

A MINISTER in Iowa was called upon a few days ago, by a man whom we will call Mr. A——, to attend the funeral of his father. After a short conversation concerning the deceased, Mr. A—— asked the minister how much he would charge. "Oh!" said the minister, "I never *make a charge* for attending a funeral, but I sometimes receive a present of more or less value." "I wish to pay my way," said the man; "I have but little money, but if you will take any thing that grows on my farm—wouldn't you like some sweet-potatoes?" "Certainly," said the minister; "sweet-potatoes are as acceptable as the money." "All right!"

The following day the minister went to the funeral. After the usual services, and the congregation had looked for the last time upon the deceased, Mr. A—— stepped forward and turned down the coffin-lid, and began to screw it fast, saying, as he did so: "It's pretty hard—*pretty hard*—the hardest thing I

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ever did; but it is the last thing I can do for father, and I won't ask any one to do it for me."' In due time the procession moved to the grave, and the coffin was lowered. When the grave was perhaps one-third filled, and while the relatives and friends were standing around, Mr. A—— left the side of his wife, and advancing to the minister, and putting his hand in his pocket, remarked: "I have the money to-day, and if you'd rather have it than the sweet-potatoes, I can pay you just as well as not." "Never mind," said the minister, in a low tone; "it will all be right; don't say any thing thing about it now." The man then stepped back beside the minister and stood looking into the grave for some moments; then, drawing a deep breath, as if realizing the depth of his affliction, he said, in a sad tone: "I have lost the best friend I ever had; *he never licked me but once!*"

A few days afterward the minister received two bushels of sweet-potatoes.

In New Orleans a young man from the North was teaching a Sunday-school class of little darkeys. The lesson had been the second chapter of Matthew, announcing the birth of our Saviour, the wise men of the East, and the wonderful star which directed them to the place where the infant was lying. The lesson was an interesting one, and our friend, wishing to satisfy himself that they all understood fully what they had just heard, asked them:

"Now can any of you tell me where these wise men came from?"

No answer.

"Can none of you tell me?" repeated the teacher.

Suddenly one little fellow, whose hair seemed to take an extra kink at that instant, exclaimed: "I can tell, Sir!"

"Well, where did they come from?"

"Dey come from de Norf, Sir!"

An old Michigander writes again, and sends us the next three or four:

Kate and I were discussing family matters the other day, and I said that my ancestors had been a long-lived race. "Mine, too," she answered, a little absent-minded. "My grandfather would have been over a hundred years old—*if he had lived!*" I thought it very probable.

Kate's sister was formerly a school ma'am, and had a pupil in an Irish family who was taken ill. As in duty bound, she called on the sufferer. In the course of conversation she asked his maternal relative if she thought her son better.

"Och and indade, ma'am," was the answer, "I'm sure I can't tell; he's teetotally kivered with a terrible interruption!"

The interrogator concluded his case was hopeless, and left with no more questions.

Mrs. ——, a most estimable lady, and a wife of an ex-Congressman of our State, took charge at one time of a Sabbath-school class of boys, noted for their rudeness and general capability in the way of mischief. They taxed her patience for several Sabbaths, but she labored faithfully with them, and there came a day when she thought she began to reap the reward of her labors. The worst boy in the class seemed all at once to be very much interested, and with a thankful heart she adapted her remarks as much as she could to his especial case, and talked earnestly on, while his eyes were intently fixed upon her face. She was congratulating herself on the progress she was making, when, in the midst of a sentence, she was interrupted by her hopeful pupil with the exclamation, "Say, Mrs. ——, them things in your bonnet look jest like onion sprouts!"

An old lady was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors by the name of Jones, and with a very knowing look she replied:

"Why, I don't like to say any thing about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Jones—sometimes I think—and then, again, I don't know—but, after all, I rather guess he'll turn out a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be!"

Non-committal—rather.

California has long been celebrated for "big things," animal and vegetable, and the following adds to the list:

Before Justice F——, at San Juan, Nevada County, was brought a Hibernian, charged with assault and battery upon a fellow-countryman. Many witnesses were examined; and, finally, Jimmy C—— was called to the stand.

"Mr. C——, state what you know about this case."

"Well, your Honor, Barney and Patrick had a bit of a quarrel about some wood they had been cutting. They were standing near the wood-pile in front of the house, and after jawing a little Barney picked up a bit of a sliver, and give Patrick a little tap on the head, and he went over on to the wood-pile—and that was all there was about it."

Justice F——. "You say Barney hit Patrick on the head with a bit of a sliver. What kind of a sliver was that?"

"Well, your Honor, 'twas a small thing—a bit of a chip."

"But we want to know how big it was; give us your idea of the size of it."

"Well, your Honor [after some hesitation], I think it was about two feet long, and about as big round as my wrist!"

A friend of mine, a surgeon in General Sherman's army, copied the following inscription from a tombstone in a grave-yard at Cheraw, South Carolina, while on the march through that State:

My name—my country—
  What are they to thee?
What, whether high or low,
  My pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpassed
  All other men;
Perhaps I fell below them all!
  What then?
Suffice it, stranger,
  Thou seest a tomb!
Thou know'st its use;
  It hides—no matter whom.

Last spring, while I was *en route* from Chicago to La Crosse, a remarkable incident occurred on the cars a few miles from Waukegan, Wisconsin. There was a family party aboard, consisting of father, mother, and three children; one of the latter, the hero of this adventure, about nine years of age. He, it seems, was of a restless and inquiring disposition, and could not be kept to his seat, having frequently wandered to the platform, in violation of his father's express commands. The last time he did so, while holding to the iron railing—the train then

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running about twenty miles per hour—a sudden gust of wind took off his hat. Quick as thought, with outstretched hand, the little fellow jumped for it. With a cry of horror the nearest spectator jerked the signal-rope, and with the Conductor's aid succeeded in bringing the train up in about a third of a mile from the scene of the occurrence. The engine was immediately reversed and the train slowly backed, while a number of us sprang off upon either side, and ran back with all speed, expecting every moment to reach the mangled remains of the rash boy; when, lo! as we gained the end of the cut, we saw him trotting leisurely along upon the track, holding his recovered hat in one hand, while he dusted his clothes with the other! The first one who overhauled him exclaimed:

"Mercy, child! what did you jump off for!"

Not a tear trembled in the little Spartan's eye as he answered:

"Well, I guess I went for my hat!"

He was not even bruised. Wouldn't some of your constant travelers give something for that boy's apparent immunity from danger of life and limb, especially in these days of railroad "accidents?"

THERE is a decidedly queer genius living in this county—we will not say exactly where—who occasionally gets off some good things. He once had a horse to sell, which he found to be something of a job, as the animal was old, blind of an eye, and notorious far and wide as a "breachy critter."

N——, however, endeavored to impress upon the mind of a possible purchaser the fact that "Baldface" was a horse of the right stamp, and withal quite youthful—only eight years old (he was twelve, if a day). The man who was looking at him happened to know where N—— had got him, and said:

"Why, N——, Mr. R—— told me he had raised that horse, and said he had known him for the last twelve years."

"Oh, wa'al," said N——, "what ef he *did*? what ef he *did*? He was *only a colt* THEN!"

You should have heard the inflections and stress laid upon that "*then*."

ANOTHER: During a late and very heavy harvest, while every one was straining to get through stacking their grain, one of N——'s neighbors happened to pass through a field where the old man and his son were building their last stack. He said to him, as he rode by:

"Why, N——, if you get that stack up this afternoon, you will be done before any of us."

The old man replied: "Wa'al, I callate to; and me and my boy 'll put this ere stack up this arternoon, *ef it takes us till mornin'!*"

He finished that "arternoon."

REV. MR. A——, in Felin's Grove, Pennsylvania, had just commenced his sermon one Sunday morning when a boy, some eight or nine years of age, got up, and walking straight up to the minister, asked, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the congregation: "May I go home? I forgot to feed the pigs!" Consent was given, but the effect upon the minister as well as upon the congregation was far from serious.

WHEN the rebel General Wheeler's cavalry made their valorous attack upon Uncle Sam's gun-boats, while cruising on the Tennessee, a negro, who was rather more thoroughly imbued with "secession" principles than the majority of his race, importuned his master to allow him the use of a carbine for the purpose of "habin a pop at de gun-boats." Permission being accorded, he valorously crawled to the river-bank and ensconced himself behind a huge stump. Not a shot had been fired on either side. Suddenly the boat in the lead opened with a huge Columbiad, whose concussion was so great that every thing fairly shivered. The ball plowed up the bank in close quarters to Sambo, throwing a liberal quantity of mother earth upon him. He was at once "demoralized," having never heard such a report before; and, with the wildest terror depicted in his countenance, immediately broke for the foot of the hill. Arriving there, he shouted, with eyes agog and ashen cheeks: "Good grashy, massa, she's busted!"

WE once owned a small, beautiful black-and-tan terrier, and while residing, a year or two since, for a few months at a favorite summer resort, a most magnificent Newfoundland dog, the property of an ex-Governor and prominent politician, residing a mile or two distant, was in the habit of visiting our house almost daily. One day our little dog was missing. Being a special favorite, her loss was seriously felt. Advertisements were published in the newspapers, and hand-bills circulated, offering a liberal reward for her return. Whether or not Mr. Newfoundland saw and read them we are not prepared to say; but one forenoon he came trotting up the street carefully holding Mistress "Yet" by the nape of her neck, as a fond mother-cat does her kittens. Reaching the servants' door of the house, and waiting till it was opened, he walked in and deposited his charge in the kitchen—gravely nodded his head, wagged his tail, and quietly left, not even intimating a claim for the reward.

RESIDING in an Eastern city, some twenty years since, were two brothers-in-law, J. H. B—— and T. P. S——, both somewhat notorious in the latter years of their lives for their eel-like slipperiness. The former, under an indictment for a Penitentiary offense, had fled to an adjoining State, where, by appointment, he was visited by the latter. Having learned of his whereabouts, and with a requisition from the Governor, a Sheriff had been sent for his arrest; and reaching the hotel where both were stopping, was informed that Mr. B—— was in his room with a friend; entering which, and being a stranger to both, he inquired if Mr. B—— was in? "Yes," said Mr. S——. "I have a little private matter with you," says the Sheriff, "and would see you alone." "Certainly, please walk into the next room." With that suspicion always attached to guilt, Mr. B—— was not slow in deciding who the stranger might be, as also his business, and slowly left the room, but rapidly the hotel.

Reading the warrant of arrest, supposing it was to Mr. B——, Mr. S—— asked him his purpose. "To take you to Boston." "How soon?" "Immediately; the cars leave in a few minutes." "Certainly; I am ready now." The Sheriff purchasing tickets for the two, off they started. Arriving at Boston, Mr. S—— thanked the Sheriff for his politeness and liberality, in not only accompanying him home, but also for paying his fare; and then informed him that his name was S——, and that the Mr. B——, with whom he was conversing when called on at the hotel, and named in the warrant,

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was by this time well on his way to, if not already clear over, the Canada line; and politely bid him good-day.

A SHORT time since it was the ill fate of the writer to be detained for a day in the village of Windfall, in a most miserable, muddy part of Indiana. While taking a lunch of crackers, cheese, "lager," etc., at the only "grocery"—a combination of saloon, restaurant, and general lounging place for the "natives," dressed in coon-skin caps, country-spun blue jeans, and other motley rig—a sign painted on an unplaned board, over the door leading to a back apartment where "poker" and "seven up" were going on high, attracted our attention. Here it is, *verbatim et "spellatim:"*

NOSWARI
NGINTHI
SHOUSE

Our lunch had been consumed long before the meaning had been extracted from the strange notice, but we finally found it to be, "No swaring in this house."

We think the swearing could hardly have been beaten by "our army in Flanders;" but it was, doubtless, *only* because nobody among the customers was able to read the forbidding "notis."

SAYS a dweller in the Green Mountain State:

I have been for many years a constant reader of *Harper's Magazine*, and enjoy the Drawer; but I have looked almost in vain to find somewhat of little seven-by-nine Vermont. Are you not cognizant of us as a State of the Union—not having seceded, or "left out in the cold?" Have you not heard that she raises the bravest of men, the most knowing women, the best blood-horses, the largest cabbages, and the most toothsome pumpkins in all creation? Why, Sir, she produced *an* original, if not *the* original Mrs. Partington. She was a round, corpulent old lady, not very "fair" nor very "forty," only "a little more so," and she lived in this little would-be-city of Rutland a good many years since. A good-natured body, always most generously disposed to give you all the information desirable on all and every subject; in other words, a most intolerable gossip, and—as usual with such—as intolerably ignorant, marring and murdering the Queen's English beyond all endurance, a specimen of which I here send you. We used to call her Aunt Patty:

A good many years ago, when Cincinnati was farther West than it is now, a clergyman by the name of Jones went there on a mission of some kind, when the place was considered almost out of the world. After he had been absent some little time, a gentleman came to inquire of Aunt Patty where Mr. Jones had gone? "Oh," says she, "he's gone to the Sins-of-Natur, ridin' on a Misswary!"

A BLUE NOSE writes from Halifax, and thus:

DEAR DRAWER,—On the far-off plains of Minnesota, by Niagara's noisy stream, while wearing Federal blue and doing duty for Uncle Samuel out here among the "Blue Noses," whether in city or in country, month after month, and year after year, I have longed for your coming, and derived much pleasure from your genial ways. Here is a little anecdote for your columns:

In Providence, Rhode Island, there used to dwell a curious genius by the name of, say W——. Old W—— kept a store, and was much more famed for sharp than honest dealing. One day an old farmer left in his store—to be filled with molasses—an *eight*-gallon keg, called in those days a "*runlet*," while he himself went about the town on other business. Upon his return he found his bill made out for *ten* gallons. "I didn't care," said the old farmer afterward, "about the two gallons extra, *but I hated to have my runlet strained so bad!*"

THE same old W—— used to say that he always bought two barrels of rum at a time, and kept them both on draught; and though of the same quality and manufacture, he charged twenty-five cents per gallon for one barrel, and fifty-eight cents per gallon for the other; yet, strange to say, the fifty-eight cent rum was always "out" first!

SOME years ago you published an anecdote of one of our Nebraska legislators who moved that the vote on the question then pending be taken "*vice versa*." There is an addendum that you ought to have:

Last summer a couple of Nebraska gentlemen were traveling on the Missouri River, and while sitting on the guards of the boat, talking over the Nebraskians who had been *immortalized* in the Drawer, the ex-legislator came along and mixed into the conversation. One of the gentlemen remarked:

"By-the-way, Mr. Legislator, were not you immortalized in the Drawer once?"

"Yes, they told a yarn on me, but it was a big lie. *I know the Latin well enough;* and Judge Armstrong just thought he'd twist it, and get up a joke at my expense."

"Well, if the yarn wasn't true, please tell us what you did say—give us the right of it; because a good many people believe the one published."

"Why, I moved to vote *viva versa*. I understand the Latin well enough!—likely *I'd* say *vice versa!*"

So he got no nearer *vica voce* than on the first trial.

MR. BUDKINS is a spry old gentleman of sixty, but having never married he passes for forty-five, and would like to take off ten of that. During the cold weather, when the Central Park pond was in fine order for skating, old gent got a splendid pair of shiners, and undertook to display his youthful agility in the midst of his young friends and the public generally. It was hard work to get them on, harder to get up when they were on; but he was ready at last, and boldly striking out, one leg went north, the other south, and down he came as solid and square as a judge on the bench. Blaming the skates, he strapped them up, rose to his feet, and with a new flourish came up, all standing, on the same cushion that received him before. Trying again he met the same fate; when a "Young America" coming up, and beholding him sitting at his ease on the glassy surface, called out to him: "I say, old cockadoodle, you've got them skates on the wrong place; put 'em on under your coat-tails!" Budkins grinned a ghastly smile, and then called to the boy, who glided off in an instant, and would not come back to get a quarter. Budkins took off his skates, and went home a wiser and a sadder man.

COLERIDGE was acknowledged to be a bad rider. One day, riding through a street, he was accosted by a would-be wit: "I say, do you know what happened to Balaam?" Came the answer sharp and quick: "The same as happened to me. An ass spoke to him!"

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXCI.—APRIL, 1866.—Vol. XXXII.

BIRDS AT HOME.



SINGING HONEY-EATER. YELLOW-THROATED SERICORNIS. PAINTED HONEY-EATER.
WHITE HONEY-EATER. ROCK WARBLER.

NO style of architecture, either ancient or modern, presents specimens of more curious beauty and delicacy than the ingenious structures which many of the feathered tribes build for their habitations. They too, as well as man, have their various orders and styles; among which the hanging nests are especially unique and interesting. All the pensile birds are remarkable for the eccentricity of shape and design which marks their nests; although they agree in one point—namely, that they dangle at the end of twigs, and dance about merrily at every breeze. Some of them are very long, others are very short; some have their entrance at the side, others from below, and others again from near the top. Some are hung, hammock-like, from one twig to another; others are suspended to the extremity of the twig itself; while others, that build in the palms, which have no true branches, and no twigs at all, fasten their nests to the extremities of the leaves. Some are made of various fibres, and others of the coarsest grass-straws: some are so loose in their texture, that the eggs can be

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THE TAILOR BIRD.

plainly seen through them; while others are so strong and thick that they almost look as if they were made by a professional thatcher.

The individual who first invented sewing, doubtless thought he had discovered, or rather created, an entirely new art; although, indeed, the respectable fraternity of tailors were wont to attribute to their mystery an antiquity surpassing that of any other handicraft, and, on the strength of a certain passage in Genesis, claimed Adam as the first tailor. Had they been moderately skilled in ornithology, they might have claimed a still older origin, on the grounds that, long before man came on the earth, the needle and the thread were used for sewing two objects together.

The wonderful little bird, whose portrait is accurately given in the accompanying illustration, is popularly known by the appropriate title of *Tailor Bird*, and is a native of India. The manner in which it constructs its pensile nest is very singular. Choosing a convenient leaf, generally one which hangs from the end of a slender twig, it pierces a row of holes along each edge, using its beak in the same manner that a shoemaker uses his awl, the two instruments being very similar to each other in shape, though not in material. These holes are not at all regular, and in some cases there are so many of them, that the bird seems to have found some special gratification in making them, just as a boy who has a new knife makes havoc on every piece of wood which he can obtain.

When the holes are completed, the bird next procures its thread, which is a long fibre of some plant, generally much longer than is needed for the task which it performs. Having found its thread, the feathered tailor begins to pass it through the holes, drawing the sides of the leaf toward each other, so as to form a kind of hollow cone, the point downward. Generally a single leaf is used for this purpose, but whenever the bird can not find one that is sufficiently large, it sews two together, or even fetches another leaf and fastens it with the fibre. Within the hollow thus formed the bird next deposits a quantity of soft white down, like short cotton wool, and thus constructs a warm, light, and elegant nest, which is scarcely visible among the leafage of the tree, and which is safe from almost every foe except man.

There is another pretty bird, the *Fan-Tailed Warbler*, which sews leaves together to form a nest, although that nest can not be ranked among the pensiles. This bird builds among reeds, sewing together a number of their flat blades, in order to make a hollow wherein its nest may be hidden. Instead, however, of passing its thread continuously through the holes, it has a great number of threads, and makes a knot at the end of each, in order to prevent it from being pulled through the hole.

Some very remarkable examples of pensile birds' nests are found in Australia. In the more dense and humid parts of the Australian forests there is a rapid and abundant growth of moss upon the trunks of decayed trees, and even it often accumulates in large masses at the extremities of the drooping branches. These masses often become of sufficient size to admit of the *Yellow-throated Sericornis* constructing a nest in the centre of them, which it does with so much art that it is impossible to distinguish it from any of the other pendulous masses in the vicinity. These bunches are frequently a yard in length; and although the nest is constantly disturbed by the wind, and liable to be shaken when the tree is disturbed, so secure does the inmate consider itself from danger or intrusion of any kind, that the female is frequently captured while sitting on her eggs—a feat that may always be accomplished by carefully placing the hand over the entrance—that is, if it can be detected, to effect which no slight degree of close prying and examination is necessary. The nest is formed of the inner bark of trees, intermingled with green moss, which soon vegetates; sometimes dried grasses and fibrous roots form part of the materials of which it is composed, and it is warmly lined with feathers.

The *Rock Warbler* or *Cataract Bird*, so called because it is always found where water-courses rush through rocky ground, claims special admiration in consequence of the extraordinary

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nest which it builds. In general shape it somewhat resembles a claret-jug, without a handle, having a long slender neck, and a globular and suddenly-rounded bulb. It is suspended from the rocks in sheltered places, wherever an overhanging ledge affords protection. The entrance is near the centre of the bulb, and though the nest is very rough on the exterior, it is smooth and comfortable enough within.

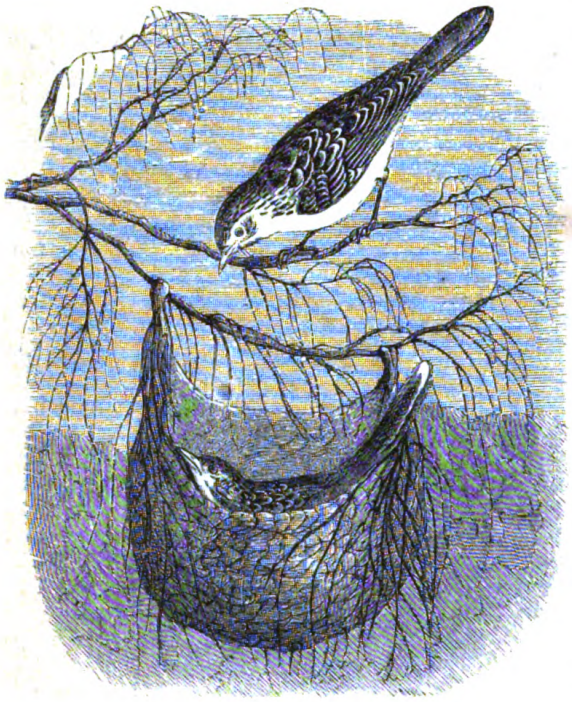
A most beautiful pensile nest is made by the *Singing Honey-Eater* in a common Australian tree, popularly called the Myall. The twigs of this tree are long and very slender, and the leaves are so narrow and delicate that at a little distance they look more like grass-blades than the leaf of a tree. The long and slender twigs serve the double purpose of affording a firm attachment for the nest and suspending it where no ordinary foe can reach it, while the delicate leaves give their aid in fastening the nest to the twigs, and at the same time serve to conceal the structure from prying eyes. The nest is made of grasses, which although green when first woven, become white and dry in a short time. The grass is mingled with hair, which, matted together, make it impervious to wind and rain.

The *Painted Honey-Eater*, a native of New South Wales, is a handsome bird of rich brown color above, with the exception of a yellow patch on the base of the tail, and white, slightly spotted, below. A characteristic mark of the species is a little patch of pure white just by the ears. This species does not confine itself merely to a diet of sweet juices, but feeds much on small insects. The birds are generally seen in pairs, and are very playful, chasing each other merrily, and spreading their tails so as to show the white color. They sit on a branch, keeping a careful watch, and whenever an insect passes near, they dart into the air, catch it, and return to their post. The nest of the Painted Honey-Eater is a beautiful example of the pensiles. So also is that of the *White-Throated Honey-Eater*, whose curious nest, about as large as a breakfast-cup, and very much of the same shape, is made of delicate paper-like bark and various vegetable fibres, with which it is ingeniously hung to the branches. The broad, thin bark causes it to be very smooth on the exterior. For the lining, the bird is not indebted to any animal or bird, but uses grass-blades, which are neatly laid, and form a soft resting-place for the eggs. The nest, which is placed low, is always hung near the extremity of a branch, in such a posi-



SWALLOW DICÆUM.

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LANCEOLATE HONEY-EATER.

tion as to be under the protection of a spray of leaves, which act as a roof whereby the rain is thrown off.

These five singular Australian nests, which have been described, have been placed together in our opening illustration, and may be compared with each other at a glance.

The *Swallow Dicæum* is a bird scarcely as large as our common wren, and glowing with brilliant colors, the whole of the upper part being deep, glossy blue-black; the throat, breast, and under tail-coverts of a fiery scarlet; and the abdomen pure white. It has a very sweet though low and inward note, so faint as scarcely to be audible from the tops of the trees, but continued for a long time together.

Artificial aids to vision are required in order to watch the habits of the Dicæum, for it loves the tops of the tallest trees, where its minute body can scarcely be seen without the assistance of glasses. Its nest is as pretty as the architect, and its ordinary shape can be seen in the illustration on page 547, though the plain black and white of a wood engraving can give but little idea of its full beauty. In color it is nearly pure white, being made of the cotton-like down which protects the seeds of many plants; and this material is so artfully woven that the nest almost looks as if made from a piece of very white cloth. It is always purse-like in form, and is suspended by the upper portion to the twigs at the very summit of the tree.

We next mention a bird which may be accepted as the first hammock-maker, its nest being made of a hammock-like shape, and slung just as a seaman slings his oscillating couch. Scarcely any more comfortable bed could be invented, provided that it be properly suspended; and the bird certainly deserves our gratitude, if it be only for the fact that it *might* have given the first hint on the subject. It is called the *Lanceolate Honey-Eater*, on account of the shape of its feathers. It does not seem to be a very lively bird, and is so still and quiet that it would hardly be seen were not its presence betrayed by an occasional powerful and shrilly-sounding whistle. The wonderful nest of this bird was discovered by a naturalist, on the Liverpool Plains, overhanging a stream. The materials of which it is made are grass and wool, intermingled with the pure white cotton of certain flowers. As the reader may see, by reference to the illustration, it is hung from a very slender twig, and only suspended at opposite extremities of the rim, the tree selected being the myall, or weeping acacia. The nest is rather small in proportion to the bird, and is very deep, so that when the mother is sitting on her eggs, or brooding over her young, she is obliged to pack herself away very carefully, her tail projecting at one side of the nest and her head at the other.

Although the majority of nest-making birds may be called Weavers, there is one family to which the name is peculiarly appropriate, and they are all inhabitants of the hot portions of the old world, chiefly Asia and Africa.

For the most part the Weaver Birds suspend their nests to the ends of twigs, small branches, drooping parasites, palm-leaves, or reeds, and many species always hang their nests over water, and at no very great height above its surface. The object of this curious locality is evidently that the eggs and young should be saved from the innumerable monkeys that swarm in the forests, and whose filching paws would rob many a poor bird of its young brood. As, however, the branches are very slender, the weight of the monkey, however small the animal may be, is more than sufficient to immerse the would-be thief in the water, and so to put a stop to his marauding propensities.

Snakes, too, which are also inveterate nest-robbers, some of them living almost exclusively on young birds and eggs, are effectually debarred from entering the nests, so that the parent birds need not trouble themselves about either foe. Although they may repose in perfect safety, undismayed by the approach of either snake or monkey, they never can see one of their enemies without scolding at it, screaming hoarsely, shooting close to its body, and, if possible, indulging in a passing peck.

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AFRICAN WEAVERS.

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Such a scene is depicted in the illustration, where Weaver Birds of several species have united in their attacks upon a monkey that is endeavoring to rob a nest, and has met with a suitable fate.

In the right-hand upper corner of the illustration are seen the curious nests of the *Mahali Weaver*, accompanied by the birds themselves. The general shape of the nest is not unlike that of a Florence oil-flask, supposing the neck to be shortened and widened, the body to be lengthened, and the whole flask to be enlarged to treble its dimensions. Instead, however, of being smooth on the exterior, like the flask, it is intentionally made as rough as possible. The ends of all the grass-stalks, which are of very great thickness, project outward, and point toward the mouth of the nest, which hangs downward; so that they serve as eaves whereby the rain is thrown off the nest, and possibly serve also as a protection against foes, though the latter theory has not yet been corroborated by observation.

Just below the Mahali may be seen a number of roundish nests pendent from boughs. These are the homes of the *Spotted Weaver*, some having their entrance nearly at the bottom, and others toward the side. All, however, are constructed of similar material, and the different position of the mouth is evidently intended merely as an accommodation to circumstances.

In the left-hand lower corner is the long, retort-shaped nest of the pretty *Yellow Weaver*. The substance of which it is made is a very narrow, stiff, and elastic grass, scarcely larger than the ordinary twine used for tying up small parcels, and interwoven with a skill that seems far beyond the capabilities of a mere bird.

When viewed merely from the outside this nest looks as if it would be a very unsafe cradle, and would permit the young birds to fall through the neck into the water. But if the hand be carefully introduced up the neck of one of these nests its admirable fitness for the nurture of the young birds is at once perceived, as well as the ingenious manner in which the interior is constructed. Just where the neck is united to the bulb a kind of wall or partition is made, about two inches in height, which runs completely across the bulb, and effectually prevents the young birds from falling out.

In the right-hand lower corner of the illustration is a nest of the pretty *Taha Weaver*, and hanging over the water near the bottom is the habitation of the *Yellow-capped Weaver*. The nest of this latter bird is notable for the extreme neatness and compactness of its structure, for it can endure a vast amount of careless handling and still retain its beautiful contour. The whole structure is apparently composed of the same plant, namely, a kind of small reed, but the materials are taken from a different portion of the plant, according to the part of the nest for which they are required. The whole exterior, as well as the walls, are made of the reed-stems, woven very closely together, and being of no trifling thickness.

The interior, however, exhibits a lining of flat leaves, laid artistically over each other so as to form a soft, smooth resting-place, but not interlacing at all, being held in their place by their own elasticity. Their color is of a pale bluish gray, and the contrast which they present to the exterior is very strongly marked. In size the nest is about as large as an ordinary cocoa-nut—not quite so long, though broader.

The *Sociable Weaver Bird*, a native of Southern Africa, constructs a habitation in no wise inferior to those already mentioned. This wonderful specimen of bird architecture attracts the attention of the most unobservant traveler, being often large enough to shelter several persons. Though originally commenced by a single pair, it attains its enormous dimensions by the united labors of a community of birds. The first task of this Weaver Bird is to procure a quantity of a peculiar species of grass, which has a large, tough, and wiry blade. This grass they carry to some suitable tree, usually an acacia, the wood of which is hard and tough, and the branches consequently able to bear the great weight of the nests. Then, by means of weaving and plaiting the grass, they form a roof of some little size. Under this roof are placed a quantity of nests, increasing in number with each successive brood. They are set closely together, so that at last they look like a mass of grass pierced with numerous holes, and it is really wonderful that the birds should be able to find their way to their own particular homes.

Although the same nest-mass is occupied for several successive seasons, the birds refuse to build in the same nests a second time, preferring to make a fresh domicile for each new brood. In consequence of this custom, when the birds have entirely filled the roof with their nests, they do not desert it, but enlarge the roof. Layer after layer is thus added, until the mass becomes of so enormous a size that travelers have mistaken these nests for the houses of human beings, and been grievously disappointed when they came near enough to detect their real character. There is a story of a Hottentot and a lion, which will give an idea of the dimensions of these nests. A Hottentot, who was engaged in some task, was suddenly surprised by a lion, and instinctively made for the nearest tree. Up the tree he sprang, and finding one of the branches occupied by the nest of the Sociable Weaver Bird, he took refuge behind the grassy mass, and was thus concealed from the pursuer. The lion, meantime, arrived at the foot of the tree, but could not see his intended prey. The unlucky Hottentot, however, peeped over the nest in order to see whether the coast was clear, and was spied by the lion, who made a dash at the tree. The man shrank back behind the nest, but his imprudent movement brought its own punishment.

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SOCIABLE WEAVER BIRD.

Unable to ascend the tree, and at the same time unwilling to leave his prey, the lion sat down at the foot of the tree. Hour after hour the lion mounted guard over his prisoner, until thirst overpowered hunger, and the animal was forced reluctantly to quit his post and seek for water. The man then scrambled down the tree, and made the best of his way homeward, little the worse for his imprisonment except the fright, and a skin scorched by long exposure to the sun. The artist has introduced this little episode into the illustration, because it enables the reader to judge of the enormous size of the nest.

Season after season the Weaver Birds continue to add their nests, until at last the branch is unable to endure the weight, and comes crashing to the ground. This accident does not often occur during the breeding months, but mostly takes place during the rainy season, the dried grass absorbing so much moisture, that the weight becomes too great for the branch to bear.

The dimensions of some of these structures may be gathered from the fact, that there have been counted in one unfinished edifice, besides the deserted nests of previous seasons, no less than three hundred and twenty nests, each of which was occupied by a pair of birds engaged in bringing up a brood of young, four or five in number.

There are many pensile builders among American birds, and chief among them are the exquisite little humming-birds. When their nests are suspended from leaves, as is most commonly the case, some very tenacious substance must be employed to fasten them securely. This is found in the webs of various spiders, some of which are of wonderful strength and elasticity, and from them the birds can procure the long elastic threads with which the materials of the nest can be tied together, or the soft felt-like substances with which the moss, bark, and fibres can be interwoven, so as to form a firm and wet-resisting mass.

The *Little Hermit* is the name given to a beautiful species of humming-bird, whose habitation is a curiously formed nest, funnel-shaped, and attached to the end of some drooping leaf. It is composed of the silky fibres of plants, the cotton-like down of seed vessels, and some other substance, which is supposed to be fungus, and is of a woolly texture. All these materials are interwoven with spider's-web, by means of which the nest is attached to the leaf at the end of which it swings.

The *Sawbill Humming-Bird*, so called because its slender bill is notched in a saw-like fashion,

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makes its nest of fine vegetable fibres, woven together so as to look like an open net-work purse, the outer walls being so loosely made as to permit the eggs and lining to be visible. Leaves, mosses, and lichens are also woven into the nest, and are packed rather tightly under the eggs. The edge, however, is always left loose. The nest is suspended at the end of some leaf, usually that of the palm.

The *Brazilian Wood Nymph* is perhaps more persecuted than any other species of humming-bird, its singular beauty causing its plumage to be sought after. The feather on the crown of the head and front of the throat are of the most lovely azure, and are largely used by the inmates of several convents at Rio Janeiro for the purpose of being made into the beautiful feather flowers which the nuns manufacture so skillfully. Thousands of these birds are slaughtered merely for the crest and gorget, but so prolific are they, and so ingeniously do they hide their nests, that the persecution of many years has scarcely diminished their numbers. Moreover, fortunately for the preservation of the species, the colors of the female are so dull and sober that her feathers are of no value, and she is allowed to escape the fate that befalls the more brightly-colored male. It is a lively little bird, and when alarmed utters a hurried cry, sounding like the word, "Pip, pip, pip," very sharply pronounced. The nest of the Brazilian Wood Nymph is exceedingly pretty, and is hung to the tip of some delicate twig, generally that of one of the creeping plants which trail their long stems so luxuriantly over the branches of the great forest trees. The walls of the nest are made of vegetable fibres, generally taken from the fruit of some palm, and upon the outside are fastened many patches of flat lichen, so that the whole nest, which is very long in proportion to its width, may easily escape detection.

The *White-sided Hill Star* is a native of the Andes, inhabiting a zone of very great elevation, seldom being seen less than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. With the exception of a bright emerald-green gorget, it is rather a dull-colored bird, the prevailing hue being brown. The nest is shaped something like a hammock, and is fastened to the side of a rock, being suspended by one side so as to leave the remainder free. As is the case with the generality of humming-birds' nests, cobwebs are employed for the purpose of fastening the structure to the object to which it hangs. The materials of which the nest is made are chiefly



LITTLE HERMIT.

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moss, down, and feathers, the feathers being profusely stuck on the outside.

The appearance and habits of the *Baltimore Oriole*, as well as the structure of its nest, may be familiar to many of our readers, since its residence is not confined to any particular locality. A good idea of the general shape of the nest may be formed from the illustration. The materials for it, however, are extremely variable, the bird having a natural genius for nidification, and being always ready to take advantage of any new discovery in architecture.

Near the nest of the Baltimore Oriole is represented a very curious structure swaying in the wind, long, purse-like, and having the entrance near the top. This is the nest of the *Crested Cassique*, or *Crested Oriole*, and the bird itself is seen clinging to the lower part of the nest. A handsome creature is this bird, the greater part of the body being rich chocolate, the wings dark green, and the outer tail-feathers bright yellow, this color being displayed conspicuously as the bird flies, particularly when it makes a sharp turn in the air and is obliged to spread its tail-feathers rapidly. The beak of this species is very remarkable, being of a green color, and extending far up the forehead. The head is adorned with a long-pointed crest, from which its popular name of Crested Oriole is derived. Its nest is of great length, and, as may be seen by the illustration, has the entrance like that of a pocket. The opening is rather small when compared with the size of the nest itself, and the bird always dives head foremost into its home, its yellow tail flashing a last golden gleam before it disappears. The nest is strongly built, and the materials are rather coarse, not in the least resembling the delicate and neatly rounded fibres of which many of the Weaver nests are made. These nests often exceed a yard in length, and, owing to their great size, are very conspicuous, as the wind sways them backward and forward from the bough.



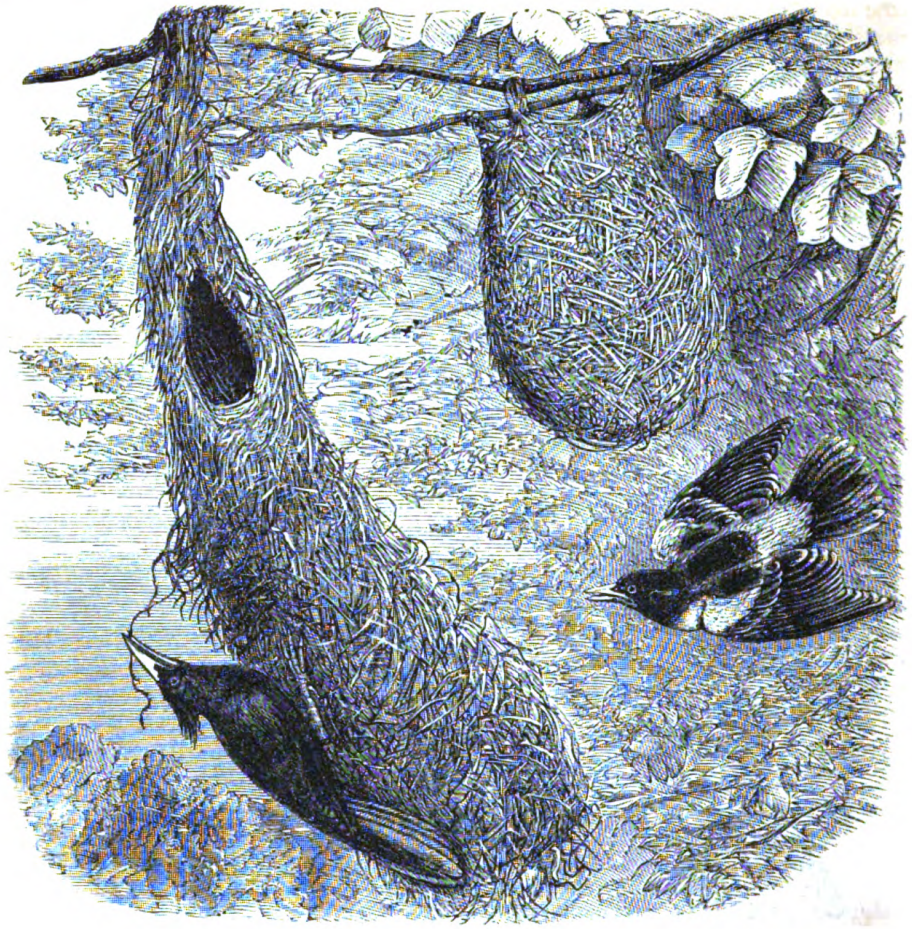
SAWBILL HUMMING-BIRD. BRAZILIAN WOOD NYMPH. WHITE-SIDED HILL STAR.



BAYA SPARROW.

In Ceylon is found the *Baya Sparrow*, whose nest is as remarkable as any specimen that has yet been mentioned. As may be seen by the illustration, these domiciles are variable in shape, and hang close to each other; indeed the birds are very sociable in all their manners, and fly about in great numbers, flocks of thousands flitting among the branches and displaying their pretty plumage to the sun. They have no song, and can only chirp in a monotonous manner; but the want of song finds its com-

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CRESTED CASSIQUE. BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

pensation in the brilliancy of the plumage, which is mostly bright yellow. They are particularly fond of the acacias and date-trees, and choose the branches of those trees for the suspension of their nests. Sometimes the nest is only made for incubation, sometimes it is intended merely as an arbor in which the male sits while the female incubates her eggs, and sometimes it consists of the nest and arbor united, producing a most curious effect.

Among the building birds there is one species which is pre-eminently superior. Not only is there no equal, but there is no second. This is the *Oven Bird*, which derives its name from the shape and material of its nest. It is about as large as a lark, and is a bold-looking bird, rather slenderly built, and standing very upright. Its color is warm brown. It is very active, running and walking very fast, and is much on the wing, though its flights are not of long duration, consisting chiefly of short flittings from bush to bush in search of insects. It generally haunts the banks of South American rivers, and is a fearless little creature, not being alarmed even at the presence of man. The chief interest of this bird centres in its nest, which is a truly remarkable example of bird architecture. The material from which it is made is principally mud or clay obtained from the river banks, but it is strengthened and stiffened by the admixture of grass and various vegetable fibres. The heat of the sun is sufficient to harden it, and when it has been thoroughly dried, it is so strong that it seems more like the handiwork of some novice at pottery than a veritable nest constructed by a bird, the fierce heat of the tropical sun baking the clay nearly as hard as brick. The ordinary shape of the nest is domed and rounded, and has the entrance in the side. Its walls are fully an inch in thickness, and it looks strong enough to bear rolling about on the ground. The bird is not very particular as to the locality of its nest, sometimes building it on a branch of a tree, sometimes on a beam in an outhouse, and now and then on the top of palings; generally, however, it is built in the bushes, but without any attempt at concealment. Owing to its dimensions and shape the nest is extremely conspicuous, and the utter indifference of the bird on this subject is not the least curious part of its history. If one of the nests be carefully divided, the interior will be found even more curious than the outside. Crossing the nest from side to side is a partition made of the same materials as the outer shell, and reaching near-

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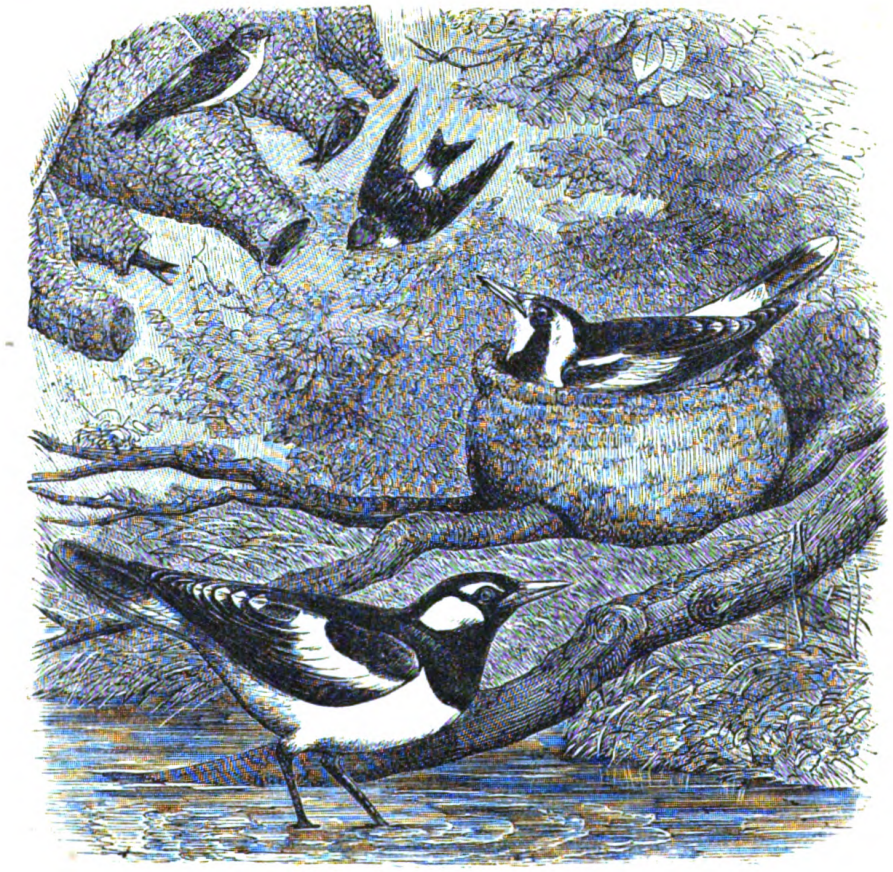
ly to the top of the dome, thus dividing it into two chambers, and also strengthening the whole structure. The inner chamber is devoted to the work of incubation, and within it is a soft bed of feathers upon which the eggs are laid.

Although in the shape of its nest the *Pied Grallina* does not resemble the Oven Bird, the materials with which it is constructed are almost identical. Like the Oven Bird, also, it makes no attempt to conceal its nest, but places it quite conspicuously on a branch. It is almost invariably built on a bough which overhangs the water; and notwithstanding its weight and size, it is so firmly secured that there is no fear lest it should overbalance itself. The walls of the edifice are very thick and solid, and it looks like an exceedingly rude and ill-baked earthenware vessel—just such an one, indeed, as Robinson Crusoe manufactured on his island.

The curious flask-shaped nests which are seen in the illustration are built wholly of clay and mud, and are made by a beautiful little Australian bird, named the *Fairy Martin*, which is closely allied, as its generic name signifies, to the swallows and martins of Great Britain. These remarkable nests are generally to be found upon rocks, and are close to rivers, though occasionally the bird chooses another locality. The shape of the nests always resembles that of a flask or retort, and their size is extremely variable, the length of the necks being from seven to ten inches, and the diameter of the bulb varying from four to seven inches. It is stated that each nest is the joint work of several birds, six or seven being sometimes employed upon one nest, one sitting in the interior, as chief architect, arranging and smoothing the material, while the others go off in search of mud and clay, which they knead well in their mouths before applying it to the nest.

As is generally the case with clay which is thus kneaded, it becomes very hard when baked in the sun, but, at the same time, is rather slow in drying. When the weather is dry the bird can only work in the mornings and evenings, because the heat of the sunbeams soon renders the clay too stiff to be worked by the delicate beaks of the birds; and therefore in the middle of the day the Fairy Martins cease from their architectural labors and do nothing but chase flies. During wet weather, however, when no flies are abroad, and the air is full of moisture, the birds work continually at their nests, and soon complete their labors. The exterior of the nest is quite as rough as that of the common English martin; but in the interior it is beautifully smooth.

The *Long-tailed Titmouse* is a pretty little



FAIRY MARTIN. PIED GRALLINA.

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OVEN BIRD.

bird, very plentiful in England, and owing to its habit of associating in little flocks of ten or twelve in number, and the exceeding restlessness of its character, is very familiar to all observers of nature. These flocks generally consist of the parent and their offspring, for the little creature is exceedingly prolific, laying a vast quantity of tiny eggs in its warm nest, and rearing most of the young to maturity. This is a bird which ought to be cherished by all possessors of fields or gardens, for there is scarcely a more determined enemy to the many noxious insects which destroy the fruits, vegetables, and flowers. Very few are sufficiently early risers to learn the habits of the Long-tailed Titmouse by personal observation. At an early hour in the morning it allows itself to be watched without showing fear of diffidence. But later in the day it is very timid. The shape of its nest is usually oval, and has an aperture at one side, near the top, through which the birds can pass. The materials of which the nest is made are mosses of various kinds, wool, hair, and similar substances, woven with great firmness. It is remarkable that in the construction of this nest, which requires peculiar solidity, the Long-tailed Titmouse uses materials like those which are employed by the humming-birds, and binds its nest together with the webs of spiders, and the silken hammocks of various caterpillars. The exterior of the nest is covered with lichens, so that the whole edifice looks very much like a natural excrescence upon the tree or bush in which it is placed. Sometimes the form of the nest is rather different from that which has been mentioned, and the structure is flask-shaped. Now and then a nest is found in which there are two openings, one near the top in the usual position, and the other on the opposite side and near the bottom. The presence of one or two apertures is probably influenced by the position of the nest and the climate of the locality. If the finger be introduced into the aperture a charmingly soft and warm bed of downy feathers is felt, *in* which, rather than *on* which, the numerous eggs repose.

Perhaps the whole range of ornithology does not produce a more singular phenomenon than the fact of a bird building a house merely for amusement, and decorating it with brilliant objects as if to mark its destination. Such a



THE LONG-TAILED TITMOUSE.

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proceeding marks a great progress in civilization; and it is somewhat startling to find that in this we have long been anticipated by a bird which was unknown until within the last few years.

The ball-room or "bower" which the *Bower Bird* of Australia builds is a very remarkable erection. Its general form may be seen by reference to the illustration, but the method by which it is constructed can only be learned by watching the feathered architect at work. It begins by weaving a tolerably firm platform of small twigs, which look as if the bird had been trying to make a door-mat and had nearly succeeded. It then seeks for some long and rather slender twigs and pushes their bases into the platform, working them tightly into its substance, and giving them such an inward inclination that their tips cross each other and form a simple arch. As the twigs are set along the platform on both sides the bird gradually makes an arched alley, extending variably both in length and height. When the bower is completed one may well ask the use to which it can be put. It is not a nest, nor has the real nest of this bird been yet discovered. It serves as an assembly-room, in which a number of birds take their amusement, running through it, and chasing one another in a very sportive fashion. Why these birds should trouble themselves to make this bower is a problem as yet unsolved. Had the structure served in any way as a protection from the weather, there would have been a self-evident reason for its existence, but the arching twigs are put together so loosely that they can not protect the birds from wind or rain. Whatever may be the object of the bower, the birds are so fond of it that they resort to it during many hours of the day, and a good bower is seldom left without a temporary occupant.

Ornament is also employed by the Bower Bird, both entrances of the bower being decorated with bright and shining objects. The bird is not in the least fastidious about the articles with which it decorates its bower, provided only that they shine and are conspicuous. Scraps of colored ribbon, shells, bits of paper, teeth, bones, broken glass and china, feathers, and similar articles, are in great request, and such objects as a lady's thimble, a tobacco-pipe, and a tomahawk have been found near one of their bowers. Indeed, whenever the natives lose any small and tolerably portable object they always search the bowers of the neighborhood, and frequently find that the missing article is doing duty as decoration to the edifice.

A vast proportion of the feathered tribes select branches of trees or shrubs as the site of



THE BOWER BIRD.

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NEST OF THE CHAFFINCH.

their habitation. Among the most conspicuous of all ordinary branch-nests are those which are made by the Rooks and the Crows. They are large, dark, and are placed upon the topmost boughs of the tree, so that they can be seen at a considerable distance. Their position is evidently intended as a safeguard against the attacks of various enemies, among which the bird-nesting boy is pre-eminently the most dangerous. But the birds themselves seem to have a wonderful knack of choosing those trees which are most difficult of ascent; and place their nests on the extremities of the longest and most slender branches, so as often to baffle the most skillful efforts of their enemies.

The *Chaffinch*, on the other hand, takes a very different method to protect its home. The nest is never easily seen, and its discovery requires a special training of the eye. This bird likes to find the fork of a tree, where several branches are thrown out from one spot, and so as to form a sort of cup in which the nest can lie. Within the forked branches the Chaffinch constructs its nest, chiefly of wool, matted together so as to form a kind of loose felt, with which are woven delicate mosses, spider-webs, cottony down, and lichens. The mosses and lichens are stuck most ingeniously upon the outside of the nest, and have the effect of making it look exactly like a natural excrescence from the tree in which it is placed. This pretty nest is generally deep in proportion to its width, and is lined with hairs, arranged in a most methodical manner, so as to form a cup for the eggs. The hair of the cow is much used by the Chaffinch, and it may be seen collecting its stock in the fields, searching in the crevices of trees and posts, against which the cattle are accustomed to rub themselves. The nest is strong, and owing to the nature of the materials, is very elastic, returning to its original state even after severe pressure.

The nest of the *Goldfinch* is constructed much like that of the Chaffinch, excepting that it is shallower, and the lichens and moss of which it is partly made are not stuck on the outside, but are woven so deeply into the walls that the whole surface is quite smooth. The position of the two nests, however, is very different. Instead of choosing the forks of a bough, the Goldfinch likes to make its nest near the end of a horizontal branch, so that it waves about and dances up and down as the branch is swayed by the wind. It might be thought that the eggs would be shaken out by a tolerably sharp breeze, and such would indeed be the case, were they not kept in their place by the form of the nest. On examination, it will be seen to have the edge thickened and slightly turned inward, so that when the nest is tilted on one

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side by the swaying of the bough the eggs are still retained within. The Goldfinch's nest is usually lined with vegetable down, which it uses in preference to any other material. On this soft bed reposes five pretty eggs, white, tinged with blue, and diversified with small grayish-purple spots. Altogether, it is hardly possible to find a more beautiful group than is made by a pair of Goldfinches, their nest, and eggs.

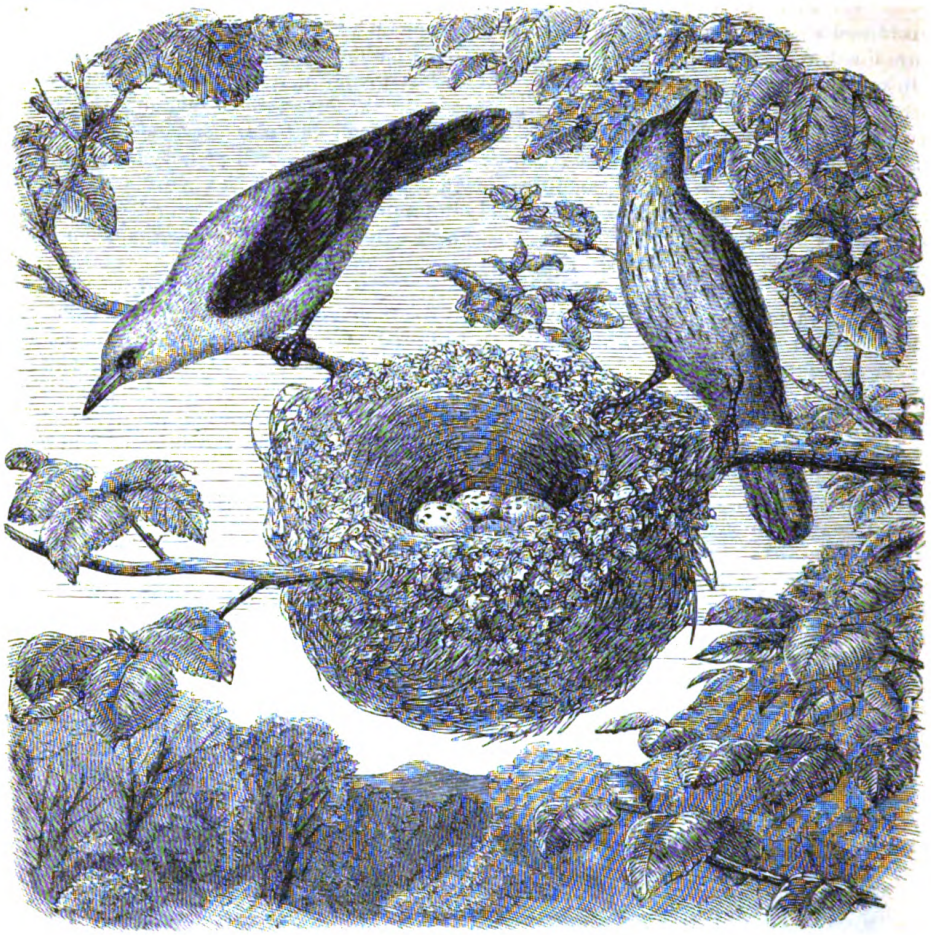
The *Golden Oriole* is rarely seen in England; but in the warmer parts of the continent it is plentiful, and in Italy it is highly esteemed by epicures, toward the middle of autumn, when it has become fat and plump by the free use of fruit. The nest of the Golden Oriole is always placed near the extremity of a branch, and in some cases is so constructed that it almost deserves to be ranked among the pensiles. It is always a pretty nest, and the illustration on page 560 conveys a good idea of its general form. It is always more or less cup-like in shape, but the comparative depth of the cup is very variable, as in some cases it is scarcely deeper in proportion than that of the Goldfinch, and rather saucer-shaped, while in others the depth even exceeds the width. Perhaps the nest may be altered in shape after the female begins to deposit her eggs, as is known to be the case with many birds, the additions being always made to the margin. The object for deepening the nest may probably be traced to the weather which happens to prevail. If the winds be light, it may remain in its flat and saucer-like form without endangering the safety of the eggs; but if the season should be inclement and tempestuous, a deeper nest is needed in order to prevent the eggs or young from being flung out of their home. The body of the nest is formed chiefly of vegetable substances, usually the stems of different grasses, which are interwoven with wool, and thus made into a tolerably strong fabric. The female bird is said to be very affectionate, and to sit so closely on her nest that she will almost suffer the hand to be laid upon her before she will leave her post. In the illustration the female bird is standing upright on the branch, and looking upward, while the male is bending over the bough, and peering downward, as if at some fancied foe.

The nest of the *Water Hen* is always placed near the water, though the bird seems very indifferent about the precise locality. Sometimes it is made on the ground, among sedges and rushes; and sometimes on a branch which overhangs the water. The nest is large and rudely made, and when it is placed on a bough, the twigs of the same branch often dip into the water, and the nest looks like a bunch of weeds



NEST OF GOLDFINCH.

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GOLDEN ORIOLES AND NEST.

and other *débris* that have floated down the stream and been arrested by the branch. The similitude is increased by a curious habit of the bird. When she leaves her nest, she pulls over her eggs a quantity of the same substances as those which form the materials of the nest, so that they are completely hidden from sight, and the form of the nest quite obscured. When the nest is found with the eggs exposed, this apparent neglect is always caused by the frightened bird dashing off at the approach of an intruder, and having no time to cover them properly. The young of this bird are the oddest little beings imaginable, looking like spherical puffs of black down rather than birds. They take to the water at once, and if one can manage to watch the mother and her little family, he will see one of the quaintest and prettiest groups in the world. The little black balls swim about quite at their ease, keeping within a short distance of their parent, and traversing the water with wonderful rapidity.

The remarkably beautiful nest of the *Reed Warbler*, a British bird, is not often found on account of the localities where it is placed. This pretty little architect loves a patch of marshy land, almost wholly covered with stagnant water, and full of the reeds among which its home is made—not an agreeable place of investigation to the pedestrian. The nest is supported between three or four reeds, as is shown in the illustration, and is remarkably deep in proportion to its width. The object of this depth is evident. To bend as a reed before the wind is a proverbial saying, and any one who has seen a large mass of reeds on a stormy day must have been impressed with their graceful curves. A nest, therefore, which rests on such pliant supports must be thrown out of its perpendicular by every breath of wind, and unless it were very deep the eggs would be flung out. The great depth, however, of the nest counteracts the deflection of the reeds; and, however fiercely the storm may rage, the Reed Warbler sits securely in her nest, even though it be sometimes nearly bowed to the surface of the water. The materials of the nest are generally taken from the immediate neighborhood, the body of it being composed of broken rushes and moss bound together with reed leaves, and the lining made almost wholly of cow's hair. In the illustration the nest is represented as it appears during a rather smart breeze. The reeds are all bowed down by the force of the wind, and the nest is leaning so much to one side, that its contents would be

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flung into the water were it of the ordinary cup-shaped form. The tiny inmates, however, are perfectly secure in their home, and crouch in the bottom of the nest, so that there is no fear that they may be thrown out. The parent birds are busily attending on their little family, one having just brought an insect which all the gaping mouths are eager to devour, while the other is setting off in its turn to perform the like office.



NEST OF THE REED WARBLER.

In an illustration on page 562 are shown the nests of two species of Humming-bird. The oddly-shaped nest which occupies the upper part of the drawing is made by the *Fiery Topaz*, one of the most magnificent of these lovely birds. The body is fiery scarlet, the head velvet-black, the throat glittering emerald, with a patch of crimson in the centre; the lower part of the back is also green, and the long, slender, crossed feathers of the tail are purple with a green gloss. So magnificent a bird can have but few rivals, and there is only one species which even approaches it in beauty. This is the Crimson Topaz, a bird which



WATER HEN AND NEST.

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FIERY TOPAZ AND HERMIT.

is nearly allied to it, and which much resembles it in general coloring. Curiously enough, although it is bedecked with resplendent hues, which seem to need the presence of daylight, and to be made expressly for the purpose of reflecting the brightest beams of the sun, yet the lovely bird is one of the night-wanderers, being seldom seen as long as the sun is above the horizon, and preferring to seek its food while the world is shrouded in darkness.

The nest which is built by the Fiery Topaz is really a wonderful structure. Its shape is remarkable, and is well shown in the illustration. It is fastened to the branch with extreme care, as is clearly necessary from its general form. The most curious point about the nest is, however, the material of which it is made. When it was first discovered no one knew how the bird could have built so strange a structure. It looked as if it were made of very coarse buff leather, and was so similar in hue to the branches that surrounded it, that it seemed more like a natural excrescence than a birds-nest. The reason for this similitude was simple enough. It was made of a natural excrescence, and therefore resembled one. When the Fiery Topaz wishes to build a nest, it goes off to the trees, and searches for a peculiar kind of fungus, and with this singular material it makes its home. It is tough, leathery, thick, and soft, and in some curious manner the bird contrives to mould the apparently intractable substance into the shape which is represented in the illustration.

The lower figure in the illustration represents the nest of another species of Humming-bird, belonging to the pretty little group popularly called *Hermits*, and which may be recognized by the peculiar shape of the tail. All the Hermits are remarkable for the beauty of their homes. The nest of this species is always long and funnel-shaped, and is hung either to a leaf or a delicate twig of a tree.

There is a remarkable species of bird, to which is given the popular name of *Edible*, or *Esculent Swallow*, not because it is itself edible, but because its nest is eaten in some countries. We have all heard of birds-nest soup, and some may possibly have imagined that the nests in question are made of the ordinary vegetable substances, such as moss, leaves, and twigs. In reality they are formed of some gelatinous substance, though its true nature is still uncertain, no one precisely knowing whether it is of animal or vegetable origin. Some persons have thought that the material is fish-spawn, which the bird fetches from the sea;



EDIBLE SWALLOW.

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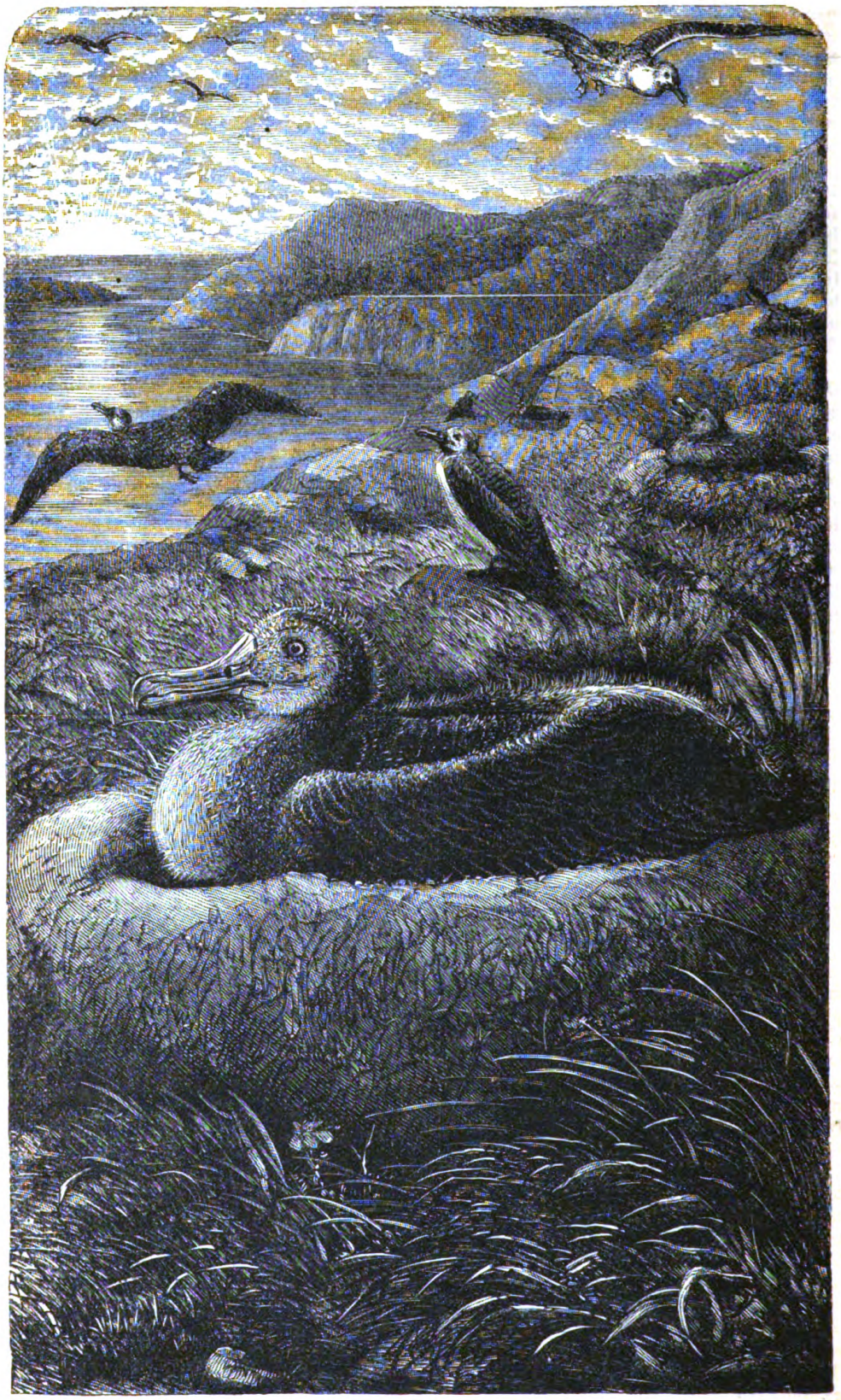
others have supposed it to be a kind of seaweed, which is dissolved in the bird's crop and then disgorged; while others believe that it is secreted by certain glands in the throat, and proceeds entirely from the body of the architect. When first made these nests are very white and delicate in their aspect, and in that condition are extremely valuable, being sold at an extravagant price to the Chinese. They soon darken by use and exposure, and are not fit for the purposes of the table until they have been cleaned and bleached. These nests are found in Borneo, Java, etc., and are extremely local, being confined to certain spots. The birds always choose the sides of deep cavernous precipices, so that the task of obtaining the nests is extremely dangerous. They are attached to the perpendicular rocks much as the ordinary mud-built swallow nests, and are generally arranged in horizontal layers. The caverns in which the nests are placed are extremely valuable, and are preserved with jealous care from any intruder. On the outside the nests have a shelly appearance, being arranged in regular layers, with distinct edges. The material is so translucent that when placed on printed paper and held to the light the capital letters can be plainly read through its substance. A glance at the interior shows at once the mode of its construction. It is made of innumerable glutinous threads, which have been drawn irregularly across each other, and have hardened by exposure to the air into a material which much resembles isinglass. The nests, when used as an article of food, are steeped in hot water for a considerable time, when they soften into a gelatinous mass, which forms the basis of a fashionable soup, not unlike turtle soup. The Chinese value this soup highly, thinking that it possesses great power of restoring lost strength. It is, however, far too costly to be obtained by any but the rich.

The nest of the *Nightingale* is always set very near the ground, and in most cases is scarcely raised more than a few inches above the soil. In one sense it is not a pretty nest, and its apparent roughness of construction is probably intended to make it less conspicuous. The discovery of a Nightingale's nest is not an easy task, unless the eye be directed to the spot by watching the movements of the bird. It is always most carefully concealed under growing foliage, and is composed of grass, straw, little sticks, and dried leaves, all jumbled together with such "artless art" that even when a nest is seen its real nature often escapes detection. In consequence of the position which they occupy the materials look like a mass of loose *débris* that has been blown by



THE NIGHTINGALE.

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THE ALBATROS.

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THE COOT.

the wind and arrested by the foliage among which it has been lodged. The eggs are equally inconspicuous, being dull olive-brown, without a spot or streak. After they are laid, the lively song of the Nightingale becomes less and less frequent, while after the young are hatched the bird is silent until the next season.

The *Wandering Albatros*, the giant of the petrel tribe, makes its nest after a peculiar fashion. It chooses the summit of lofty precipices near the sea, and its nest may be found plentifully in the islands of the Southern Atlantic Ocean. The Albatros is lord of the country, and no other living being seems to intrude upon its nesting-place. So completely do the birds feel themselves masters of the situation, that if a human being penetrates to their haunts they quietly move about as if he were non-existent, and do not appear to take the least notice of him. On such elevated positions the cold is necessarily intense, but the Albatros cares not for the cold; and brings up its white-coated young in a temperature that few human beings would care to endure. The Albatros lays only a single egg, and no particular bed seems necessary for it. The mother bird simply deposits it on the bare ground, and then scrapes earth around it, so as to form a small circular wall, as may be seen by reference to the illustration.

The *Coot*, sometimes called the *Bald Coot*, on account of the horny plate on its forehead, which is pink during the breeding season and white during the rest of the year, forms an ingenious structure for its home. Its favorite nesting-places are little islands on which the grass grows rankly. Failing them it will make its nest among reeds and rushes, binding and twisting them together until they are firm enough to support the weight of the nest, the bird, and the many eggs. The nest contains a great number of eggs, seldom less than seven, and sometimes twelve or fourteen. They are whitish, and profusely spotted with irregular brown marks. In the illustration the haunts of the Coot are well represented. In the foreground is one of the grass tussocks, of which a pair of Coots have taken possession, and in which the young are seen under the protection of their parents. Similar tussocks protrude from the shallow water, and from one of them the mother Coot is issuing, followed by her young brood. In the back-ground are seen a pair of swans, one of which is bearing her young on her back, according to the custom of her kind.

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THE RUINED HOUSE.

IT stands remote by sunken ways,
Where wheels no more the dust shall raise;
The fences that once ran before,
Like invitations to the door,
Are gone, except the zigzag lines
Of corner-stones; the wayside vines,
Too wild to die, by cattle trod
Each year sprout weaker through the sod;
The nestled garden-plot
To bleak, bare pasture land has passed
Unmarked, except that to the last
Some poison parsnips haunt the spot.

The paths by frequent usage worn,
To orchard and the early corn
Rayed from one centre, show no trace
Of their dear lines around the place;
The sheds with open southern look,
And hanging tools from brace and hook,
And odorous wood and oozing chips,
Whose juice was sweet to little lips,
In shapeless masses lie,
Around which flutter in the gales
Festoons of wool on twisted nails
And rifted shingles thin and dry.

The barn, that once seemed close beside,
Stands off a cold, bleak distance wide;
Its chain of buildings, sunny, small,
That broke the north wind with their wall,
Is rent away, and, hardened grown,
It keeps its loveless age alone;
No warm, bright straw is round the door,
No golden chaff is on the floor—
The restless swallows there
Are wild, suspicious, faithless birds,
Whose shrill has lost the sound of words
From long neglect of human care.

A tall and weather-beaten post,
Its fork by rusting king-bolt crossed,
Stands by a low, flat stone that keeps
Guard o'er the dark and unstirred deeps
Where corded muscles bare and brown
Once thrust the gurgling bucket down,
And tossed the limpid, cooling spray
On beards immixed with seeds of hay
In sultry summer's height;
Now rusty slime in silence falls,
And stones slip from the green, wet walls
Where rose the crystal-clear delight.

In naked desolation left
The house stands of life's life bereft;
The empty windows square and stark
Look blank against the inward dark,
Where plaster falls and fungus springs
And bats hang from their barbèd wings,
And sinking floors are all defiled
By slimy slugs, where once the child
Crawled on its pearly palms,
And doors are fastened that swung free
To fire-warm hospitality
Or prayer of wanderer asking alms.

The damp within strikes slowly through
And oozes in a mouldy dew,
Licked up by moss and ravenous things,
With myriad feet and hairy rings,
That feed on death; and blistered weeds,
With drug-like smell and hookèd seeds,
Dig with strong roots at basement wall,
While hangs around and over all
A grim and sullen air,
As if the ruined house held still
To life in death with evil will
And kept defiant station there.

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HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.



LOUIS M. GOLDSBOROUGH.

XI.—THE NAVY IN THE NORTH CAROLINA SOUNDS.

The Dispersed and Dismantled Navy.—Energy of the Secretary of the Navy.—Sumter.—The Star of the West.—Naval and Army Expedition organized.—The Voyage.—Entering Hatteras Inlet.—Storms and Delays.—Battle of Croatan Sound.—Capture of Roanoke Island.—The service rendered by each Ship.—Flight of Rebel Gunboats.—The Pursuit.—Destruction of the Rebel Fleet.—The Rebel Flag swept from Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds.

WHEN the rebellion commenced we had almost no navy. Treason, which was then in power at Washington, had allowed nearly the whole fleet to fall into decay. The few ships which remained were ordered far away to distant seas, that they might present no annoyance to the plans of the rebels. Early in January, 1861, a patriot garrison of about eighty men were starving in Fort Sumter, besieged by the rebels, who had not yet openly declared war, but who were endeavoring to get possession of the fort by starving out its defenders. We had no fleet to send to their relief. Still more unfortunately, we had then a Government in league with treason, and which had no desire to send efficient aid to men beleaguered beneath its flag. As the traitors in the cabinet at Washington, having accomplished their ends, one after another retired, a few patriotic men succeeded them. They combined their energies in the endeavor to transmit supplies and a small reinforcement to the fortress around which the rebels were rearing their menacing batteries.

They had no fleet at hand armed with thunder-bolts to blow the insolent rebels into the air, and were consequently doomed to the humiliation of chartering a humble merchant steamer, of a few hundred tons, hoping that the rebels would allow so insignificant a craft to glide by their guns into the harbor of Charleston, to carry a few barrels of flour and a few bushels of potatoes to the heroic little garrison which, under the command of General Anderson, was

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THE "STAR OF THE WEST" OFF CHARLESTON HARBOR.

starving in the casements of one of the most powerful forts of the United States.

At 7 o'clock in the morning of the 9th of January, 1861, the Star of the West, freighted with provisions, appeared at the mouth of Charleston Harbor. She scarcely ventured to raise the national banner, but with a small flag modestly floating at her peak, without the menace of a single gun, assuming the meekest possible attitude, this ridiculous little thing crept suppliantly along, the representative of the navy of the United States. The rebels, behind their batteries on the shore, gazed for a moment contemptuously upon the approaching steamer, and then training their guns, opened upon her volley after volley of solid shot and shells. The terrified craft could do nothing but turn upon her heel and run away. We had not a ship capable of avenging this insult. Such was the condition of the United States navy, as it was transmitted by the Buchanan Government to the administration of Abraham Lincoln.*

On the 4th of March, 1861, the new Admin-

* See Charleston *Courier*, January 10, 1861. Also correspondence between General Anderson and Governor Pickens, of South Carolina. Reb. Rec. vol. i. Doc. 18. In this correspondence General Anderson says: "Two of your batteries fired this morning on an unarmed vessel bearing the flag of my Government. As I have not been notified that war has been declared between South Carolina and the United States I can not but think this a hostile act committed without your sanction or authority." Governor Pickens replied that "This act is perfectly justified by me."

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istration came into power. A true patriot, Gideon Welles, a man of quiet, unboasting, indomitable energy, was appointed Secretary of the Navy. There was now hearty zeal in the Government, but a navy had to be created. We had not one ship strong enough in her armament to convey a barrel of flour to our beleaguered troops. At half past 4 o'clock in the morning of the 4th of April, 1861, the rebels, from the encircling batteries which they had been rearing at their leisure, opened fire upon Fort Sumter. In a bombardment of thirty-six hours' duration they threw into the fort 2361 solid shot and 980 shells.*

The United States Government had exerted all its energies to fit out a small fleet for the relief of Sumter; but so effectually had treason done its work, in dismantling and dispersing the navy, that only a few powerless wooden vessels could be sent, and they did not dare even to enter the harbor. It was not cowardice which compelled them to float outside of the bar, gazing impotently upon the struggle without venturing to fire a gun. And when they saw the national banner fall from the walls of Sumter, and the flag of rebellion take its place, they could only return humiliated to the North to tell the story. Such was the condition of the American navy in the middle of April, 1861.

War was now commenced in good earnest. The Navy Department was called upon immediately to blockade a coast over three thousand miles in extent, spreading from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande, and broken by innumerable bays, islands, inlets, and rivers. It was declared by the highest British authority that such a blockade was a "material impossibility." Yet within eighteen months it was done, and done so effectually that the same authority which had declared the achievement impossible, with a list in their hands of every vessel which had succeeded in running the blockade, declared that in no previous war had the ports of an enemy's country been so effectually closed by a naval force.

The whole extent of the coast to be guarded by a blockading fleet, according to an official report, was three thousand five hundred and forty-nine miles, without including inlets, harbors, mouths of rivers, and double shores. Along this coast there were one hundred and eighty-nine openings into which blockading ships could run. England, who had for so long been undisputed mistress of the seas, seemed to exert all her energies, in defiance of this blockade, to carry aid and comfort to the rebels. To the honor of France it should be mentioned that during the war scarcely a French ship was known to attempt to run the blockade.

In a few months, by the exercise of energy to which we can find no parallel in the history of other nations, the United States Government had four splendid squadrons afloat. The North Atlantic squadron, under Admiral Goldsborough, succeeded by Admiral S. P. Lee, guarded the coasts of Virginia and North Carolina. The South Atlantic squadron, under Admiral Du Pont, blockaded the harbors of South Carolina, Georgia, and the eastern coast of Florida. The Gulf squadron was divided into two fleets. The Eastern Division, under command of Flag-Officer M'Kean, succeeded by Admiral Lardner, who was succeeded by Commodore Bailey, guarded the southern and eastern coast of the Florida Peninsula, from Cape Canaverat to Pensacola. The Western Gulf squadron, commencing at Pensacola, extended westward to the Rio Grande. This was esteemed the most important command ever intrusted to a naval officer. A vast export trade of cotton, sugar, and other products had been carried on from this region. The great central valley of the continent found its outlet to the ocean through the Mississippi River. Plans were already in operation for the capture of New Orleans, and for reopening the navigation of the Mississippi. In selecting Captain D. G. Farragut for this responsible command the right man was found for the right place.

In addition to these vast squadrons on our ocean frontier an armed flotilla was called rapidly into existence on our Western waters which was placed under the control of Commander John Rodgers. This flotilla, which was vigorously commenced by Commander Rodgers, soon passed under the command of the then Captain A. H. Foote, who, painfully wounded at Donelson, was succeeded by Captain Charles H. Davis. Upon his promotion to Chief of the Bureau of Navigation the gun-boat fleet was transferred to the command of Admiral D. D. Porter.

The rebels, by the autumn of 1861, had erected such formidable batteries upon the Virginia shore of the Potomac, that for several months there was no communication with Washington by water, save when an armed ship ran the blockade. In March, 1862, the rebels abandoned these batteries. The advance of our army toward Richmond rendered it necessary to concentrate quite a large fleet in the waters of the York and James rivers. These vessels, after the battle of Malvern Hill, were combined into a distinct organization. Captain Charles Wilkes was detailed for that duty. In July, 1862, he entered upon the work with

* See statistical Report in the Charleston *Mercury*, of May 5, of the number of shot thrown during the bombardment from every battery:

	Shot.	Shell.
Stevens Battery, Morris's Island.....	183	60
Trapier's Battery, Morris's Island....	—	170
Cummings's Point Battery, Morris's Is.	836	197
Rifle Cannon, Morris's Island.....	11	19
Battery No. 1, Sullivan's Island.....	—	185
Battery No. 2, Sullivan's Isl., Mortar.	—	88
Sumter Battery, Sullivan's Island....	651	1
Oblique Battery, Sullivan's Island...	110	5
Enfilade Battery, Sullivan's Island...	600	—
Dahlgren Battery, Sullivan's Island..	—	61
Floating Battery, Sullivan's Island...	470	—
Mount Pleasant Battery.....	—	51
Lower Battery, James Island.....	—	90
Upper Battery, James Island.....	—	53
Total.....	2361	980

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great vigor. Upon the withdrawal of the army from the peninsula the flotilla was disbanded. In consequence of the liberation of these vessels a flying squadron was organized to sweep up and down the coast in pursuit of the vessels seeking to violate the blockade. Rear-Admiral Wilkes was placed in command of this squadron, and sailed from Hampton Roads, in the Wachusett, on the 24th of September, 1862.

In addition to the blockade of the whole Southern sea-board line various expeditions were undertaken to strike the enemy an effectual blow wherever an exposed point was presented. To the detail of some of these naval expeditions we now invite the attention of our readers.

The shallow sounds and inlets on the North Carolina coast presented the most favorable facilities for the ingress and egress of blockade runners of light draught. Thus, to our great annoyance, an immense amount of muskets, cannon, powder, percussion-caps, and army stores were sent to the rebels from England, and large quantities of cotton were carried back in payment. It therefore became a matter of vital necessity to gain possession of these waters. A joint expedition of the navy and army was organized for this purpose.

Early in January, 1862, a naval force was assembled at Hampton Roads, under the command of Flag-Officer L. M. Goldsborough. It consisted of twenty-three light-draught vessels, with an armament of forty-eight guns.* Most of these guns were of heavy calibre. The co-operating *land force*, under General A. E. Burnside, had been first rendezvoused at Annapolis, Maryland, from which point they joined the naval force at Fortress Monroe. They were organized in three brigades, numbering about sixteen thousand men. They required over thirty transports to take them to their destination. Five vessels conveyed the horses, eight or ten were loaded with supplies, a siege-train, etc. At 10 o'clock Saturday night, January 11, the combined expedition was in motion. It was a beautiful moonlight night. But after an hour or two a dense fog enveloped the fleet as it moved rapidly forward, gently rising and falling over the heavy swell of the Atlantic.

All day Sunday, the 12th, the squadron steamed rapidly along, with gleams of sunshine breaking through the fog, while the white sand of the low beach, but a few miles distant upon the right, extended as far as the eye could reach. Just as the sun was sinking beneath a band of cloudless sky the squadron passed Cape Hatteras. It was not safe to attempt the passage of the Inlet, which was about twelve miles distant, in the dark, and the fleet hove to. On Monday morning, the 13th, the sun rose clear from the apparently boundless expanse of ocean, and a gentle, warm south wind breathed over the decks of the ships. Still a heavy sea was breaking over the bar of the Inlet, and great anxiety was felt lest some of the larger ships might be lost in attempting the passage.

The blue coats of the Union troops were seen on the shore as our soldiers were busily engaged on the earth-works of Fort Hatteras, which had been taken in a former expedition. The Stars and Stripes were floating proudly from a tall flag-staff. As our vessels, one by one, gained the inside of the Inlet, they anchored, just north of the entrance, under the lee of the land. Thus Monday, the 13th, passed.

Tuesday morning was ushered in with a cold, northeasterly gale. A severe squall and a dark cloud in the north had given warning of it the preceding day. As the dreary hours wore away the storm increased in violence. Scarcely any thing can be conceived more forlorn than the region of these sand spits, not more than three-quarters of a mile in width, thinly covered with shrub oaks, and over which the ocean spray was furiously dashing. With great anxiety those who were somewhat sheltered from the storm watched the steamer City of New York, which had run aground outside of the Inlet, and the breakers were dashing over her furiously. The crew had cut away the foremast, which in its fall had carried away the main-top-mast, and over the steamer, which seemed to be a total wreck, a signal of distress was floating. The night was dark, stormy, and dreary.

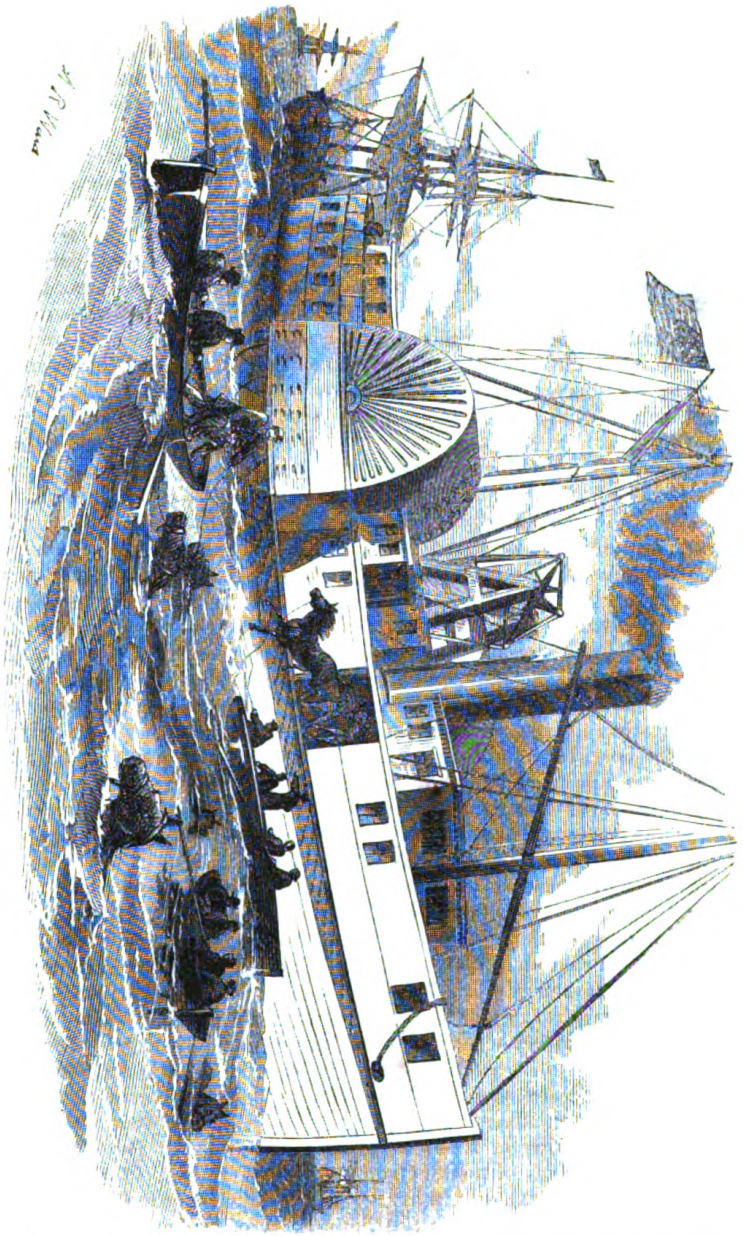
With the dawn of Wednesday morning, the 15th, there was some change for the better. The gale had subsided, but still the raging sea chased itself in huge foaming billows through the Inlet. The crew of the City of New York was taken off by boats, but the ship itself proved a perfect wreck. The crew had suffered fearfully. For a long time the fury of the storm was such that no aid could be sent to the foundering steamer. All day Tuesday and Tuesday night the sufferers were lashed to the rigging, drenched with the spray, and in momentary peril of being swept by the surges into the foaming sea. The billows were making a clean breach over the wreck, and all the boats but one were dashed to pieces.

In this awful hour, when death, in one of its most appalling forms, seemed to be the inevitable doom of the whole ship's company, two heroic young men from Newark, New Jersey, William H. and Charles A. Beach, launched the only remaining yawl, and, accompanied by William Miller, of Nashville, Tennessee, Hugh M'Cabe, of Providence, Rhode Island, and George Mason, the colored steward, pulled over the bar, and informed several vessels of the fleet of the terrible peril of the New York City and her crew. Surf-boats and life-boats were sent, and the crew were saved.

Most of the vessels of the fleet were now

* The names of these twenty-three gun-boats, with the names of their commanders, is given in the Rebellion Record, vol. i. p. 89, taken from the New York *Commercial*. Of these gun-boats but eighteen, according to Flag-Officer Goldsborough's Report, succeeded in entering the Inlet to take part in the engagement. The names of these eighteen, with the names of their commanders, may be found in the detailed report of Flag-Officer Goldsborough, in the Report of the Secretary of the Navy, 1862, p. 64.

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DISEMBARKING HORSES.

huddled together in a very wretched place of anchorage within the Inlet. The weather continued unpropitious, with occasional lulls, and again with gusts of wind which amounted almost to a gale. Many of the ships were disabled by striking together, and one or two vessels were sunk. Thus uncomfortably and perilously passed Wednesday and Thursday.

The next day, Friday, the 17th, a fresh southeasterly wind enabled several of the ships which had been dispersed by the gale, and which were yet outside of the bar, having been driven off to sea, to enter the Inlet and join the squadron there. In a great military and naval expedition, where so many combinations are essential to the final result, delays are inevitable, which no ordinary foresight can anticipate. Friday and Saturday the fleet rolled upon the billows of the troubled sea, while all were impatiently awaiting the order to advance.

Sunday, the 19th, came. Though war has seldom any day of rest, the true Christian, even amidst all its tumult, will find some hours or moments for communion with his Heavenly Father. There were on board that fleet many hundreds of patriotic hearts inspired by the highest principles of religion. In little Christian bands they met to implore God's blessing upon their enterprise, and their songs of praise, wafted from ship to ship over the wild waste of waters, blended sweetly with the anthems voiced so sublimely by wind and sea. During the day a large number of horses were landed. The poor creatures, trembling with fright, were led

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to the gangway, and with ropes tied around their necks, about thirty feet long, were pushed into the wintry waves. Then, by securing the rope to the stern of a small boat, they were led ashore. As they were thrown overboard, falling from a height of several feet, they sank far beneath the water, but came up puffing and blowing, and by some instinct struck out immediately for the beach. It will be remembered that by a previous expedition under General Butler Fort Hatteras and the region about the Inlet had been captured, and that the national banner now floated there. The fort was at the southern end of the long sand spit, through which the waves had cut the narrow Inlet. Further up this barren tongue of land there were intrenched camps, with skillfully constructed earth-works.

Though most of the fleet had now entered the Inlet, there was another bar, called the bulk-head or swash, still to be passed, before the ships would be fairly within the waters of Pamlico Sound. A sad disaster occurred to-day. A surf-boat was passing through the breakers outside of the Inlet, when she was struck by a heavy sea, which filled her with water, knocked down the crew of ten or twelve sailors, and tore from their hands their oars. Surgeon Weller was trampled down in the bottom of the boat and drowned. The boat, left at the mercy of the waves, was soon upset. Colonel Allen, and the second-mate, James Taylor, were both drowned. The whole crew would have perished but that a tug chanced to be near, which picked up the men struggling in the waves.

Gradually, but laboriously, the transports and gun-boats were got over the swash into deep water. While this toilsome operation was in progress, in which it was necessary to lighten some of the ships of every thing which would add to their depth, the explosion of heavy guns was heard in the direction of Croatan Sound. Some of the gun-boats had steamed up within sight of the rebel batteries on Roanoke Island, and the rebels had opened upon them with 32-pound shot, inflicting, however, no damage. The night of Wednesday, the 22d, was intensely dark, and a dense fog enveloped the fleet. Aided by the wind, blowing strongly from the sea, and by the quantity of water which it forced into the Inlet, several more ships were taken over the swash.

Quite a number of contrabands, some fifty in all, had now made their appearance on shore at the camps. Through a thousand hair-breadth escapes they had made their way to the Union flag. They were all intensely loyal, and were kindly received. Five or six came down the Sound in an open boat. Their clothing was in rags, their bodies emaciate with hunger, and they had suffered all but death from their exposure on the land and on the sea. It appeared that they had escaped from one of the northern counties of North Carolina. For five weeks they struggled through the woods, traveling mostly by night, and living upon roots and herbs. Reaching Albemarle Sound, they seized a boat which they found upon the shore, and paddled down the eastern side of Roanoke Island to the fleet. They were fired upon frequently by the rebel sentries, but ran the gauntlet in safety.

It was cold, wintry weather, and the sea was swept by a constant succession of gales. On Sunday, the 26th, Flag-Officer Goldsborough sent a dispatch to Secretary Welles, stating that seventeen vessels, bearing an armament of forty-eight guns, had crossed the bulk-head. Eleven of these guns were of 9-inch calibre; two were 100-pounder rifled guns; two were rifled 80-pounders. The remainder ranged from 32 to 12-pounders.*

"The channel-way of this bulk-head," says Flag-Officer Goldsborough, "is shallow, narrow, and tortuous. Under the most favorable circumstances scarcely an inch more than seven and a half feet of water can be found in it. It was only by the greatest exertions and perseverance on the part of my officers and men, and by turning every possible expedient to prompt account, that our vessels of the heaviest draught—some of them drawing quite eight feet—were worked through this perplexing gut; and it was in contending with this difficult passage, with our vessels struggling along, unavoidably one by one, that I first expected opposition from the enemy. But nothing of the sort occurred. Until quite recently he was in the habit of visiting this neighborhood weekly, and amusing himself by keeping just out of harm's way, and expending ammunition from rifled guns at the vessels in this harbor. In no instance, however, did any projectile of his ever reach one of them. I had occasion to send out a steamer, day before yesterday, to ascertain if a certain buoy in the Sound was still in its place, and while engaged in this service she discovered two rebel steamers in the distance. On the fact being communicated to Commander Rowan he instantly put after them with several of our steamers. But they at once took to flight, and were too far off to be overhauled. Any decided approach to this quarter now, on the part of the enemy, with all the force he could muster, would, to a moral certainty, result in his speedy capture or destruction. The

* See Report of the Secretary of the Navy, 1862, p. 60. Flag-Officer Goldsborough, in his dispatch, says: "I have the honor to inform the Department that I arrived here from Hampton Roads, in the army transport Spaulding, on the morning of the 13th, just at the commencement of a strong northeast gale of wind, which lasted until the morning of the 15th, when for the first moment we were able to commence moving our naval vessels to a position in the Sound, over and beyond the bulk-head, where seventeen of them now lie, and have been lying for several days, under the immediate command of Commander Rowan, in full readiness for operations of any sort. This, in effect, now gives us the *naval* command of the Sound. Its *military* command will be secured by taking Roanoke Island.

"General Burnside is here with most of his vessels and all of his troops. Owing to various difficulties it was not in his power, before yesterday, to make any rapid progress in getting his vessels over the bulk-head."

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CONTRABANDS IN THE SWAMPS.

Commodore Perry has arrived, and General Burnside has succeeded in getting a considerable number of his vessels over the bulk-head. Things now look hopeful, and I trust that we shall be at the enemy very soon."

Still there were delays, though every nerve of energy was strained, both on the part of Flag-Officer Goldsborough in the fleet, and General Burnside in command of the land-force, to push the expedition forward to certain victory. On the morning of the 4th of February a small sail-boat was seen far away in the horizon, and a gun-boat was sent in pursuit of it. Nineteen patriotic negroes were found in the boat, who had escaped from the enemy, and were seeking refuge on board the Union fleet. The hour of action was now at hand. General Burnside issued a proclamation to his soldiers breathing that spirit of humanity which, in his nature, was blended with chivalric courage which could not be surpassed.

"In the march of the army," he said, "all unnecessary injuries to houses, barns, fences, and other property will be carefully avoided. And in all cases the laws of civilized warfare will be carefully observed. Wounded soldiers will be treated with every care and attention, and neither they nor prisoners must be insulted by word or act."

At an early hour in the morning of Wednesday, the 5th of February, the whole fleet, after three weeks and two days of preparation at Hatteras Inlet, were in motion, steaming up Pamlico Sound in the direction of Roanoke

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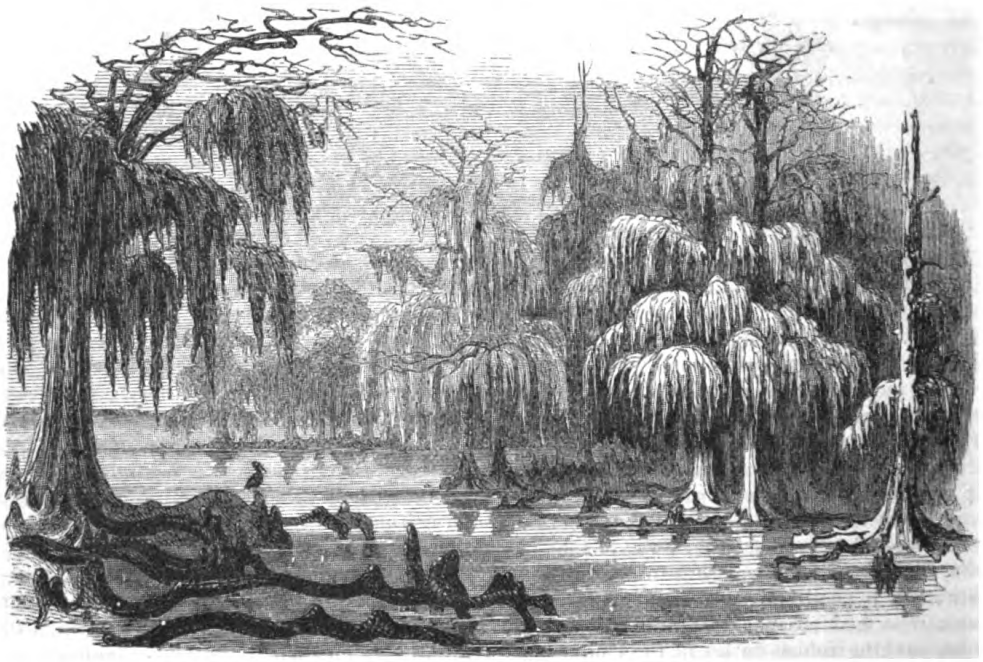
Island. The flag-ship Philadelphia, bearing Commodore Goldsborough, led the squadron. The gun-boats followed, stretching along in a single line, with about the same space between each. Then came the transports bearing the land troops. General Burnside was on board a nimble little propeller called the Picket, gliding about among the transports with signals for movement and for the landing of the troops.

The appearance which the fleet now presented was both beautiful and sublime, and it must have struck terror into the hearts of those rebels on Roanoke Island who were anxiously watching its approach. They must have felt that the hour of doom was at hand. Some speak of the *conscientiousness* of the rebels. But it is an abuse of the word to apply it to those traitorous acts which, without any adequate cause, plunged such a nation as ours into a bloody and desolating war. The fleet thus ascending the Sound consisted in all, gun-boats and transports, of sixty-five vessels. Each brigade was formed in three columns, with the flag-ship of the brigade taking the lead. Each large steamer had two, and sometimes three schooners in tow, whose tall masts, swaying on the gently-undulating sea, added much to the picturesqueness of the scene. The spaces, or aisles, between the three columns were unbroken, and the whole squadron extended for a distance of about two miles. It was about thirty-eight miles from Hatteras Inlet to Roanoke Island, the destination of the fleet. About fifty vessels were left behind at the Inlet, chiefly loaded with military stores. Provisions for fifteen days were taken with the naval fleet.

The day was beautiful. A gentle wind came breathing down from the north, and a few fleecy clouds embellished the deep blue sky. The low and swampy main land of the North Carolina coast could be clearly discerned far away on the left of the broad Sound. At sundown the fleet dropped anchor within ten miles of the lower point of Roanoke Island. The night was cheered by bright moonlight. The lamps gleaming from the ships presented the aspect of a city on the sea. Picket-boats glided to and fro, to guard against any possibility of surprise.

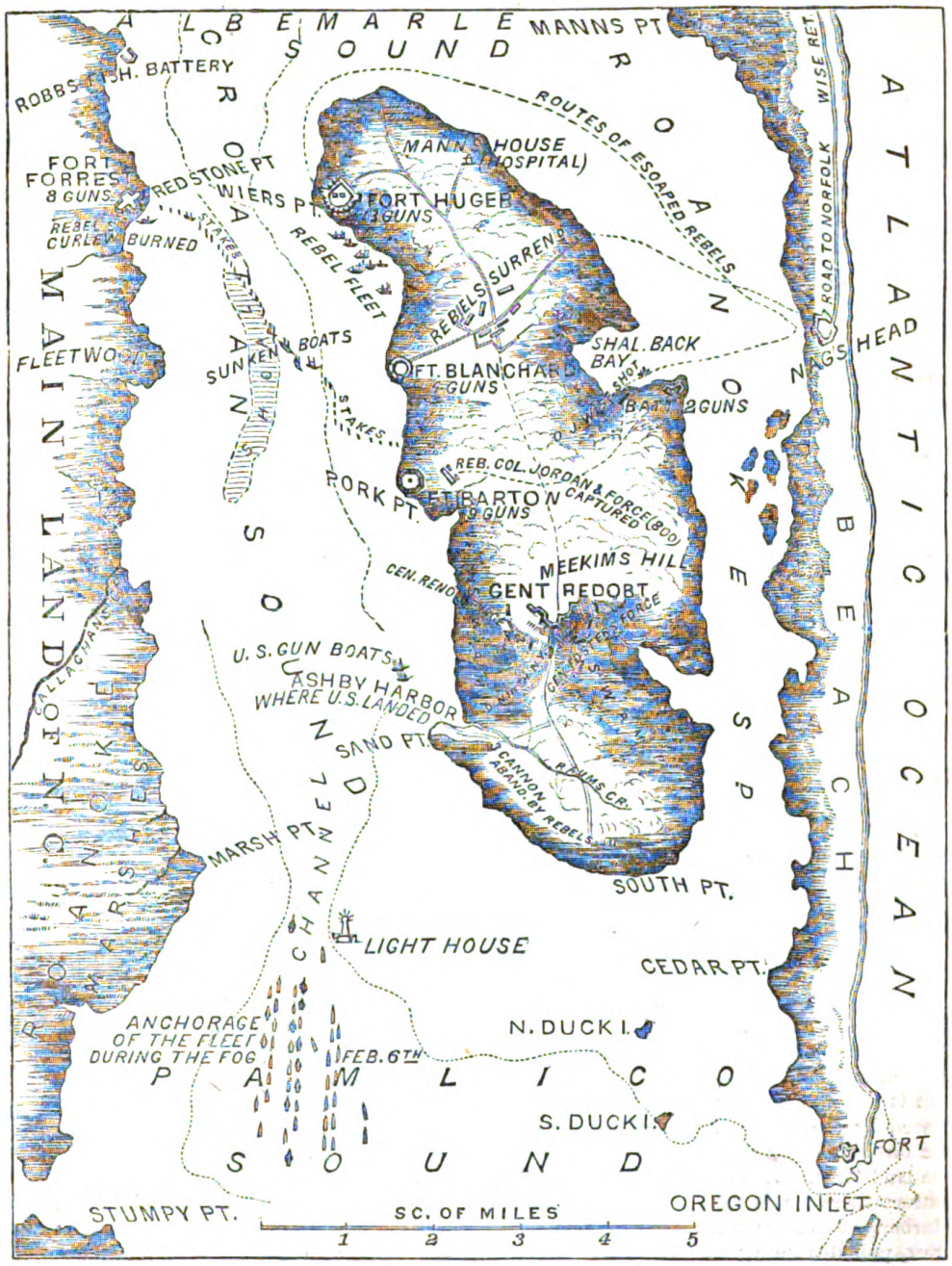
At eight o'clock the next morning, Thursday, February 6, the fleet again weighed anchor, the gun-boats leading quite in the advance. The morning was dark and gloomy, with heavy clouds scudding through the sky, menacing an approaching storm. The squadron now drew near Croatan Sound, the comparatively narrow sheet of water which extends west of Roanoke Island to the main land. As innumerable shoals abounded, and the rebels had removed nearly all the buoys, the progress was very slow. At a low point on the east were seen the ruins of a light-house which the Vandalism of treason had destroyed.

By eleven o'clock the rain began to fall, and such a dismal storm set in that it became necessary, in those treacherous seas, again to come to anchor. Two picket-boats occupied positions a mile in advance of the fleet, and kept a careful watch through the night. The most vigorous precautions were adopted by them to guard against surprise by rebel rams, torpedoes, or gun-boats. Anchors were dropped with buoys attached, so that at a moment's warning the cables could be slipped, and the pickets, giving the alarm, could run within the line of



SHORES OF THE SOUND.

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MAP OF ROANOKE ISLAND.

the gun-boats. All lights were concealed, and every sound was hushed. As the night deepened a dense fog arose, enveloping the whole region in a veil so impenetrable that no object could be seen at the distance of twenty feet. The approach of any hostile craft was to be signaled by the burning of green lights.

Toward morning of Friday, the 7th, the fog dispersed, and the sun rose in almost a cloudless sky. The picket-boats returned to the squadron, and, passing the Southfield, to which Commodore Goldsborough had transferred his flag from the Philadelphia, were ordered to request General Burnside to close up with the transports as speedily as possible, as the Commodore intended immediately to penetrate the Inlet and open the action. At ten o'clock the gun-boats moved forward and entered Croatan Sound, through the narrow passage called Roanoke Inlet.

The gun-boats threaded the narrow channel between a group of low, marshy islands, and were followed by the transports, which were led by the steamer R. S. Spaulding, with General Burnside on board. Immediately upon entering the Sound they came in sight

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of the rebel gun-boats, "eight in number, all being drawn up behind an extensive obstruction formed by a double row of piles and sunken vessels stretching well across the Sound, and between the forts on Pork and Wier's Points." It was then just half past 10 o'clock. A signal-gun from one of the rebel gun-boats announced the approach of the patriot fleet, and summoned every rebel on the sea and on the land to his post for the battle. Nelson's famous order was signaled from the Union flag-ship. "This day our country expects that every man will do his duty!"

At half past 11 the battle was opened by the first gun from the flag-ship upon the rebel gun-boats. In half an hour the engagement became general, and the signal was displayed for close action. The rebel fleet slowly retreated, with the evident design of drawing our ships within close range of the batteries on the shore. The 100-pound Parrott gun on board the Southfield spoke with a voice of thunder which rose above all the din of the conflict, hurtling its mammoth shells with hideous shrieks through the air, and bursting them with terrific destruction in the midst of the foe. The rebels also had a 100-pounder Parrott on one of their boats with which they returned bolt for bolt. Occasionally a shot from the shore batteries came ricochetting over the waves, but fired with inaccuracy, which indicated the inexperience of the gunners.

Slowly the rebel squadron withdrew before our advancing fleet until we found our progress arrested by the line of piles and sunken vessels of which we have spoken, which extended across the channel, behind the shelter of which the rebels had commenced their fight. These obstructions were guarded by forts at each end. One, called Fort Barstow, was on the island; the other, Fort Forrest, was on the main land. Our fleet now turned its attention to silencing these batteries. Gradually the fire from the guns of the main fort on the island slackened, and it was thought that they were so far silenced by the bombardment of the fleet that the fort could now be successfully stormed by the land-force. About two miles south of the battery there was a small cove called Ashby's Harbor. Lieutenant Andrews, with a boat's crew, pulled ashore to examine the depth of water, and to select a good place for the landing. It was an enterprise which required both prudence and intrepidity. Nobly the Lieutenant performed his mission. Having finished his soundings he went ashore. The gleam of bayonets in the distance and other indications led him to conclude that there was a concealed battery which commanded the landing.

He returned to his boat, and had scarcely shoved from the land when thirty men sprang up from the tall grass and discharged a volley of bullets at his boat. One man only was severely wounded. A very intelligent young slave, Thomas R. Robinson, who had escaped from his master, pointed out the harbor and gave much other valuable aid to the expedition.* The bombardment from the fleet was still kept vigorously up, and from the transports the enormous shells could be seen striking the battery, and in their explosion throwing up columns of sand and water fifty feet into the air.

While preparations were going on for landing, at 1 o'clock a dense column of smoke rose from the fort, indicating that a portion of the quarters were on fire. A shell had been thrown among the dry corn-husks of the barracks, and a lurid flame was soon seen leaping up through the thick black smoke. Still the battery kept up a slackening fire. The conflagration evidently gained upon the garrison; but through the increasing smoke and billowy fire, which apparently enveloped the entire quarters, one gun still kept up a vigorous fight. Its heavy boom was followed by a ricochetting shot, badly aimed, and which rarely did any injury.

The Union gun-boats now came within shorter range and poured into the doomed battery, with great precision, an appalling storm of shot and shell. The rebel gun-boats were still hovering in the distance, eagerly watching for an opportunity to strike a blow. They were, however, very wary of coming within reach of our guns. At one time a few of them came round Wier's Point and advanced, indicating an intention to attack our fleet, but probably designing only to draw our attention from effecting a landing. A brief but brisk contest ensued. Soon one of the rebel ships hauled off and ran ashore. The cause was soon explained. A Union shell had set fire to the steamer. Smoke began to arise and flames to burst forth, and the whole majestic fabric was soon a roaring furnace of fire. It afterward appeared that this ship was the Curlew, the flag-ship of the rebel Commodore Lynch. A 100-pound shell from the Southfield had burst upon her deck. There was but little air stirring, and the fire from our gun-boats was so incessant that, at times, they were so enveloped in smoke as to hide them entirely from sight.

It was now 3 o'clock in the afternoon. To cover the landing of the troops from the transports three of our gun-boats took positions along the shore to shell the woods. Their terrible missiles of destruction, rising in a graceful sweep through the air, dropped among the trees and exploded with thunder roar, cutting down the forest with their fragments hurled in all directions. Two steamers took position close to the landing-point, with guns well trained and heavily loaded, to guard against any rush of the foe from ambuscade. The

* See Rebellion Record, vol. i. p. 100. The Louisville *Journal*, February 22, 1862, says that F. B. Remington, of the Thirtieth New York Regiment, "piloted the expedition to the landing-place on Roanoke Island, and in no small degree thus contributed to the great victory won by our forces."

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BOMBARDMENT OF ROANOKE ISLAND.

rebel craft, seeing a portion of the gun-boat fleet drawn off to protect the landing, again ventured, about 4 o'clock, another cautious attack upon the gun-boats which remained bombarding the battery.

It was now 4 o'clock P.M. For half an hour the fight between the gun-boats continued with much spirit. The rebel boats then steamed up the Sound and disappeared. Night was approaching. Our vessels, however, still continued the bombardment, with an occasional response from the battery, until 6 o'clock, when they hauled off for the night. As darkness settled down over the scene, and the exhausted combatants threw themselves upon their couches to seek repose in preparation for the renewal of the conflict on the morrow, silence, like that of the sepulchre, succeeded the tumult of the day. But through the night there could be seen upon the island the glow of the smouldering fire which had laid the barracks of the foe in ashes. During the day about fifteen hundred shot and shell were thrown by our ships into the rebel works. The casualties during the conflict had been small, surprisingly small. Indeed, nothing is more strange than that a battle can be waged for so many hours with the most ponderous and destructive weapons which modern art can create, and yet so few be hurt. On board the Union fleet six men only were killed, seventeen wounded, and two missing. Officers and men were alike eager to accomplish their task, and no one seemed to shrink either from toil or danger.

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Several of the ships were brought as near the battery as the water would allow.

The Delaware ran within a ship's-length of the shore, and throwing shell of but five-second fuse, opened a terrible flanking fire upon the battery at Pork Point. Lieutenant Commanding Quackenbush went on shore in his boat with his acting aid, F. R. Curtis, and took possession of a rebel tent, which he brought on board. He then ran down the island with the Delaware about a thousand yards, and, by shelling the woods, drove off the rebel troops concealed there, and thus covered the landing of General Burnside's troops.

The Roanoke, opening fire at the distance of about eight hundred yards, and gradually closing in to about two hundred yards, threw during the day one hundred and seventy 9-inch shells and twenty shrapnels. The ship was struck seven times by round shot from the battery. One shot passed through the magazine and through an empty powder-tank. One went between the engine and the boiler. Notwithstanding these narrow escapes the vessel was not seriously injured. No one was killed. One man only had his leg broken by a splinter.

The Valley City took a position about three-quarters of a mile from the shore, and in company with four other steamers poured their storm of shot and shell into the battery. A round shot from one of the rebel guns struck the foremast of the Valley City, very nearly cutting it off. It was about 2 o'clock when it became evident that our shells had set the fort on fire. About 3 o'clock the flames were raging so fiercely that in the attempt to extinguish them the garrison was compelled to abandon for a time most of its guns. As the rebel fire was thus slackened, the Valley City, still belching forth its incessant fire, ran a quarter of a mile nearer to the shore. At half past 5, in obedience to a signal, the steamer was drawn out of the range of fire and anchored, having, in a heroic day's work, thrown shot and shell in all amounting to five hundred and seventy-three. Neither ship nor crew received any injury. The rebels fired wildly, and not a shot struck the ship. The next morning at 10 o'clock this steamer stood in again toward the shore, and vigorously renewed the conflict.

The Commodore Barney, in its eagerness to pitch its shells plump into the battery, advanced so near the shore as to get aground. Before floating again thirty shells were thrown, with great precision of aim, into the rear of the battery, from which spot flames were soon seen to burst forth. The execution of the shells was described by the Picket, which was in a situation to see where they struck, as "beautiful." The steamer soon drew off into deeper water. One hundred and twenty-four shells were thrown during the day from two guns on this boat, all of which, excepting six, fell within the fort. One shot passed through the upper works of this steamer, and one shell exploded on her forward deck, but no one was injured.

The Hunchback went into action at 11 o'clock, commencing with the rebel gun-boats. As they retired upon the other side of their obstructions, out of range, the Hunchback turned upon the battery at Pork Point. At half past three a rebel shot struck the engine and disabled it. The steamer then cast anchor, and continued its fire till dark, though exposed to a cross-fire from the rebel gun-boats and the battery. The Hunchback threw seventy-six shells, twenty-four solid shot from the 100-pounder rifle, and two hundred and eight shell and shrapnel from its three 9-inch guns. The steamer, while hurling its terrific missiles into the rebel gun-boats and battery, was struck eight times. It was in the thickest of the engagement, yet no one was hurt.

The Southfield, which was the flag-ship, at about half past 11 opened fire upon the enemy's fleet, which was stationed near the island between Wier's Point and Pork Point. Flag-Officer Goldsborough was on the deck during the whole engagement. Her 100-pound rifled Parrott did great execution. A 32-pounder passed through her upper works, inflicting no damage and injuring no one.

The Underwriter took the lead in entering the Sound, and fired both the first and second shell at the fort, provoking no reply. The first shell was thrown a distance of two and a half miles. The steamer approached quite near the barricades, which were stretched quite across the Sound, drawing the fire of one after another of the rebel guns. It then fell back a little, opening a vigorous deliberate fire, averaging one shot from the rifled guns every eight minutes. The next morning the commander of the Underwriter, with eight other gun-boats, proceeded to the obstructions to search out the channel, and to remove a sufficient number of the piles to allow the fleet to pass through in pursuit of the fugitive rebel steamers.

The Hetzel, while hotly engaged, was struck by a 32-pound shot on the water-line. The steamer was thus compelled to withdraw from action for a short time to repair damages. In half an hour the Hetzel returned again to its post of toil and danger. A rebel shell soon exploded over the deck, striking one man on the head with a fragment, killing him instantly. Soon after this an 80-pounder rifled gun burst in the act of firing a solid shot, knocking down every man around the piece, wounding three severely, but happily killing none. It was a terrific explosion.

"The part forward of the trunnions fell upon the deck. One-third of the breach went overboard, carrying away the port bulwarks. Another flew high into the air and fell into the water just alongside. And the remaining portion, weighing about a thousand pounds, was driven through the deck, breaking one of the beams, passed through the magazine and the deck below, and lodged upon the keelson. The magazine was set on fire, and only extinguished in time to avoid an explosion by the presence of

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mind, promptitude, and intrepidity of Lieutenant Charles L. Franklin." This accident rendered it necessary to withdraw from the action, and to anchor beyond the range of the rebel guns.

The Louisiana, early in the action, was set on fire by the explosion of an 80-pound shell thrown from the works of the enemy. The projectile entered just below the hawser pipe, passed through the chain-locker, shattering several links of the chain, and exploded in the hold among sacks of coal, blowing off the hatches, which were battened down. The ship reeled as if shaken by an earthquake, was set on fire, and otherwise severely injured. With promptness and coolness truly wonderful in the midst of such a scene of excitement and peril, in six minutes the flames were extinguished, and the ship was again hurling its destructive missiles upon the foe. The Louisiana threw one hundred and eighty-one shot and shell, and consumed eight hundred and sixty-seven pounds of powder.

"The Stars and Stripes," writes the correspondent of the New York *Commercial*, "was engaged six hours, and came as near the battery as her draught would permit. She once ventured too close and grounded, but succeeded in steaming off. At one period of the engagement she was situated between the gun-boats of the enemy and the battery, and her entire armament was actively engaged. From her gun-deck she threw 8-inch shells from two 64-pounder guns on each side, while her 20-pounder Parrott gun and two rifled howitzers on the upper deck poured in their fire. A shot cut one of the stays, and another passed between her masts. While the Stars and Stripes was aground for two hours she kept up a constant fire, and received the fire of the battery. Her officers behaved in the most cool and courageous manner, proving themselves worthy of the cause which they defended."

The Morse took a position at first about 1500 yards from the shore, and opened fire upon the enemy's gun-boats, "disabling the steamer Curlew." Then, advancing nearer to the shore, the Morse directed her guns upon the rebel battery, and continued firing until her stock of shells was all expended. The vessel was struck by both shot and shell. Though one man was killed, the steamer suffered no material injury.

The Whitehead from a distance of 1500 yards threw ninety-eight shells, and experienced no casualty. The Lockwood expended one hundred and sixty-eight rounds of ammunition, throwing 80-pound and 12-pound shot, receiving no damage in return. The Brinker threw eighty-nine missiles into the works of the foe, and then withdrew for want of ammunition. The J. N. Seymour took position a mile and a half from the battery, pitching both shot and shell upon the ramparts, where the flag of treason waved. Her fire was directed wholly upon the barbette guns upon the southern extremity of the battery. One man was dangerously wounded, and one killed. The steamer received no harm, The Ceres opened first upon the rebel gun-boats with a rifled 30-pounder. After continuing this fire vigorously from 11 o'clock until 2 o'clock, the steamer then stood in nearer the fort and commenced firing simultaneously with the rifled gun upon the rebel fleet, and with a 32-pounder shell gun upon the fort. Two men were slightly wounded by the premature discharge of a gun. A shell struck the Ceres on the upper deck, and splitting one of the beams, fell through to the lower deck and burst under the boiler, carrying away one of the grates of the furnace.

The Putnam opened fire with shrapnel from a 20-pounder Parrott. Keeping up a steady fire, it drew nearer and nearer until within seven hundred yards of the battery, when broadside to and keeping still in motion, it commenced throwing shot and shell from a 32-pounder. Most of the enemy's shot passed over the steamer. No one was hurt on board the vessel, and but little damage was done. The Shawsheen and the Granite also took an active part in the conflict, inflicting serious loss upon the enemy and receiving none in return.

Roanoke Inlet, through which the ships entered into Croatan Sound, is but two hundred feet wide, and so difficult is the channel that great care is necessary in threading it. It was supposed that, at this point, the rebels would plant their batteries. It was probably well for us that they did not. During the naval action the transports were anchored just beyond the range of the rebel guns. Their spars and rigging were crowded with soldiers, clinging to them like swarming bees, as they gazed upon the sublime spectacle. Whenever a well-directed shot accomplished its mission, their hearty cheers blended loudly with the tumult of the battle. The water was much of the time as smooth as a mirror, and the transports, with their crowded spars, were beautifully reflected in the waves below.

It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon when the transports commenced disembarking their troops for the land attack. They reached the shore without opposition. The rebel force, which had been concealed in the woods to dispute their landing, had fled before the storm of shells which the gun-boats had rained down into their covert. The operation of landing impressed every eye with its brilliance. The troops disembarked from the large steamers into small boats, and these boats, sometimes in a long string of twenty, were towed by tugs as near the shore as the water would permit, when the tow-line was cast off and the boats were rowed to the shore. In this way four thousand men were landed in less than an hour. By 11 o'clock at night nearly the whole force intended to storm the fort was on shore.

The Twenty-fifth Massachusetts landed first; then the Tenth Connecticut, followed by the Fifty-first New York, the Twenty-first Massachusetts, the Fourth and Fifth Rhode Island, and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania. The steam-

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er conveying the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts grounded just after entering the Sound, and her troops were not put ashore until the next morning.

As the sun rose Saturday morning, February 8, every man on the land and on the sea was roused to activity. The eventful, decisive day had manifestly come. The rebel forts were to be stormed, and it could hardly be doubted that the result would prove a glorious victory or a disastrous defeat. The navy had nobly fulfilled its part, and now the troops were to march, with bare bosoms, against the batteries of the foe. The boats, about 9 o'clock, threw a few shot into the fort, and then withheld their fire; and while the troops were marching to the assault, engaged in removing the obstructions which had been placed in the channel. The rebel fleet during the night had disappeared, their boats having run up the Sound, hoping to escape from the doom which now seemed inevitable.

The conflict on land was short, fierce, bloody. The troops, who marched in three columns under Generals Foster, Reno, and Parke, swept all opposition before them, and in a sanguinary fight of but about two hours' duration, gained possession of the whole island. The victory was complete. General Shaw, who commanded the port, as he delivered up his sword, said, "I give up my sword and surrender to you five thousand men." The correspondent of the New York *Commercial*, who was on board the Union fleet, graphically describes the scenes of which he was an eye-witness. To him we are much indebted for many of the facts contained in this narrative. Speaking of the forts and batteries so gallantly captured, he says:

"The works are constructed in the most substantial manner. The names by which they were known among the rebels are Fort Huger, on Wier's Point, northernmost on the shore of the Island; Fort Blanchard to the south of this, and Fort Bartow, on Pork Point, the most southern of the channel-bearing works. On the eastern shore of the Island, at Robb's Fishery, a battery mounting two guns, pointed inland, was erected to cover the retreat of the rebel forces toward Nag's Head.

"Battery Huger, on Wier's Point, is a semicircular work, mounting eight heavy thirty-twos in embrasure in the centre, and two *en barbette* at each end, one of which is rifled. A rear curtain, with a salient angle in the centre, protects the rear. A large quadrangular bomb-proof occupies the centre. Battery Blanchard mounts four thirty-twos *en barbette*, with a left flanking curtain extending round to the rear. Battery Bartow, or Pork Point Battery, is semicircular, with a long curtain of sand extending three hundred yards from the right along the shore. This fort mounts six embrasure guns, with one empty embrasure, and three guns mounted *en barbette*. One of the barbette guns is an 80-pounder. Ammunition in abundance was found in these works."

As it is our object in this paper to speak particularly of the achievements of the navy, we must deny ourselves the privilege of narrating the heroic charges of the land troops. Works so strongly fortified, and manned by five thousand men, could not be taken, notwithstanding the bombardment from the fleet, without the most chivalric courage. The naval battle, as we have mentioned, commenced on the morning of the 9th, and continued through the day. The next morning a few shells were thrown into such of the rebel works as were within range of the fleet, and then the army commenced its perilous march to storm the ramparts. It was a triumphant advance. Nothing could withstand the impetuosity of our troops. After a day of tumult and blood, every flag of treason was in the dust, and the Stars and Stripes floated victoriously over the whole Island. The next morning, Sunday the 9th, Flag-Officer Goldsborough sent the following joyful report to Secretary Welles, whose energy had contributed so greatly to create the engine which had accomplished results so glorious.

"Roanoke is ours. The military authorities struck to us yesterday. Their means of defense were truly formidable, and they were used with a determination worthy of a better cause. They consisted of two elaborately constructed works, mounting together twenty-two heavy guns, three of them being 100-pounders rifled; four other batteries mounting together twenty guns, a large proportion of them being also of large calibre, and some of them rifled; eight steamers mounting two guns each, and each having a rifled gun, with a diameter of a 32-pounder; a prolonged obstruction of sunken vessels and piles to thwart our advance; and altogether a body of men numbering scarcely less than five thousand, of whom three thousand are now our prisoners.

"The fighting commenced on the morning of the 9th, at about 11 o'clock, and was continued till dark. The following morning it was renewed at an early hour, and it lasted until well in the afternoon, when, by a bold charge of our army, the rebel flag was made to succumb, and our own was hoisted every where on the Island in its place. No attack could have been more completely executed; and it was carried out precisely in accordance with the arrangements made before the expedition left Hatteras Inlet."

The rebel Commodore Lynch, in his official report, speaking of the naval battle, says:

"The fight lasted continuously from 10 A.M. till half past 5 P.M., throughout which the soldiers in the battery sustained their position with a gallantry which won our warmest approbation. The fire was terrific; and at times the battery would be enveloped in the sand and dust thrown up by shot and shell."

The killed of the rebels, who were protected by well-constructed earth-works, according to the Richmond *Despatch*, was but sixteen. The

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Union loss of the land-force, according to Appleton's Encyclopædia, was thirty-five killed and two hundred wounded. The joint proclamation issued on the 18th to the people of North Carolina, by Flag-Officer Goldsborough and General Burnside, is worthy of historic preservation, as showing the pure patriotism which animated the leaders of the Union army. It was couched in the following terms:

"The mission of our joint expedition is not to invade any of your rights, but to assert the authority of the United States, and to close with you the desolating war brought on your State by comparatively a few bad men in your midst. Influenced infinitely more by the worst passions of human nature than by any show of elevated reason, they are still urging you astray to gratify their unholy purposes.

"They impose upon your credulity by telling you of wicked and even diabolical intentions on our part—of our desire to destroy your freedom, demolish your property, liberate your slaves, injure your women, and such like enormities—all of which, we assure you, is not only ridiculous, but utterly and willfully false.

"We are Christians as well as yourselves, and we profess to know full well and to feel profoundly the sacred obligations of that character. No apprehensions need to be entertained that the demands of humanity or justice will be disregarded. We shall inflict no injury unless forced to do so by your own acts, and upon this you may confidently rely.

"Those men are your worst enemies. They, in truth, have drawn you into your present condition, and are the real disturbers of your peace and the happiness of your firesides.

"We invite you, in the name of the Constitution, and in that of virtuous loyalty and civilization, to separate yourselves at once from their malign influence, to return to your allegiance, and not compel us to resort further to the force under our control.

"The Government asks only that its authority may be recognized, and, we repeat, in no manner or way does it desire to interfere with your laws, constitutionally established, your institutions of any kind whatever, your property of any sort, your usages in any respect."

The afternoon of the day after the surrender, Sunday, the 9th, Commander Rowan, by order of Flag-Officer Goldsborough, with fourteen steamers, pursued the rebel gun-boats up Albemarle Sound, hoping to find them at Elizabeth City. This was a small town of about two thousand inhabitants, situated on the Pasquotank River, about twenty miles from its mouth. Reliable information had been received that the rebel steamers had entered the river, and had undoubtedly sought refuge at that place.

It was about 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon when the expedition started on this new enterprise. The following steamers composed the fleet: Delaware, Underwriter, Louisiana, Lockwood, Seymour, Hetzel, Shawsheen, Valley City, General Putnam, Commodore Perry, Ceres, Morse, Whitehead, and Brincker. It was about forty miles from Roanoke Island across Albemarle Sound and up the broad bay, called Pasquotank River, to Elizabeth City. As the steamers pressed rapidly along over the shallow waters of this vast inland sea they discovered in the afternoon three small rebel steamers, to which they gave chase; but as the darkness came on the rebels escaped. There was a bar at the mouth of the river, over which the flotilla steamed slowly and cautiously; and a little after 8 o'clock they anchored about ten miles below Fort Cobb, where the rebels had a battery, under the protection of whose guns the fugitive fleet was clustered.

In consequence of the tremendous bombardment of the preceding day, and the haste in which the pursuit had been undertaken, the steamers were but slenderly provided with ammunition, having but twenty-two rounds for each gun. It became, therefore, necessary not to waste a single charge. Commander Rowan assembled on board his flag-ship all the commissioned officers, informed them of his plans of operation for the next day, and enjoined it upon them not to fire a shot until the order was given, but to endeavor to run the enemy down, converting the steamers into so many rams, and then boarding the foe to engage in a hand-to-hand fight.

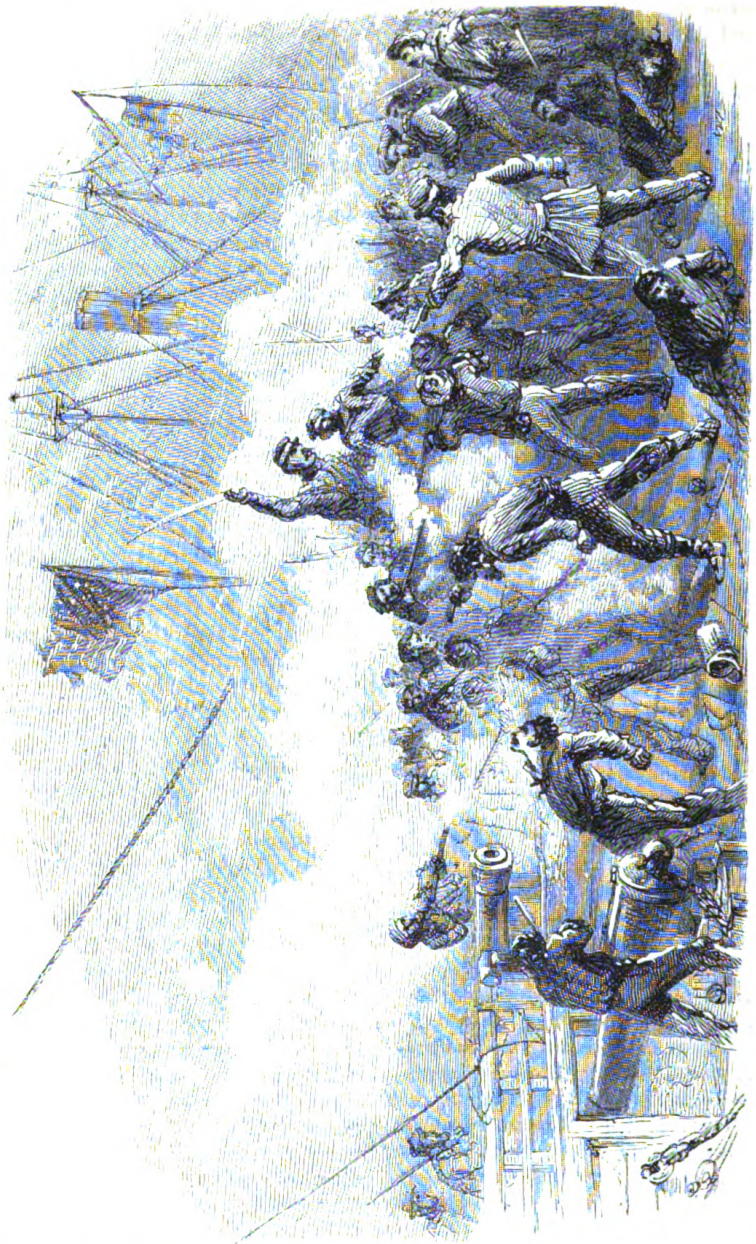
At daylight the next morning, the 10th, the flotilla weighed anchor, and in the following order advanced to meet the foe: The Underwriter, Perry, Morse, and Delaware led to reconnoitre. On their right flank came the Ceres, followed by the remaining steamers. Their object was to run the battery, for they had not sufficient ammunition to attempt to silence it. Two of the steamers, however, the Valley City and the Whitehead, were ordered, as soon as the flotilla had passed the battery, to leave the line, and, turning back, to attack the rebel works in reverse.

Fort Cobb was on a point of land projecting nearly a quarter of a mile into the estuary, where it began rapidly to narrow. It was armed with four heavy 32-pounders. The rebel Commodore Lynch commanded it in person. There was moored opposite the fort, on the other side of the river, the schooner Black Warrior, which carried two 32-pounders. It was necessary for the flotilla, almost without ammunition, to run the gauntlet through a narrow channel between the fort and the schooner. Just beyond the battery the rebel gun-boats, all prepared for action, were drawn up diagonally across the river. These steamers were armed with 80 and 12 pounder rifled guns. The Union steamers, in passing through the narrow channel, would be so crowded together that it would be scarcely possible but that every shot fired by the foe would strike some one of them.

It seemed, indeed, a desperate adventure to attempt to thread that channel in the face of such a force in front and on both flanks. Indeed, the rebels had no idea that it would be possible for the fleet to accomplish such an achievement. The scene which ensued can not be better described than in the words of Commander Rowan:

"Our force moved on silently and steadily, shot and shell passing over the vessels in advance, and falling thick and fast among the vessels in the main column. When within three-quarters of a mile of the battery I made signal, 'Dash at the enemy!' Our fire was

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HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT.

then opened with telling effect, and our vessels put to their utmost speed.

"The enemy seemed to become demoralized at this unexpected and determined movement. The Black Warrior was set on fire and destroyed by her officers and crew. The fort was abandoned as the head of our column passed it. A dash was then made at the enemy drawn up inside. The Perry, Lieutenant Commanding Flusser, took the flag-ship Sea Bird in gallant style, running her down and sinking her, making prisoners of her officers and crew. The Underwriter made to cut off the retreat of the Beaufort. The Ceres ran ahead and took possession of the Ellis. Some of the crew of the Ellis, in making their escape on shore, were killed and wounded by our musketry. Among the wounded was Midshipman Jackson, who was taken on board the Hetzel, where he received every possible care and attention. He survived but a few hours, and was buried with all the honors due his rank. The Delaware boarded and hauled down the rebel flag of the Fanny, which had been deserted and set on fire."

In this impetuous assault but little attention was paid to the battery or to the armed schooner as our little fleet, regardless of the storm of shell and grape, rushed at its highest speed through the channel and dashed into the midst of the panic-stricken rebel gun-boats. A hand-to-hand fight ensued with revolvers, bayonets, and sabres. Many of the rebels, in their attempt to escape, leaped into the water, and not

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a few were drowned. The struggle was short, desperate, and decisive. Scarcely fifteen minutes elapsed after our fleet plunged into the midst of the foe ere the victory was no longer contested. The Black Warrior was abandoned and in flames. The terror-stricken garrison were fleeing precipitately from the fort. Four rebel ships were burned, one captured, and two, escaping from the vortex of destruction, ran frantically up the river. In this spirited action but two were killed, and about a dozen wounded on board the Union fleet. The rebel loss could not be ascertained.

The *ram principle* was on this occasion very efficiently brought into operation. The Commodore Perry plunged into the Sea Bird, nearly cutting her in two. The Ceres ran down the rebel steamer Ellis and boarded her. The Underwriter, in the same style, captured the Forrest; and thus did the Delaware assail and seize the Fanny. There was the most intense eagerness on board every Union steamer to get as quickly as possible, and as near as possible, in contact with the foe. The two boats which escaped, the Raleigh and Beaufort, ran up the river, and entered the canal which leads to Norfolk.

The rebels who escaped from the gun-boats fled to the little village called Elizabeth City, and immediately commenced firing the principal buildings. Most of the population had deserted their homes under the delusion that it was the object of the expedition to burn the place, and to inflict every species of wanton injury upon the inhabitants. Commander Rowan immediately ran three or four of his steamers alongside of the wharves. As he approached he saw a battery of field-artillery rapidly retreating down one of the streets. Some of his men landed and arrested Lieutenant Scroggs, an artillery officer of the Wise Legion, who was compelling the inhabitants to apply the torch to their dwellings. Several were already in flames. But Commander Rowan, as soon as he witnessed the Vandalism of the foe, conscious that they would impute the crime to him, summoned all back to the fleet.

"I immediately," said he, "ordered all our people on board their respective ships, and that no visitors between shore and ships should be permitted. Some of the defenseless inhabitants, men and women, came to the wharf to implore me to save their houses and property from destruction. But I refused to allow a man to move, knowing that if I acceded to their request we would be charged with Vandalism as incendiaries."

Commander Rowan assured the inhabitants that he came not to injure their beautiful village, but to give them protection. Thus encouraged, as the terrified yet maddened rebel troops fled, they ceased to apply the torch, and the flames were gradually extinguished. Several of the best buildings, however, and among them the Court-house, were destroyed. The negroes, at all times and every where, patriotic, guided by almost a divine instinct which enabled them to see that to which the poor whites were blind, flocked in rejoicing crowds to the landing-place, with exuberance of exultation which even the presence of their sullen masters could not restrain. They came with their baskets loaded with poultry, eggs, and other luxuries, and received in payment higher prices than they asked. Thus terminated one of the most brilliant, though one of the shortest, naval engagements which had thus far occurred during the war. At forty-five minutes after 9 o'clock not a rebel flag could be seen floating any where. At six minutes past 9 we opened our fire upon the gun-boats and the battery. At twenty-five minutes past 9 the schooner struck her colors, and almost at the same moment the rebel garrison fled from the fort, waving a flag in signal to the gun-boats to run on shore and save themselves as they could. At forty-five minutes past 9. the work was done, and the Delaware was moored at the wharf of Elizabeth City.

Having effected the destruction of the munitions of war and other governmental stores at Elizabeth City the fleet was withdrawn to Cobb's Point. Three days were then devoted to the destruction of all the military works and the enginery with which the rebels could avail themselves in their infamous assault against their country's flag. On Tuesday, February 11, Commander Murray,* with four steamers, was sent to Edenton. This was a small town, of about sixteen hundred inhabitants, of some military importance from its situation at the head of Edenton Bay and at the mouth of the Chowan River.

The expedition arrived at the mouth of the harbor about half past eight in the morning of Wednesday, the 12th. Cautiously they entered, through the intricate harbor, the Lockwood in the advance. No resistance was offered. At half past ten they were in possession of the town. A flying regiment of artillery took to their wings without firing a shot. The inhabitants also fled in terror, as they had been informed by their base deceivers that the population of Elizabeth City had been surrendered to indiscriminate massacre. These foolish fears were, however, soon quieted. A few cannon were destroyed, a considerable quantity of provisions captured, and after remaining about two hours, during which time they were visited by the authorities and others, many of whom professed sentiments of loyalty, they returned to the fleet. Thus the spacious waters of Pamlico and Albermarle Sounds were swept of the flag of the rebellion.

* Commander S. C. Rowan, in his Report, as published by the Secretary of the Navy, says, "Lieut. Com. *Murray.*" But in the Report published in the Reb. Record his name is signed *Maury.*

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THE PRINCE OF KUNG.

THE PRINCE OF KUNG.

THIS Prince, son of the Emperor Tau-kwang, brother to the Emperor Hein-fung, uncle and guardian to the present Emperor, and for more than three years Regent of the Empire, whose likeness I herewith inclose, fills a conspicuous place in the history of his country.

Emerging from the obscurity of the Court, in 1860, to save the capital and the throne by prudent negotiation at a time when the Emperor was flying from his burning palaces, and when the victorious Allies were in possession of the gates of Peking, he has continued up to the present time the central figure in the foreign relations of China. He is, in fact, the first and only prince of the blood who ever condescended to treat in person with the feared and hated foreigner. The present is not an inopportune time for noticing the career and character of this distinguished individual, as by one of those sudden revolutions, less frequent in Peking than in other Oriental courts, he has lately fallen from his high position.

I have seen him on two occasions—once when our Minister, Mr. Burlingame, went to the Foreign *Yamen* to take leave of his Highness, and again, a few days later, when the prince paid Mr. Burlingame a farewell visit at the United States Legation.

The Foreign *Yamen* is not a very princely looking establishment. A cluster of weather-beaten buildings, one story in height, floored with brick, and glazed with paper, exhibiting in every part a sad spectacle of dust and decay, while in the front court a huge tree, completely dead, a suggestive symbol, stretched its leafless branches over the entrance; it looked more akin to the buildings in which the king of Ashantee holds his grand *palaver* than to the stately edifices of our Western governments. Since then the mandarins have been trying how far an application of paint can bring back its departed glory; but, alas! no artifice can avail to restore sap to the withered tree, and a few days ago the axe was applied to its root in obedience to the mandate—"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"—*Dii vertant omen funeste!*

It can not be said that Prince Kung is a very princely-looking personage. Though of Tartar blood unmixed, his physiognomy is Chinese of the Chinese. With an eye of most celestial obliquity, and a nose, whose elevation scarcely interferes with the affectionate glances which one organ might be supposed to cast at its image reflected in the other, his features are a type of his race. They are not, however, altogether disagreeable as an index of the inner man. Though expressive of indolence, they

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also bespeak a prevalent good-nature; and though in repose, they settle into a heaviness which suggests the predominance of a sensual element; they are lit up with flashes of intelligence when he begins to speak. His utterance is extremely rapid and evinces acuteness rather than depth. The good sense which makes him willing to be led rather than a capacity to direct, constitutes his chief merit, and well were it for China if he could be restored to his lost dignity, and retain it until his imperial nephew attains his full majority. That, however, can not be, for though he might be reinvested with the title of Regent, his influence is gone beyond recovery.

A few words will suffice to explain the nature of the game which has lately occasioned so much shuffling among the great cards in the court, and in which the Prince has been a loser. The two empresses—one of them the chief wife of his late Majesty, and the other a concubine, who became mother to his only child, now ten years of age—were nominally at the head of the Government, with co-ordinate authority. The real power, however, was in the hands of Prince Kung, who bore the title of *E-cheng-wang*, Prince-counselor.

In process of time this state of things seems to have become distasteful to the imperial ladies, who naturally desired to be something more than maternal guardians of his young Majesty. Displeased, too, with what they chose to regard as the arrogant bearing of Prince Kung, they resolved to attempt his overthrow. Willing instruments were not wanting. An indictment was trumped up, charging the Prince with malversation in office and disrespect toward his Majesty; and an edict fulminated in the name of the boy emperor, without waiting for a formal trial, stripping the Prince of all his honors excepting his hereditary princedom. Had Prince Kung attempted resistance he must have succeeded in establishing himself more firmly in power, or, failing in that, have drawn down utter destruction on his own head. The one he seems never to have sought, and the other he dreaded too much to provoke it.

All unprepared for such a crisis, which is the best proof that he never thought of encroaching on the prerogatives of the crown, he bent like a reed before the storm, prostrated himself at the foot of the throne, and confessed his faults with flowing tears. The two ladies knew they had nothing more to fear from *him;* and after thrusting him into the very dust beneath their slippers they have raised him up again, restoring one by one all his offices and titles, except that of *E-cheng-wang*, Prince-counselor—equivalent to regent or vice-regent. The regency is now in their hands, in fact as well as in name, and *Kung-wang* an instrument to effect their purposes, instead of their being, as they seemed, idle pieces of court pageantry, called into the fore-ground at the beck of the Prince.

Two kings ruled Sparta with great harmony, and two Consuls governed Rome with great success; but it remains to be seen whether two women, educated after the Chinese fashion—*i. e.*, uneducated—can succeed in managing the reins of this great Government.

When the Prince came to the Legation to return Mr. Burlingame's farewell visit questions of policy had all been discussed, details of business settled, and nothing remained for his Highness to do but to say his *novissima verba*, and have his likeness taken, as a contribution toward the embellishment of a room in our Department of State.

The chief mandarins of his suite, some of whom are heads of departments in the Government, were also taken; and as the process was tedious, the Prince amused himself by looking at picture-books.

One of the prints seemed to strike his fancy. It represented two girls standing in a boat and waving a farewell to their friends on shore, while they sung—

> "Our bark is on the azure main,
> Are all our dreams of hope in vain?
> And shall we never meet again?
> Mine own, forget-me-not."

The sentiment being explained to him he thought it appropriate to the occasion, and ordered *Tung-ta-jin*, Vice-President of one of the Boards, a fine-looking old man, and a scholar of the highest rank, to turn it into Chinese verse. This was so promptly and successfully done that the Prince selected another, and ordered *Pau-yuen*, a Manchu of still higher rank, to undertake the task of versification. We expected the old statesman to decline or make a failure; but he did neither. In almost as short a time as I occupy in relating the circumstance *Pau* produced a neat little ode, written *currente calamo*, with flowing caligraphy and faultless metre; and without being defaced by a single erasure.

We were interested in this poetical contest, not only as a pleasant episode in the midst of dry discussions, or still drier formalities, but as a specimen of the national culture. The competitors were not two shepherds singing rude distiches, with another shepherd for their umpire, but men who had won their high positions by the competition of the pen.

In theory the door to civil honors and emoluments is only opened to successful scholarship; and the system, though no longer administered in its original purity, still has the effect of drawing able and accomplished men into the public service. In this respect our own Government might be the better for taking a leaf from the experience of China.

On taking leave the mandarins assured Mr. Burlingame that, though the Chinese Government treats all foreign ministers with respect, they had never given any one such signal demonstrations of personal regard.

Nor was this altogether the language of adulation. By his affable manners, and the cordial interest which he always manifested in their

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welfare, Mr. Burlingame succeeded in conciliating the good-will of the mandarins in an uncommon degree. In the darkest days of our national conflict, and without the support of a single man-of-war, he caused our flag to be respected, and, in connection with Sir F. Bruce, he initiated a policy which, if acted on, will remove the old jealousies of the Treaty Powers, and combine their influence in the laudable enterprise of fostering a new civilization in this ancient empire.

May our next minister be as worthy a representative of the spirit and institutions of his country!

PEKING, *June* 1, 1865. WM. H. MARTIN.

ELDERTHORPE'S IDEA.

INSANE people sometimes have very odd notions. I have been with all manner of deranged cases, and have had a chance to see many things which surprised me wonderfully. There is such cunning and penetration in many of them that you can scarcely believe but that their minds are sound. Some will hold long conversations with you as intelligently on difficult topics as a great many individuals who profess to be very learned, and even more so. In one of the asylums especially, not far from this city, I have spent considerable time, frequently visiting it to study the characters of the different patients in pursuance of their separate whims. One in particular I became interested in. He was a fine looking man, with a high, noble forehead, and raven hair. He was apparently in the prime of life, tall and straight. There was one thing I noticed about him strange; he was continually walking up and down with his hands behind him, stopping suddenly now and then, and bending his head as if listening very attentively.

One morning I went in the public room, where he happened to be. He walked up to me and took my arm.

"Do you know," said he, in a whisper, at the same time drawing me confidently aside, "the power that I have over other men?"

"No, Mr. Elderthorpe," replied I, wishing to draw him out, "What is it?"

"Let us seat ourselves here and I will tell you," said he. "You are the very first person whom I have honored with my confidence on this subject, for I consider you an honorable man, incapable of betraying what I am going to tell you. Is this so?"

I promised to keep it an eternal secret.

"Well, then," continued he, "I have the power of hearing any thing a person says of me, no matter where he is; that is, if I have known the person before. Do you doubt it?"

"It is very strange, Mr. Elderthorpe," said I, "but I can not disbelieve your word."

"Listen!" exclaimed he, "and I will tell you how I first became aware of it."

I suppose you know, he continued, that I have always been very rich, having been the only heir to the fortune of my father. At the age of twenty-one I had all the money I could wish for. I had a house of my own, with servants ready to gratify every whim, however extravagant. But an idle life would not suit me, so I established myself in business, more for the employment than the profits which might come from it.

One morning I awoke rather late, and what was my surprise to hear the servants in the kitchen talking about me.

"I wonder," says Betty, the cook, "if master is awake yet. Here's the omelet and steak all getting cold. I never saw such a sleepy-head as he is."

"Yes, just like him," chimed in Susan, the chambermaid; "here it is nearly ten o'clock, and he not out of the room yet, which I must clear up if it takes till midnight."

"A queer Dick master is, sure enough," struck up Thomas, the coachman. "Some days he will order the carriage to meet him at a certain place, and then come home hours after and want to know where the deuce I am."

I rubbed my eyes in astonishment at finding myself awake and hearing this conversation. I drew the curtains of my bed aside and looked out; the sun was shining brightly through the window, not leaving a doubt but that it was broad daylight. What could it mean? They could not possibly have been so bold as to come outside of my room door and talk in that manner. I lay very quiet and listened with all my ears; but hearing nothing more I rang for Thomas, who acted as my valet de chambre in the sickness of François.

"Come, come, Thomas," cried I, as he entered: "it must be very late. Bring me my stockings and dressing-gown instantly!"

"All right, Sir!" said he; "nothing gives me so much pleasure as to wait upon your Honor."

"I suppose my breakfast is cold waiting for me, is it not?"

"Oh no, Sir. I heard the cook say as how she just took it from the fire, and that it was as warm as toast."

"Thomas, I am a queer Dick sometimes, am I not?"

"Never so to me, Sir."

"What, not when I order the coach to meet me at a certain place, and then come back, hours after, and want to know where the deuce you are?"

Thomas opened his eyes in astonishment. He stopped brushing my coat and stared at me half frightened.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I believe your Honor is a witch, sure enough, or else have the ears of scandal."

"Oh, never mind what I am," said I; "I have the means of knowing what you are about."

I may as well say that I was as much surprised as he was at all this, although I became all the more convinced of my newly-acquired powers, which I had so often longed for, but

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never expected to realize. I could scarcely believe it.

"If it is so," said I to myself, "what an advantage I will have over my fellow-men!"

I went down to my office quite elated. There Dodge, my book-keeper, was busily engaged posting his ledger, while the diligent clerks scarcely looked from their work at my approach.

"Good-morning, Sir," said Dodge, looking up.

"Any thing new?" said I. "Nobody been in to see me, has there?"

"Yes, Brown was in a while ago to see you about that land of yours in Sussex County."

"Well, did he make an offer, Dodge?"

"No, Sir; but there he is now to speak for himself."

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Brown!" said I. "Glad to see you. How are you to-day?"

"Never better, Sir; never better."

"Take a seat by the fire. Folks all well, I suppose?"

"Very well, thank you, except Sally, who has been suffering with a cold for the last week or so."

"That's too bad," said I.

"Mr. Elderthorpe, I came to see you about that land of yours in Sussex County. How much do you want for it?"

"Let me see, there is fifty acres, is there not?"

"Yes, just fifty, I believe," replied Brown.

"Well, if you wish to buy it you may have it for $5000."

"I would like to buy it well enough, but not at that figure I can tell you, Mr. Elderthorpe. I would never get my money back."

"Oh pshaw! Brown, nonsense, nonsense."

"It is very poorly situated, Sir. The barn and other out-buildings are not good. Besides, that bog in the centre of the farm is totally useless."

"Well, Brown, I'll tell you what I'll do with you; you may have it for four thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars cash."

"No, no, Mr. Elderthorpe, that is too much yet. I can not afford to give you more than four thousand five hundred for it."

"I'll think of it," said I, "and let you know by to-morrow morning."

Now I told him this on purpose to test my newly-acquired power, which, although I had before proved to my satisfaction, I was fearful lest I had already lost. As soon as he had gone, therefore, I picked up a newspaper, apparently very intent upon its columns. It was not long before I heard voices ringing in my ear.

"Halloa, Brown!" said one whom I immediately recognized as my friend Jones.

"Where have you been?"

"Just come from Elderthorpe's office."

"Did you ask him about that land in Sussex County?"

"Yes," said Brown. "He asked me five thousand dollars for it at first, but I've got him all right now."

"How?" asked Jones.

"Why, I offered him four thousand five hundred for it, and he said he would think of it, which, with Elderthorpe, you know, is just the same as letting me have it."

"Is it, my friend?" said I to myself. "We'll see about that."

"You was very foolish," said Jones again, "to offer him that. Why, it is nothing but a quagmire. I would not give him three thousand."

"Oh pshaw!" replied Brown; "you don't know half its advantages. There is to be a new railroad built through there next spring which will send property up twenty-five per cent. That place is worth seven thousand dollars to-day; but I had to beat him down as much as I could, for that is business, you know."

"Ah!" exclaimed I aloud, "that railroad affair is new to me."

"What railroad is that, Sir?" asked Dodge, the book-keeper.

"Oh! one I just saw here in the paper," I replied.

At that moment Ned Payne, my cousin, entered. Ned was a young man, not quite as old as myself, and very handsome. There was something almost fascinating about his dark eyes. I always loved him as a brother, and believed he sincerely returned my affection. He was not as rich as I was then, but, as he was the only heir to my property, he looked forward, some day, to independence; that is, if I died without children.

"Bob," said he to me, as he entered, "are you going to the party to night?"

"I didn't know any thing about it, Ned. Where is it to be?"

"Why! didn't I give you the invitation the other day! Why no! here it is now!"

"Miss Diamond, is it? requests the pleasure, and so forth."

"Yes. Are you going?" asked Ned.

"I guess so. I don't know any thing to prevent me," replied I.

"I wonder if that detestable Miss Dolly Smith will be there. I never saw such consequential airs as that young creature has. I pity the man that gets her."

Now Miss Dolly Smith was one whom I professedly admired; and I was, therefore, a little irritated, when I said,

"I intend calling upon her, and ascertaining whether she wishes to go or not. I disagree with you in your opinion of her, however, for it is seldom you see a more agreeable young lady."

"Poor taste, Bob, poor taste! But you will find that out soon enough. Any how, don't fail to be there."

I promised punctual attendance, and he went out. I could not, at that time, account for his dislike of this lady, in whom I saw so much to admire; but I could shrewdly guess afterward that it would have been the same with any other, for he had a very particular aversion to my marrying at all.

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However, I called upon Miss Smith, as proposed, and she acquiescing, we were soon riding swiftly along to the residence of Miss Diamond. Dolly was my especial favorite, as I said before. She was one of your light beauties, or "blondes," as I believe society calls them, with golden hair, and merry blue eyes. Besides this, her laugh was as the music of many waters, her lips as ripe and red as cherries. She was all life, good-nature, and fun. Ah, how I love to linger on her charms!

Arrived at the ball-room, we were met on all sides by acquaintances, who were eager in their salutations. Before the dancing commenced I became involved in a debate with two elderly gentlemen—Billings and Spencer—on politics. I evidently had the advantage of them, which Billings was not long in acknowledging, candidly and politely, as became a gentleman: but Spencer still held out till the music struck up, and I was forced away by the young ladies.

"What a nice man that Billings is," said I to myself, "while that Spencer is a regular boor!"

But just at that moment I heard a buzzing in my ear, and, listening intently, though unobserved, heard the two I had just left conversing together.

"Isn't that Elderthorpe the most conceited fellow you ever saw?" said Billings. "I was afraid to carry the argument any farther for fear of getting him angry: he is so weak-minded as to take offense at such things."

"Oh, you hypocrite!" said I, between my teeth; "I wish I had you by the throat."

"What's the matter with you?" asked Dolly, at my side; "you grit your teeth horribly."

"Nothing," said I. "Do you see Miss Hamilton, over on the other side of the room?"

While I thus distracted her attention, I listened for Spencer's answer, expecting to hear something perfectly horrible.

"I don't know," said he, "about his being so weak-minded. There were some things he brought up that I found it pretty hard to get over; and I had to talk around, talk around. It strikes me that he is a smart, sensible fellow."

It is needless to say that my opinion was entirely changed of Mr. Spencer, and I took occasion during the evening to shake him cordially by the hand, and ask him how he felt, while I coldly turned my back upon Billings. Both were at a loss to explain these manœuvres, for I had not yet learned the art of concealing my feelings.

The band commenced playing a redowa polka, and, clasping the fair Dolly around the waist, we whirled around the room together. Although moving so rapidly I could distinctly hear Mrs. Braine say to Mrs. Guise in the opposite corner of the room,

"Good gracious! just look at that Elderthope dance. Ha, ha, ha!"

"My!" replied Mrs. Guise. "See how he throws his legs; I wonder if he calls that accomplished."

"Heavens and earth! was there ever such motions? I don't see how Dolly stands it," said Mrs. Braine.

"It makes me mad to see those two together. He isn't half good enough for her, with all his money."

At the end of the dance I took occasion to lead the blooming Dolly, hanging on my arm, over toward that corner.

"Dear Mr. Elderthorpe," said Mrs. Braine, "allow me to congratulate you on your dancing—so graceful, easy, and accomplished."

I came near laughing in the woman's face.

"I must confess," said Mrs. Guise, "that it is a most agreeable disappointment. Some one told me that you had never learned to dance."

I turned away, scarcely striving to conceal my disgust.

However, after passing a very agreeable evening, I conducted Miss Dolly home, and was not long in seeking my bed. There I lay awake, thinking, thinking. My power was now secure. I had proved it in a variety of instances. Was I benefited by it? Did I wish to shake it off? It was very pleasant to be able to know exactly what people said of you. What an advantage it gave one in all business transactions! I was a superior being now. I was rich—independent; and I did not care for any one; so, with those who were friends on account of my money I would have nothing to do.

While I lay in bed, thus reasoning with myself, there came voices in my ear, as of some one speaking in a whisper.

"Well, Dodge, what have you done for me to-day?" said my cousin Ned, whose voice I recognized immediately.

"Here is five hundred dollars for you," replied the book-keeper, "which I managed to get hold of."

"How?" asked Ned.

"Oh, in making up my cash account, I slightly altered one figure, and this is the result."

"You're a trump, Dodge, and deserve to be richly rewarded."

"I generally strive to help myself," answered he, complacently.

"Good God!" said I to myself, "what does all this mean?"

"Confound the man!" cried Ned, my cousin, whom I had always loved so dearly; "why don't he drop off?"

"Why not dose him?" suggested Dodge.

"He has got marriage in his head too," continued Ned, "which will be death to all my hopes. D—— Dolly Smith. I wish she was in the infernal regions!"

"Why not dose him?" said Dodge again.

"Dose him with what?" cried my cousin.

"Arsenic is good."

"Too sudden—too sudden!"

"What then?" asked Dodge.

"I don't know. I'll think of it," replied Ned, gloomily. "Good-night!"

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"Oh, Ned, Ned," cried I, in the bitterness of my heart, "who would have thought you would thus return my kindness!"

I cursed the faculty, which I before had gloried over, in thus making this thing known to me. All night I tossed to and fro in an agony of spirit, most miserably wretched.

In the morning I arose pale and haggard. Thomas started on seeing me, but as I did not wish any conversation he said nothing. Dodge saluted me with his usual Good-morning! but I turned my back on him and did not answer. My mind was made up to let things go on as usual; I would not yet explode the mine which was preparing beneath the feet of the two colleagues. I would bide my time. However, in the course of the day, I took occasion, while Dodge was at dinner, to cast my eye over the cash account of the day before. There was one entry which had been altered, I could now see; this should have been one thousand six hundred and forty-two dollars; instead, it was one thousand one hundred and forty-two; the six had been changed to a one. I turned back a few pages and noticed now and then a few similar changes, though so very slight that one would scarcely notice them unless their attention was particularly directed to them. I saw enough. I was heart-sick, but enraged at the book-keeper at the same time. I felt like taking him by the throat when he entered, but restrained my feelings and sat quietly down.

That evening I visited Dolly, as in duty bound, to inquire how she had survived the fatigues of the ball. I had somewhat calmed myself by this time, determined to take things easy.

"Good-evening, Mr. Elderthorpe!" said Mrs. Smith, opening the door as I rang. "Splendid night, isn't it?"

"It is so. I don't think I ever saw so many stars out," I replied.

"Walk right in the parlor, Sir. I guess you'll find Dolly waiting for you."

Mrs. Smith was a short, plump little woman, more than an armful for Mr. Smith, who was tall and slim as a bean-pole. They lived in a very respectable house, neither very rich nor very poor.

"Ah, Mr. Elderthorpe!" cried Mr. Smith, as I entered the parlor. "How do you do?"

"Pretty well, Sir," said I. "How do *you* find yourself?"

"First-rate, Sir; first-rate."

"What's the news, Mr. Smith?"

"Oh, nothing particular, that I know of. By-the-by, I hear you are doing a smashing business."

"Pretty well, Sir; I can't complain."

"You must not overwork yourself, nor confine yourself too closely," said Madam, affectionately.

At that moment Miss Dolly entered.

"Ah! bon soir, Mademoiselle. How do you feel after the exertion of last night?"

"Very well, thank you; and how is my escort?" replied she.

"Fine as a fiddle," said I.

"How witty he is!" said Mrs. Smith to her husband, in an audible whisper.

"What do you think about the Atlantic Cable, Mr. Elderthorpe?" asked Mr. Smith; "do you think they will ever finish it?" This was the first time.

"I think so, Sir, if they keep on at the rate they have commenced."

"I don't know but what you are right. It will be a great benefit, will it not?"

"Yes, indeed, it will. It will unite Europe and America almost as one continent."

We talked very pleasantly for an hour or so; Mr. and Mrs. S. both agreeing very readily to any proposition I advanced. Mrs. very affectionate; Mr. very admiring of my superior qualities. However, I arose at length, telling them I had several letters to write that night, which could not be put off, and took my leave.

"There goes a young man," said Mr. Smith to his wife, as I left the room, "which I wish many others would pattern after."

"Good-night, Dolly!" cried I, as I snatched a kiss from her rosy lips, and started down the street.

But I had scarcely gone two blocks when I heard Mr. Smith say to his better half,

"What an egotist that Elderthorpe is! You can flatter that man with impunity."

"He *is* kind of soft," replied Madam; "but he is rich."

"Now about that Atlantic Cable. It will never get through in the world; but I did not dare to tell him so, he is so full of himself."

"He is not full of himself at all," said Dolly; "he is a sensible, good-hearted, generous young man."

"Ah, there spoke my darling!" said I to myself.

"You must keep on thinking so, Dolly," continued her father, "for whether he is a fool or not you must try your best to catch him. Do not think of his character but of his money."

"Father, I will not hear such language," replied Dolly, indignantly. "Mr. Elderthorpe is a man of unblemished character. I confess I love him with my whole heart; and he loves me too, for he told me so. The only thing that troubles me is, that he is too far above me as regards wealth, and I dread to hear the world say that I am trying to entrap him for his money. I sometimes think that I will tell him not to visit me any more, though it would break my heart to do so." And here she burst into tears, and left the room.

"Confound the girl," said Mr. Smith, "what's got into her? If she should do any such thing as she proposed, I would do—I don't know what! Something dreadful."

"Oh pshaw!" replied Mrs. Smith. "I'll soon persuade her out of that notion. But there is love in the question, on both sides too, and he is a most cruel master. It is very easy to say, 'I'll do this, or that,' but

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that confounded Cupid is bound to step in and interfere with your plans."

"Just think what an advantage we would derive from the marriage! She would have all the wealth that could be desired, and what was hers we could consider ours. Besides this, he might drop off at any moment, when all the property would fall to her."

"Sure enough," chimed in Mrs. S.

"Don't let her dare slight him," cried the lean man, "or, by the Eternal Powers, she shall repent it!"

"Is it true," I cried to myself, "that all society is so hollow and fickle? Are all my acquaintances, who appear so warmly attached to me, but friends to my money?"

Then I became enraged at the vile conversation I had just heard.

"Oh, you miserable hypocrites!" said I, in my bitterness. "You will find yourselves most abominably mistaken. Your daughter is a dear, good girl, and, by the blessing of God, I intend to marry her, and make her happy; but you, you low, groveling, worldly-minded sinners, not a cent shall you ever get of my coveted wealth if I can possibly help it. I would be content to die this minute, and leave this weary world; but I shall pray hereafter to live a hundred years, to spite you two, and that other one whom I have always loved so dearly."

Here my feelings overcame me, and hot tears rolled down my cheeks. Once more I passed a sleepless night. In the morning I felt so worn out and wretched that I was unable to arise, and so sunk to sleep from very weariness. When I awoke the doctor was by my bedside, and I felt consumed by an internal fire—fever had fastened upon me. How long I was sick I know not; but it was more than a week before I became conscious of what was going on at all—at least so they told me afterward. I found myself considerably better, though very weak. All fever had left me, and I had not an ache nor a pain in my whole body. I had never felt so happy before.

"How are you to-day, dear Bob?"

I started. It was my cousin Ned's voice. I tried to speak, but found myself unable to articulate any thing above a whisper. I turned my eyes upon him, and gazed searchingly in his face. It was full of pity and apprehension. Might I not have wronged him? perhaps it was all imagination, or a dream, which made me hear that conversation between him and Dodge. I tried to hope so. But those figures, altered, would come before me, and convince me, in spite of myself. I turned my face from him, and made-believe sleep. Some little time after, the room being all quiet, I heard a soft voice praying, which I knew immediately to be that of the idol of my heart.

"O God!" said she—her voice choked with sobs—"save him, save him. Do not let one so good, so noble and generous, be cut off, thus early in life! O God, rather let me perish in his place!"

"Dear Dolly," said I to myself, "I am not half good enough for you. But have I then been so very sick?"

However, a little while after, Mr. Smith's voice grated harshly on my ear.

"My dear," said he, "I saw Dr. Spellman today. He says Elderthorpe is very low indeed, and that there is very little hopes of his recovery."

"What appears to be the disease?"

"Brain-fever, the doctor said. If he dies it will be death to all our hopes."

"I hope, with all my heart, he will live; it would break our Dolly's heart if he should not."

"If she were only married to him I would not let grief quite wear me out, if he did drop off."

I shut my ears at this disgusting discourse, as it irritated me and made me worse. Shortly after I fell asleep and awoke at nightfall much refreshed. As I lay awake thus, thinking of nothing in particular, but gazing vacantly out at the stars, Dodge's detestable voice came to my ears.

"Well, Ned, what do you propose now? You say he is better."

"Yes, d—n it, Dr. Spellman says he is out of danger, if he is kept quiet. Every thing seems to be against me. There is that five thousand dollars to be paid to young Boyd which I lost the other night; where am I to get that? Can't you get any more from the books?"

"No. Elderthorpe has grown mighty suspicious of late. Just before he was taken sick I noticed him scrutinizing my cash account very closely several times."

"Then I must resort to your original proposition."

"What? dose him?" asked Dodge.

"Yes," replied Ned, gloomily.

"But how?"

"I don't know; do you?"

"Let me think," said Dodge. "There is François, his valet de chambre; we might corrupt him."

"Good!" exclaimed Ned. "Will you attend to it? You shall be richly rewarded if it succeeds."

"Yes, leave it to me; I'll bring all out right."

"Will you, my friend? We'll see about that," said I to myself.

Till the next evening appeared to me but as a few hours, when I heard Dodge conversing with François.

"François," said he; "do you want to make a hundred dollars?"

"The hundred dollars is all well enough, Sir, and would come very acceptable," said he; "but there must be something else behind; what is it?"

"All I want of you is, to put a little powder in your master's gruel to-morrow evening. Something that will do him good."

"Ah!" said François, significantly. "Truly a very little service for so large a sum."

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"It is, indeed; you could scarcely make it easier."

"But there is no danger whatever, I suppose, of taking a short dance on the tight rope afterward?"

"None whatever, if you administer it with skill."

"I dare say," said François, nonchalantly, "that if you made the amount five hundred, it would inspire me with a vast deal more skill."

"Well, I'll call it five hundred," answered Dodge.

"But if you made it a thousand, there would be no chance of a failure."

"I will not make it a thousand, you rogue," said Dodge, angrily.

"Oh well, then," replied the other, "if any thing happens to Mr. Elderthorpe, I'll know how to put the authorities on the right track."

Dodge saw the man had the best of him.

"Well, if I made it a thousand, what pledge have I that you will not want ten?"

"My word and honor."

"Truly a precious token. Well, I'll give you a thousand if you do the deed successfully; will that suit you?"

"Yes."

"Set about it, then; here are the ingredients." And they parted.

"To-morrow evening is it all this is going to take place?" said I to myself. "I have a good mind to take the dose, and so put an end to myself; but no, I'll live and disappoint them all."

In the course of the day my Cousin Ned called again.

"Why, Bob," said he, cheerfully, "I am glad to see you looking so much better, old fellow! Expect soon to be out, hey?"

By a great effort I controlled my feelings and answered:

"I hope so, Ned. I feel like another man. Any thing new out?"

"Nothing particular. Wherever I go people are asking me how you are. All the young ladies I see seem thrown in the depth of despair."

"Pshaw, Ned!"

"It is so. Is there any thing I can do for you, Bob?—any thing you want that I can get?—any message to send? It gives me pleasure to wait upon you."

"Yes, Ned, there is one thing I want with all my heart."

"What is that, Bob?"

"A true friend," said I.

"Am I not one?" said he. "I have always loved you better than a brother, Bob."

"I hope you do," answered I, turning on my side and closing my eyes.

I suppose he wondered at my strange manner—however, I did not care; my eyes had lately been opened. During the evening François gently approached my bedside, and asked if I felt like taking my gruel.

"Yes," I replied.

He brought it softly, with a spoon to feed me if I wished.

"François," said I to him, "taste the gruel before you give it to me; it may be too hot."

"Oh no, Sir, I know it is not. I can feel by the outside of the bowl."

"But it may be too salt; if there is any thing I detest it is salty gruel."

"Nay, Sir, it can not be; I saw the cook put just the right quantity in myself."

"François," said I, raising myself on my elbow and speaking in a stern manner, "you are a villain. Taste that gruel instantly or you shall die!"

He was awed in an instant and fell on his knees, saying, in a whimpering manner,

"Oh, master, hear me patiently, and I will tell you all!"

"Get up, you rogue! Go tell the base coward who sent you that I am acquainted with his perfidy. In twenty-four hours, if you are found, I shall have you both arrested. Go, Sir, you have not much time to spare!"

* * * * * *

Here the crazy man, who had been relating this story to me, stopped short and glared at me with clenched teeth.

"*You* are François, you villain," cried he, making a dash at me. "Ah, I have you now!"

It was as much as I could do to elude his grasp; and two warders coming in at the time it took the combined strength of us three to force him down and convey him to a separate apartment.

For days after he raved and tore around in the height of frenzy; and I was told I had done very wrong in allowing him to tell me his story at all. However, I thought to myself that, although it was the recital of a crazy man, there were several things from which sane people might learn a lesson. Many and many a time since I have thought upon Elderthorpe's Idea.

CONCERNING RESTAURANTS.

THE art of cooking, and its near relative, the art of eating, are nowadays receiving more than usual attention. Next to having something to eat, it is necessary to know how to cook that something, so that good digestion may wait on appetite. As a people, we are the worst cooks and the most unwholesome feeders in the world. Hardly one in a hundred of our cooks can broil a steak or boil a potato, and not one in ten of our business men has a correct idea of feeding. Bolting down hot rolls, rendered chemically destructive of the stomach lining by preparations of soda, and swallowing hot coffee, either Mocha or rye as the case may be, is not at all a good way of breakfasting. Bicarbonate of soda is very well as a chemical agent, and is a useful article, and the coffee berry and rye are in their proper places very good things; but we take them in such a fashion as to convert them into poisons to our bodies and vexations to our souls. We are fond of pies and

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tarts. We cry for pie when we are infants. Pie in countless varieties waits upon us through life. Pie kills us finally. We have apple-pie, peach-pie, rhubarb-pie, cherry-pie, pumpkin-pie, plum-pie, custard-pie, oyster-pie, lemon-pie, and hosts of other pies. Potatoes are diverted from their proper place as boiled or baked, and made into a nice heavy crust to these pies, rendering them as incapable of being acted upon by the gastric juice as if they were sulphate of baryta, a chemical which boiling vitriol will hardly dissolve. Life is short, and we have no time to waste in eating. Thus our tables become railway-station counters, and we devour our food as if the conductor were outside ready to cry "All aboard." We enjoy less than any other people. We have no time for even our pleasures. Pie is at the bottom of all this nervous unrest. How can a person with a pound of green apples and fat dough in his stomach feel at ease? It is too much to expect of him. The offices of the digestive apparatus are delicate and nice. That foundation of earthly happiness, a good digestion, is not to be had by swinish feeding.

We fry our food a great deal too much. Flour fried in fat is one of our delights. Dough-nuts, pancakes, fritters, are samples of what we do with good wheat flour. Fried ham, fried eggs, fried liver, fried steak, fried fish, fried oysters, fried potatoes, and last, not least, fried hash await us at morning, noon, and night.

Altogether it is a sad sight to behold a being in human form sitting at the feast which is prepared for him. What our women live upon, in addition to pies and fried things, is a mystery deeper than that of back hair. Candies cunningly variegated by nice chemical means, and hollow sugar-balls filled with cream and sugar, and chocolate drops, and molasses candy are supposed to form part of their diet. No wonder they appear sorrowful of countenance, and that their cheeks have no glow of health. Like the men, they take potations of warm coffee and tea, and, it is whispered, something in the way of alcohol or opium. The quantity of the latter article brought to this country and sold here would not disgrace China.

Here, however, this kind of remark must stop, though the theme is endless. What we wish to say is concerning restaurants.

So far as one can judge, there are about ten varieties of restaurants in New York; and by restaurants we mean places with tables and chairs and plate and knives, not counter eating-houses. The following list of prices for a plate of roast beef will give an idea of the various grades of eating-houses:

Ann Street Restaurant,	roast beef	per	plate	6	cents.
Nassau St.	"	"	"	8	"
Fulton St., low class	"	"	"	10	"
Fulton St., better class	"	"	"	12	"
William St., low class	"	"	"	15	"
Fulton St., best class	"	"	"	25	"
William St., best class	"	"	"	30	"
Beaver St., good class	"	"	"	35	"
Beaver St., best class	"	"	"	50	"
Union Square, best class	"	"	"	65	"

Roast beef is taken as a standard, it being the most called for and the worst cooked. The price of the dish is not always a guide to its quality, the 20 cent dish being generally as eatable as the 65 cent variety. At the cheaper houses potatoes are included in the prices above named. At the expensive houses potatoes are charged from 5 cents and 15 cents to 20 cents extra. An economical person may procure a small dinner at the best restaurants for $2, or may get one quite as good down town for 65 cents. For example:

UNION SQUARE.

Plate of beef	65 cents.
Fried potatoes	25 "
Bread	20 "
Spinach	40 "
Bottle of Scotch ale	50 "
	2 dollars.

WILLIAM STREET.

Plate of beef	15 cents.
Fried potatoes	5 "
Bread (gratis)	00 "
Spinach	10 "
Bottle of Scotch ale	30 "
	60 cents.

The William Street beef will be better cooked than the other. There is a steamy sodden flavor about the up-town dishes.

Generally people are not disposed to grumble at the price of a restaurant dinner when they merely dine there occasionally. It is the homeless wanderer who has nowhere else to dine who feels hurt at finding bread charged at 10 cents for two slices whe· that is the cost of a whole loaf at the baker's.

There are places on Broadway above Bleecker Street where, for $1 50, one may dine and have a bottle of red wine. At these houses the cooking is very good sometimes, though garlic is usually present in all the dishes. The table-cloth is not clean though, and there is a dissipated look about the premises. Artisans, such as sign-painters, house-decorators, piano-key makers, coach-varnishers, upholsterers, and musical professors are the usual customers, with a stray gambler or two, each with his pigeon under his wing. Further up town are the most expensive and the most unsatisfactory dining-places. One does not get enough for the money when quail are charged at just about their weight in silver. A usually very wary and discreet person once invited two ladies to sup with him at one of these places, and made a neat calculation next morning which gave the above cost for quails on that occasion.

A bank clerk, of generous turn of mind, has over his mantle-piece a receipted bill, nicely framed. The amount is $55 75. It represents the cost of a supper for himself and two ladies, and a boy of fourteen. This last person comes in for a great deal of the bank clerk's dislike. It appears that the youth ordered dishes with too much freedom, and had to be carried home with too much Champagne in his system.

To be sure one finds style at these places. Waiters who resemble clergymen, with large salaries, soft chairs, cut glass, and a splendid

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view of a waterfall at the next table, make up a large part of the said style. Champagne at $6 per bottle, red wine at $2, and tooth-picks at 10 cents each, but charged in the bill with a dash (——), are among the luxuries. Dashes are used instead of items in the bill, and the explanation of their meaning is never thought worth while with a party waiting for one.

Many wise old fellows, however, who are quite rich enough to indulge in the Union Square way of doing things, prefer to dine down town. There are sundry restaurants near Wall Street where Mr. Omnium can find good, wholesome cuts from well-cooked joints, and old-fashioned mealy potatoes, boiled in their jackets, and comforting beverages in abundance. No wonder he has no appetite for the family dinner at 6 P.M.

Not far from Theatre Alley, down town, is a queer old French restaurant. You descend steep cellar stairs, and enter a low and not nice smelling room, with sanded floor, hard chairs, and a little bar tended usually by a woman. There is an alcove at one end, under the sidewalk, formed of oyster-shells and bits of tinsel, and sometimes a boy with a violin will seem to afford music to the feast. Before "gold went up" the *diner du jour* at this place, consisting of soup, one entrée, and cut of roast meat with one vegetable, and cheese with bread at discretion, would be had for 25 cents, with a pint of red wine at 12½ cents extra. Now, however, the price for the "diner" is 35 cents, and the wine 20 cents—55 cents in all, and a very cheap and good dinner it is with no fried dishes and no pies. The wine is good. Hungry people, who are generally cross, become amiable after the second glass, and bow to Madame as they depart with much grace. There is an inner room at the back, and when the door opens in the afternoon one can see a goodly table spread and long-necked bottles on racks within, and after a time a portly gentleman dropping down the stairs and entering. Madame bows very low to those who dine in this room.

The German style of cooking has its lovers, and they fill the purse of many restaurant keepers. There are places in Broadway where sour cabbage is considered a wholesome and proper dish for all, and where "one pancake!" in Dutch, is the waiter's constant cry. This practice of crying one's dinner is not, by-the-by, very agreeable. It is not quite pleasant to hear the waiter cry "Broiled quail, currant-jelly, fried potatoes, Sauterne on 6," and "Corned beef and cabbage on 5," when you happen to be the one at table 5, and not at table 6. "Ein lager!" has a solitary sound, and betokens thought and reverie on the part of the one ordering it. "Zwei lager!" means fun and jollity. The Dutch restaurants are noisy. Lager bier, though said not to intoxicate, has a decidedly exhilarating effect as its first stage; after that comes a stupor, which is expressed by "tangled hair." It is, without question, the most miserable stuff that the stomach is required to find room for.

Greasiness in various degrees distinguishes the German dishes. Dirt in all degrees is present at the German restaurants. Plates and cups with pieces chipped out, leaving black marks where the fracture occurred, and knives which know no cleaning, are always to be found. When the grease, which is so freely used, takes fire in the kitchen below, or in the rear of the dining-room, there is a suffocating odor which attends the decomposition of animal fat dispersed through the room. The air of the street is refreshing after a dinner in a German eating-cellar. The coffee is good, and the bread very good also. The butter is usually a neat mixture of butyric acid and lard. It is not wholesome. The prices are generally as follows, say for dinner:

Roast veal	20 cents
Fried potatoes	10 "
Pancake	20 "
Total	50 cents

The lager bier may amount to as much more if one loves that particular beverage.

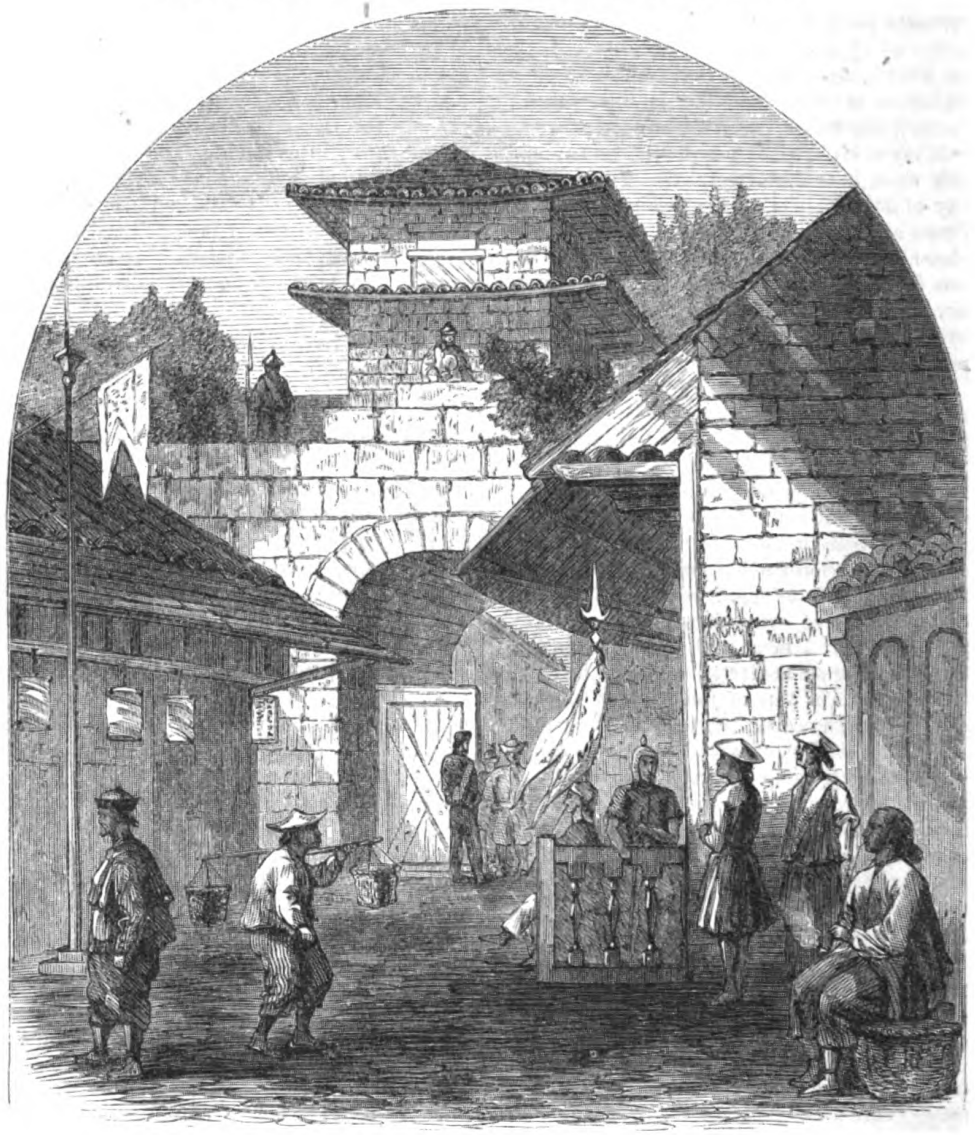
In Houston Street and in Bleecker Street the variety of Restaurant known as the English chop-house is to be found. Here can be had stewed tripe, liver and bacon, mutton-chops, porter-house steak, and cuts from "joints." The bill of fare is a written one hung up at the bar. The prices are moderate, and the food better cooked than in almost any of the other eating-houses. There is a wholesome and appetizing taste to the English dishes. Though they fry a little there is always to be had broiled chops and a genuine "broiled steak"—a thing of beauty unknown to most American housekeepers. On tripe days those who like to fill their stomachs with that of another animal are accommodated. English pickles, not made green with copper oxyd, are furnished gratis. A little dinner costs as below:

Sirloin steak or cut of joint	40 cents
Potatoes, boiled, with bread	— "
Bread pudding	10 "
Glass of ale or dish of tea	10 "
Total	60 cents

Half-and-half, or "arf-an'-arf," in the English, is a standard drink. Tobies of ale, at 10 cents the toby, are always being called for. Altogether, it is a good place to dine at after going the rounds of the other houses. Poached eggs and Welsh rarebits give a sporting, noisy tone to the house, and the visits of gentlemen distinguished in the ring render a dinner exciting. Generally, however, the landlord maintains good order in the room, and is quite capable of fighting his own battles, being big of muscle. The customers are rather noisy at times, and given to profane swearing. In one case the writer found that the man at the next table swore at the rate of 22½ oaths per minute, or say 1350 per hour, without any visible provocation, but merely from habit. Another man, who might have been a horse-dealer, also was very profane, but his oaths were of the vicious kind, and the landlord, with an oath, reproved him for his conduct. The gamblers who come in to dinner are quiet and civil.

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THE LAST MONTHS OF THE TAEPING WAR.



QUIN-SAN.—THE EAST GATE.

[EDITOR OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE,—It is probable that few, if any, of your readers have heard much of the efforts made to suppress the gigantic revolution existing in China since the year 1849. I propose, therefore, to give a brief account of some of the principal incidents connected with it, limiting myself to such events as occurred near Shanghai, and in the southeast portion of the Province of Ki-ang-su, and the northeast part of Che-kiang; for in this part of the Celestial Empire it was that Americans distinguished themselves, particularly in the military movements made to suppress this great revolution.—G. B.]

WARD, a former associate of Walker, the filibuster, during his South American expedition, was the first American or European who rose to distinction and found favor in the eyes of the Imperialists. He landed in Shanghai in the latter part of 1860, and finding no employment there, offered his services to the Viceroy of the Province. The Taepings were at this time within forty miles of the port, and an advance of their forces was daily expected. Ward proposed to the "Foo-tai" (Viceroy), if allowed to enroll and equip fifty Malays, to take, with their assistance only, a town named Soonkeong, thirty miles in a direct line, but in reality, on account of circuitous approaches to it, fifty from Shanghai, on a canal leading to that city from the lake Tai-hou. The terms agreed on were that, if successful, Ward was to raise a further force of 1000 Chinese, and 25 European or American officers; his Malays were to be paid, and himself sufficiently rewarded.

Soonkeong, the town which Ward proposed attacking, was well fortified, inclosed by a wall four miles in extent, and nowhere less than forty

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GENERAL WARD.

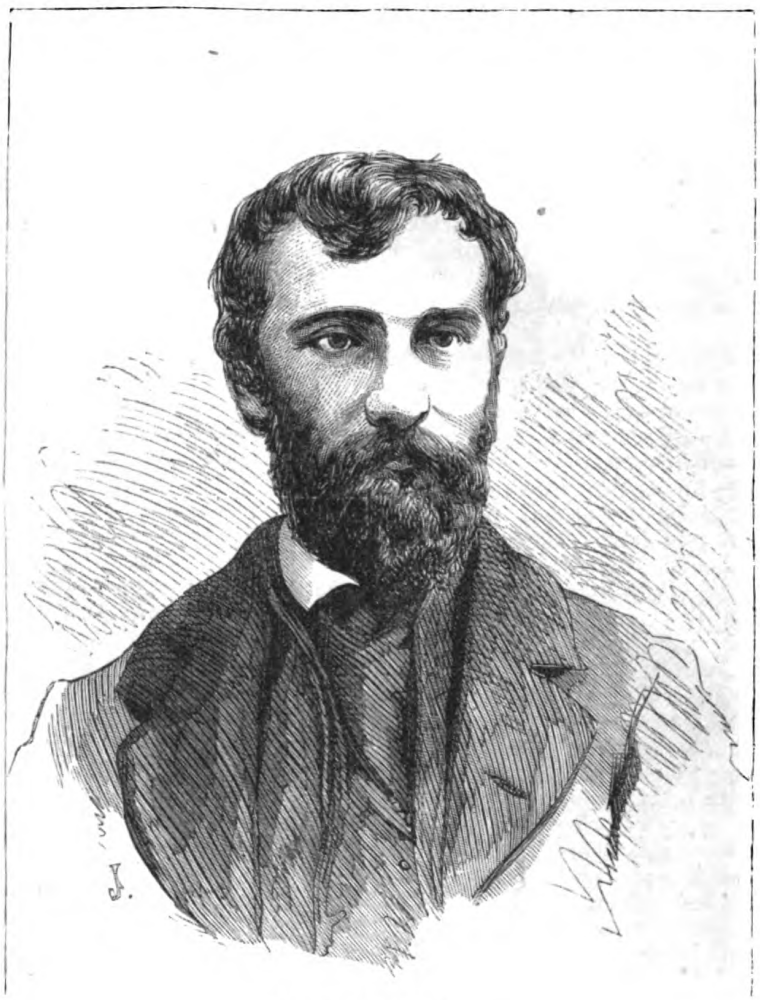
feet high. It was crossed diagonally by two canals; at each of the four entrances through the walls where the canal entered the city was a gate, invariably closed at night and opened before dawn. Moreover, there was a garrison of 4000 Taepings in fancied security within the walls. Ward perfectly understood the time and manner in which the so-called water-gates were opened, and proceeding up the canal with his fifty men in boats, he arrived under the walls of Soonkeong three hours before dawn, and quietly posted his men, fourteen at each gate, excepting at the fourth, where he himself stood with the remaining eight.

His orders, previously given to the Malays, were to lie concealed five minutes after the gates were thrown open, so as to insure simultaneous action among the four detachments, and then to rush in with as much noise and tumult as possible; to fire the nearest buildings, to kill all that were met, and to make for the centre of the town, discharging their muskets, and create as great an uproar and panic as possible. Every thing answered admirably! The gates were opened at the usual hour, and within one or two minutes of each other. Ward's orders were followed implicitly, and in less than ten minutes the Taepings, struck with a sudden panic, fled, leaving every thing behind them. Numbers were killed, and those who did escape were glad to do so without arms and even without clothing. A force of Mandarin troops that had been held in readiness, in anticipation of Ward's success, were put in charge of the town, and ever after retained it.

Ward's first success was very opportune. The Viceroy soon placed implicit confidence in him, and, quite contrary to the usual Chinese practice in such cases, fulfilled to the letter the promises he had made to reward the captors in the event of the attack on Soonkeong proving successful.

From 1000 in less than a year Ward had the force raised to 3000: organized it into regiments and batteries, established a good system of recruiting, secured guarantees for the regular payment of officers and men, and made his little army as efficient and serviceable as a force of that size could possibly be. In frequent encounters with the Taepings Ward was invaria-

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GENERAL BURGEVINE.

bly successful; so much so, indeed, that the force soon secured for itself the name of "The Invincibles," which it kept to the time of its final disbandment, notwithstanding several defeats it afterward sustained—not under Ward's leadership.

General Ward, as he was now styled, became a naturalized Chinese subject; received the order of Mandarin of the Red Button; was presented with a large tract of land near Soonkeong, the scene of his first victory, together with one of the finest houses in the French settlement at Shanghai: this latter being a private gift of the Foo-tai.

All went well till October, 1862. Every thing promised success to the Imperial cause, and Ward, who had several times been wounded, was in a fair way to drive the Taepings completely out of the province and the surrounding districts, when he received, on the 22d of that month, a wound in the lower part of the stomach, which proved fatal. He died, suffering great pain, within twenty-four hours.

Burgevine, a well-educated man of fair abilities, also an American, succeeded Ward in the command of the "Soonkeong Force," as it was now called, from the fact of its being quartered in that town. He was even more successful than Ward; routed the rebels in every engagement; and on one occasion, at Koh-ding, with his force of 5000 disciplined Chinamen, disastrously defeated the Taeping horde of 95,000 unorganized, and ill-armed, half-starved men. This defeat, though bringing no great fame to Burgevine, put an end for a while to the Taeping incursions in the province of Kiang-su. The Force was placed in winter-quarters in Soonkeong, and remained there quietly for some months.

Considerable irregularity had existed for a few months past, since Burgevine's accession to the command, in the payment of the officers and men. Notwithstanding urgent and repeated requests from Burgevine, no steps were taken to pay the troops, and the men becoming mutinous, the General, to save the threatened pillage of Soonkeong, as a last resource determined to go in person and demand a sum sufficient to pay the whole contingent; and in the event of his claim being unattended to he

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prepared himself to take by force that to which he was fairly entitled.

Embarking with one company of picked men he went down to Shanghai by boat, and marched to the house of the Mandarin who acted as banker to the Viceroy, and who usually furnished the funds necessary for the payment of the Force. The Mandarin acknowledged having the necessary sum, but refused to give it, as the Foo-tai had not authorized him to do so. Burgevine pressed his claim, alleging that if he returned without funds Soonkeong would be plundered and destroyed, and all control over the men being lost, Shanghai itself would not be safe from outrage.

No arguments availed; the Mandarin was obstinate and grew impertinent; Burgevine lost his temper, and in a fit of rage struck the old fellow; and, calling to his assistance the company he had brought with him, he carried back to his boats all the treasure he could lay hands on in the banker's house. He immediately returned to Soonkeong and paid every officer and man up to date, and balanced the accounts, leaving himself, however, unpaid, there being 11,000 taels (15,000 dollars) short of the amount required.

The Foo-tai, highly incensed, without delay dispatched to Pekin a request that Burgevine might be arrested and summarily dealt with. The General had refused to resign when ordered to do so by the Foo-tai; and the latter had no means of carrying into effect his mandate, seeing that Burgevine's little army, devoted to their leader, were in every way a match for any force the impotent Viceroy could bring into the field.

The Emperor refused to interfere, and Burgevine deemed it best to resign and go himself to Pekin, in the hope of recovering his own pay, even if he could not obtain an Imperial decree reinstating him to his former command. Meanwhile Major Holland, an officer of the British marines, was placed in command of the Soonkeong Force. He immediately started for a well-fortified town named Tai-tsang, in the possession of the rebels, and, disdaining all advice, he refused to listen to the wholesome recommendation of his subordinate officers that he should make preparation for retreat in case of a defeat. Despising the enemy and feeling confident of success he, without any preliminaries, advanced his artillery within 200 yards of the town and opened on the walls with the intention of forming a breach. The ground was swampy and the guns were only got into position after considerable exertion; the regiment that supported them suffered severely from the rapid volleys kept up by the Taepings, who at that short distance could concentrate a well-directed fire, even with their inferior weapons. After a few rounds had demonstrated the injudiciousness of placing artillery so close to the walls even for breaching purposes, Holland saw the necessity of retiring a few hundred yards; this retrograde movement inspired the Taepings with courage, and when they made a determined sally, first the artillerymen deserted their guns, then the regiment supporting them, seized with a panic that soon communicated itself to the whole Force, fled in confusion, leaving the artillery stuck in the mud.

Holland, seeing the rout, made no attempt to rally the men, but hastening to a boat, left the scene of his disgrace with the greatest imaginable speed, stopping nowhere till he arrived in Shanghai, from which place he sent in his resignation and sailed immediately for England. The stampede was ludicrous to an extreme; all made for Soonkeong, the foremost arriving there in seven or eight hours (the advance had occupied three days), pursued the whole way by the exultant Taepings, who made indiscriminate slaughter among the flying and demoralized mob.

This, the first repulse sustained by the "Invincibles," did more harm to the "Imperialists" than hundreds of the monthly defeats suffered by the undisciplined Mandarin troops, for the valuable artillery lent to the Force by the English Government fell into the hands of the Taepings, who previously had used nothing but their own villainously-made ordnance.

Through the instrumentality of Brigadier-General Staveley, commanding the British forces in China, his brother-in-law, Major Gordon, a promising young officer of Engineers, succeeded Holland. Gordon having, a few years previous to the occurrence of these events, surveyed very carefully the whole of the surrounding districts, was peculiarly fitted for the appointment. No sooner was he in command than he made vigorous exertions to re-establish discipline among the officers of the Force; through the good offices of Staveley he procured more and better ordnance and ammunition, pontoons and ladders. Recruiting was vigorously prosecuted, and in less than one month the contingent was on a firmer footing and better available for active field-service than it had ever been, even under Ward.

Gordon now advanced against Tai-tsang, but on his way was met by a deputation of rebels, who offered to place the town in his hands if the garrison he would send to take possession should consist of Mandarin soldiers only, not of the Soonkeong Force. He complied with their terms, which, in addition to the preceding, contained a proviso that the Taeping garrison should march out bag and baggage.

Dispatching a force of 1000 Mandarin soldiers to garrison Tai-tsang, he pushed on to Quin-san, eleven miles distant. When within two miles of the latter town he received information of the massacre of the Imperialists who had been sent to occupy Tai-tsang. They had entered the place before the Taepings had retired; and no sooner were they in than the gates were closed, and every man, including one American and two Europeans, massacred; not a soul escaped.

Gordon in haste retraced his steps, and having made his arrangements overnight, the next morning commenced a furious cannonade on two parts of the wall, distant from each other

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one mile. In five hours both breaches were practicable, when a feigned and real assault was ordered. Both were repulsed with severe loss. The Taepings having gained confidence from their late success over Holland, and dreading Gordon's just anger, fought with unexampled valor. Another and another assault was ordered with no better success. A fourth, under cover of a tremendous fire from the contingent's artillery and two small steamers anchored in the river, sustained till the head of the assaulting column was actually half-way up the breach, proved more successful. A lodgment being effected, regiment after regiment was poured in; and the six gates of the town having been secured, a fearful slaughter of the rebels commenced. Not more than a third of the entire garrison escaped. Valuable "loot" was made. The prizes, consisting of rich furs, silks, tea, and rice, fell to the lot whoever first laid hands on them, whether it was officer or private; this being a recognized part of an arrangement in force with the Contingent. The wretched Mandarin troops, who for the greater part fought without pay, in the hope of making sufficient loot to compensate themselves for their toil and danger, were the only men who made nothing of it; for the system pursued in the Soonkeong Force allowed all forming a part of it to rob friend or foe, so long as they plundered not one of themselves.

Quin-san was Gordon's next objective point. He marched against it in the latter part of May, 1863. In three days he carried by assault twenty or more stockades that had been erected by the rebels to defend the approaches to the town. By repeatedly changing his base, he prevented the Taepings from discovering where he intended making the assault. The force under his command consisted of 6000 disciplined Chinamen, officered by 160 Europeans and Americans, and 10,000 undisciplined Chinamen, under the command of Mandarin Ching, who, in the first instance a rebel, was now a stanch and zealous supporter of the Imperialists.

A slight bombardment was kept up for three days, and all were anxious for the assault, yet Gordon gave no orders to breach. On the 1st of June, having received intimation that the garrison were demoralized and disheartened, he immediately so disposed of his force as to command all outlet from the town. It should be understood that in this part of China there are no roads, the only mode of traveling or transportation being by means of innumerable canals, that cross the country and each other at short intervals.

Being told by spies that the Taepings had placed a large amount of treasure in boats just outside the city, to be sent off to Soo-chow, up the grand canal leading from Quin-san to that place, he determined to cut them off. He embarked on board a small flat-bottomed steamer, that carried one 32-pounder in the bows, and one 12-pounder on each quarter, with three officers of his staff, and 15 native artillerymen. Sending one regiment of 400 men on large canal-boats to some stockades, between Quin-san and Soo-chow, that commanded the canal, he determined to intercept and capture the treasure. On the 2d of June, by previous arrangement, a false attack was made on the east side of the city (Soo-



QUIN-SAN.—THE PRINCIPAL STREET.

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chow and the boats destined for it being on the west side). By a circuitous route Gordon came to within half a mile of the treasure-boats, and gave chase. Unfortunately he was prevented from following it up by stakes driven across the canal, over which the boats could just float, but which put a stop to the steamer's progress. A party was detailed to remove the obstacles; but the delay enabled the boats to get clear away.

Gordon was returning to Quin-san when the rebels, finding themselves surrounded, and fearing the consequences if they were overcome by assault, determined to run the gauntlet between the steamer and the party within the stockade. To do this they were obliged to go by a narrow path, extending the whole distance from Quin-san to Soo-chow, alongside the canal, and only broad enough for three men to walk abreast. The false attack on the east side, and a demonstration on the north quarter of the city, hastened their movements, and, leaving *en masse*, they made a break for Soo-chow, where they knew they could be safe. Taking nothing but their arms, they crowded, jostled, and hurried up the canal path. They met the steamer on its return; and, refusing to halt at the command of Gordon, he gave orders to open with grape. They were obeyed, and the slaughter for the one hour that the firing lasted beggars description. The range, even for grape, was positively too short; there was no escape for the wretched rebels; the canal was on one side, and a swamp on the other. Hundreds drowned themselves purposely; and numbers, trying to escape across the swamp, sank in the mire, and were suffocated; while the 32-pounder, still belching forth its horrid stream of death, actually killed the poor wretches by twenties and thirties at each discharge.

The regiment posted in the stockade intercepted and made prisoners of all that passed the steamer, so that of the garrison of 5000 probably not more than ten or twelve, by extraordinary luck, escaped death or capture. The manner in which the panic-struck Taepings rushed up the path, utterly disregarding the almost certain death staring them in the face in their frantic attempts to get past the steamer, surpasses belief; they had no fear, apparently, of death—all they seemed to strive for was escape. The writer, who was on board the steamer at the time of this wholesale slaughter, went up the canal past the scene just described, eleven days after its occurrence, and counted 1450 bodies floating in the water, all fearfully mangled. Numbers had been buried, and many, very many, had sunk in the canal; so that it is surely within the bounds of probability to say that 2000 men were killed by that single gun on that day in less than an hour.

Gordon, who, notwithstanding the above facts, is not a cruel man, desired by this blow to so thoroughly dishearten and disorganize the force in Soo-chow as to render it an easy capture when he should lay siege to it. The sequel will show that he was wrong in his expectations.

No sooner did the forces outside the city discover that it was being evacuated than they rushed in, broke down the gates, and, as usual, went in for loot. A manufacture for shell and rockets was found, and in a few days a good number of each article would have been turned out fit for use. The bodies of two English soldiers were found, also traces of a third, who, by some means, though evidently wounded, succeeded in making good his escape. Chinamen being very poor gunners, these men were possibly induced to desert under promise of large rewards. Quin-san was now the head-quarters, it being healthier and in many ways preferable to Soonkeong on account of its nearness to Soo-chow.

Though the following incidents are the most note-worthy and remarkable ones connected with the history of the "Invincibles," it will be necessary to treat them very briefly on account of the already too great length of the narrative.

About July, 1863, while the Force was lying idle in Quin-san, rumors were common that Burgevine, unsuccessful in his relations with the Emperor, was raising a body of Europeans, Americans, and Malays in Shanghai with the intention of taking them over, himself at the head, to the Taepings to fight against his old command. Rumor, in this case, was correct; and on the 25th or thereabouts of July, Burgevine with five men seized a small steamer loaded with shell right from under the eyes of the garrison left in Soonkeong. The capture was well planned and most boldly executed; the steamer was taken over by circuitous routes to Soo-chow, the captain and the two engineers were induced to take service under Chung-Wung, the great Taeping leader, and Burgevine with eighty men reached in safety the rebel army.

Things looked serious; and Gordon, with his usual energy, advanced against Wo-Kong (a walled city), met Burgevine's forces, and an engagement that ensued, though severe, was indecisive. Neither side withdrew for some days, Gordon finally giving way. He changed his tactics, and attacked two strong stone stockades. After a tough engagement he carried them, and then again moved against Wo-Kong, having previously sent a reconnoitring party to delude Burgevine into the belief that his objective point was in a totally different direction. Wo-Kong capitulated, and this gave Gordon the key of the lake.

The steamer that had so "immortalized" itself on a former occasion with the 32-pounder, now entered the lake and steamed within one mile of Soo-chow, where the *Ka-jow*, Burgevine's recent capture, came out to meet it. The result of this little naval affair was the temporary crippling of the *Ka-jow*. Gordon finally withdrew to Quin-san, leaving a strong garrison in the stockades and in Wo-Kong.

In October he commenced vigorous operations against Soo-chow, and after much hard fighting wrested from the Taepings several stock-

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ades commanding good approaches to the city. Considering that Gordon's whole force at this period only consisted of 18,000 men, 6000 of which only were disciplined, he did remarkably well. Burgevine became dissatisfied with the manner in which his authority was slighted in Soo-chow, and by means of spies announced to Gordon his desire to give himself up if the General would guarantee his safety and that of all those he should bring with him. This Gordon promised; and next day Burgevine, in open day, marched over to the Imperialist camp with 25 white men. The way it was done was in this wise: Burgevine communicated to all whom he thought he could trust his intention of deserting, and announced to them the manner in which he proposed accomplishing it. He also gave Chung-Wung to understand that on the morrow he intended to attack Gordon's camp with his Europeans and Americans alone, and desired that should the attack appear successful he might be supported. Gordon, of course, understood these preliminaries. On the appointed day Burgevine advanced with his men in skirmishing order, firing blank cartridge, the sham attack was repelled by the steamer and Gordon's batteries, who were careful, however, to fire over the heads of the line. When within a few rods of the camp all threw down their arms and gave themselves up. Chung-Wung, enraged and mortified, ordered a general engagement, but was severely repulsed.

Burgevine was sent to Shanghai, and, much to the Viceroy's displeasure, remained there unmolested and quiet, suffering severely from an old wound—apparently he was no longer engaged in any manner with either party; but subsequent events proved how deep his treachery lay, and how little he could be trusted.

About this time Sherrard Osborne's fleet appeared at Shanghai, where it remained till sent back to England, never being of the slightest use—on the contrary, causing serious disturbances through the ill-behavior of the sailors, who on two occasions mutinied. By the middle of November Gordon had completely invested Soo-chow. Considering the smallness of his force, and the large size of the Taeping "mob," this was a feat really any general might be proud of. At this time the rebel forces numbered over 150,000 men. Soo-chow, a walled city twenty-three miles in circumference, was naturally well defended, and the rebel general commanded the garrison in person; yet Gordon's 18,000 men and fleet of *four* steamers completely invested this enormous city, and quite prevented any communication with it from other parts of the province.

After several unsuccessful assaults, in which Gordon lost heavily in men and officers, the fall of the city seemed no nearer. But fortunately the rebels disagreed among themselves; one party being for immediate attack, the other wishing to surrender. Gordon found means to communicate with the latter party, and the result of the negotiations was that the city should be given up to Gordon if he promised that no slaughter would be made of the garrison. This Gordon willingly assented to, and the Viceroy, arriving at the seat of operations at the time, was informed of the nature of the proposal and its acceptance.

The city was given up notwithstanding the vigorous resistance made by Chung-Wung and his party, who had to succumb in the end. Gordon having taken all possible precautions to prevent a butchery of the inhabitants, and having sent the captured garrison in different batches to places where they could not rise against their conquerors with any chance of success, hastened in person to direct operations in another quarter. He was, however, soon recalled by the news that the enraged Foo-tai was mercilessly butchering all the inhabitants—old men, women, and children indiscriminately. He hastened back, but only in time to learn that 30,000 women, children, and decrepit old men—not soldiers but peaceful inhabitants—had been butchered in cold blood. The statement seems incredible, but it is strictly true, and many can vouch for its correctness, the numbers given being somewhat below the real figure. Gordon, in his indignation, would have wreaked vengeance on the Foo-tai himself had not this personage barricaded himself in a house, and not again shown his person till Gordon had withdrawn to Quin-san. Chung-Wung was among those who were killed on this occasion, and by his death the Taeping cause lost its best and ablest leader.

Gordon kept the Force strictly within Quin-san, refusing for three months to conduct any operations. After this he again took the field, was successful in several minor engagements, and drove the fast-tottering Taeping organization clean out of the province. Nankin was about this time captured, and another fearful massacre ensued.

In June, 1864, the "Soonkeong Force" was disbanded and paid off, and, with the exception of some seven or eight officers who chose to remain with the Viceroy, all went to Shanghai.

Lately news has been received that Burgevine had attempted to rejoin the rebels, but while making his way to their lines was captured by the Mandarins and purposely drowned. He richly deserved his fate.

It has been stated that trouble might ensue on account of the refusal of the Chinese authorities to give him up when demanded by the American Consul; but as Burgevine was a naturalized Chinese subject, it is not probable this Government will interfere. Since Chung-Wung's death the Taepings have rapidly "gone to the dogs," and the probabilities are that before long *that* revolution will have been completely subdued, though others may arise at any moment.

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ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

THE time was nine o'clock in the morning. The place was a private room in one of the old-fashioned inns, which still remain on the Borough side of the Thames. The date was Monday, the 11th of August. And the person was Mr. Bashwood, who had traveled to London on a summons from his son, and had taken up his abode at the inn on the previous day. He had never yet looked so pitiably old and helpless as he looked now. The fever and chill of alternating hope and despair, prolonged over day after day of unrelieved suspense, had dried and withered and wasted him. The angles of his figure had sharpened. The outline of his face had shrunk. His dress pointed the melancholy change in him with a merciless and shocking emphasis. Never, even in his youth, had he worn such clothes as he wore now. With the desperate resolution to leave no chance untried of producing an impression on Miss Gwilt, he had cast aside his dreary black garments; he had even mustered the courage to wear his blue satin cravat. His coat was a riding coat of light gray. He had ordered it, with a vindictive subtlety of purpose, to be made on the pattern of a coat that he had seen Allan wear. His waistcoat was white; his trowsers were of the gayest summer pattern, in the largest check. His wig was oiled and scented, and brushed round, on either side, to hide the wrinkles on his temples. He was an object to laugh at—he was an object to weep over. His enemies, if a creature so wretched could have had enemies, would have forgiven him on seeing him in his new dress. His friends—had any of his friends been left—would have been less disturbed if they had looked at him in his coffin than if they had looked at him as he was now. Incessantly restless, he paced the room from end to end. Now he looked at his watch; now he looked out of window; now he looked at the well-furnished breakfast-table—always with the same wistful, uneasy inquiry in his eyes. The waiter coming in, with the urn of boiling water, was addressed for the fiftieth time in the one form of words which the miserable creature seemed to be capable of uttering that morning —"My son is coming to breakfast. My son is very particular. I want every thing of the best —best things, and cold things—and tea and coffee—and all the rest of it, waiter; all the rest of it." For the fiftieth time he now reiterated those anxious words. For the fiftieth time the impenetrable waiter had just returned his one pacifying answer—"All right, Sir; you may leave it to me"—when the sound of leisurely footsteps was heard on the stairs; the door opened; and the long-expected son sauntered indolently into the room with a neat little black leather bag in his hand.

"Well done, old gentleman!" said Bashwood the younger, surveying his father's dress with a smile of sardonic encouragement. "You're ready to be married to Miss Gwilt at a moment's notice!"

The father took the son's hand and tried to echo the son's laugh.

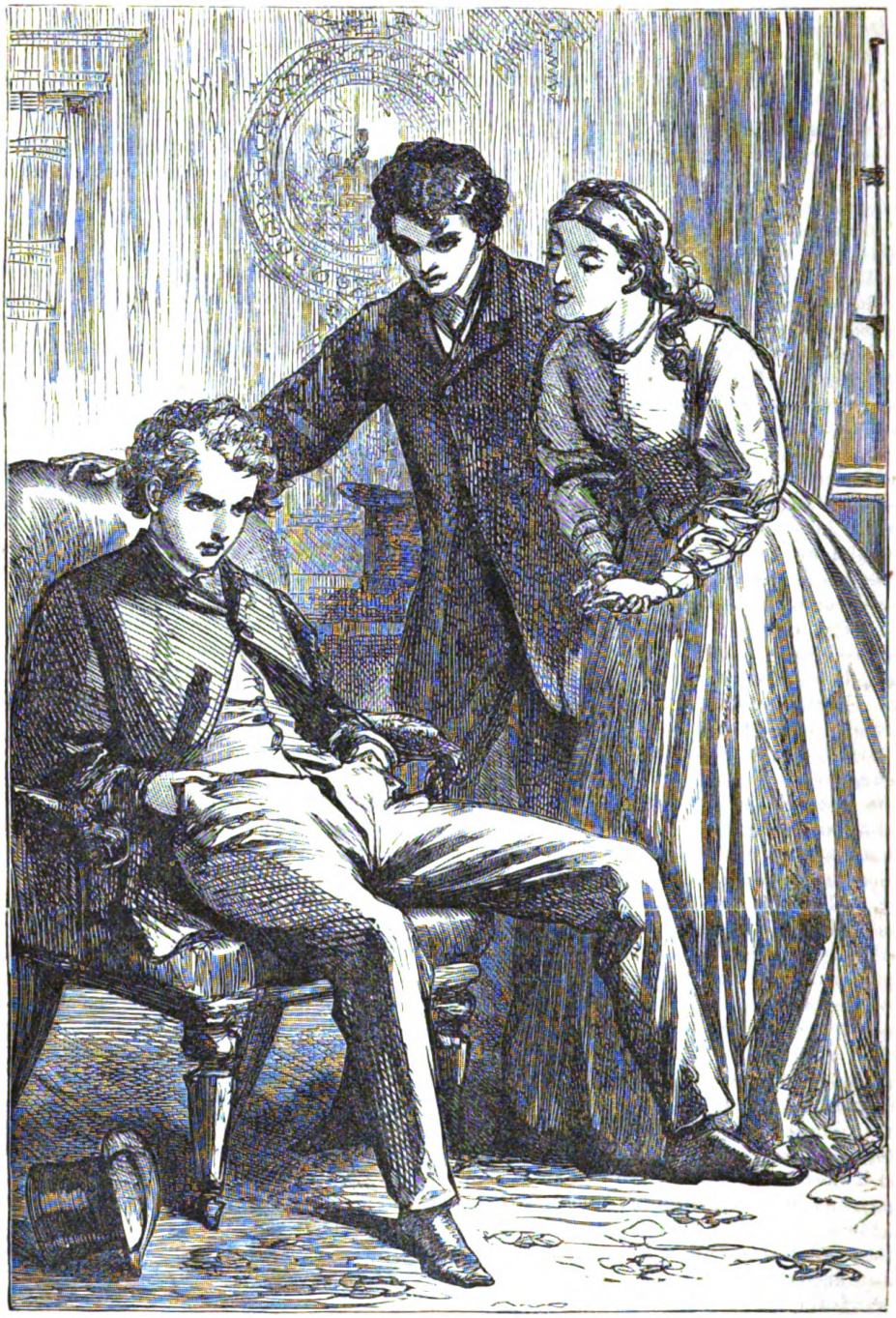
"You have such good spirits, Jemmy," he said, using the name in its familiar form, as he had been accustomed to use it, in happier days. "You always had good spirits, my dear, from a child. Come and sit down; I've ordered you a nice breakfast. Every thing of the best! every thing of the best! What a relief it is to see you! Oh, dear, dear, what a relief it is to see you!" He stopped and sat down at the table—his face flushed with the effort to control the impatience that was devouring him. "Tell me about her!" he burst out, giving up the effort with a sudden self-abandonment. "I shall die, Jemmy, if I wait for it any longer. Tell me! tell me!! tell me!!!"

"One thing at a time," said Bashwood the younger, perfectly unmoved by his father's impatience. "We'll try the breakfast first, and come to the lady afterward? Gently does it, old gentleman—gently does it!"

He put his leather bag on a chair and sat down opposite to his father, composed, and smiling, and humming a little tune.

No ordinary observation, applying the ordinary rules of analysis, would have detected the character of Bashwood the younger in his face. His youthful look, aided by his light hair, and his plump beardless cheeks; his easy manner, and his ever-ready smile; his eyes which met unshrinkingly the eyes of every one whom he addressed, all combined to make the impression of him a favorable impression in the general mind. No eye for reading character, but such an eye as belonged to one person, perhaps, in ten thousand, could have penetrated the smooth-deceptive surface of this man, and have seen him for what he really was—the vile creature whom the viler need of Society has fashioned for its own use. There he sat—the Confidential Spy of modern times, whose business is steadily enlarging, whose Private Inquiry Offices are steadily on the increase. There he sat —the necessary Detective attendant on the progress of our national civilization; a man who was, in this instance at least, the legitimate and intelligible product of the vocation that employed him; a man professionally ready on the merest suspicion (if the merest suspicion paid him) to get under our beds, and to look through gimlet-holes in our doors; a man who would have been

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THE END OF THE ELOPEMENT.—[SEE MARCH NUMBER, PAGE 451.]

useless to his employers if he could have felt a touch of human sympathy in his father's presence; and who would have deservedly forfeited his situation, if, under any circumstances whatever, he had been personally accessible to a sense of pity or a sense of shame.

"Gently does it, old gentleman," he repeated, lifting the covers from the dishes, and looking under them one after the other all round the table. "Gently does it!"

"Don't be angry with me, Jemmy," pleaded his father. "Try, if you can, to think how anxious I must be. I got your letter as long ago as yesterday morning. I have had to travel all the way from Thorpe-Ambrose—I have had to get through the dreadful long evening, and the dreadful long night, with your letter telling me that you had found out who she is, and telling me nothing more. Suspense is very hard to bear, Jemmy, when you come to my age. What was it prevented you, my dear, from coming to me when I got here yesterday evening?"

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"A little dinner at Richmond," said Bashwood the younger. "Give me some tea."

Mr. Bashwood tried to comply with the request; but the hand with which he lifted the tea-pot trembled so unmanageably that the tea missed the cup and streamed out on the cloth. "I'm very sorry; I can't help trembling when I'm anxious," said the old man, as his son took the tea-pot out of his hand. "I'm afraid you bear me malice, Jemmy, for what happened when I was last in town. I own I was obstinate and unreasonable about going back to Thorpe-Ambrose. I'm more sensible now. You were quite right in taking it all on yourself, as soon as I showed you the veiled lady, when we saw her come out of the hotel; and you were quite right to send me back the same day to my business in the steward's office at the Great House." He watched the effect of these concessions on his son, and ventured doubtfully on another entreaty. "If you won't tell me any thing else just yet," he said, faintly, "will you tell me how you found her out? Do, Jemmy—do!"

Bashwood the younger looked up from his plate. "I'll tell you that," he said. "The reckoning up of Miss Gwilt has cost more money and taken more time than I expected; and the sooner we come to a settlement about it the sooner we shall get to what you want to know."

Without a word of expostulation the father laid his dingy old pocket-book and his purse on the table before the son. Bashwood the younger looked into the purse; observed, with a contemptuous elevation of the eyebrows, that it held no more than a sovereign and some silver; and returned it intact. The pocket-book, on being opened next, proved to contain four five-pound notes. Bashwood the younger transferred three of the notes to his own keeping; and handed the pocket-book back to his father, with a bow expressive of mock gratitude and sarcastic respect.

"A thousand thanks," he said. "Some of it is for the people at our office, and the balance is for myself. One of the few stupid things, my dear Sir, that I have done in the course of my life, was to write you word when you first consulted me, that you might have my services gratis. As you see, I hasten to repair the error. An hour or two at odd times I was ready enough to give you. But this business has taken days, and has got in the way of other jobs. I told you I couldn't be out of pocket by you—I put it in my letter, as plain as words could say it."

"Yes, yes, Jemmy. I don't complain, my dear, I don't complain. Never mind the money—tell me how you found her out."

"Besides," pursued Bashwood the younger, proceeding impenetrably with his justification of himself, "I have given you the benefit of my experience—I've done it cheap. It would have cost double the money if another man had taken this in hand. Another man would have kept a watch on Mr. Armadale as well as Miss Gwilt. I have saved you that expense. You are certain that Mr. Armadale is bent on marrying her. Very good. In that case, while we have our eye on *her*, we have, for all useful purposes, got our eye on *him*. Know where the lady is, and you know that the gentleman can't be far off."

"Quite true, Jemmy. But how was it Miss Gwilt came to give you so much trouble?"

"She's a devilish clever woman," said Bashwood the younger; "that's how it was. She gave us the slip at a milliner's shop. We made it all right with the milliner, and speculated on the chance of her coming back to try on a gown she had ordered. The cleverest women lose the use of their wits in nine cases out of ten where there's a new dress in the case—and even Miss Gwilt was rash enough to go back. That was all we wanted. One of the women from our office helped to try on her new gown, and put her in the right position to be seen by one of our men behind the door. He instantly suspected who she was, on the strength of what he had been told of her—for she's a famous woman in her way. Of course, we didn't trust to that. We traced her to her new address; and we got a man from Scotland Yard, who was certain to know her, if our own man's idea was the right one. The man from Scotland Yard turned milliner's lad for the occasion, and took her gown home. He saw her in the passage and identified her in an instant. You're in luck, I can tell you. Miss Gwilt's a public character. If we had had a less notorious woman to deal with she might have cost us weeks of inquiry, and you might have had to pay hundreds of pounds. A day did it in Miss Gwilt's case; and another day put the whole story of her life, in black and white, into my hands. There it is at the present moment, old gentleman, in my black bag."

Bashwood the father made straight for the bag with eager eyes and outstretched hand. Bashwood the son took a little key out of his waistcoat pocket—winked—shook his head—and put the key back again.

"I haven't done breakfast yet," he said. "Gently does it, my dear Sir—gently does it."

"I can't wait!" cried the old man, struggling vainly to preserve his self-control. "It's past nine! It's a fortnight to-day since she went to London with Mr. Armadale! She may be married to him in a fortnight! She may be married to him this morning! I can't wait! I can't wait!"

"There's no knowing what you can do till you try," rejoined Bashwood the younger. "Try; and you'll find you *can* wait. What has become of your curiosity?" he went on, feeding the fire ingeniously with a stick at a time. "Why don't you ask me what I mean by calling Miss Gwilt a public character? Why don't you wonder how I came to lay my hand on the story of her life, in black and white? If you'll sit down again, I'll tell you. If you won't, I shall confine myself to my breakfast."

Mr. Bashwood sighed heavily, and went back to his chair.

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"I wish you were not so fond of your joke, Jemmy," he said; "I wish, my dear, you were not quite so fond of your joke."

"Joke?" repeated his son. "It would be serious enough in some people's eyes, I can tell you. Miss Gwilt has been tried for her life; and the papers in that black bag are the lawyer's instructions for the Defense. Do you call that a joke?"

The father started to his feet, and looked straight across the table at the son with a smile of exultation that was terrible to see.

"She's been tried for her life!" he burst out, with a deep gasp of satisfaction. "She's been tried for her life!" He broke into a low prolonged laugh, and snapped his fingers exultingly. "Aha-ha-ha! Something to frighten Mr. Armadale in *that!*"

Scoundrel as he was, the son was daunted by the explosion of pent-up passion which burst on him in these words.

"Don't excite yourself," he said, with a sullen suppression of the mocking manner in which he had spoken thus far.

Mr. Bashwood sat down again, and passed his handkerchief over his forehead. "No," he said, nodding and smiling at his son. "No, no—no excitement, as you say—I can wait now, Jemmy; I can wait now."

He waited with immovable patience. At intervals he nodded, and smiled, and whispered to himself, over and over again, "Something to frighten Mr. Armadale in *that!*" But he made no further attempt, by word, look, or action, to hurry his son.

Bashwood the younger finished his breakfast slowly, out of pure bravado; lit a cigar, with the utmost deliberation; looked at his father, and, seeing him still as immovably patient as ever, opened the black bag at last, and spread the papers on the table.

"How will you have it?" he asked. "Long or short? I have got her whole life here. The counsel who defended her at the trial was instructed to hammer hard at the sympathies of the jury: he went head over ears into the miseries of her past career, and shocked every body in court in the most workmanlike manner. Shall I take the same line? Do you want to know all about her, from the time when she was in short frocks and frilled trowsers? or do you prefer getting on at once to her first appearance as a prisoner in the dock?"

"I want to know all about her," said his father, eagerly. "The worst and the best—the worst, particularly. Don't spare my feelings, Jemmy — whatever you do, don't spare my feelings! Can't I look at the papers myself?"

"No, you can't. They would be all Greek and Hebrew to you. Thank your stars that you have got a sharp son, who can take the pith out of these papers, and give it a smack of the right flavor in serving it up. There are not ten men in England who could tell you this woman's story as I can tell it. It's a gift, old gentleman, of the sort that is given to very few people—and it lodges here."

He tapped his forehead smartly, and turned to the first page of the manuscript before him, with an unconcealed triumph at the prospect of exhibiting his own cleverness, which was the first expression of a genuine feeling of any sort that had escaped him yet.

"Miss Gwilt's story begins," said Bashwood the younger, "in the market-place at Thorpe-Ambrose. One day, something like a quarter of a century ago, a traveling quack doctor, who dealt in perfumery as well as medicines, came to the town, with his cart, and exhibited, as a living example of the excellence of his washes, and hair-oils, and so on, a pretty little girl, with a beautiful complexion and wonderful hair. His name was Oldershaw. He had a wife, who helped him in the perfumery part of his business, and who carried it on by herself after his death. She has risen in the world of late years; and she is identical with that sly old lady who employed me professionally a short time since. As for the pretty little girl, you know who she was as well as I do. While the quack was haranguing the mob, and showing them the child's hair, a young lady, driving through the market-place, stopped her carriage to hear what it was all about; saw the little girl, and took a violent fancy to her on the spot. The young lady was the daughter of Mr. Blanchard, of Thorpe-Ambrose. She went home, and interested her father in the fate of the innocent little victim of the quack doctor. The same evening the Oldershaws were sent for to the great house, and were questioned. They declared themselves to be her uncle and aunt—a lie, of course!—and they were quite willing to let her attend the village school, while they staid at Thorpe-Ambrose, when the proposal was made to them. The new arrangement was carried out the next day. And the day after that the Oldershaws had disappeared, and had left the little girl on the squire's hands! She evidently hadn't answered as they expected in the capacity of an advertisement—and that was the way they took of providing for her for life. There is the first act of the play for you! Clear enough, so far, isn't it?"

"Clear enough, Jemmy, to clever people. But I'm old and slow. I don't understand one thing. Whose child was she?"

"A very sensible question. Sorry to inform you that nobody can answer it—Miss Gwilt herself included. These Instructions that I'm referring to are founded, of course, on her own statements, sifted by her attorney. All she could remember, on being questioned, was, that she was beaten and half-starved, somewhere in the country, by a woman who took in children at nurse. The woman had a card with her, stating that her name was Lydia Gwilt, and got a yearly allowance for taking care of her (paid through a lawyer) till she was eight years old. At that time the allowance stopped; the lawyer had no explanation to

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offer; nobody came to look after her; nobody wrote. The Oldershaws saw her, and thought she might answer to exhibit; and the woman parted with her for a trifle to the Oldershaws; and the Oldershaws parted with her for good and all to the Blanchards. That's the story of her birth, parentage, and education. She was the daughter of a Duke, or the daughter of a costermonger. The circumstances may be highly romantic, or utterly commonplace. Fancy any thing you like—there's nothing to stop you. When you've had your fancy out, say the word, and I'll turn over the leaves and go on."

"Please to go on, Jemmy—please to go on."

"The next glimpse of Miss Gwilt," resumed Bashwood the younger, turning over the papers, "is a glimpse at a family mystery. The deserted child was in luck's way at last. She had taken the fancy of an amiable young lady with a rich father; and she was petted and made much of at the great house, in the character of Miss Blanchard's last new plaything. Not long afterward Mr. Blanchard and his daughter went abroad, and took the girl with them in the capacity of Miss Blanchard's little maid. When they came back, the daughter had married, and become a widow, in the interval; and the pretty little maid, instead of returning with them to Thorpe-Ambrose, turns up suddenly, all alone, as a pupil at a school in France. There she was at a first-rate establishment, with her maintenance and education secured until she married and settled in life, on this understanding—that she never returned to England. These were all the particulars she could be prevailed on to give the lawyer who drew up these instructions. She declined to say what had happened abroad; she declined even, after all the years that had passed, to mention her mistress's married name. It's quite clear, of course, that she was in possession of some family secret; and that the Blanchards paid for her schooling on the Continent to keep her out of the way. And it's equally plain that she would never have kept her secret as she did if she had not seen her way to trading on it for her own advantage at some future time. A clever woman, as I've told you already! A devilish clever woman, who hasn't been knocked about in the world, and seen the ups and downs of life abroad and at home for nothing."

"Yes, yes, Jemmy; quite true. How long did she stop, please, at the school in France?"

Bashwood the younger referred to the papers.

"She stopped at the French school," he replied, "till she was seventeen. At that time something happened at the school which I find mildly described in these papers as 'something unpleasant.' The plain fact was, that the music-master attached to the establishment fell in love with Miss Gwilt. He was a respectable middle-aged man, with a wife and family—and finding the circumstances entirely hopeless, he took a pistol, and rashly assuming that he had brains in his head, tried to blow them out. The doctors saved his life, but not his reason—he ended, where he had better have begun, in an asylum. Miss Gwilt's beauty having been at the bottom of the scandal, it was, of course, impossible—though she was proved to have been otherwise quite blameless in the matter—for her to remain at the school after what had happened. Her 'friends' (the Blanchards) were communicated with. And her friends transferred her to another school, at Brussels, this time.—What are you sighing about? what's wrong, now?"

"I can't help feeling a little for the poor music-master, Jemmy. Go on."

"According to her own account of it, dad, Miss Gwilt seems to have felt for him, too. She took a serious turn, and was 'converted' (as they call it) by the lady who had charge of her in the interval before she went to Brussels. The priest at the Belgian school appears to have been a man of some discretion, and to have seen that the girl's sensibilities were getting into a dangerously-excited state. Before he could quiet her down he fell ill, and was succeeded by another priest, who was a fanatic. You will understand the sort of interest he took in the girl, and the way in which he worked on her feelings when I tell you that she announced it as her decision, after having been nearly ten years at the school, to end her days in a convent! You may well stare! Miss Gwilt, in the character of a Nun, is the sort of female phenomenon you don't often set eyes on. Women are queer creatures. Nine out of ten of the sex don't know which end of them is uppermost half their time."

"Did she go into the convent?" asked Mr. Bashwood. "Did they let her go in, so friendless and so young, with nobody to advise her for the best?"

"The Blanchards were consulted, as a matter of form," pursued Bashwood the younger. "*They* had no objection to her shutting herself up in a convent, as you may well imagine. The pleasantest letter they ever had from her, I'll answer for it, was the letter in which she solemnly took leave of them in this world forever. The people at the convent were as careful as usual not to commit themselves. Their rules wouldn't allow her to take the veil till she had lived the life for a year first, and then, if she had any doubt, for another year after that. She tried the life for the first year, accordingly—and doubted. She tried it for the second year—and was wise enough, by that time, to give it up without further hesitation. Her position was rather an awkward one when she found herself at liberty again. The sisters at the convent had lost their interest in her; the mistress at the school declined to take her back as teacher, on the ground that she was too nice-looking for the place; the priest considered her to be possessed by the devil. There was nothing for it but to write to the Blanchards again, and ask them to start her in life as a teacher of music on her own account. She wrote to her former mistress ac-

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cordingly. Her former mistress had evidently doubted the genuineness of the girl's resolution to be a nun, and had seized the opportunity offered by the farewell letter of three years since to cut off all further communication between her ex-waiting maid and herself. Miss Gwilt's letter was returned by the post-office. She caused inquiries to be made; and found that Mr. Blanchard was dead, and that his daughter had left the great house for some place of retirement unknown. The next thing she did, upon this, was to write to the heir in possession of the estate. The letter was answered by his solicitors, who were instructed to put the law in force at the first attempt she made to extort money from any member of the family at Thorpe-Ambrose. The last chance was to get at the address of her mistress's place of retirement. The family bankers, to whom she wrote, wrote back to say that they were instructed not to give the lady's address to any one applying for it, without being previously empowered to do so by the lady herself. That last letter settled the question—Miss Gwilt could do nothing more. With money at her command, she might have gone to England, and made the Blanchards think twice before they carried things with too high a hand. Not having a half-penny at command, she was helpless. Without money and without friends, you may wonder how she supported herself while the correspondence was going on. She supported herself by playing the piano-forte at a low concert-room in Brussels. The men laid siege to her, of course, in all directions—but they found her insensible as adamant. One of these rejected gentlemen was a Russian; and he was the means of making her acquainted with a countrywoman of his—whose name is unpronounceable by English lips. Let us give her her title, and call her the Baroness. The two women liked each other at their first introduction; and a new scene opened in Miss Gwilt's life. She became reader and companion to the Baroness. Every thing was right, every thing was smooth on the surface. Every thing was rotten and every thing was wrong under it."

"In what way, Jemmy? Please to wait a little, and tell me in what way."

"In this way. The Baroness was fond of traveling, and she had a select set of friends about her, who were quite of her way of thinking. They went from one city on the Continent to another, and were such charming people that they picked up acquaintances every where. The acquaintances were invited to the Baroness's receptions—and card-tables were invariably a part of the Baroness's furniture. Do you see it now? or must I tell you, in the strictest confidence, that cards were not considered sinful on these festive occasions, and that the luck, at the end of the evening, turned out to be almost invariably on the side of the Baroness and her friends—swindlers, all of them—and there isn't a doubt on my mind, whatever there may be on yours, that Miss Gwilt's manners and appearance made her a valuable member of this society in the capacity of a decoy. Her own statement is, that she was innocent of all knowledge of what really went on; that she was quite ignorant of card-playing; that she hadn't such a thing as a respectable friend to turn to in the world; and that she honestly liked the Baroness, for the simple reason that the Baroness was a hearty good friend to her from first to last—believe that or not as you please. For five years she traveled about all over the Continent with these card-sharpers in high life, and she might have been among them at this moment for any thing I know to the contrary, if the Baroness had not caught a Tartar at Naples, in the shape of a rich traveling Englishman, named Waldron. Aha! that name startles you, does it? You've read the Trial of the famous Mrs. Waldron, like the rest of the world? And you know who Miss Gwilt is now, without my telling you?"

He paused, and looked at his father in sudden perplexity. Far from being overwhelmed by the discovery which had just burst on him, Mr. Bashwood, after the first natural movement of surprise, faced his son with a self-possession which was nothing short of extraordinary under the circumstances. There was a new brightness in his eyes, and a new color in his face, if it had been possible to conceive such a thing of a man in his position; he seemed to be absolutely encouraged instead of depressed by what he had just heard. "Go on, Jemmy," he said, quietly; "I am one of the few people who didn't read the Trial—I only heard of it."

Still wondering inwardly, Bashwood the younger recovered himself, and went on.

"You always were, and you always will be, behind the age," he said. "When we come to the Trial, I can tell you as much about it as you need know. In the mean time, we must go back to the Baroness and Mr. Waldron. For a certain number of nights the Englishman let the card-sharpers have it all their own way—in other words, he paid for the privilege of making himself agreeable to Miss Gwilt. When he thought he had produced the necessary impression on her, he exposed the whole confederacy without mercy. The police interfered; the Baroness found herself in prison; and Miss Gwilt was put between the two alternatives of accepting Mr. Waldron's protection, or being thrown on the world again. She was amazingly virtuous, or amazingly clever, which you please. To Mr. Waldron's astonishment she told him that she could face the prospect of being thrown on the world, and that he must address her honorably or leave her forever. The end of it was what the end always is, where the man is infatuated and the woman is determined. To the disgust of his family and friends, Mr. Waldron made a virtue of necessity and married her."

"How old was he?" asked Bashwood the elder, eagerly.

Bashwood the younger cried out, laughing, "He was about old enough, daddy, to be your son, and rich enough to have burst that precious pocket-book of yours with thousand-pound notes!

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Don't hang your head. It wasn't a happy marriage, though he *was* so young and so rich. They lived abroad, and got on well enough at first. He made a new will, of course, as soon as he was married, and provided handsomely for his wife, under the tender pressure of the honeymoon. But women wear out, like other things, with time, and one fine morning Mr. Waldron woke up with a doubt in his mind whether he had not acted like a fool. He was an ill-tempered man; he was discontented with himself; and of course he made his wife feel it. Having begun by quarreling with her he got on to suspecting her, and became savagely jealous of every male creature who entered the house. They had no encumbrances in the shape of children, and they moved from one place to another, just as his jealousy inclined him, till they moved back to England at last, after having been married close on four years. He had a lonely old house of his own among the Yorkshire moors, and there he shut his wife and himself up from every living creature, except his servants and his dogs. Only one result could come, of course, of treating a high-spirited young woman in that way. It may be fate, or it may be chance—but, whenever a woman is desperate, there is sure to be a man handy to take advantage of it. The man in this case was rather a 'dark horse,' as they say on the turf. He was a certain Captain Manuel, a native of Cuba, and (according to his own account) an ex-officer in the Spanish navy. He had met Mr. Waldron's beautiful wife on the journey back to England; had continued to speak to her in spite of her husband's jealousy; and had followed her to her place of imprisonment in Mr. Waldron's house, on the moors. The captain is described as a clever, determined fellow—of the daring piratical sort—with the dash of mystery about him that women like—"

"She's not the same as other women!" interposed Mr. Bashwood, suddenly interrupting his son. "Did she—?" His voice failed him, and he stopped without bringing the question to an end.

"Did she like the captain?" suggested Bashwood the younger, with another laugh. "According to his own account of it, she adored him. At the same time her conduct (as represented by herself) was perfectly innocent. Considering how carefully her husband watched her, the statement (incredible as it appears) is probably true. For six weeks or so, corresponding privately, they confined themselves to the Cuban captain (who spoke and wrote English perfectly), having contrived to make a go-between of one of the female servants in the Yorkshire house. How it might have ended we needn't trouble ourselves to inquire—Mr. Waldron himself brought matters to a crisis. Whether he got wind of the clandestine correspondence or not doesn't appear. But this is certain, that he came home from a ride one day in a fiercer temper than usual—that his wife showed him a sample of that high spirit of hers which he had never yet been able to break—and that it ended in his striking her across the face with his riding whip. Ungentlemanly conduct, I am afraid we must admit; but to all outward appearance the riding-whip produced the most astonishing results. From that moment the lady submitted as she had never submitted before. For a fortnight afterward he did what he liked, and she never thwarted him; he said what he liked, and she never uttered a word of protest. Some men might have suspected this sudden reformation of hiding something dangerous under the surface. Whether Mr. Waldron looked at it in that light I can't tell you. All that is known is, that before the mark of the whip was off his wife's face he fell ill, and that in two days afterward he was a dead man. What do you say to that?"

"I say he deserved it!" answered Mr. Bashwood, striking his hand excitedly on the table, as his son paused and looked at him.

"The doctor who attended the dying man was not of your way of thinking," remarked Bashwood the younger, dryly. "He called in two other medical men, and they all three refused to certify the death. The usual legal investigation followed. The evidence of the doctors and the evidence of the servants pointed irresistibly in one and the same direction; and Mrs. Waldron was committed for trial on the charge of murdering her husband by poison. A solicitor in first-rate criminal practice was sent for from London to get up the prisoner's defense—and these 'Instructions' took their form and shape accordingly. What's the matter? What do you want now?"

Suddenly rising from his chair Mr. Bashwood stretched across the table and tried to take the papers from his son. "I want to look at them," he burst out, eagerly. "I want to see what they say about the captain from Cuba. He was at the bottom of it, Jemmy—I'll swear he was at the bottom of it!"

"Nobody doubted that who was in the secret of the case at the time," rejoined his son. "But nobody could prove it. Sit down again, dad, and compose yourself. There's nothing here about Captain Manuel but the lawyer's private suspicion of him, for the counsel to act on or not, at the counsel's discretion. From first to last she persisted in screening the captain. At the outset of the business she volunteered two statements to the lawyer—both of which he suspected to be false. In the first place, she declared that she was innocent of the crime. He wasn't surprised, of course, so far; his clients were, as a general rule, in the habit of deceiving him in that way. In the second place, while admitting her private correspondence with the Cuban captain, she declared that the letters on both sides related solely to a proposed elopement, to which her husband's barbarous treatment had induced her to consent. The lawyer naturally asked to see the letters. 'He has burned all my letters, and I have burned all his,' was the only answer he got. It was quite possible that Captain Manuel might have burned *her* letters, when he heard there was a coroner's inquest in the house. But it was in

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her solicitor's experience (as it is in my experience too) that when a woman is fond of a man, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, risk or no risk, she keeps his letters. Having his suspicions roused in this way, the lawyer privately made some inquiries about the foreign captain—and found that he was as short of money as a foreign captain could be. At the same time he put some questions to his client about her expectations from her deceased husband. She answered, in high indignation, that a will had been found among her husband's papers, privately executed only a few days before his death, and leaving her no more, out of all his immense fortune, than five thousand pounds. 'Was there an older will, then,' says the lawyer, 'which the new will revoked?' Yes, there was; a will that he had given into my own possession; a will made when they were first married. 'Leaving his widow well provided for?' Leaving her just ten times as much as the second will left her. 'Had she ever mentioned that first will, now revoked, to Captain Manuel?' She saw the trap set for her—and said, 'No, never!' without an instant's hesitation. That reply confirmed the lawyer's suspicions. He tried to frighten her by declaring that her life might pay the forfeit of her deceiving him in this matter. With the usual obstinacy of women, she remained just as immovable as ever. The captain, on his side, behaved in the most exemplary manner. He confessed to planning the elopement, he declared that he had burned all the lady's letters as they reached him, out of regard for her reputation; he remained in the neighborhood; and he volunteered to attend before the magistrates. Nothing was discovered that could legally connect him with the crime—or that could put him into court on the day of the Trial, in any other capacity than the capacity of a witness. I don't believe myself that there's any moral doubt (as they call it) that Manuel knew of the will which left his mistress fifty thousand pounds; and that he was ready and willing, in virtue of that circumstance, to marry her on Mr. Waldron's death. If any body tempted her to effect her own release from her savage husband by making herself a widow, the captain must have been the man. And unless she contrived, guarded and watched as she was, to get the poison for herself, the poison must have come to her in one of the captain's letters."

"They never traced the poison to her," said his father. "I remember hearing that at the time of the Trial."

Bashwood the younger, without noticing the interruption, folded up the Instructions for the Defense, which had now served their purpose; put them back in his bag; and produced a printed pamphlet in their place.

"Here is one of the published Reports of the Trial," he said, "which you can read at your leisure, if you like. We needn't waste time now by going into details. I have told you already how cleverly her counsel paved his way for treating the charge of murder, as the crowning calamity of the many that had already fallen on an innocent woman. The two legal points relied on for the defense (after this preliminary flourish) were: First, that there was no evidence—as you said just now—to connect her with the possession of poison; and, secondly, that the medical witnesses, while positively declaring that her husband died by poison, differed in their conclusions as to the particular drug that had killed him. Both good points, and both well worked; but the evidence on the other side bore down every thing before it. The prisoner was proved to have had no less than three excellent reasons for killing her husband. He had treated her with almost unexampled barbarity; he had left her in a will (unrevoked so far as she knew) mistress of a fortune on his death; and she was by her own confession contemplating an elopement with another man. Having set forth these motives, the prosecution next showed by evidence, which was never once shaken on any single point, that the one person in the house who could by any human possibility have administered the poison, was the prisoner at the bar. What could the judge and jury do, with such evidence before them as this? The verdict was Guilty, as a matter of course; and the judge declared that he agreed with it. The female part of the audience was in hysterics; and the male part was not much better. The judge sobbed, and the Bar shuddered. She was sentenced to death in such a scene as had never been previously witnessed in an English Court of Justice. And she is alive and hearty at the present moment; free to do any mischief she pleases, and to poison at her own entire convenience, any man, woman, or child that happens to stand in her way. A most interesting woman! Keep on good terms with her, my dear Sir, whatever you do—for the Law has said to her in the plainest possible English, 'My charming friend, I have no terrors for *you*!'"

"How was she pardoned?" asked Mr. Bashwood, breathlessly. "They told me at the time—but I have forgotten. Was it the Home-Secretary? If it was, I respect the Home-Secretary! I say the Home-Secretary was deserving of his place."

"Quite right, old gentleman!" rejoined Bashwood the younger. "The Home-Secretary was the obedient humble servant of an enlightened Free Press—and he *was* deserving of his place. Is it possible you don't know how she cheated the gallows? If you don't I must tell you. On the evening of the Trial, two or three of the young Buccaniers of Literature went down to two or three newspaper offices, and wrote two or three heart-rending leading articles on the subject of the proceedings in court. The next morning the public caught light like tinder; and the prisoner was tried over again, before an amateur court of justice, in the columns of the newspapers. All the people who had no personal experience whatever on the subject seized their pens, and rushed (by kind permission of the editor) into print. Doctors who had *not* attended the sick man, and

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who had *not* been present at the examination of the body, declared by dozens that he had died a natural death. Barristers without business, who had *not* heard the evidence, attacked the jury who *had* heard it, and judged the judge, who had sat on the bench before some of them was born. The general public followed the lead of the barristers and the doctors, and the young buccaneers who had set the thing going. Here was the Law, that they all paid to protect them, actually doing its duty in dreadful earnest! Shocking! shocking! The British Public rose to protest as one man against the working of its own machinery; and the Home-Secretary, in a state of distraction, went to the judge. The judge held firm. He had said it was the right verdict at the time, and he said so still. 'But suppose,' says the Home-Secretary, 'that the prosecution had tried some other way of proving her guilty at the trial than the way they did try—what would you and the jury have done then?' Of course it was quite impossible for the judge to say. This comforted the Home-Secretary, to begin with. And, when he got the judge's consent, after that, to having the conflict of medical evidence submitted to one great doctor; and when the one great doctor took the merciful view, after expressly stating, in the first instance, that he knew nothing practically of the merits of the case, the Home-Secretary was perfectly satisfied. The prisoner's death-warrant went into the waste-paper basket, the verdict of the Law was reversed by general acclamation, and the verdict of the newspapers carried the day. But the best of it is to come. You know what happened when the people found themselves with the pet object of their sympathy suddenly cast loose on their hands? A general impression prevailed directly that she was not quite innocent enough, after all, to be let out of prison then and there! Punish her a little—that was the state of the popular feeling—punish her a little, my Home-Secretary, on general moral grounds. A small course of gentle legal medicine, if you love us—and then we shall feel perfectly easy on the subject to the end of our days."

"Don't joke about it!" cried his father. "Don't, don't, don't, Jemmy! Did they try her again? They couldn't! they durs'n't! Nobody can be tried twice over for the same offense."

"Pooh! pooh! she could be tried a second time for a second offense," retorted Bashwood the younger—"and tried she was. Luckily for the pacification of the public mind, she had rushed headlong into redressing her own grievance (as women will), when she discovered that her husband had cut her down from a legacy of fifty thousand pounds to a legacy of five thousand by a stroke of his pen. The day before the Inquest a locked drawer in Mr. Waldron's dressing-room table, which contained some valuable jewelry, was discovered to have been opened and emptied—and when the prisoner was committed by the magistrates, the precious stones were found torn out of their settings, and sewn up in her stays. The lady considered it a case of justifiable self-compensation. The Law declared it to be a robbery committed on the executors of the dead man. The lighter offense—which had been passed over, when such a charge as murder was brought against her—was just the thing to revive, to save appearances in the eyes of the public. They had stopped the course of justice, in the case of the prisoner, at one trial; and now all they wanted was to set the course of justice going again, in the case of the prisoner, at another! She was arraigned for the robbery, after having been pardoned for the murder. And, what is more, if her beauty and her misfortunes hadn't made a strong impression on her lawyer, she would not only have had to stand another trial, but would have had even the five thousand pounds, to which she was entitled by the second will, taken away from her, as a felon, by the Crown."

"I respect her lawyer! I admire her lawyer!" exclaimed Mr. Bashwood. "I should like to take his hand and tell him so."

"He wouldn't thank you if you did," remarked Bashwood the younger. "He is under a comfortable impression that nobody knows how he saved Mrs. Waldron's legacy for her but himself."

"I beg your pardon, Jemmy," interposed his father. "But don't call her Mrs. Waldron. Speak of her, please, by her name when she was innocent and young, and a girl at school. Would you mind, for my sake, calling her Miss Gwilt?"

"Not I! It makes no difference to me what name I give her. Bother your sentiment! let's get on with the facts. This is what the lawyer did before the second trial came off. He told her she would be found guilty *again*, to a dead certainty. 'And this time,' he said, 'the public will let the law take its course. Have you got an old friend whom you can trust?' She hadn't such a thing as an old friend in the world. 'Very well, then,' says the lawyer, 'you must trust me. Sign this paper; and you will have executed a fictitious sale of all your property to myself. When the right time comes, I shall first carefully settle with your husband's executors; and I shall then reconvey the money to you, securing it properly (in case you ever marry again) in your own possession. The Crown, in other transactions of this kind, frequently waives its right of disputing the validity of the sale—and if the Crown is no harder on you than on other people, when you come out of prison you will have your five thousand pounds to begin the world with again.'—Neat of the lawyer, when she was going to be tried for robbing the executors, to put her up to a way of robbing the Crown, wasn't it? Ha! ha! what a world it is!"

The last effort of the son's sarcasm passed unheeded by the father. "In prison!" he said to himself. "Ah me, after all that misery, in prison again!"

"Yes," said Bashwood the younger, rising and stretching himself, "that's how it ended. The verdict was Guilty; and the sentence was

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imprisonment for two years. She served her time; and came out, as well as I can reckon it, about three years since. If you want to know what she did when she recovered her liberty, and how she went on afterward, I may be able to tell you something about it—say, on another occasion, when you have got an extra note or two in your pocket-book. For the present, all you need know you do know. There isn't the shadow of a doubt that this fascinating lady has the double slur on her, of having been found guilty of murder, and of having served her term of imprisonment for theft. There's your moneys-worth for your money—with the whole of my wonderful knack at stating a case clearly thrown in for nothing. If you have any gratitude in you, you ought to do something handsome, one of these days, for your son. But for me, I'll tell you what you would have done, old gentleman. If you could have had your own way, you would have married Miss Gwilt."

Mr. Bashwood rose to his feet, and looked his son steadily in the face.

"If I could have my own way," he said, "I would marry her now."

Bashwood the younger started back a step. "After all I have told you?" he asked, in the blankest astonishment.

"After all you have told me."

"With the chance of being poisoned the first time you happened to offend her?"

"With the chance of being poisoned," answered Mr. Bashwood, "in four-and-twenty hours."

The Spy of the Private Inquiry Office dropped back into his chair, cowed by his father's words and his father's looks.

"Mad!" he said to himself. "Stark mad, by jingo!"

Mr. Bashwood looked at his watch, and hurriedly took his hat from a side-table.

"I should like to hear the rest of it," he said. "I should like to hear every word you have to tell me about her, to the very last. But the time, the dreadful, galloping time, is getting on. For all I know they may be on their way to be married at this very moment."

"What are you going to do?" asked Bashwood the younger, getting between his father and the door.

"I am going to the hotel," said the old man, trying to pass him. "I am going to see Mr. Armadale."

"What for?"

"To tell him every thing you have told me." He paused after making that reply. The terrible smile of triumph which had once already appeared on his face overspread it again. "Mr. Armadale is young; Mr. Armadale has all his life before him," he whispered, cunningly, with his trembling fingers clutching his son's arm. "What doesn't frighten *me* will frighten *him!*"

"Wait a minute," said Bashwood the younger. "Are you as certain as ever that Mr. Armadale is the man?"

"What man?"

"The man who is going to marry her."

"Yes! yes!! yes!!! Let me go, Jemmy—let me go."

The Spy set his back against the door, and considered for a moment. Mr. Armadale was rich. Mr. Armadale (if *he* was not stark mad, too) might be made to put the right money-value on information that saved him from the disgrace of marrying Miss Gwilt. "It may be a hundred pounds in my pocket, if I work it myself," thought Bashwood the younger. "And it won't be a half-penny if I leave it to my father." He took up his hat and his leather bag. "Can you carry it all in your own addled old head, daddy?" he asked, with his easiest impudence of manner. "Not you! I'll go with you, and help you. What do you think of that?"

The father threw his arms in an ecstasy round the son's neck. "I can't help it, Jemmy," he said, in broken tones. "You are so good to me. Take the other note, my dear—I'll manage without it—take the other note."

The son threw open the door with a flourish, and magnanimously turned his back on the father's offered pocket-book. "Hang it, old gentleman, I am not quite so mercenary as *that!*" he said, with an appearance of the deepest feeling. "Put up your pocket-book, and let's be off. If I took my respected parent's last five-pound note," he thought to himself, as he led the way down stairs, "how do I know he mightn't cry halves when he sees the color of Mr. Armadale's money? Come along, dad!" he resumed. "We'll take a cab and catch the happy bridegroom before he starts for the church!"

They hailed a cab in the street, and started for the hotel which had been the residence of Midwinter and Allan during their stay in London. The instant the door of the vehicle had closed Mr. Bashwood returned to the subject of Miss Gwilt.

"Tell me the rest," he said, taking his son's hand, and patting it tenderly. "Let's go on talking about her all the way to the hotel. Help me through the time, Jemmy—help me through the time."

Bashwood the younger was in high spirits at the prospect of seeing the color of Mr. Armadale's money. He trifled with his father's anxiety to the very last.

"Let's see if you remember what I've told you already," he began. "There's a character in the story that's dropped out of it without being accounted for. Come! can you tell me who it is?"

He had reckoned on finding his father unable to answer the question. But Mr. Bashwood's memory, for any thing that related to Miss Gwilt, was as clear and ready as his son's. "The foreign scoundrel who tempted her, and let her screen him at the risk of her own life," he said, without an instant's hesitation. "Don't speak of him, Jemmy, don't speak of him again!"

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"I *must* speak of him," retorted the other. "You want to know what became of Miss Gwilt, when she got out of prison, don't you? Very good—I'm in a position to tell you. She became Mrs. Manuel. It's no use staring at me, old gentleman. I know it officially. At the latter part of last year a foreign lady came to our place, with evidence to prove that she had been lawfully married to Captain Manuel, at a former period of his career, when he had visited England for the first time. She had only lately discovered that he had been in this country again; and she had reason to believe that he had married another woman in Scotland. Our people were employed to make the necessary inquiries. Comparison of dates showed that the Scotch marriage—if it was a marriage at all, and not a sham—had taken place just about the time when Miss Gwilt was a free woman again. And a little further investigation showed us that the second Mrs. Manuel was no other than the heroine of the famous criminal trial—whom we didn't know then, but whom we do know now, to be identical with your fascinating friend, Miss Gwilt."

Mr. Bashwood's head sank on his breast. He clasped his trembling hands fast in each other, and waited in silence to hear the rest.

"Cheer up!" pursued his son. "She was no more the captain's wife than you are—and what is more, the captain himself is out of your way now. One foggy day in December last he gave us the slip, and was off to the Continent, nobody knew where. He had spent the whole of the second Mrs. Manuel's five thousand pounds in the time that had elapsed (between two and three years) since she had come out of prison—and the wonder was, where he had got the money to pay his traveling expenses. It turned out that he had got it from the second Mrs. Manuel herself. She had filled his empty pockets; and there she was waiting confidently in a miserable London lodging, to hear from him and join him as soon as he was safely settled in foreign parts! Where had *she* got the money, you may ask naturally enough? Nobody could tell at the time. My own notion is, now, that her former mistress must have been still living, and that she must have turned her knowledge of the Blanchard's family secret to profitable account at last. This is mere guess-work, of course; but there's a circumstance that makes it likely guess-work, to my mind. She had an elderly female friend to apply to at this time, who was just the woman to help her in ferreting out her mistress's address. Can you guess the name of the elderly female friend? Not you! Mrs. Oldershaw, of course!"

Mr. Bashwood suddenly looked up. "Why should she go back," he asked, "to the woman who had deserted her when she was a child?"

"I can't say," rejoined his son, "unless she went back in the interests of her own magnificent head of hair. The prison-scissors, I needn't tell you, had made short work of it with Miss Gwilt's love-locks, in every sense of the word—and Mrs. Oldershaw, I beg to add, is the most eminent woman in England, as Restorer-General of the dilapidated heads and faces of the female sex. Put two and two together; and perhaps you'll agree with me, in this case, that they make four."

"Yes, yes; two and two make four," repeated his father, impatiently. "But I want to know something else. Did she hear from him again? Did he send for her after he had gone away to foreign parts?"

"The captain? Why, what on earth can you be thinking of? Hadn't he spent every farthing of her money? and wasn't he loose on the Continent out of her reach? She waited to hear from him, I dare say, for she persisted in believing in him. But I'll lay you any wager you like, she never saw the sight of *his* handwriting again. We did our best at the office to open her eyes—we told her plainly that he had a first wife living, and that she hadn't the shadow of a claim on him. She wouldn't believe us, though we met her with the evidence. Obstinate, devilish obstinate. I dare say she waited for months together before she gave up the last hope of ever seeing him again."

Mr. Bashwood looked aside quickly out of the cab window. "Where could she turn for refuge next?" he said, not to his son, but to himself. "What, in Heaven's name, could she do?"

"Judging by my experience of women," remarked Bashwood the younger overhearing him, "I should say she probably tried to drown herself. But that's only guess-work again—it's all guess-work at this part of her story. You catch me at the evidence, dad, when you come to Miss Gwilt's proceedings in the spring and summer of the present year. She might, or she might not, have been desperate enough to attempt suicide; and she might, or she might not, have been at the bottom of those inquiries that I made for Mrs. Oldershaw. I dare say you'll see her this morning, and perhaps, if you use your influence, you may be able to make her finish her own story herself."

Mr. Bashwood, still looking out of the cab window, suddenly laid his hand on his son's arm.

"Hush! hush!" he exclaimed, in violent agitation. "We have got there at last. Oh, Jemmy, feel how my heart beats! Here is the hotel."

"Bother your heart," said Bashwood the younger. "Wait here while I make the inquiries."

"I'll come with you!" cried his father. "I can't wait! I tell you, I can't wait!"

They went into the hotel together, and asked for "Mr. Armadale."

The answer, after some little hesitation and delay, was that Mr. Armadale had gone away six days since. A second waiter added, that Mr. Armadale's friend—Mr. Midwinter—had only left that morning. Where had Mr. Armadale gone? Somewhere into the country. Where had Mr. Midwinter gone? Nobody knew.

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Mr. Bashwood looked at his son in speechless and helpless dismay.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Bashwood the younger, pushing his father back roughly into the cab. "He's safe enough. We shall find him at Miss Gwilt's."

The old man took his son's hand and kissed it. "Thank you, my dear," he said, gratefully. "Thank you for comforting me."

The cab was driven next to the second lodging which Miss Gwilt had occupied, in the neighborhood of Tottenham Court Road.

"Stop here," said the Spy, getting out, and shutting his father into the cab. "I mean to manage this part of the business myself."

He knocked at the house door. "I have got a note for Miss Gwilt," he said, walking into the passage the moment the door was opened.

"She's gone," answered the servant. "She went away last night."

Bashwood the younger wasted no more words with the servant. He insisted on seeing the mistress. The mistress confirmed the announcement of Miss Gwilt's departure on the previous evening. Where had she gone to? The woman couldn't say. How had she left? On foot. At what hour? Between nine and ten. What had she done with her luggage? She had no luggage. Had a gentleman been to see her on the previous day? Not a soul, gentle or simple, had come to the house to see Miss Gwilt.

The father's face, pale and wild, was looking out of the cab window, as the son descended the house-steps. "Isn't she there, Jemmy?" he asked, faintly—"isn't she there?"

"Hold your tongue!" cried the Spy, with the native coarseness of his nature rising to the surface at last. "I'm not at the end of my inquiries yet."

He crossed the road, and entered a coffee-shop situated exactly opposite the house he had just left.

In the box nearest the window two men were sitting talking together anxiously.

"Which of you was on duty yesterday evening, between nine and ten o'clock?" asked Bashwood the younger, suddenly joining them, and putting his question in a quick, peremptory whisper.

"I was, Sir," said one of the men, unwillingly.

"Did you lose sight of the house?—Yes! I see you did."

"Only for a minute, Sir. An infernal blackguard of a soldier came in—"

"That will do," said Bashwood the younger. "I know what the soldier did, and who sent him to do it. She has given us the slip again. You are the greatest Ass living. Consider yourself dismissed." With these words, and with an oath to emphasize them, he left the coffee-shop and returned to the cab.

"She's gone!" cried his father. "Oh, Jemmy, Jemmy, I see it in your face!" He fell back into his own corner of the cab, with a faint, wailing cry. "They're married," he moaned to himself, his hands falling helplessly on his knees—his hat falling, unregarded, from his head. "Stop them!" he exclaimed, suddenly rousing himself, and seizing his son, in a frenzy, by the collar of the coat.

"Go back to the hotel!" shouted Bashwood the younger, to the cabman. "Hold your noise!" he added, turning fiercely on his father. "I want to think."

The varnish of smoothness was all off him by this time. His temper was roused. His pride—even such a man has his pride!—was wounded to the quick. Twice had he matched his wits against a woman's, and twice the woman had baffled him.

He got out, on reaching the hotel for the second time, and privately tried the servants with the offer of money. The result of the experiment satisfied him that they had, in this instance, really and truly, no information to sell. After a moment's reflection he stopped, before leaving the hotel, to ask the way to the parish church. "The chance may be worth trying," he thought to himself, as he gave the address to the driver. "Faster!" he called out, looking first at his watch and then at his father. "The minutes are precious this morning, and the old one is beginning to give in."

It was true. Still capable of hearing and of understanding, Mr. Bashwood was past speaking by this time. He clung with both hands to his son's grudging arm, and let his head fall helplessly on his son's averted shoulder.

The parish church stood back from the street, protected by gates and railings, and surrounded by a space of open ground. Shaking off his father's hold, Bashwood the younger made straight for the vestry. The clerk, putting away the books, and the clerk's assistant, hanging up a surplice, were the only persons in the room when he entered it, and asked leave to look at the marriage Register for the day.

The clerk gravely opened the book, and stood aside from the desk on which it lay.

The day's register comprised three marriages solemnized that morning; and the first two signatures on the page were "Allan Armadale" and "Lydia Gwilt!"

Even the Spy—ignorant as he was of the truth—unsuspicious as he was of the terrible future consequences to which the act of that morning might lead—even the Spy started when his eye first fell on the page. It was done! Come what might of it, it was done now. There, in black and white, was the registered evidence of the marriage, which was at once a truth in itself, and a lie in the conclusion to which it led! There—through the fatal similarity in the names—there, in Midwinter's own signature, was the proof to persuade every body that, not Midwinter, but Allan, was the husband of Miss Gwilt!

Bashwood the younger closed the book and returned it to the clerk. He descended the vestry steps with his hands thrust doggedly into

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his pockets, and with a serious shock inflicted on his professional self-esteem.

The beadle met him under the church-wall. He considered for a moment whether it was worth while to spend a shilling in questioning the man, and decided in the affirmative. If they could be traced and overtaken there might be a chance of seeing the color of Mr. Armadale's money even yet.

"How long is it," he asked, "since the first couple married here this morning left the church?"

"About an hour," said the beadle.

"How did they go away?"

The beadle deferred answering that second question until he had first pocketed his fee. "You won't trace them from here, Sir," he said, when he had got his shilling. "They went away on foot."

"And that is all you know about it?"

"That, Sir, is all I know about it."

Left by himself, even the Detective of the Private Inquiry Office paused for a moment before he returned to his father at the gate. He was roused from his hesitation by the sudden appearance, within the church inclosure, of the driver of the cab.

"I'm afraid the old gentleman is going to be taken ill, Sir," said the man.

Bashwood the younger frowned angrily, and walked back to the cab. As he opened the door and looked in his father leaned forward and confronted him, with lips that moved speechlessly, and with a white stillness over all the rest of his face.

"She's done us," said the Spy. "They were married here this morning."

The old man's body swayed for a moment from one side to the other. The instant after his eyes closed, and his head fell forward toward the front seat of the cab. "Drive to the hospital!" cried his son. "He's in a fit. That is what comes of putting myself out of my way to please my father," he muttered, sullenly raising Mr. Bashwood's head and loosening his cravat. "A nice morning's work. Upon my soul, a nice morning's work!"

The hospital was near, and the house-surgeon was at his post.

"Will he come out of it?" asked Bashwood the younger, roughly.

"Who are *you*?" asked the surgeon, sharply, on his side.

"I am his son."

"I shouldn't have thought it," rejoined the surgeon, taking the restoratives that were handed to him by the nurse, and turning from the son to the father with an air of relief which he was at no pains to conceal. "Yes," he added, after a minute or two. "Your father will come out of it this time."

"When can he be moved away from here?"

"He can be moved from the hospital in an hour or two."

The Spy laid a card on the table. "I'll come back for him or send for him," he said. "I suppose I can go now, if I leave my name and address?" With those words he put on his hat and walked out.

"He's a brute!" said the nurse.

"No," said the surgeon, quietly. "He's a man."

* * * * * *

Between nine and ten o'clock that night Mr. Bashwood awoke in his bed at the inn in the Borough. He had slept for some hours since he had been brought back from the hospital, and his mind and body were now slowly recovering together.

A light was burning on the bedside-table, and a letter lay on it, waiting for him till he was awake. It was in his son's handwriting, and it contained these words:

"My dear Dad,—Having seen you safe out of the hospital, and back at your hotel, I think I may fairly claim to have done my duty by you, and may consider myself free to look after my own affairs. Business will prevent me from seeing you to-night; and I don't think it at all likely I shall be in your neighborhood to-morrow morning. My advice to you is, to go back to Thorpe-Ambrose, and to stick to your employment in the steward's office. Wherever Mr. Armadale may be, he must, sooner or later, write to you on business. I wash my hands of the whole matter, mind, so far as I am concerned, from this time forth. But if *you* like to go on with it, my professional opinion is (though you couldn't hinder his marriage), you may part him from his wife.

"Pray take care of yourself.

"Your affectionate son,

"James Bashwood."

The letter dropped from the old man's feeble hands. "I wish Jemmy could have come to see me to-night," he thought. "But it's very kind of him to advise me all the same."

He turned wearily on the pillow, and read the letter a second time. "Yes," he said, "there's nothing left for me but to go back. I'm too poor and too old to hunt after them all by myself." He closed his eyes: the tears trickled slowly over his wrinkled cheeks. "I've been a trouble to Jemmy," he murmured, faintly; "I've been a sad trouble, I'm afraid, to poor Jemmy!" In a minute more his weakness overpowered him, and he fell asleep again.

The clock of the parish church struck. It was ten. As the bell tolled the hour the tidal train—with Midwinter and his wife among the passengers—was speeding nearer and nearer to Paris. As the bell tolled the hour the watch on board Allan's outward-bound yacht had sighted the light-house off the Land's End, and had set the course of the vessel for Ushant and Finisterre.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

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CONCERNING "ROUND DANCES."

DIDST thou ever, dear reader, stand inactive in the doorway of Mrs. Such-an-one's brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, at a "*soirée dansante*," and, beholding the graceful evolutions of the waltz, or the more exciting saltation of the galop, express to thine inner self ironic envy of the future possessor of those much behugged female charms? Hast thou, being haply a Benedick, enjoyed the spectacle of thy spouse yielding to the close embrace of indiscriminate manhood, during the interminable "German cotillion?" If so, then will thy fancy chime with our discourse, and thy memory store up our wisdom; but if thou be of them who hold supreme the pleasures of the dance, subordinating thereto all other pursuits of "society," as do many of our polite townsmen, then we do warn thee from the perusal of this paper, assuring thee that thou wilt find herein food only for contentious comment and untoward brooding.

Diverse opinions on the subject of dancing have been held, and acrimonious controversies thereon entered into, for many hundred years; the rule apparently being that, on the first introduction of each new species of dance, a shock has been communicated to the moral sense of the community, equivalent to that caused by plunging one's feet into cold water; but, being fairly established as a custom, the head has followed the feet, and endurance has advanced to pity, and ended in embrace, until the degradation of successive ages has brought us to the immodest clutch of the present day, beyond which no advance can be made in public, unless, in our course around eternity's circle, we revert to the "good old times" of Cato and the Floralia.

Terpsichore is but a sorry jade in her own person, and unless attended by her elder sister, Euterpe, fails to charm any but a savage or a lunatic. Her fantastic capers, if seen unaccompanied by music, would seem so absurd as to provoke our mirth, if they did not arouse our compassion. The ancients recognized this when they represented her with a musical instrument in her hand—a borrowed insignium, in nowise belonging to her office, but which was necessary to give her an air of adventitious respectability; and her dependence upon the "lascivious pleasings" of her companion art is further expressed in the proverb, "Those who will dance must needs pay the piper." Her trade hath ever been an engine of mischief before and since Herodias danced off John Baptist's head; and her meretricious allurements have furnished texts to serious and satirical writers in every generation. "*Nemo saltat sobrius*" quoth Cicero, thinking, probably, of the entertainments given by his daughter, Tulliola, whereat his son and namesake disgraced the family name by his inebriety. Juvenal, Horace, Martial, Sallust, Justinus, and many others have left on record their protests against dancing; and although some few of the older authors may be found upholding it, their commendation generally applies to *pas seuls* only, save in the instance of the Utopian theorist, Plato, who, to the intense horror of Eusebius, not only advocates the establishment of dancing-schools for both sexes, "*ut tam pueri quam puellæ choreas celebrent, spectenturque ac spectent*," but advises that the pupils in these model establishments should dance naked—a counsel half carried out by modern modistes. Petrarch, alluding to the influence of dancing upon the female character, writes: "*Multæ inde impudicæ domum rediere, plures ambiguæ, melior nulla.*" In our own century, Lord Byron has contributed to the cause of morality his famous hymn to the waltz, which had then just invaded England, to usurp the place of the decorous and stately measures trodden by our ancestors—staid and dignified performances, wherein the dainty finger-tips of the dame were alone confided to her partner, who touched them with courtly reverence: truly, from these to the intimate familiarity of the German innovation was a leap which might well terrify sticklers for intersexual propriety of demeanor.

Be it remembered that the waltz of Byron's day differed as widely from its existing namesake as did its predecessors from it. Its rhythm was slow; its step a graceful, gliding movement; and the lady was held by her partner at arm's-length, his hand only resting upon her waist. What, then, would the noble poet have said of the frantic whirl of our drawing-rooms, whose exigencies demand a contact so immediate that —*crede experto*—each palpitation of the female heart communicates its vibration to the manly breast opposed? What would have been the wound to his squeamishness had he beheld matrons and maidens alike clasped closely in the arms of not always unobjectionable associates, their heads reclining upon their partner's shoulders, disheveled and with dress disordered by the maddening haste of the exercise—a struggling crowd, flushed with excitement, and sweltering in sudorific sociability?

What a glaring inconsistency is there manifested in the toleration at one time of a posture which, under any other circumstances, would blast a reputation! No pure woman would suffer a man to retain her hand in his, much less to encircle her with his arm, in the ordinary relations of social life; and yet, at the bidding of fashion, and because the additional stimulus of music is superadded, she will not only permit these liberties, but will remain willingly strained to his breast for a quarter of an hour at a time, publicly exhibiting herself in a position which in itself she virtuously condemns. Favors which would properly be denied to the most respectable of her acquaintances off the dancing-floor are there accorded freely even to a notorious libertine; for no guarantee is required from those to whom fashion intrusts the persons of her female devotees further than proficiency in an art chiefly acquired by our young men through association with the most degraded of the other sex—all mental or moral disqualifications being condoned by the single merit of

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dancing well. Many a young girl who intuitively shrinks from the endearments innocently proffered by her affianced lover, unthinkingly subjects herself to the contaminating embrace and irreverent comment of debauched witlings, whose every thought is a concealed insult. Not that we would imply a sweeping censure upon the male portion of the community; for many —perhaps most—are gentlemen, and as such incapable of harboring an idea repugnant to female purity. But in so composite a society as ours some evil characters are inevitably introduced; and even of those whose antecedents and position should vouch for their refinement there are many whose coarse tastes and dissipated courses render their contact with virtuous women almost a sacrilege. It is, moreover, a lamentable fact that in all civilized countries, while women are held to a strict account for each and every dereliction—even where the temptations thereto are forced upon them by their very censors—the greatest latitude is allowed to men; and the injured party is condemned, while the injurer suffers no rebuke, but rather gains popularity by his evil repute. Hence a witty foreigner said, with much worldly wisdom, speaking of the waltz: "With my *son*, yes; with my *daughter*, no!"

But setting aside the demoralizing tendencies of the present system of dancing—for we think we need scarcely labor to prove that a nice sense of female modesty must be blunted by habitual familiarity with the manipulations of the ruder sex—there are other objections to it which we will briefly notice.

So long as the waltz and its congeners were mere accessories to fashionable entertainments some opportunity was afforded for the interchange of rational conversation, and the most brilliant social reputations for agreeability and culture were borne by some whose feet were innocent of "redowa" or "deux temps:" but now the insatiate pagan muse has so entirely monopolized the *beau monde* that, except her fiddling sister, none of the Parnassian family dare venture within the ball-room. Regard the perfection of dexterity with which the *habitués* of New York *salons* twist and twirl through the bewildering confusion of couples, and your involuntary admiration is elicited; but listen to the brainless mockery of dialogue wherewith they beguile the panting intervals of their evolutions —the dreary platitudes and simpering imbecilities that pass current—and verily it would puzzle you to decide whether their heads or heels are lightest. As you dance not you are scarce considered worthy an invite; and even should that civility be reluctantly extended to you, you are constantly reminded that so far as intellectual recreation is concerned you had been better off at home with your own thoughts. Shouldered here, shoved there, your only refuge from the jostling of the dancing-rooms being in recourse to the entry, where you are deafened by the uproar of the musicians and chilled to your marrow by the frequent opening of the street-door, you are fortunate if during the evening you find one person with whom you can exchange a dozen intelligent and intelligible words, albeit in a constrained attitude, and with many interpolations from passing elbows. You may, perchance, rarely find temporary rest for your nether man on an unoccupied chair; but ere you have long enjoyed the unwonted luxury the inexorable dance again interferes, and your seat is demanded by some truculent stripling for the mystic rites of the "German." And yet, in the face of the practical outlawry thus decreed against you by the ladies (who rule fashionable society), they can rail at you for frequenting your club rather than risking bodily rheumatism and mental stupefaction at dancing parties!

Nor is the moral and intellectual deterioration induced by dancing its only evil results. Physical injury is, to a greater or less extent, entailed upon its votaries. It needs no extensive physiological knowledge to teach us that the maintenance of health depends greatly upon the fulfillment of two conditions—adequate aëration of the blood, and proper ablation of effete tissue. Both of these desiderata are effected by the agency of oxygen, which not only revivifies that portion of the blood which has made the circuit of the body, but aids in making new from the chyle freshly added; and, combining with the carbon resulting from textural waste, is breathed forth again as carbonic acid. Now, in a crowded ball-room, we have, above, a multitude of lights, burning each its share of this all-important gas, and, below these, several hundred human beings, who, under the stimulus of violent exercise, are undergoing more waste, and consequently consuming more oxygen, and creating more poisonous carbonic acid. After a while, this latter is produced in such excess that our dancers, instead of getting rid of their own detritus, are actually inhaling that of others. This is the case, under the most favorable circumstances, attending the "fashionable season;" in the majority of instances, however, a further incentive to disease is hospitably provided by ball-givers in the form of a "crash"—a maleficent linen cloth which is spread over the carpets to afford a smooth surface for the "many twinkling feet" of pallid victims. From the excessive attrition of this fabric the air is soon filled with a mist of floating lint, whose minute particles whiten one's coat, permeate one's hair, irritate one's eyes, and, worse than all, clog one's organs of respiration with a tenacious coating. Everywhere one hears of the alarming prevalence of bronchitis, and other diseases of the throat; and physicians will tell us that an enormous majority of these are found among the "fashionable" class of their patients. To such affections many causes are assigned; the climate is berated; the use of anthracite coal is deprecated; nay, even illuminating gas comes in for a share of vituperation; but, though other influences may bear an occasional part in their production, we honestly believe that these maladies, in nine cases out of ten occurring in

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"our best society," should be ascribed to the inhalation of this pernicious lint-dust. To it, if report says truth, was due the recent death of a musician much in vogue for his dancing-music during several years; and, although its action may but seldom prove fatal, yet we are convinced that its baleful effects will be felt by many long after the abolition of the "crash" that generates it.

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.

I.

THE summer sun was just sinking over the hills of Scrambleton, when a vehicle containing two ladies, a trunk, and a barrel of flour, drove up quickly to the door of the village tavern. The elder lady, who wore spectacles, a large Shaker bonnet, and driving gloves, and held in her hands the reins that controlled the movements of a rather frisky horse, had also a large whip, with which she pounded heavily on the horse-block at her side. She also elevated her voice, and called loudly, if not sweetly, on the name of the keeper of this rural hotel.

In a few moments, out of some hidden corner devoted to stale lemons and dead flies, a form appeared, and answered to the authoritative call for Mr. M'Guinness in person. His head was covered with a shock of red hair; he was without coat or waistcoat, and was just endeavoring to dry a very dirty pair of hands on a still dirtier towel.

"Shure and is it yersilf, Miss Agatha," said he, with a nod which was intended for an obeisance; "and were ye a-callin' for me?"

Miss Topper, the lady in the Shaker bonnet, eyed him with a scornful glance from head to foot.

"Why, Patrick M'Guinness, I have nearly cracked my throat calling you! You are a great man to keep a hotel, and not a soul to be seen, even to water a horse! However, that's no matter now," she said, shortly, and added: "Has Dr. Slinger passed here this afternoon? Here has Mrs. Boyd been waiting more than an hour at the station for him to take her to her cottage on the hill; and if I had not happened to come along for my barrel of flour she would have been waiting there yet. Very strange conduct in Dr. Slinger, I must say, and to a stranger too! He wrote her a note to say he would meet her at six o'clock at the cars, and it's after seven now!"

A peculiar expression passed over the Celt's pickled countenance at these words. He evidently deprecated the wrath of the angry goddess in the Shaker bonnet, yet was afraid to explain. At last he said, timidly:

"Shure, it is too bad tratement for the sthranger lady, ma'am; but the Doctor was called away by an accident, just as he was gettin' his horse out of my stable."

"An accident!" said Miss Topper; "who's hurt now?—one of Judy's children, I'll be bound."

"Yes, indade, ma'am," said Patrick, penitently; "it's me sisther's Tommy, the youngest but three, ye know; he's been scalded rale bad in the wash-tub."

"Scalded!" exclaimed Miss Topper, severely. "Well, really, your sister is the most unlucky creature I ever saw with her children." And she was beginning to digress on the improvidence and carelessness of the whole family, not, however, without promises of aid and counsel, when her attention was attracted by the appearance of two manly forms in the distance, who were evidently hastening their steps at the sight of Miss Topper and her company.

These gentlemen were the exact opposites of each other, and afforded a contrast that almost touched on the ludicrous. The elder, who was fat, short, and had rather a red face, was waddling along, as fast as his stumpy legs could carry him, the perspiration gleaming all over his forehead, and his coat as far off his shoulders as the position of things would admit. His companion, on the contrary, was very tall, very pale, very thin; his coat, of a clerical cut, was buttoned up to his chin, and his regular and handsome features had a cast that might have belonged to a martyr of the Early Church, or a monk of the order of La Trappe. He was not less rapid, however, in his efforts to reach the two ladies, only his long and even steps seemed to be less hurried than those of Dr. Slinger, who finally outran him, and advanced, full of excuses, to the side of the reproachful Miss Topper.

In the mean time the stranger, who had sat cold and listless beside her newly-made friend, rallied a little at this accession, and threw back her mourning veil, and disclosed to the eyes of the gentlemen a face, *fade*, perhaps, and colorless, but singularly correct in outline and delicate in detail—a face one would pass a thousand times without noticing, but when noticed it would make a permanent impression.

Miss Topper now introduced the two gentlemen.

"This is Dr. Slinger, Mrs. Boyd," said she, with some formality—"your landlord, and the physician of Scrambleton—a gentleman of much erudition," she added, with a very slight tinge of satire in her voice, "and possessing a distinguished talent for entomology. This other," said she, more pleasantly, "is a much less distinguished person—only our Episcopal clergyman, and my brother, the Reverend Rufus Topper. I only hope," she added, laughing, "that his cure of souls may be half as large and efficacious as Dr. Slinger's cure of bodies."

Dr. Slinger took Mrs. Boyd's little black-gloved fingers and gave them a hearty squeeze, apologizing for his want of attention in not coming for her as he had promised, and diverging into topics connected with her new home and arrangements.

The Reverend Rufus, quite unaccustomed to any female society save that of his sister, bowed, colored furiously, and retired a little distance, from whence he surveyed the graceful figure be-

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fore him, not at all aware that those gray eyes, with very dark lashes, were investigating his appearance quite as accurately, while apparently absorbed in contemplation of the florid countenance of Dr. Slinger, who, being an elderly man, and a widower, felt himself quite at home with all manner of women, and well fitted to instruct and entertain them.

This conversation, however, did not last long. Mrs. Boyd declared herself much worn by her journey, and Miss Agatha, being a really kind-hearted person, whipped up her steed and conveyed her friend up the hill to her new home as quickly as possible, while the two gentlemen linked their arms together and disappeared down a grassy lane that led out of the principal street of Scrambleton.

II.

The Toppers and Dr. Slinger were the only people of the village who were not either farmers or shop-keepers. Scrambleton was a small place, and so free from excitement of any kind that the arrival of a stranger to spend the summer in one of the doctor's little cottages on the hill was an event which thrilled every one with delight and surprise. Mr. Jones, who kept the village store, went over to the large town three miles off and ordered up some new ginghams and wash-basins on the strength of it; and Patrick M'Guinness himself whitewashed his gate-posts and cleaned his windows in a manner astonishing to all beholders, inspired thereto by a hope of some unforeseen advantage.

Miss Topper was the only one unaffected by the event. She had not always lived at Scrambleton, and the advent of one quiet little woman in black could by no means throw her off her equilibrium. Mr. Topper's pretty little stone rectory, which was quite near the church, and where his sister had reigned supreme for some years, was not only comfortable but elegant. The Toppers were rich, every body knew; and when our clerical friend saw fit to erect corpse-gates at the entrance of his church-yard, and to alter the architecture of St. Jonas's that orientation might be preserved, none of his small congregation had a word to say, as the funds to defray the expenses came out of the family purse, and not out of their pockets.

Indeed the salary paid the rector was so exceedingly small that no one without other means could subsist on it; and, consequently, the Reverend Rufus Topper was all-powerful in his parish, and his sister was quite as important a power behind the throne. Plain, elderly, and somewhat satirical, she still adored her brother with an affection that was perfectly unselfish. She was indeed but his half-sister, but she had taken care of him when a child with a mother's devotion; had followed him to the country town where his seminary education had been finished; and was now living, his kind benefactress and friend, only to make his home bright, until some younger and more suitable companion should appear, to whom she would cheerfully resign her place in his exclusive affection.

So far, however, fortune had not favored her views. Rufus Topper had many extreme High-Church opinions; he believed in severe fasting, and the duty of making one's self generally uncomfortable for conscience' sake. Indeed, he went so far that the bare mention of a married clergy was enough to raise the color in his thin cheek; and he would quote St. Paul on the advantages of celibacy in a manner that warned Miss Agatha that, unless she wanted to strengthen his opinions, she had better let the subject drop entirely; and with her usual good sense she determined to do so.

Mrs. Boyd's coming to Scrambleton, however, was an event which she saw might do more to alter her brother's determination than any of her arguments ever had. The farmer's daughters, who were the only young women in the vicinity, were not at all to the taste of the refined young student of ecclesiology. But this woman was elegant; she talked well; she was accomplished; and Miss Agatha, before the afternoon drive was over, had looked into the future, and saw at a glance that her brother was to be subject to a new and peculiar influence, which might mar or make his whole future destiny.

"Heaven send it may turn out to his advantage!" said Miss Agatha to herself, as she drove slowly home, the barrel of flour behind her. "But I wish I knew more of her antecedents. I will ask Dr. Slinger."

The Reverend Rufus Topper did not keep the tea waiting (as usual) that evening. He came in early, and asked so many questions of his sister that she smiled at his loquacity.

"Yes," said Miss Agatha, shortly, "she liked the cottage very much, and said it would do very nicely for the summer. She hoped there was not much gayety here; she was in mourning and did not want to go out. She seemed quite pleased when I told her the country people did not call on strangers, and that there was no gentleman's society at all. She asked me that particularly." Here Miss Agatha smiled, just a little.

"Dr. Slinger says," said Rufus, "that she has been a widow some years, and has gone through all sorts of trials, poor soul! I feel really sorry for her. I hope, Agatha," added he, "that you will be kind to her, she seems so forlorn."

"What does Dr. Slinger really know about her?" said Miss Topper, quietly. "It is but fair we should hear something of her former life before we open our hearts to her."

"You women are so hard on each other," said Rufus, rather scornfully. "What do you want to know, Agatha? She is young and forlorn and a stranger. Is not this enough to satisfy you as to what your duty is?"

"No," said Miss Agatha, "not by any means, Rufus; she might be all these and yet a very unsuitable friend for us. Tell me all Dr. Slinger told you, and I shall be better able to make my decision on this weighty matter."

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Dr. Slinger's intelligence, however, had not been very particular. An old friend, a lawyer, living in the metropolis, had written to know whether a small cottage could be found in Scrambleton for a lady-client of his, who was in deep mourning, and wished to be out of the way of society for a few months. Dr. Slinger had offered one of his own cottages on the hill for the purpose; the offer had been accepted; and he and Mrs. Boyd had exchanged some business notes on the subject; and this, and his offer to meet her at the dépôt, had been the only results of the arrangements. Mrs. Boyd herself was a reticent person, and at present there seemed no possibility of obtaining further intelligence.

III.

Miss Topper made up her mind to apply to Dr. Slinger for further information on the earliest opportunity; and the necessity of this became more apparent as the weeks rolled on without increasing her own intimacy with the stranger, while her brother's throve apace. Mrs. Boyd had returned Miss Topper's first visit with much promptness, but had shown so clearly that she was, in virtue of her mourning and want of spirits, unwilling to court society, and unable to enjoy it, that Miss Agatha could do nothing but leave her to her desired seclusion. Mr. Topper, however, was unremitting in his attentions at the cottage, and his sister soon became certain that his interest was very strongly aroused.

Mrs. Boyd was, indeed, a most fascinating woman; even to Miss Topper's keen scrutiny she betrayed nothing, either in manner or conversation, that could offend. Indeed, her gentle appearance, her quiet, sympathetic glances, her soft tones, would have awakened a feeling of interest in the most stony-hearted.

And Rufus Topper had discovered other charms than these. Behind all this softness there was an acuteness of intellect that astonished him. Whether it was Ecclesiology that he was discussing (a subject, by-the-way, with which his sister had no patience whatever), or the Plain Chants and music of the Early Church, or Orientation in its length and breadth, or any point of art, in fact, modern or medieval, Mrs. Boyd was ready with her sympathy and criticism. She was a wonderfully well-read woman, and showed it at every turn of the conversation. Only a month of the summer had gone, and yet Rufus Topper felt that all his hopes and enjoyments in life were centred in the occupant of the Hill-Side cottage.

His roses, however, were not destitute of the conventional thorn. He had not the slightest doubt as to the entire worth and beauty of Mrs. Boyd's character; but how was he to prove this to his astute and clear-sighted sister without other testimony than he could produce? And, alas! there was another spot of pain in the centre of his "*cor cordium*" which could not be ignored. It was a strange and doleful thought to this innocent young man that he was not the only admirer who sought after Mrs. Boyd's continual society. Was not Dr. Slinger—fat, red-faced, and fifty—also a frequenter of that pleasant little parlor? And, strange to say, were not his stale jokes, his long stories, and his commonplace compliments received with as much urbanity by the fair stranger as his own deep and original reflections? After an evening spent in discussing lecterns, oriels, and faldstools in the most delightful and improving manner, Dr. Slinger, ten to one, would break in upon them with one of his horse-laughs, and insist upon dilating on his own experiences in the bug-and-beetle line, or bring news of a fresh disaster in the family connection of Patrick M'Guinness.

Now Dr. Slinger was Rufus Topper's oldest friend; he was also his head-vestryman, and an admirable coadjutor in church matters; but when he saw him coming night after night, and taking, as it were, the wind out of his sails, without a moment's consideration he almost hated him. Dr. Slinger, too, was rich. To be sure he had several children, but they were all married or at boarding-school. He had a handsome house, and was really a clever and somewhat distinguished physician and naturalist.

So every smile or soft word from Mrs. Boyd fell like a dagger into the troubled heart of our young rector; for he knew that Dr. Slinger was decidedly a better match than himself, and he felt confident that Mrs. Boyd knew it also; not that he considered her in the slightest degree mercenary: no, she was disinterestedness personified. Still, she had never yet given him an unequivocal mark of preference, and, until she did so, he was wretched. He lost his interest, too, in his usual routine of duties; his sermons were written only for one ear; his visits, except to one person in his parish, were irksome and tedious; his whole soul and mind were taken up in weighing probabilities as to more or less regard on her part; and even the exquisite happiness of being almost constantly in her society brought with it such compensating torment that he often wondered if the pleasure he enjoyed were worth the price he paid for it.

Had he known more of her private history he would have waited to determine his position not a day longer; but dread of his sister's just displeasure at undue precipitancy held our young friend from such a step for the present; and he led a life of excitement and unrest that, in his former experience, was without parallel.

Miss Agatha was not deficient in discrimination. She saw with much anxiety the powerful hold that Mrs. Boyd had taken upon the imagination of her brother; and, while she regretted and blamed, she pitied still more. It was in vain that she endeavored to induce her brother to discover all his real feeling and intentions. Rufus loved his sister, and respected her; but Mrs. Boyd had bewitched him with her sorceries; and the spell had bound him to silence, even with his best and dearest friend.

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Miss Topper, however, was a woman of energy. She had not lived so long in this wicked world, and studied every cranny of her brother's heart, to give up the game at once into the hand of a new player. Troubled, yet undaunted, she determined to get to the bottom of the thing if possible. If Mrs. Boyd were a right and proper person for her brother to marry, none so happy and willing as she. If, on the contrary, as Miss Topper could not help believing, there was something not altogether satisfactory about her, the sooner she armed herself for the fray the better. Miss Topper considered herself a match for the sex in general, and for this woman in particular. All she had to do was to find out, in some way or other, the facts of the case, and act accordingly. One unjust suspicion would ruin her own cause forever; but woe to Mrs. Boyd if slander had but touched the hem of her garment!

IV.

One fine afternoon, therefore, having seen her brother disappear in the direction of the hill, with a new book of poetry under his arm, she tied on her Shaker bonnet, buttoned her driving-gloves, and prepared for a long drive over to the other end of the village, where Dr. Slinger resided in solitary majesty. She had found, after some seeking, a small lump on her forefinger, which would be a sufficient excuse for this very unusual visit. At any rate she must go; and if Dr. Slinger should even propose amputation of the finger-joint, at that moment she would have gladly consented if, by that means, she could have arrived at the object of her wishes.

She found her family physician in his office anxiously inspecting, through a microscope, a new variety of beetle, which he had spitted on a pin stuck in a card. He turned with a sigh from his delightful investigation and took up Miss Topper's afflicted finger.

"Why, Miss Topper, is this all that brought you?" he inquired. "It is nothing but a splinter, which I will extract in a moment. There must be something more, I am sure, to which I owe the pleasure of this visit."

"Well," said Miss Topper, with a degree of adroitness not uncommon to many of her sex, "I wanted to ask you whether you knew of any way of getting Patrick M'Guinness's sister out of her troubles. That woman is almost killed with her poverty and incompetence; and I think if we could get any of her children situations with farmers or somebody, they wouldn't be breaking their necks and heads all the time, or her heart in the end. Can't we do something for Tommy?"

Dr. Slinger was a generous and kind-hearted man. He entered at once into the plan, which had long been maturing in Miss Topper's mind, and promised her every assistance.

"I am going to the city before long," said he, "when I get through some cases of scarlet-fever I have on hand, and perhaps I can hear of something for Tommy there."

"Are you going for business or pleasure?" said Miss Agatha, feeling suddenly a great deal of curiosity.

"Both," said the Doctor, pleasantly; "but I shall have time for any commissions you may honor me with. I have several already promised from Mrs. Boyd."

Here was a chance for Miss Agatha.

"Ah, Doctor, that reminds me," said she. "How is Mrs. Boyd? I have not seen her for a long time. Will she remain through the autumn at Scrambleton, do you think?"

"I hardly know," replied the Doctor, wiping his shiny countenance with a damp pocket-handkerchief; "ladies are a very uncertain dependence, you know, in all things. I am sure I hope she will. She is a great acquisition to the neighborhood. Don't you think so, Miss Topper?—your brother does, I know."

"That is not surprising," said Miss Topper, waiving the question. "Rufus has seen so little of ladies' society that it is natural he should admire so attractive a woman as Mrs. Boyd. I am glad you indorse her, however, Dr. Slinger. You know so much of the world, that if you say Mrs. Boyd is an acquisition, an acquisition she must be, in every sense."

"*Indorse her*," said Dr. Slinger, giving a little grunt of disapproval; "that is saying a good deal of an acquaintance of a few weeks. I must say I admire Mrs. Boyd extremely; she takes a wonderful interest in scientific research, and is, altogether, a most agreeable woman; but to *indorse her* I must know a little more about her former life."

"I supposed, of course," said Miss Topper, "that you knew all about her before you made her intimate acquaintance, or sanctioned our friendship with her."

This was a telling shot, and hit Dr. Slinger between wind and water.

"Really, Miss Topper," said he, "you are a little severe, I think, upon me; as a physician, I have intimacies with all sorts of people, without regard to their position or circumstances. I have already given your brother all the details I am possessed of concerning our stranger-guest. He has been entirely satisfied, I should judge, from his conduct."

"I think your example has done more than your precept," said Miss Topper, smiling rather a grim smile. "If you *do* hear any thing of our friend when in town, Dr. Slinger, I should be happy to hear it, for my own sake. I shall be glad to be of use to Mrs. Boyd, if she really needs sympathy or friendship."

Dr. Slinger looked a little uneasy.

"To tell you the truth, Miss Topper," said he, quite confidentially, "I may say I am going to town partly with a view to that effect. The lawyer who wrote to me of Mrs. Boyd as a possible tenant is an old acquaintance of mine, and will communicate what he properly can; I really think Mrs. Boyd too charming a woman to be under a cloud, even in Scrambleton."

"That is just what I think myself," said Miss Topper, with an air of perfect frankness,

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"and I hope you will thoroughly elucidate matters on your return."

This ended the conversation, but not Miss Topper's anticipations.

"He is going to marry her himself," she thought, "and Rufus has nothing further to hope for."

V.

In the mean while the Reverend Rufus Topper was spending the sunny afternoon in Mrs. Boyd's little parlor. He had been reading aloud to her from "Keble's Christian Year," and they had been trying over the harmonies of a Gregorian Chant together. Mrs. Boyd, too, was looking her prettiest, and was more gentle and amiable even than usual. So our hero was happy, and cast care to the winds. Suddenly a light cloud appeared on the fair brow of the hostess.

"Why, Mr. Topper," said she, breaking abruptly the conversation, which had become rather sentimental during the last half hour—"why, can you tell me, has Dr. Slinger chosen this hot month, of all times in the year, to go to town?"

Rufus was troubled.

"He goes quite often to the city to collect his rents, I believe, or attend to his property there; but I don't know what takes him just now. Are you very much interested in the matter, Mrs. Boyd?"

"Not personally, of course; but it is such an odd thing to go away from the country in the middle of summer. But you people who live in it don't appreciate its fascinations. I dare say this lovely village seems tiresome enough to you."

"It did seem dull enough at one time," said Rufus, coloring, "but I don't find it so any longer."

"I shall take that for a direct compliment to myself, Mr. Topper," said the lady, smiling. "I only wish Dr. Slinger would show half the taste you do in that particular. I shall be going to the city myself before long, and he might be very useful to me as an escort; but you men are so impatient! I suppose nothing in the world would make Dr. Slinger change his intention."

Mr. Topper was quite stunned by this speech. "What does she mean," he thought, "by harping on this ridiculous idea? Is she really in love with the Doctor?"

He did not say this, however.

"I will tell Dr. Slinger how much you take his departure to heart. That will certainly make him defer his visit. That is to say, it would *me*, I am sure, in his situation."

"Pray do not misunderstand me," said Mrs. Boyd, smiling. "My interest in our friend is not any deeper than that I feel for others. But I have seen so many cruel changes in this world—have been so tossed and shipwrecked on the sea of fortune, that every little ripple on the waves disquiets me. I feel like a daughter to Dr. Slinger; and I shall miss his pleasant voice here in my quiet cottage as I would that of a parent."

"I will tell him that too," said Rufus to himself; "it will prevent his being over-elated at her kind attentions."

"I would not wish *him* to know how much I look up to him," continued Mrs. Boyd, who read what was passing in the young man's mind as clearly as if she were looking through a window. "Widowers, particularly elderly widowers, are apt to dislike or misinterpret such feelings. But I am so lonely and forlorn in the world that I cling to every friend with the most intense devotion. Ah! how much happier are you men, who have duties and a career before you, when even your tenderest affections are shattered!"

Mrs. Boyd looked perfectly lovely when she said this; and our friend Rufus felt his heart hit against his watch-pocket with a tick as hard as that of his gold repeater.

"Men also suffer in their affections," said he, at length, "and they find their load as heavy to bear as women's can ever be. A man is helpless before the woman he loves and can not please, and who shall lighten his burden?"

"Time lightens it for them most accommodatingly," said Mrs. Boyd, smiling. "'Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love.' But why do I discuss this subject with you?" she added. "You are *célibitaire*, both from principle and inclination, as I have always heard."

Rufus looked a little confused.

"I have always thought it a clergyman's duty to think first of his charge and the interests of his parish," said he; "but the usefulness of many a Rector is much increased by a woman's hearty co-operation and sympathy. Besides, though Paul evidently thought celibacy a good state for the Apostles of the Early Church, Peter thought differently, and was married, as we all know."

"If you ever *should* marry, Mr. Topper," said Mrs. Boyd, sweetly, "you must marry some fresh young girl, her heart full of gayety and happiness, and with eyes that have never been clouded by a tear."

"That is just the kind of woman I particularly dislike," said Rufus, with a sudden frigidity in his tone. "Of all things in the world I detest one of those bread-and-butter young girls, full of life and animal spirits. I should go a great way to avoid even meeting one."

"What kind of woman, then, *would* you like to marry?" said Mrs. Boyd, looking into his eyes with entire frankness and earnestness. "I have often wondered what style of woman you would choose."

Rufus had gone too far to recede. The decisive words arose to his lips, and he had known his fate then and there, when a sudden apparition at the window put an end to the conversation. It was no other than Miss Agatha Topper, who, bowing and smiling, as if sure of a hearty welcome, entered the apartment and de-

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stroyed the tête-à-tête. She had called on her way from Dr. Slinger's, and thinking, perhaps, Mrs. Boyd would like to take a drive, had stopped with that friendly intention. Mrs. Boyd would not drive, however, and, after a somewhat protracted visit, Miss Topper executed her secret intention, and drove home to tea with her brother at her side.

"Rufus," said she, when fully out of hearing of all eaves-droppers, "were you offering yourself to Mrs. Boyd when I came in? Your manner was strangely excited."

"I had not said a word of any importance," said Rufus, rather crossly, "and perhaps never shall. I don't even know whether she really likes me or not, at this moment; but I like *her*, Agatha, I admit; and were it not for you I should make the plunge immediately."

"Wait, Rufus," said his sister, seriously, "until the Doctor comes back from the city. He is going there to find out all about Mrs. Boyd; and if he brings satisfactory intelligence, I will not say another word against it. But I warn you you will have a rival in the Doctor. He means to marry her himself if he can."

Rufus threw back his head and laughed.

"He is too old for her, I am thinking. She looks upon him as a father, she says."

"Did she tell *you* that, Rufus?" said Miss Agatha, with one of her shrewd glances. "Then your case is desperate, for she means to accept Dr. Slinger, of course. How does she like his going away on that visit?"

"Well, it seemed to worry her a good deal," said Rufus; "and I confess I was a little annoyed at her for it; but she explained it away so easily that I was ashamed that I remarked it. If you had heard what she said you would not have thought her eager to marry any one, least of all Dr. Slinger. The poor little woman seems to have suffered dreadfully. I declare my heart aches for her!"

"May it never ache on your own account," said Miss Topper, as they drove up to her door—"and may I prove a false prophet for you and for her!"

VI.

Miss Topper came down to breakfast the next morning with a look of fixed determination on her countenance. She had spent a sleepless night in consideration of the subject of her brother's affairs, and had concluded that he, in some way or other, must be kept uncommitted until Dr. Slinger's return from the city. She saw, also, that this was almost impossible in the present state of his feelings, and was resolved, for once, to break through the rules of non-interference that she had so far observed, and save him if she could.

"He will hate me," thought she, "for about two weeks; but it may save him from hating himself for life: besides, I can bear it, and he can't."

She waited, however (in a truly Christian manner, worthy of imitation by all), till he had finished his breakfast, and then attacked him as he was taking up his hat to go out.

"Rufus," said she, gravely, "I want you to promise me not to see Mrs. Boyd for the present—not till Dr. Slinger comes back. Will you do so?"

"I don't think you have any right to ask me to make such a promise," said Rufus, turning red and then pale, and looking extremely angry. "I am surprised at you, Agatha!"

"I would do twice as much for you any time," said Miss Topper, quietly; "but that is nothing to the point. I want you, particularly, not to see Mrs. Boyd for the next fortnight; after that you may do as you like."

"What new idea has come into your head now about that poor, persecuted little woman?" said Rufus, entirely thrown off his usual equanimity. "I think, Agatha, you have shown an amount of suspicion and malevolence about that innocent creature perfectly unnatural and cruel. Women are demons to each other when they are in trouble, I know; but I thought better of *you*, Agatha."

"If you go to see Mrs. Boyd again you will offer yourself," said Miss Topper, bluntly; "and she will engage herself to you; and she may be a mere adventuress for all we know. Do you wish to put yourself in a position of this kind? Just think of the possibility of such a thing happening, and all for the want of a little patience!"

"Mrs. Boyd an adventuress!" exclaimed Rufus, laughing scornfully. "That is simply impossible; besides, your words contradict each other. Only last night you said she would marry Dr. Slinger."

"Yes, it is Dr. Slinger she wants," said Miss Agatha, coolly. "His house and fortune will suit her better than yours. But the Doctor is no chicken. He, as well as Mrs. Boyd, knows the world; he will not fetter himself with an engagement with her unless all is right; and this is the reason she does not want him to go to the city. She dreads developments. If he should go, however, she may entangle you before his return, and that would be better than nothing."

Rufus looked at his sister with eyes full of anger and reproach.

"Well, really, Agatha," said he, severely, "you *do* go beyond every thing I ever heard in my life; a cold-blooded savage could not equal you. I thank Heaven that *my* Christian benevolence has taught me more magnanimity than that. I should not speak in such a manner of a Hottentot."

"It makes no difference that my Christian benevolence is less, in this case, than yours," said Miss Topper, hotly. "Your interest and magnanimity go together in this instance. I always suspect magnanimity and benevolence when they go hand in hand with one's dearest wishes. They prefer to go in that manner, and find the way easy."

"Agatha, you are most unkind."

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"Rufus, I am determined to save you from misery if I can."

"I do not wish to be saved from such misery. I call it happiness."

"Insane boy!" said Miss Topper, thoroughly roused, "you will destroy yourself and break my heart as well."

Rufus Topper was not a bad or a heartless man, and he was really fond of his sister. He came back to the table, and sat down beside her.

"Agatha," said he, gently, "why do you take such extreme views of this affair? Only last night you talked of it quite reasonably. Has any thing occurred since then?"

"I went out last evening, after tea, as perhaps you remember," said Miss Agatha, "to see Judy. Pat M'Guinness came up to tell me his sister was in great distress, as the baby had swallowed a button, and she wanted me to come down and tell her what to do. I had a thought of calling you, but you were in your study, writing, so I concluded not to disturb you. Well, I went down to see Judy, and found her in the greatest distress, the child having swallowed a large horn button; and, although numerous emetics had been given, and the poor baby was almost at its last gasp with medicine, no button was forthcoming. It is wonderful," said Miss Topper, "how stupid and incompetent Judy is! and her poor bedridden husband is as great a fool as herself. It is amazing to me how two such idiots ever happened to stumble upon each other. It is a most singular and unfortunate circumstance."

"Pray, go on," said Rufus, rather impatiently.

"Well," said his sister, "I staid there some time, talking to Judy and soothing the child; and finally I came to the conclusion that she had never swallowed the button at all; and, after a vigorous search in the waist of her little dress, I found the button, safe and sound, hid away in its sleeve! Did you ever hear of such a thing in all your born days, Rufus?"

"Confound the baby and the button too!" exclaimed Rufus. "I beg your pardon, Agatha, but what has this to do with Mrs. Boyd?"

"Oh yes! Well, it was pretty late by the time all this was over, and I told Pat M'Guinness that he would have to walk along behind me home, as it was pitchy dark, in the road. We walked on without meeting a soul—for it was past ten o'clock—till we got to Jones's store, when who should come out with Jones himself but Mrs. Boyd, and walk on before us!"

"Just as you were walking with Pat M'Guinness—for protection, I suppose," said Rufus, rather bitterly.

"Well," said Miss Topper, shortly, "Pat walked on behind *me*, and did not offer me his arm; but perhaps that is Mrs. Boyd's idea of protection. Any way, she took Jones's arm, and laughed and talked with him all the way up the hill, for I heard her."

"Did she see you?" said her brother, doubtfully.

"No; we were some distance behind, and it was dark as midnight."

"I think, then, you mistook the person, entirely. It could not have been Mrs. Boyd at all. How could she talk to that low, common fellow in that way? It must have been his wife."

"No, it was not," said Miss Topper, gravely; "and Pat M'Guinness saw her as well as I. He says she often comes down to the store late in the evening, and Mr. Jones always takes her to the top of the hill, just in that same friendly way."

"There is no motive for any intimacy with that man," said Rufus. "It is a base slander, you may depend. It can't be true, Agatha."

"I don't wish to slander or speak ill of any one, Rufus," said Miss Topper, quietly; "but I heard, not a week ago, that Mrs. Boyd has a long account run up at the village store. If she can't pay it, of course she may not be able to avoid Jones entirely; but to take his arm and to jest with him—that is rather too bad!"

"I shall defer my judgment until I hear the other side of the story," said Rufus, doggedly. "In the mean time allow me to take the most charitable interpretation which you, it seems, are not willing to do."

"My common sense won't let me," said Miss Agatha, bluntly; "nor would yours if your eyes were not blinded by your partiality. But how soon, pray, do you intend to hear the other side of the story? as you call it."

Rufus hesitated a moment. "I will wait the two weeks out," he said; "and, if things are satisfactory, you shall withhold me no longer."

"Not a moment," said his sister; "and if they are unsatisfactory, Rufus, what then?"

"My happiness will be utterly destroyed forever," said her brother, as he took up his hat and left her.

VII.

That young people generally will never condescend to make use of the experience and warnings of older persons is a fact so well known that it hardly excites observation; the exceptional cases alone cause us to pause and wonder. A young man's father gets into trouble and fails, and ends his career in obscurity. His son, however, ten to one, will learn nothing by the lesson. Yes, he will borrow money, as his father did before him, but he will not fail. Oh no! he is a great deal too smart and clever for that; he will manage things better than to allow trouble to touch him, no matter what it has done to the rest of the world—and so on to the bitter end. A young girl marries against the wishes of a judicious parent. Well, is not her Frederick different from all other Fredericks? He does not marry her because he is poor and she has an independent fortune. Impossible; he loves her for herself alone; and all that these old people tell her of his extravagance

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and dissipation is a sheer falsehood. They don't know *her* Frederick; he is a man of the most exalted character, and never stooped to meanness in his life! Yet the time will come that this victim of weakness will own her folly, and strive to save others from the misery she has suffered, and probably quite in vain. Indeed, there would be something ridiculous, if it were not intensely painful, in the constant and frantic efforts that the elders of the world are making to save those dear children whom they love from the sorrows they themselves have endured. Slighted, scoffed at, neglected, these wise counsels are offered again and again; and to save them from wretchedness what family secrets are told, what wounds laid open, what scars are uncovered, generally to no purpose! "The wise man," says Solomon, "considers these things, but the fool goes on and is punished;" and fools are always in the majority.

Some such reflections as these were crowding the mind of Miss Topper as she sat alone darning stockings in her little parlor about two weeks after the last conversation. It was evening, and as she sat under the lamp, every now and then giving her thread a jerk when it proved knotty and refractory, it was easy to see that Miss Agatha was suffering from the tortures of a mind ill at ease. Her appearance was not particularly poetical. There is nothing in the *tout ensemble* of an elderly woman, weaving over old blue woolen socks, to excite interest. But there was an unwritten epic in Miss Topper's mind at that moment, and her eyes flashed behind her spectacles with a brilliancy that Boadicea herself might have envied when leading the hosts of the Sceni to battle.

She was profoundly miserable; and her heart was filled with fiery indignation against the cause of all her suffering. For that comfortable little parlor had just been the scene of angry contention between two people, who, until that time, had been the best and truest friends. And this adored brother, for whom she had given up and done so much, had spoken words of injustice, of spitefulness, and real unkindness, and had left her, wounded and heart-sore, to seek the society of the fair enchantress, who had thus, by some occult means, turned his brotherly affection to bitterness, and her authority into contempt. And what could she do? She was impotent before this stranger; and as she sat bending over her work two great spots of red burned on her usually pale cheeks, and two bright tears fell on the table before her.

This was the state of things. Dr. Slinger had not returned: the two weeks were out, and Rufus, who had by the means of Tommy managed to keep up a correspondence with the cottage until his probation was over, had announced his determination to revisit its precincts that very evening. Miss Topper had pleaded that, according to the spirit of the agreement, he would not see Mrs. Boyd again till the Doctor's return; Rufus had declined taking this view of his promise, and had, after many hard words, left her to settle, as she well knew, and perhaps to ruin, his chances of happiness. It was just then that Miss Topper was roused from her painful meditations by a quick knock at the front-door. She rose mechanically and opened it, and beheld, with some surprise, the rubicund face of Dr. Slinger, covered with perspiration as usual, but kind and smiling.

It was so very uncommon a thing for Dr. Slinger to call at the Rectory that Miss Topper knew in a moment that he came as a bearer of news; and with quick intuition her heart told her that it was not pleasant intelligence he had been in such haste to communicate. She managed, however, to retain sufficient composure to install the Doctor in her most comfortable chair and listen, with a beating heart, to a detailed and rather prosy account of his journey to and from town, and also of an admirable arrangement he had made for the settlement in life of the errant and luckless Tommy.

Miss Topper questioned, wondered, applauded, and waited for the real object of the visit to be made apparent. At last he stopped, wiped his face, leaned back in his chair, and with his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, remained silent full five seconds.

"My brother is not in this evening," said Miss Topper at last; "he has gone up on the hill to see Mrs. Boyd."

"Ah! indeed," said the Doctor, with some affected surprise, which did not of course deceive Miss Topper for a moment. "He goes there quite often, does he not?"

"He has not been there at all lately," said his hostess, "and I don't think he ever was as frequent in his visits there as yourself, Dr. Slinger."

"Ah! well, you know old fellows like me can go any where without injury; my heart is not a delicate commodity, apt to be hurt by the fire of a lady's eyes. My friend Rufus is, however, susceptible. He should be more careful how he runs into the path of danger."

"Have you heard any thing more about Mrs. Boyd?" said Miss Topper. Her patience was exhausted, and she could not wait a moment longer.

The Doctor coughed and wiped his face again, and ran his fat fingers through his hair until it stood up in the most grotesque forms all over his apple-shaped head. Miss Topper could have laughed heartily, only there were other feelings predominant which tended to a different expression of emotion.

"Dr. Slinger," said she, "tell me frankly all you know. My brother's happiness may depend upon what I hear to-night; and what I want to know is the whole truth. Who and what is this fascinating stranger — this Mrs. Boyd?"

Dr. Slinger's air of jocularity changed immediately; also his apparent indecision. Had he just been about to cut off a man's leg, or had he made a new discovery in Natural History, he could not have been more composed or more in

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earnest than he instantly became; and, drawing closer up to Miss Agatha's table, he detailed a circumstantial history of the heroine of our little romance.

By what long and tiresome efforts Dr. Slinger had become acquainted with Mrs. Boyd's private history it is unnecessary to state. The results, however, proved her to be a designing and unreliable person. She had married a Mr. Boyd, quarreled with him and left him. A divorce suit had been brought, which had ended by damaging the characters of both parties. She, however, had been finally got rid of by her husband, and at his death—for he was really dead—a small sum of money had been left her by the interposition of a friend. But her career had not ended here. Not long before her arrival at Scrambleton she had succeeded in wringing a large sum of money out of an invalid old bachelor by the very discreditable means of a breach-of-promise suit. The sum had been so large that it had created quite a sensation in the town (several hundred miles off) where it happened, and Mrs. Boyd had retired to this distant country village to let the world forget her and her career, and to find, perhaps, a new though narrow theatre for further exploits.

Dr. Slinger could hardly commend sufficiently his own acuteness, which, in spite of the insinuating amiability of the charmer, had never allowed him to commit himself to a dangerous extent.

"I hope your brother will be as prudent," said he, smiling, "otherwise she may try the law on him as she did on old Mr. Muggins."

"Why did not Muggins marry her?" said Miss Topper. "Men are such fools a pretty face leads them like a will-o'-wisp."

"Why, she is very extravagant, it seems, and Muggins got frightened and backed out. Any way, it's a bad business, Miss Topper, and I wish she had never come to Scrambleton."

"I can say Amen to that, Dr. Slinger, with all my heart," said Miss Topper, sighing heavily. "This has been the most anxious summer of my life," she added. "Among many, very many."

"Agatha," said Dr. Slinger, and his voice had a softness in it decidedly unusual, "you are, and always have been, the most unselfish of beings. You remember twenty years ago, when I begged you not to sacrifice a chance of happiness for an over-strained idea of duty, you turned away from me in contempt. You see what has been the result; Rufus, for whom you have done so much, whom you have followed in all his interests and pursuits, leaves you to obey the behest of a mere adventuress. If I desired revenge, this evening would repay me for all the pain you once made me suffer."

Miss Topper was by no means of a meek disposition. These ill-judged words of the Doctor opened the sluices of her anger, and she poured a well-directed torrent into the heart of the enemy's country, entirely submerging the air-castle which he had begun to erect. She told him very justly that he had been the means of introducing this dangerous person in the village; and his evident admiration had at once been a guarantee and a lure for this woman. Rufus, too, she declared, had acted a perfectly consistent part for a young and unworldly man. As to his ultimate decision, she had no doubt it would be strictly in accordance with his love for her, and his duty to himself and his profession. She had never regretted any sacrifices she had made for her brother, who was a noble young man; indeed, she rejoiced that she had been led to such a wise and happy course, as Dr. Slinger's bitter and unkind words evidently showed that he was not the man who was worthy of the regard he once solicited.

Had Dr. Slinger been any other man than he was, he would probably then and there have made his obeisance and retired. But he was a plucky individual, and, moreover, he knew Miss Topper of old; he therefore bore her remarks with much urbanity, and after a fire of small shot for some minutes between them contention ceased entirely. Dr. Slinger staid some time longer, and they discussed most amicably Rufus's affairs, and settled upon a plan of action which should rout the charming widow and make her flee the village. Then Dr. Slinger began to dwell on himself and his own private affairs, his loneliness, etc., and wound up by renewing the offers which he had made to Miss Topper when he was a gay young practitioner, and which she then so scornfully rejected.

"I always thought you the most sensible and the most reliable woman in the world, Agatha," said he, as he shook hands for good-night. "Think over what I have said to you."

"Not till Mrs. Boyd is out of Scrambleton," said Miss Topper. "I have no time for such nonsense!"

VIII.

When Miss Topper rose the next morning, she found a card pushed under her door, which her brother had placed there on his late return from Mrs. Boyd's. It contained a few words, begging her forgiveness for his unkind and unchristian conduct toward her, and assuring her that he was the happiest of men, as Mrs. Boyd had promised to marry him after a very short engagement.

Miss Topper was pained of course, but not at all surprised, by this intelligence. She merely buckled on her armor, and proceeded at once to her brother's study. He received her with some embarrassment, but unusual affection. In fact, Rufus Topper was a truly conscientious man, and the bitter words he had spoken to his sister had troubled and distressed him in spite of the blandishments of the fair widow.

He turned pale and trembled, however, before the dire intelligence that Miss Topper had to communicate. One evening, one little evening, the cup of felicity had been offered to his lips, then a cruel destiny had seized it from him and dashed it to pieces before his eyes!

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Had Rufus not been blessed with firm Christian principles and a true friend in his sister his life would have been a wreck from this moment. But "there is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may;" and to prove a friend to the suffering, a guide to the weak, and a bright example to the Christian ministry, as Rufus Topper afterward became, it was necessary that he should go through the fires of affliction that now awaited him in the pathway of duty.

On a lithe and delicate frame like his the first effects, of course, were physical; a dreadful nervous headache, followed by fever, came on, and effectually prevented all communication with the outer world. Miss Topper, who had undertaken to settle her brother's difficulties with Mrs. Boyd, for two days had not a chance to leave his bedside, or listen to any thing but his incoherent ravings.

The third day, however, he begged her so piteously to make an end at once of his hopes and fears, and to tell Mrs. Boyd that he must give her up forever, that, with a heavy heart, she ascended her carriage, and, after a short but earnest interview with Mr. Jones at the village store, she wended her way to the Hill-Side cottage.

Miss Topper knew what was before her; she had wandered far over the world in her day, and met many and various people since she was a green young girl in Scrambleton village. She knew that of all wily, deceitful, malignant people, there is nobody more dangerous than a woman in Mrs. Boyd's position. But she knew, too, her own power. She had two weapons wherewith to fight this unequal battle. Character, of which Mrs. Boyd had not a shred left; and Money, the proper use of which could turn even her into a cringing suppliant.

"I shall use both," said Miss Topper to herself; "and *væ victis* if it be Mrs. Boyd!"

IX.

She found the pretty widow writing a note to Rufus, in an elegant morning costume, and looking as innocent as a kitten watching a canary-bird. Miss Topper was not able, however, to personate the canary-bird, even for a moment, and she received Mrs. Boyd's sisterly advances with such entire coldness that the widow's eyes flashed, and she prepared herself for a stormy encounter.

"I presume," she said, quite calmly and deliberately, "you have come to tell me about Rufus, Miss Topper. I received a note from Dr. Slinger, two days ago, informing me that your brother was ill, and begging me not to call, as the disease might be dangerous, or even contagious; otherwise nothing would have kept me from his bedside, you may be certain."

"You are very kind," said Miss Topper (secretly smiling at Dr. Slinger's diplomacy), "but my brother's fever is better to-day, and I have come, by his particular request, to beg you to consider his visit here the other evening as if it had never happened; and also all the foolish things which he said at that time, which he repents of, and which he begs you will entirely forget. You have seen a great deal of *men*, Mrs. Boyd" (emphasizing the word "men"), "and therefore you know that the fascinations of our sex will often lead young men into making avowals that they are unable and unwilling to carry out."

Mrs. Boyd's face flushed up with anger to the very roots of her hair.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" she said, entirely throwing off that softness of manner which was her greatest charm. "I am no weak-spirited creature to be made a tool of by you, Miss Topper; and I demand that you shall give me proof that all that you say is not a malignant falsehood! Your brother really loves me, and we are engaged to each other as solemnly as vows can make us. No interference of yours shall be permitted for a moment!"

Miss Topper said nothing, but took out a card from her pocket, on which Rufus had scrawled a few words, informing Mrs. Boyd that he was unable to fulfill his engagement, and referring every thing to his sister.

Mrs. Boyd's face was so convulsed by passion for a moment that Miss Topper surveyed it with wonder. Every trace of beauty was gone, and a vindictive fury shone out of her eyes.

"You must see, Mrs. Boyd," she said, coldly, "how perfectly unfitted you are to marry a man like my brother. He is a man much younger than yourself, whose career will never be any thing more distinguished than that of a country clergyman. I wonder you ever thought of such a thing! Your antecedents are such as belong to a far different destiny."

"What do *you* know about my antecedents?" said Mrs. Boyd, roughly.

"*Every thing!*" replied Miss Topper; "and, to be plain with you, Mrs. Boyd, Rufus shall and will never marry you, were you to beg him on your knees. I wonder you have the audacity to expect it! You are perfectly aware that if he had known what he now knows he would sooner have taken a rattlesnake to his heart than asked you to be his wife! As it is, he will never see you again."

"You are a spiteful, cross old maid!" said Mrs. Boyd, vindictively, "and you have no right to insult me in my own house. What is more, Miss Topper, if you know my past history, you know I am not one to be trifled with. Once before my affections were played upon; but I had my revenge, and I will have it again. Rufus Topper, that sneak of a brother of yours, is rich, and he shall pay for this preying upon the innocent!"

A grim smile lit up the anxious face of Miss Topper.

"As to this being your own house," said she, coolly, "I always thought it was Dr. Slinger's; and as, to my certain knowledge, you have not paid a penny of rent, I do not feel any qualms as to its ownership. I see, however, you have

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been resting under a great mistake. How did you imbibe the idea that Rufus was rich? He has not a stiver of his own in the world."

Mrs. Boyd colored. "It is the common talk here," she said. "Every one knows *you* have money, and Rufus is your brother. He is considered as joint-heir of the great Topper estate."

Miss Agatha smiled again.

"Rufus is only my half-brother," said she. "The estate came from my mother, who was also a Topper, and he has no interest in any thing whatever in the shape of property. Even the church belongs to me, and I pay most of the clergyman's salary myself. I have not told this generally, as it was nobody's affair but my own. I shall leave Rufus half of every thing at my death, provided he marries to suit me; otherwise, not one cent, Mrs. Boyd—pray understand that distinctly. As to his salary, it is exactly two hundred and fifty dollars a year. I don't think that would be sufficient to support even the most modest establishment. Your friend, Mr. Muggins, was a weak-minded man, or he would never have lost his suit. As to my brother, you can begin proceedings against him as soon as you can get a lawyer to undertake your case. Rufus has no money to pay into your pocket; and, besides, you are liable to me for a considerable amount."

"To you?" said Mrs. Boyd, fiercely; "impossible!" But Miss Topper saw that her tone had changed, and the secret spring of action, the hope of making money out of them, being destroyed, she saw the game was nearly played out. "I do not owe you any thing," said Mrs. Boyd again, but she looked anxious and frightened.

Miss Topper took a long grocery bill out of her pocket, and showed it to the widow, who turned white as ashes.

"Mr. Jones is my tenant down at the village store," she said. "He can not pay his rent this August, because you have not settled with him. I therefore took this bill of yours on account, and if you don't pay me every item I shall expose you, and sue you, and get a judgment against you, and follow you to the end of your life. Will you pay me on the spot, or not?"

Mrs. Boyd trembled and turned pale.

"I have not ten dollars in the house," she said, "upon my word of honor."

"I believe you," said Miss Topper, "and the bill is very large. Do you know," she added, "that, as you come here temporarily from a different State, you could be arrested until you get bail? I should be sorry to be so hard with you, spiteful old maid as I am; but I can only yield on certain conditions."

"What are they?" said the widow, quickly. She had come to the conclusion that Miss Topper was a hard nut to crack, and that she had better give in at once. Had Muggins's money been at hand she might have fought her off a little longer; but that had been really dissipated before it came into actual possession, and all she could do now was to yield to stern necessity. She thought now, with a groan, of all the mornings she had wasted over entomology and church architecture; but were there not more worlds to conquer, and more men to make spooneys of? And she struck her colors at last with a sigh, and Miss Topper won the day.

The conditions were simple. Miss Topper had indeed magnified her intended cruelty as a creditor on purpose to frighten Mrs. Boyd into speedier submission; and in this she succeeded. Mrs. Boyd, like all shiftless, needy people, had an absolute terror of the letter of the law, and made no more boggling when it came to terms; indeed in the end she made a capital bargain, and felicitated herself much on the result.

She wrote a note, dictated by Miss Topper, giving up all claim to Rufus, and declaring their engagement null and void. Then she gave a written promise never to see, speak, or write to him again, or have any further communication with him whatever; also a promise to leave Scrambleton that afternoon, which Miss Topper saw accomplished, as she conveyed Mrs. Boyd herself to the station in the same triumphal chariot in which she had carried her to the Hill-Side Cottage about two months before.

So pleased was Miss Topper to get rid of the dangerous beauty that she gladly forgave her the debt at the store; and, as she afterward confided to Dr. Slinger, she paid her fare at the station, and gave her a hundred dollars as a parting *douceur!*

Mrs. Boyd, who had failed in her larger operations, was by no means loth to accept this little windfall, and pocketed the money as coolly as she would have received a declaration.

"Never in my life," said Miss Topper, "was I so glad to part with my dollars as when I paid Mrs. Boyd's passage away from Scrambleton. Even Pat M'Guinness, who put her trunk on the cars, said I looked as pleased as Tommy when he found a penny in the road, only *I* had lost a very bad penny, and one that I had dreaded never getting rid of."

X.

Now, to be really romantic, my hero, Rufus Topper, ought to go into a galloping consumption, or to live on, the victim of blighted affections, for some indefinite period. But he did not at all. He recovered his health very soon, and then he and his sister took a long journey, and went to Niagara, and traveled in Canada all that autumn; and Dr. Slinger met them there, and they had a very jovial and pleasant time of it altogether. And there, also, they met a very lively and very clever young lady, who was much diverted with Rufus's ideas on the subject of the Early Church and Plain Chants, and who did not hesitate to quiz him unmercifully, and tease him in the most outrageous manner; the result of which, to Rufus, was entire oblivion as to charmer Number One, and intense interest in charmer Number Two; and of which, after further acquaintance, and nearly a year of correspondence,

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the consequence was a wedding, and a new face in the Rectory pew. Scrambleton has now become quite a large manufacturing town, and our Rector has a large church (of which Tommy is the distinguished sexton), and is the most able minister in the vicinity. He has grown quite stout, and has a hearty, cheerful laugh of his own, which it does one good to hear. It is not often that he refers to the affair of his first love, even in his private talks with his sister, now for several years Mrs. Slinger. But when the young men of his congregation come to him for advice, he is particularly anxious to put them on their guard against that class of people known to the initiated as Dangerous Women.

A VOICE FROM NEW JERSEY.

WE had been so long penned up in small apartments, so long at the mercy of "the people on the next floor," so long obliged to look about, and look about, with no hope of seeing any thing better than the house we lived in, that I resolved to go and live in the country.

I broached this project to my wife—for I am a married man—and she agreed to it. I asked the baby, and the boy two years old, whose white, pallid little faces had long been pleading for fresh air and sweet milk, and they agreed to it. It was therefore carried, "*nem. con.*," that we all were to go and live in the country.

I must confess that this decision rather worked upon my nerves. I have a bad habit of waking in the night, and thinking over important subjects that had occurred through the day; and upon the night succeeding the evening we concluded to reside for the future in the country, I awoke from a deep dream of rural delights to a calmer contemplation of the situation.

I remembered Mr. Sparrowgrass.

I remembered that funny man and trembled.

What if it should turn out a delusion and a snare, after all—this living in the country? What if pigs should break through and steal; if horses should turn out to be "weavers;" if neighbors should rush in with revolvers because of the frailty of dumb waiters; if dogs' tails should be amputated for fun; if drains should be dug or built of absurd dimensions, with bills corresponding? What if the whole scheme should be but a device of the enemy to make us fly from the evils we knew unto others we had not the least conception of? If, after all our weary wanderings, we should set our faces city-ward again, and be glad to get back to the second floor or the third floor; to the dirty neighbors; to the quarrelsome street guerrillas; to the drunken men, the pickpockets, the corner groceries, and the bake-shops? I say I propounded all these questions to myself with the flickering shadow from the gas in the street shimmering on the wall, and echo answered:

What if it shouldn't?

So I bravely resolved to take Time by the forelock and look in the paper that very morning.

I bought the morning paper, and in the "Houses to Let" I found this announcement:

"TO LET at Melrose, on the Harlem R. R., 30 minutes from City Hall, a genteel two-story cottage, suitable for a small family. A fine garden attached to the premises. Good society, schools, and churches. Rent $225 per year. Apply to 'Whoever he may be,' at the Dépôt."

I shall not give that agent's name, for I owe him a grudge, and hereby pay it in full.

In my delight I threw down the paper and said "Hurrah!"

"What is the matter?" said my wife.

"My dear," I replied, "I have found it. Listen"—and then I read the advertisement above.

"Confound these city houses, or, rather, rooms," I continued. "Look out of the window! what do you see?—four goats foraging on the corner groceryman; two young villains upsetting people's ash-barrels, and a gang of dirty scoundrels playing hopscotch, and defiling the sidewalk. We shall change this picture to look on this: The view from the genteel cottage will look out on venerable elms, the country-seats of gentlemen, and pet lambs grazing on a velvet sward; while, perchance, milkmaids go meandering down green lanes, plucking as they go the yellow primrose. Eh, my dear! how do you like that? What do you think of the yellow primrose?"

"I think," said my wife, "you are counting your chickens before the eggs are laid. You had better see this genteel cottage before you go into any more raptures."

This proposition was so sensible that I acted upon it immediately.

I arrived at Melrose, on the Harlem. I found the agent—he was not at the dépôt, where he said he would be in his advertisement, but at home, down a muddy lane, in the bosom of his family, eating buckwheat cakes, which he was industriously masticating as he took the door-knob in his hand to let me in.

"Have you a genteel cottage, with good society, to let?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, still chewing.

"Where is it situated?"

He stopped chewing, came to the door, and looked out.

"You see that chimney?" he said, pointing to one.

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, go down this road, turn to the left, take the next right-hand turning, and the third house is the one?"

As I was going out he handed me a card, saying, "This will admit you to see the premises."

It is a curious feature in directions that you are always to turn to the left, in some part or other of a journey. I took the route pointed out, and on my way observed the surroundings.

"Good society," I murmured; "it is strange what a predilection this agent's good society has for lager bier!" Nearly every other house was devoted to the sale of it.

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I did not see the verdant lawns, or so many country seats, as I expected, and altogether I was a little disappointed. Nevertheless I resolved to go through the business, so I went on to the house, and knocked at the front-door.

While waiting for a response I had time to observe the surroundings.

It was a nice little place enough, with evergreens in the front-yard, and, altogether, quite a cozy home. I waited patiently for some answer to my knock, but none being forthcoming, I repaired to the back-door, which I had no sooner tapped than it was opened with a snap.

It was so sudden it made me think of trout-fishing. I suppose the woman saw my errand in my face, for when I asked politely if I might see the premises, she answered:

"Well, I don't think you can," she said, retreating, and closing the door, gradually; "there's been about forty here, within a week, to see the premises, and I don't like it a bit—they tramp all over the house, dirty the carpets, look into all the bedchambers, pick at the paper on the walls, and act shameful."

"Madame," I replied, with suavity, "I am a fellow-sufferer in this respect. I have had my carpets dirtied, my bedchambers pried into, my wall-paper picked at, and can sympathize with you. If there is any human being more despicable than another in my eyes, it is the professional house-hunter. If you would kindly allow me one glimpse at the interior of your charmingly-neat and exquisitely-furnished domicile, so that I can tell my wife what it is like, I shall be satisfied."

What woman can resist a compliment? Not one. This one couldn't. I avoided the bedchambers, I stepped carefully on the hem of the carpets, I never so much as looked at the wall-paper, and by such diplomacy so gained the good-will of the careful housewife that she told me all.

The man opposite, she told me, kept dogs, and they made such a "yowing, nights, a body couldn't sleep." That the roof leaked. That "the cars was close by, and hooted and tooted; and for all the fruit there was, you might put it in your eye." Moreover, "them nasty Dutch was so thick that you might as well be in Holland." With such converse she beguiled the time until I departed. I went back to see the agent again. I mistrusted the good woman's tale. I asked some particulars, and he said she had occupied the house for many years, but that the rent having been raised she didn't want to leave, and so told wrong stories.

Upon a fuller view of the circumstances I decided to take the house. I told the agent so.

"Very well," he said, "you can have it, although three or four gentlemen have been after it."

I told him that those three or four gentlemen at present resided in a castle in Spain.

"Do you know them?" he inquired.

"I know lots of them," I replied; whereupon he took down my address, and we parted like Damon and Pythias.

When I rejoined my family in the evening I told them all about it. We agreed that we could not expect every thing for $225 per year, and were too glad at the prospect of getting away from New York to be critical. We made all possible haste and preparation for the next two weeks, for we had but little time to move in.

Mark the treachery of man. I received a note, just as we were all ready to move, reading as follows:

"MELROSE STATION, *March*, 1865.

"DEAR SIR—The parties as was a looking at the house before you has concluded to take it I am therefour obliged to let it to them yours respully"

I showed this document to my wife. We agreed that it was a happy deliverance.

"A fellow," I said, loftily, "who is so dead to all principle would be an undesirable landlord."

"He might raise the rent every month," said my wife, "after we got in."

"So he might, my dear; we will have nothing to do with him;" and we said no more about it.

We unpacked our things, and looked about again.

This misadventure did not in the least dampen our ardor, or quench our determination to have a home in the country. But the first of May was at hand, and it behooved us to use diligence. It was, however, painful to discover such duplicity in man. Dr. Wayland says—Well, it is no matter what he said, as it is not pertinent to this narrative; whatever he may have asserted he has my full permission to say it again.

Our resort was to the paper again. We there discovered that all sorts of benevolent people had dwellings which they were anxious to rent at reasonable rates. To one of these I applied. The office was in Burling Slip. I started at eight o'clock.

"My dear," I said to my wife, "I am determined to be ahead of the four other gentlemen who will inevitably appear, and claim this dwelling for my own."

When I arrived at the place there were not only four, but six in waiting, and each asserted peculiar claims to precedence.

It is of no use to go over the arguments we presented to each other to sustain our claims. I should like to see the Supreme Court get around them. But I will say that after long and tedious waiting the proprietor put in an appearance, and we all beset him. He heard us through as well as he could, and I thought he looked as though he wished he had not advertised. After regarding us with a severe aspect he said:

"Gentlemen, I can't rent the house to all of you; perhaps you will be so kind as to draw lots for it?"

At this proposition I departed. Of all transactions I hate drawing lots. I never took a chance in my life that I did not lose it. The shortest straw inevitably falls to me.

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In going home a bright thought struck me. "If the mountain won't come to Mohammed," I said, inwardly, "perhaps I may discover an eligible country seat by advertising myself." On this thought I acted. I said in type:

"A GENTLEMAN with a small family desires a small house in the country, with garden attached, not over one hour's ride from City Hall."

In response to this notice I received several letters, most of which came from parties who called 102d Street and Third Avenue, and similar localities, the country. At length, however, I received by the morning mail a modest missive, written with blue ink, which said that there was a small house in New Jersey, sixteen miles away, with garden, fruit, etc., all convenient, and that immediate possession could be had. It was in Wheatsheaf. "Wheatsheaf!" I said. "Romantic name! I will go there!" and I did. I found the house. Nothing was said about four gentlemen having been there previously, which I took as a good omen. "In these rural glades," I moralized, "every prospect pleases, and man is not at all vile."

In appearance the house was not prepossessing. It consisted of a square main building and a lean-to. If any there be who never saw a "lean-to," I will say that it is a wing with a sloping roof like a shed, and stuck up against the side of the house. In a word, it leans to it.

There were four rooms and an attic. The exterior was unpainted, but the interior had at one time been frescoed by a painter (who once occupied it) and was in good preservation. It was a house not of to-day, but of the last half century. The ceilings were low; the fire-places made for wood, wide and deep; the mantle-pieces narrow and high, like the stocks our grandfathers wore. The garden was about a quarter of an acre; and behind the house two great walnut-trees stood sentry over it. Altogether the surroundings and the house were not unattractive.

On inquiring the rent it was found to be ridiculously low. It was not for filthy lucre, so the hospitable proprietor assured me, that he rented his premises, but to have good neighbors; and he said I might have it. I was, therefore, by implication, a good neighbor and tenant, which I proceeded to exemplify by paying down five dollars on the spot as surety.

I went home with a light heart. I had been regaled with New Jersey cider, six months old, sweet as it ought to be, and with a decidedly alcoholic strength. I had eaten of chicken. I had obtained the desire of my heart—a home in the country, and I thought I had good reason to be thankful.

This time there were no disagreeable drawbacks; indeed, the kind people from whom we hired the house were on the point of going many miles with their farm-wagon to transport our furniture when we anticipated them by moving in.

From this house, then, I write. There is a well of clear cold water on the premises, three large cherry-trees in front, a row of currant-bushes, a barn and yard, two walnut-trees, and a long grape-trellis. The country surrounding is level, and behind the house is a dense wood.

I propose, for the benefit of suffering dwellers in the city, to tell what befell us in the year that we have lived in New Jersey.

Too many people with country residences in their eye commit the error of supposing that all the conveniences abound there. By conveniences I mean opportunities to purchase household stores, clothing, and such trivial affairs that are necessary to comfort. They go into the country with cows, pigs, and chickens in their eyes, sweet milk and eggs in prospective, spring chickens and roosters, to say nothing of fruit and vegetables in their season. These things are very fine, but I do not think any one could live in the country solely because these material desires could be gratified. If there be no better aim than this, be assured, oh reader, country living will have as little charms for you as for Mr. Sparrowgrass!

By country I do not mean a perked-up provincial town, with its isolated brick stores, its few feet of flagging, and its plank sidewalks, with cracks to catch the unwary feet. I mean the woods and fields—I mean the brooks and rivers that flow down to the sea.

It was for these things as much as any thing else that we quitted brick walls and sidewalks, and we found our account in it.

What we looked at first when we set about making our home habitable was the soil.

"My dear," I said, in one of the pauses of tacking down a carpet, "I don't know what to make of this New Jersey soil; I am afraid it is not good for any thing. It looks like ground flower-pots. It is as red as bricks, and sticks to the feet like kite-paste. I know, at all events, that some astonishing pumpkins and sweet-potatoes are grown here; and, for one, I am not afraid to buy." We therefore selected plain garden vegetables—beets, onions, parsnips, radishes, string-beans, squashes, cauliflowers, cabbages, sweet-corn, water-melons, musk-melons, tomatoes, nasturtions, parsley, spinach, and one or two others I have forgotten. Neither was the flower-garden forgotten. Those who inhabited the place before us had not time to cultivate flowers, but to us life in the country would be a small thing without birds, flowers, and chickens. I therefore threw up a circular plat in front of the house, about four feet in diameter, and set out simple plants in it. Such flowers as we both loved in youth, and such as we had not seen in long, long years—no, not since the time I stepped over the threshold of home and went away to the West in search of a fortune—went away, leaving the mother on the steps looking after me, as she will never look again.

After all these little offices had been performed we waited to see the effect. It was the 1st of April we moved into our new home, and it took but a little while to do the most important parts. As yet there were but few signs

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of spring in the land. The trees were bare and devoid of foliage. The fields were withered and sodden as the melting snow left. There was a breath of winter in the air, trailing after him in his flight, as the smoke of a steamer trails far along the horizon. The birds had not vouchsafed a single twitter—not even the blue-bird, with his querulous note, sounded the advance of the season so dear to all hearts.

But it was coming for all, and in a few days a wondrous change took place. The wiry edge of the morning melted into airs as soft as the breathing of a baby. The frowning skies, harsh with the remembrance of bitter winds and drenching rains, grew rosy red under the smile of the sun. Little sprigs of green were visible in the fields, the trees grew big with life, and put forth buds, and in a week after the meadows were alive with birds of all kinds. The leaves unfolding, the sights and sounds on every hand—the cattle lowing to get out of the yards, the noise of a brook not far away—all conspired to make us glad of the day we quitted the city.

My wife was delighted; our children took the greatest interest in every thing, and we all wondered that we had been so long content to abide in town.

One morning, after we were fairly settled in our new abode, I said to my wife: "There is a vacant pig-pen in our barn-yard which ought to be put to some purpose. We haven't so much room that we can afford to waste any, and I think something ought to be done with this vacant apartment. Don't you?"

She said "yes," but that she did not approve of pigs, either collectively or in the abstract. "Nor I either," I added. "They squeal awfully when they are not full, and filling a pig is a hopeless task; they always want more. They are dirty, and we never eat pork. I think the space might be devoted to chickens."

And it was therefore moved and seconded that chickens be purchased to occupy the vacant pig-pen; so that day I bought some. In selecting them I took care to get hens—not pullets that were but a few months old, and had to be fed three or four months more before they would lay, and then not do much at it. I bought old hens, and, not intentionally, a very old rooster. I selected him chiefly, I may say, on account of a white lace tail and a majestic mien; but when I got him home he was found to be blind of one eye, lame in one leg, with monstrous spurs as long as my thumb on both legs, and generally superannuated. After a few weeks of curveting and prancing he was devoted to the soup-pot, and came out of it much better than he went in. To our surprise he was not at all tough, but quite high-flavored. As Bridget remarked, he was "illegant ating."

The hens were by no means the least of our delights. The idea of real honest fresh eggs for breakfast, laid on the premises, was too novel to be real; at least it seemed so to us. We had been accustomed to buy eggs in the city that had at some time been fresh; and it was always a matter of congratulation that they were eatable. But here we had actual eggs of home-manufacture, fresh as could be. And between the joy of discovery and the joy of eating them they certainly "paid." Moreover, another rooster which we bought was a magnificent fellow, with a voice like a trumpeter, and an appetite to correspond. The rabbits from the neighboring wood were rather too friendly, as they ate up all the cauliflowers, but will not allow us to eat them. And in the fall the nuts we gathered from our trees amounted to a barrelful. The grape-vine yielded an abundance. The cherry-trees have many jarfuls of representatives in our closet; on the first day of June we had cherry-pudding from our own trees—yes, cherry-pudding! If there be trees which grow bread-fruit, why not pudding-fruit?

We laugh at landlords. We understand that the rents in the city are to be raised to an incredible extent this year; and we say, "that is good, because it will drive more people out of the city." We have positively no drawbacks. In the summer there are countless mosquitoes, but one soon gets used to them, and they sing a pleasant roundelay that is really quite refreshing. It is quite the thing to have one perched on the nose, and go about with an air of insouciance, pretending not to know it was there. Last summer we left a pail of butter out, overnight, and in the morning it had vanished. Somebody took it—but I don't know who. We have now a large dog; so that is ended. Nothing would induce us to move back to the city. We have all that is necessary, and others will find that, in these days of rapid traveling, it is cheaper to live in the country than in the city.

THE LAST YEARS OF SAM HOUSTON.

HE is certainly dead. His career as a power in the nation is generally thought to have closed with his term in the United States Senate. His life had been marked in a peculiar manner. It had indeed been adventurous and romantic.

Born of humble parentage, in Rockingham County, Virginia, about the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, he lived to see it put to the severest tests. No public man has left more evidences of a reverence for that instrument and of unselfish devotion to the Union. As a youth he was never a student, though possessed of remarkable and intuitive quickness of perception. He made his first impression upon the world as a soldier under the immediate eye of his ever afterward unswerving friend, Andrew Jackson. Tall, handsome, active, and naturally graceful, Houston attracted the attention of the General while yet a private.

He was promoted for gallant conduct, and at the battle of the Horseshoe he led a charge and received a wound in his right arm from which he never recovered. Not to follow him closely, we find him by regular gradations a member

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of Congress from Tennessee, and afterward Governor of that State.

Domestic misfortunes, about which the world has never cared to be correctly informed, and which might not seriously have affected a less sensitive man, drove Houston into exile in the Cherokee nation, west of the Mississippi River. The writer would not lift the veil which enshrouded his life in this wilderness further than to say that the "Red man" never had a better friend; and that, while there, he gave much of his time to the study of the English classics, and to the contemplation of the plan of extending the jurisdiction of the United States to the Pacific coast. He emerged from his privacy but once for several years. By his defense of the Indians and the exposure of the frauds of their agents, he got into the fracas which brought upon him the censure of the House of Representatives.

"I was dying out," once said General Houston to the writer, "and had they taken me before a Justice of the Peace and fined me ten dollars for assault and battery, they would have killed me. But they gave me a national tribunal for a theatre, and that set me up again." This notion illustrated his character quite as well as a retort he once made upon his since notorious opponents, Wigfall and Oldham, who were following him up and annoying him at his stump appointments.

"The *gentlemen* come unbidden to my appointments, knowing that I will not stoop to reply to them. They will not make appointments of their own. They take advantage of the fact that I have a little fame and a great deal of notoriety, by which crowds are attracted."

Possibly Houston did not always discriminate with sufficient nicety between notoriety and fame. Certainly he gave to his enemies a due share of credit for his prominent position before the world. Yet he never failed to regard them as his creditors, and, although often deferred, he never omitted to repay the slightest insinuation or coarsest assault with a compound interest which caused the castigated never to forget Houston.

His career in Texas is well known. When leaving the Cherokee country he embraced a friend, now living, and who divided with Houston his slender purse, and said, "Elias, remember my words. I will yet be the President of a great Republic. I will bring that nation to the United States, and if they don't watch me closely I will be the President of the White House yet."

Houston traversed the wilds of Texas on horseback unattended. He became the chief of the revolution; the hero of San Jacinto; the captor of Santa Anna; the statesman who, with far-seeing ken, proclaimed the Rio Grande as the boundary of Texas; he was elected the first and third President of the young Republic, and, had not statesmen closely watched, he would have been President of the United States.

As soon as Texas, then an empire in extent, with a population of less than fifty thousand, was organized, and Houston was installed as its first President, he proposed to President Jackson its annexation to the United States. To refuse it, so soon after the establishment of its independence, must have been a severe test of the firmness and virtue of the early friend and patron of Houston—the iron man who never acknowledged that Texas was properly retroceded to Spain by the Florida treaty. But General Jackson was not then ready to provoke a war with Mexico by too soon reaping the advantages of Houston's conquest.

As President of Texas the policy of Houston was marked by economy of expenditure, defensive measures against Mexico, and pacific relations with the border Indians. Whenever his history shall come to be fully written it will demonstrably appear that Houston always opposed the wild spirit of the border settlers, whose policy was to kill rather than to feed Indians; to invade Mexico rather than to defend against occasional predatory raids; and to appropriate money without calculating the strength of the exchequer. In a word, he was always guided by the principles of economy, humanity, and justice, and chose rather to await events than to hurry them.

Texas was annexed to the United States in 1845 by the decision of the American people in the Presidential election of 1844. As a political event it suggests many reflections, but we can not pause to consider them. It is sufficient for our subject that it brought ex-President Houston and his colleague and fast friend, General Thomas J. Rusk, into the American Senate in January, 1846. Well do we remember the sensation which the appearance of these two stalwart men of commanding mien produced in the old Senate Chamber just twenty years ago. They came as the representatives of a late nation, which had peaceably and voluntarily withdrawn its flag from the seas, its ministers from abroad, its national seal from the world; surrendered its forts, arsenals, harbors; its right to regulate commerce, form treaties of alliance, to declare war, to make peace, to punish piracies, and prescribe naturalization and legal tenders. Whatever confusion of mind other statesmen may have had about the *sovereignty* which the States had surrendered, Houston was never in doubt as to what powers Texas had lost, what protection had been gained, and what obligations the people, as citizens of the United States, had assumed.

The course of Houston in the Senate was always conservative. He voted for the Oregon compromise measures, and he would have averted the Mexican war if he could. Toward that people, from whom *his* Texas had so long suffered, he always felt the greatest kindness. He voted for the Oregon Territorial Bill, with the slavery exclusion clause. For this he was assailed; but, as the articles annexing Texas contained the restriction above 36° 30′, he was sustained by his constituency. His course upon the compromise measures of 1850, and his suc-

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cess in obtaining ten millions of dollars for Texas, as an indemnity for the boundary which he had proclaimed in 1836, and for which the Mexican war had been fought, will be remembered.

He placed himself in the front rank of national Union men; but thereby he, to a great degree, lost the sustaining influence of his impracticable Southern colleagues. Never did man have a fuller tide of popularity among his constituency than Houston had after the passage of these compromise measures. The Democratic Convention of Texas and the Legislature nominated him for the Presidency. His want of strength grew out of the desertion of his Southern colleagues, who had shown a secession front in 1850. Houston was defeated before the Baltimore Convention of 1852. We will not touch upon his escapade to Know Nothingism, and his opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska Bill and the repeal of the Missouri restriction. The best judges do not believe that his vote, without the American affiliation, would have lost Houston his popularity in Texas.

To the repeal of the Missouri restriction he always attributed the subsequent ills and the terrible civil war of the Republic. And he felicitated himself that in the defense which he made before his constituents in the gubernatorial campaign of 1857, which he conducted with a rapidity and energy which would have exhausted the physique of any other man, he foretold all which subsequently befell slavery. Party organization was too strong, however. The old cosmopolitan, who was of all men the least practical Know Nothing, was beaten in the race; but he reduced the majority from twenty-one thousand to ten thousand votes. Houston was not run for the Senate. John Hemphill was elected his successor.

Those who now believed that Houston was politically dead did not well calculate the tenacity of the man, nor the temper of the Texas people. He had two years more in the Senate, and he used these to the best advantage. His speech against John C. Watrous was one of the great efforts in Senatorial debate, and it harmonized with the public sentiment of Texas. There were great numbers who regretted their votes for Houston's competitor.

Many, somehow or other, associated the tragical end of Houston's colleague and devoted friend, Thomas J. Rusk, with the political immolation of the hero of San Jacinto. But all these things combined were light when compared with the fact that Governor Runnels was, *per se*, a secessionist and a propagandist of disunion sentiments. He seemed to possess but one idea; the agitation of the exciting topic—negro slavery. In this behalf he and his immediate allies spent all their strength. Kansas, the encouraging of slavery upon the Texas frontier, and the impossible task of re-opening the African slave-trade, were their constant theme.

The Democratic organization became almost undisguisedly a disunion party. The destructive element had thus driven many of the most intelligent and patriotic citizens of Texas from their life-long associations. In the spring of 1859 the schism became open and undisguised. There were those who would not swallow an unmitigated African-slave-trade-secession ticket.

A mass meeting was held at the capital of Texas, and the name of Sam Houston was presented as the Union candidate for Governor, and those of A. J. Hamilton and John H. Reagan, since so conspicuous in different fields, for Congress. In his letter of acceptance Houston wrote to the experienced editor of the *Southern Intelligencer*, whose popular journal led the Union movement, "*The Constitution and the Union is my only platform.*" Upon that the race was squarely and fairly run. Houston made but one speech: that was among the best of his life. The ticket triumphed by a majority of near two thousand votes. But, owing to certain defections, the majority of the Legislature was opposed to Houston. One of their first acts was to elect the madcap Wigfall to the United States Senate. One of Houston's was to deliver his able and unanswerable message in response to the proposition of South Carolina for a convention of slave States with a view to disunion. And from that day until he was deposed as Governor every sentiment of his life was in favor of the Union. His earnest efforts would fill a volume.

While he was making a speech at San Antonio a horse in a team grew restive and attempted to kick himself out of the harness. Houston paused to say, "Let him alone; he is trying a little practical secession." The horse finally choked himself down, and the teamster commenced beating him. "See how it works!" said he, promptly. The horse, after being well beaten, was finally got upon his feet, and the teamster began to put on the broken harness: "See in what fix he is brought back into the Union!" said the ever-ready orator amidst convulsed applause.

The filibuster raid upon the Mexican border, and the necessity of crossing the Rio Grande to chastise the robbers, gave Governor Houston an opportunity to make another record upon his favorite Mexican Protectorate.

There were those who were anxious to bring Houston forward for the Presidency. His constituents, who had carried the gubernatorial race in the name of the national democracy, proposed to urge his claims before the Charleston Convention. To this he would not consent. He had foretold the split, over a worthless dogma, in that inharmonious body. He said the people would repudiate the whole Convention system; and, perhaps, he might be taken up as the People's Candidate for the Presidency. Efforts were indeed made to bring him forward as an independent candidate, and electoral tickets were formed in some States. Over-zealous friends carried his name into the Baltimore Whig Convention. When Bell and Everett were nominated, upon Houston's platform, they made the fourth set of Convention candidates in the field. "They have smothered me out," said

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Houston, and he withdrew from the contest. A fusion ticket was formed in Texas.

Houston made several speeches, to urge that the election of Mr. Lincoln would be no cause for disunion; and to warn his countrymen of the ruinous consequences of the effort. After the election he gave all his energies to strategic efforts to prevent precipitancy and haste. A terrible pressure, amidst the cry, "We will never live under Lincoln rule!" was brought upon him to force the call of the Legislature. This he refused to do until after sixty-one men took the responsibility of calling for the election of delegates to a revolutionary Convention, and the elections were spontaneously held. The papers now published by General Houston will be gathered up and classed by the historian as wonderfully prophetic. There was scarcely a phase in the subsequent terrible drama which he did not foretell.

Deserted and threatened by General Twiggs, and unaided by the Government at Washington, Houston finally gave way, and convened the Legislature in extra session. This was an error. But let it be remembered that Houston was too *old*, and his family too *young*, for him to engage in civil war. Besides, many of the leaders who had supported him had gone over to the secession element, "to save themselves." To resist would have been to fight the whole mad secession element and the United States army under Twiggs. The Convention met. The deed was done; the secession ordinance was passed; the Legislature ratified it; delegates were sent to the misnamed "National Convention" at Montgomery; a Committee of Public Safety was appointed; General Twiggs surrendered forts, army, arsenals, and public property to the revolutionists; the ordinance was submitted to the "voluntary ratification" of the people, while war was, in fact, being waged upon the United States. Houston made his record against the ordinance.

The Farewell Address of Washington was published in Houston's organ, and it was denounced as an abolition document. Houston, who had his anecdote for every thing, said he had once heard a young preacher say, that, "after due reflection, he was compelled to differ with St. Paul upon many matters of doctrine."

The secession ordinance was sustained by a large majority *of those who voted*. The Convention reassembled, and resolved that all officials must take the oath "to support the Constitution of the Confederate States, *as long as Texas is a member thereof*." Houston published a protest, which was the best paper of his life, and the morning thereafter repaired to the Executive office, to find the person "who had rode into the office of Lieutenant-Governor on the tail of Houston's coat" in the Executive chair. Houston had been deposed, and the Convention had found a convenient instrument in his subaltern. That subaltern is now an exile in a foreign land. "The old man eloquent" indulged in a characteristic pleasantry, and retired from the office.

He soon addressed a public meeting, in which were numerous bold sympathizers—in language which many had cause to remember. Among other things he foretold the terrible war, and *acted* the sergeant kicking the gentleman's son into the conscript camp. Many a gentleman lived to remember that prophecy, while imprisoned in conscript pens, or exiles in foreign lands.

Houston pretty well preserved the secret of the visit of the officer sent by President Lincoln to tender him assistance. We must, therefore, pass it by as one of those State secrets which resulted in nothing, but behind which Houston might have saved himself and his few confidential Union adherents from much of the odium which was afterward heaped upon them by those who charged the war upon the opposition of the Unionists. But these confidants remained true to their faith, and never asked the publication of facts, which would have shown, at least, a determination to avoid the civil war until it should be forced by the South. Suffice it now to say, the Government offered to go to the assistance of Houston when it was *too late*.

It was not possible to avoid the terrible ordeal. Houston shrank from any part in the fratricidal war. He now retired to his almost unimproved place upon Galveston Bay. He saw that the Union, which he loved so much, was being disrupted; he was poor as to available means; he was surrounded by a large family of young children, whom he could not educate in the wilderness, nor hope to see settled in life; he felt that all his sacrifices for Texas, which had increased from 50,000 to 650,000 inhabitants, had been made in vain. Those "who knew not Houston" had got control, and were rushing on to ruin. He had many warnings as to his own personal safety. We never knew a man who contemplated with so much horror the negro insurrections which he believed would follow such a contest; he doubtless intended to remain silent, not in sight of the Promised Land, but after he had enjoyed the fruits, now so rudely snatched away, until the warning angel should call "Get thee up, and die." But public speaking was now too much a habit with Houston for him to be silent. His worst prophecies were realized. He could not refrain from saying, "I told you so." Extravagant and untrue reports of his speeches make him denounce the war, and seem to favor the rebellion. But so well were his sentiments known that no secessionist ever believed he wished the mad work well.

When martial law was proclaimed he wrote a strong paper, based upon the bill of rights, against it, which he could never get published until the despotism had been abolished.

When no one in the South could move without the pass of a provost-marshal, and one was demanded of the deposed Governor at the city of Houston, he drew himself up proudly, and said: "Go to San Jacinto and learn my

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right to travel in Texas." The sentinel gave way, and Houston was allowed egress and ingress without a pass.

When the Federal vessels took possession of Galveston Bay his occupation of sending firewood to the blockaded island was gone. He returned to his old residence at Huntsville, Texas.

In passing through Brenham he found an excited public meeting engaged in passing threatening denunciations against all who would not receive the worthless Confederate treasury notes at par with gold. The whole country was greatly excited. The capture of Galveston Bay and Island had been so sudden, and the order of General Magruder so threatening against all who should remain behind his lines, that hundreds were fleeing from the island and the coast to the interior. They would have dared the enemy, but could not disobey Magruder. Houston is described as coming into town leading the team which drew his family. He was waited upon, and invited to make a speech. The reporters published that he did not approve the resolutions to force those who had lent gold to receive in payment a currency which the most ardent supporters of the cause never suffered to lie upon their hands. This accorded with his notions of justice. And it may be that he thought it time that the town-meeting sensationists should go to the front, rather than show their devotion by patriotic resolves.

Houston's spirit was now broken; his powerful constitution had been wrecked; his means were being exhausted; his family were stinted for the necessaries of life; the miseries of his country weighed him down; a slow disease united with the fell disorder of mind, and his shattered frame gave way. To the minister who attended him he said: "My views as to the propriety and possibility of the success of this wicked revolution have undergone no change." In the political leaders whom the people trusted Houston had no confidence. Of Davis, after he was chosen President, Houston, in a speech, said: "I know Jeff Davis well. He is as ambitious as Lucifer, and as cold as a lizard."

Houston's son, a mere boy, was wounded in the rebel army, and taken prisoner. This increased the grief of the old man. In June, 1863, in the seventy-third year of his age, under the dark cloud which overhung his country and family, Sam Houston died, and "slept with his fathers." Silently and quietly he was buried. A short line in one or two newspapers curtly chronicled the event.

The young heroes of the rebellion stopped not to fire a gun, nor put on a badge of mourning, in honor of the fallen champion of liberty who bore honorable scars from breast to heel, and who in his day had made a nation. Let not the young State, which then numbered a million souls, be charged with ingratitude. Houston had been too great a rock of antagonism in the way of the dashing waves of revolution. When he seemed not longer to obstruct he did not hurry along the mad current. Hope had been too high, and success too positively certain, to leave sympathy or respect for the life-long lover of the Union. The telegraph lightning had, only a year before, brought the particulars of the total rout of McClellan and Pope, the capture of Washington, the acknowledgment of independence, and the hundred other extravagances which proved the fathomless gulf of human credulity. Even then the bells and cannon were resounding over the almost total annihilation of Grant's intrenching columns before Vicksburg. Life was cheap, and death frequent, in those days. Skepticism as to victories was charged as disloyalty to the Southern cause.

But if Houston's days were ended while adversity impended over his country and his house, he was not without hope in the great Future, where the only war was punished by the expulsion of the Great Enemy of Mankind and of Peace. He died, as he had lived a number of years, a Calvinistic Baptist, in full faith and fellowship with his church. His last days were given to prayers for his distressed family and country, and in spiritual preparation, "while yet on the narrow strip of land which separates Man from Eternity." These were his own words. In the absence of a minister of his own denomination, for several weeks before his dissolution he had the consolation of a Presbyterian divine, with whom he had lately reconciled previous differences. In the same manner he forgave all his enemies, and he died as none but a Christian can die.

He left a widow and seven children, no one of whom had obtained years of majority. He had owned a few slaves. He no longer looked to them as a dependence after the first gun was fired. His lands are not available to his family. So that Houston died, as Benton said a public man ought to die—poor. He had married late. His widow is a sterling woman, who had greatly influenced and improved his later years. In his darkest hours she had been his best adviser.

Thus died a great man. And yet at this very day there is no more frequent question than, "Is Sam Houston still living?" Hence this brief notice. No one can write a full history of America without a record of the events connected with the life of Sam Houston.

Until some impartial hand shall write his biography, let one who has well examined the material bear witness to these safe conclusions:

That every thing which General Houston ever said in a state paper or published speech was well said. Educated he was not; yet where shall we find a purer English model?

That in the darkest hour and amidst the greatest excitement Houston would dare to speak and vote his sentiments, regardless of political and personal consequences to himself. He consulted no guide but the best interests of his country.

That in every official station he was scrupu-

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lously honest, and was never supposed to covet, much less to misapply, the public money.

Faults he had, and who has not? But he possessed transcendent virtues. To have loved the Union living and dying would cover a multitude of political sins. If from the stern realities of his public career we ascend to the romantic, where shall we find a hero whose life affords so many incidents for the novelist who could interweave fiction with fact, or truthfully make facts appear stranger than fiction? But we will not point a romance, lest some scribbler should fail properly to mould the useful and ready material into shape.

THE ETHICS OF ADULTERATION.

AMONG the striking peculiarities of our modern civilization few items are more clearly defined than the tendency which every where prevails toward a practical realization of the old doctrine that that method of acting, or of doing, or of bringing about a result, is the most truly philosophical which involves the Least Expenditure of Force.

Nowhere is this tendency more strongly marked than in these United States; and yet how few among us have any realizing sense of its universality! how rarely do we find its existence openly acknowledged, excepting indeed in terms of reproach!

As one chief exponent of the tendency above alluded to there comes up to us at once the widely-spread practice of cheapening wares by processes of adulteration, substitution, "fulling," "extension," subtraction, or what not. The ultimate aim—whether he recognize this or not is no matter—of the cheapener being to furnish such an article as, on being tried by the consumer's two essential standards of fitness and cost, shall excel all other articles which may compete with it in open market, and shall thus enable its producer to defy competition.

It is unfortunate for a candid hearing of the argument that the word Adulteration is found in bad company to begin with, and is of itself in such ill odor. But there seems to be no reason why an expressive word of good native capacity should not be rescued from evil associations, and received into polite society, while so many excellent words are daily going to the bad in spite of all efforts to the contrary, it becomes almost of the nature of a duty that every man should strive for the elevation of a worthy unfortunate like the word in question. As an illustration let us go to the other extreme and consider the case of the word Empiric, which in the beginning expressed about the same thing as our modern term Baconian philosopher. Now, lamenting the sad fall from grace of this word, it may be urged that whoever endeavors to elevate the meaning of a word like Adulteration may labor with better right and clearer conscience than any of those who by wrong usage befoul a well-bred word like the one just cited.

But we have here to do with matters far higher than the mere technical signification of a word, the purpose of this article being nothing less than to show that many of the processes which are commonly classed as adulterations, and so given over to unmixed censure, are really of great benefit to mankind, in increasing and diffusing the comforts and elegances of life.

That the great public has not yet recognized in a plated tea-spoon the banner of true democracy, nor perceived as yet the manifest truth that of shoddy is made the swelling sail of republicanism, is no matter. The world moves for all that, and as will be one day seen, the character and the direction of its motion is largely influenced by considerations such as are here hinted at.

Just as in nature force is always found to act through the line of least resistance, so in the arts force should by good rights be expended in the most economical manner possible, so that it may produce the largest practicable effect.

Now it is respectfully submitted that any article capable of being furnished, as aforesaid, of quality so good, and at a price so low, that it shall take precedence of all other competing articles, is to all intents and purposes a practical realization both of the "line of least resistance" and the "greatest economy of force"—in so far as that particular article, time, and place are concerned.

In this country, although applications and realizations of the principle in question are to be seen upon every hand, these appear to have been carried out unconsciously, and without any recognition of the principle itself. The applications appear to have been forced upon us by pressure of circumstances from without, and not evolved from within the national mind.

When our English relatives, in recording their impressions of travel, dwell at length upon the, in their eyes, abhorrent prevalence in this country of shingle palaces, paper shirt-fronts, gossamer railroads, and similar effects of the order, which they are pleased to designate as "cheap and nasty," they fail altogether of a recognition of the fact that this predilection for results, which are at once inexpensive and effectual, is one great and prominent cause of the happiness, comfort, and wealth which are so widely disseminated among us. They may go as far as Mrs. ——, who admits that "an American mob is a mob in broadcloth;" but, like her, they all fail to inquire how it becomes possible to find broadcloth for the masses. None of these writers reflect—and 'tis a point we are all prone to lose sight of—that there are not sheep enough in existence, by half, to yield fleeces which would cover the backs of the populations which are now comfortably, not to say elegantly, clad in mixed fabrics made of wool, cotton, and shoddy.* The case is paral-

* "The word 'Shoddy' is of Yorkshire origin. It is applied as a general term to the wool which is produced by pulling up or tearing up any soft woolen rags. White flannel rags are better adapted for the manufacture of

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lel to that of the delicate "reindeer's tongues" which come to us from the north of Europe. Since the number of these tongues which are consumed in and exported from Russia in a single decade is perhaps greater than that of all the reindeer which have lived and died since the time of Adam, it must necessarily follow that the Muscovites have a trick of counterfeiting the genuine article, or that, in other words, they can prepare a very savory tid-bit by curing the tongues of calves.

De Tocqueville alone of all the travelers seems to have arrived at something like a just appreciation of the conception that it may often be advantageous for all the parties interested that the price of a commodity shall be lowered by manufacturing with less care, but in larger quantity than before, an article nearly similar to the original. And yet even this keen observer does not appear to have looked upon the idea as one founded in equity or natural law. When he tells us of the surprise which he experienced on arriving in New York at perceiving along the shore of the East River, at some distance from the city, a number of little palaces of white marble, several of which were of ancient architecture; and of his disenchantment when on going next day to inspect more closely one which had particularly attracted his notice, he found that its walls were of whitewashed brick, and its columns of painted wood, it is with no spirit of recognition of the probable fact that the quasi palaces in question were really the best possible under the circumstances, and—no matter from what point of view we may regard them—vastly better palaces than none.

That the doctrine which it is the purpose of this article to uphold and defend has as yet found few open supporters among us is no wonder, in view of the opprobrium which every where attaches to the term Adulteration, and the looseness with which this term is commonly employed. No doubt there are many who have recognized the truth of the principle, but its advocates are unfortunately rare. I have myself met with but one man who had thoroughly convinced himself of its truth, even when applied, as in his case, to a single special instance.

It was years ago, long before the press of events had made shoddy as well as wool and cotton a passport to the Fifth Avenue, that a manufacturer of satinet, in a little New England village, was kind enough to throw open his modest establishment for the inspection of a party of strangers, among whom was the writer of this article, and to explain to them not only how the cloth itself was made but also the methods of coloration by means of which various shades of gray, brown, etc., were obtained without chemical treatment, by the mere admixture in proper proportions of the diverse parcels of cotton-waste, refuse wool, and shoddy, of which his cloth was manufactured. One of our party having ventured to hint in a joking way at the enormity of the practices we were witnessing, the worthy mill-owner made reply as follows: There is no cloth in the market from which a man—and when I say a man I mean the man, the working man, who consumes the cloth—gets his money's worth so fairly and completely as from this. Satinet is not "everlasting," it is true, but it costs the consumer less money in proportion to its durability than any other cloth that he can buy; it is consequently the most economical cloth possible in so far as he is concerned. There is no deception about the manufacture any way. My factory is open to every chance visitor, and nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the consumers know all about the cloth; every common laborer, even to the stevedores upon your city wharves, has a tolerably clear idea how and of what material his coat is made. So far from being properly classed as a deception my wares are really less open to that objection than many of the higher grade goods of more prententious mills; for from the very nature of the case, on account of the comparative simplicity of the machinery and processes employed, and the small amount of capital involved, I am subject to so great competition, and to a competition so little liable to sudden fluctuations of intensity, that my finished cloths can rarely be sold at high rates of profit, seldom or never at the extortionate rates which are every once in a while obtained for more costly qualities of woolen goods.

This was long before the anarchical element War had come in to compute the last term of our worthy friend's analysis. But the experience of the last four years has in no wise invalidated the correctness of the main points of his argument. There is no cause to condemn shoddy-cloth simply because of its hybrid birth—for it has, after all, the same right of existence as the best of us—and the mere buying and selling of such cloth is in no conceivable sense criminal. Nor does there appear to be any good reason that the person who tells lies about, or cheats with, or in any way practices deception by means of cloth which contains shoddy, is worse than any other liar or cheat or swindler of equal magnitude in any other department of trade. He is open to the same public scorn, but to no greater, as any other malefactor of the same degree.

In the first attempt to clothe our raw levies at the beginning of the war shoddy-cloth was an inevitable necessity of the case. There would have been far less suffering among our troops, and a larger number of troops could have been put into the field at once, if only there could have been procured more cloth of any kind. There was not in the country at that time a sufficiency of wool and shoddy to make the cloth

shoddy than any others; old stockings are also very valuable, while carpets and other colored rags are somewhat less costly. White shoddy can be used either for light-colored goods, or for the common kind of blankets, while the dark-colored shoddy is worked into all kinds of coarse cloths, carpets, etc., which may be then dyed with some dark color so as to hide the various colors of the old fabrics. It is mixed with new wool in such proportion as its quality will permit without injuring the sale of the cloth."

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needed to clothe the soldiers who were hurrying forward. During the winter of 1861–'62, when State Governments were publicly begging single blankets of housewives, and the recommendation was current that our brave soldiers should endeavor to make shift to keep the vital fire alive by adding layers of newspapers to such well-worn blankets as they might still possess, shoddy-cloth was in itself an unmitigated blessing. The criminality which in popular parlance attaches to shoddy should lie entirely at the doors of those contractors who by false representations sold, and those inspectors and other officials who through dereliction of duty bought, the inferior grades of cloth at the price of a superior article at times when the latter could have been procured. The bulk of this rascally work was carried on not at the beginning of the war but at a later day after the market had become tolerably well stocked, through importations from abroad, with serviceable goods adapted for the rough usages of the camp and battle-field.

In the same line with shoddy-cloth should be mentioned the mixed cotton and wool "de laines" for women's wear which are now universal. It is an interesting fact that American manufacturers have received medals for this class of goods at all the great Exhibitions of the Old World—there having appeared nothing superior to the American goods when the several conditions of strength, durability, elegance, and price were all taken into the comparison—although there were in the competition many goods more beautiful, and some which were far stronger and more durable.

Another invention of the extension class, which is of almost unparalleled audacity of conception, has recently been brought forward. It casts shoddy completely in the shade, and is, in fact, almost an absolute realization of the old Greek poet's paradox, that the half is more than the whole. The merit of this invention has been recognized at the Exhibitions of several of our Mechanics Institutes, and the medals and diplomas awarded by these societies attest its excellence. The skin of a sable being given, the inventor proceeds to make a number of diagonal, or, rather, longitudinally branching incisions upon the hairless side of the skin: these gaping slits are then stitched together strongly and firmly, and yet so loosely and in such a manner that, when the operation is completed, the skin will be half as long again as it was at the start. The natural length of the sable does not exceed twenty inches, and yet the writer has seen a sable-skin cloak, manufactured as above, upon the back of which were single skins nearly if not quite thirty-five inches in length. In order to accomplish this lengthening about thirty cuts were required, each of which lengthened the skin about half an inch, yet in spite of all the cutting and sewing which is involved the eye of a practical furrier was unable to detect the slightest flaw or fault in the finished garment. Indeed the characteristic which at once distinguishes a cloak thus made from the ordinary or genuine article is its superior beauty. For in the case of the "extended" skin there is no need of piecing together two or more separate skins in order that the cloak may be long enough. In the new style of cloak, then, there are no broken lines of color; there is none of that cross-wise patch-work effect which is not easily to be avoided in any garment where a number of different skins are sewed together. Now what is the legitimate result of all this? Why, that the number of sable-skins in the markets of the world being hereby virtually increased, the price of articles made of sable-skins will be lowered in an equivalent ratio; and that three persons can now enjoy whatever of comfort, or of dignity, or of elegance the sable-skins may be capable of affording, where formerly only two individuals could be provided for.

Let us now turn our attention to matters of food and drink. The quality of the nutriment which is afforded by that esculent and vulgar root, the potato, is not of a high order. The exclusive use of the potato as food can hardly be too strongly deprecated, and yet it is an admirable diluent of food in the Rumfordian sense; and there are few things which can be so easily grown, or of which the yield is so enormous. Now, contrasting animal with textile fibre, it has been found by the common experience of mankind that just as with shoddy, the potato will serve better than almost any thing else to fill in all those niches or spaces of the animal (or portions of the cloth) which are subjected to no very severe strain. Or, in other words, by means of the potato, and comparatively small portions of other and heartier food, a multitude of men are enabled to maintain an enjoyable existence. Just what proportion of shoddy in one's coat, or of potato in one's food, may be the best possible under the circumstances is a point which must of course be determined by each individual for himself. But we have all cause to be grateful that so wide a choice is open to every body.

To the case of a luxury like wine the same kind of reasoning applies, and there is no lack of special instances with which to illustrate and enforce the text. Now, not to enter upon any discussion of the processes of improving inferior sorts of wine by the addition of sugar, etc., during the actual fermentation of the grape-juice itself—a point which has been warmly debated upon in France and Germany, even in the most renowned scientific journals and assemblies; nor to dwell upon the absurd popular stories of the manufacture of wine from logwood and red-lead, which are probably believed by no one unless by the writers of temperance tracts, and could certainly never be realized or even approximated to in practice outside of the lowest of low sailors' grog-shops; let us take the domestic instance of Newark Champagne, it being one well known to all of us.

It is submitted, that when the manufacturers of Newark cider so perfected that beverage that it could not be distinguished from certain brands of Champagne wine, not even when tasted by

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the most skilled adepts, this result was an undoubted advance in the chemical arts, and (the question of temperance aside) an unqualified benefaction to the public. The only question which can arise between the public and the cider manufacturers aforesaid is that which concerns the equity of vending such cider as real Champagne by means of forged labels, falsely branded corks, and other imitative devices. The cider-makers argue that, since the product of their manufacture is to all intents and purposes a wine, and precisely that kind of wine which is conventionally known as Champagne, and since the public are willing to buy it under the name Champagne, and are altogether incapable of distinguishing it from that which comes from France, although unwilling to take it as cider, there can be no great or real harm in selling it as wine. More than this, they would tell us that this course is pursued not merely from a belief that stratagems are justifiable in war, but because they are absolutely compelled to pursue it by force of public opinion. "We would gladly sell our cider as cider," they will say, "if only the public would permit us so to do." And in this they no doubt speak truth. So soon as the public shall have learned to disembarrass itself of the unfounded prejudices which now prevail, and shall have arrived at some sort of a just conception as to what is iniquitous and what praiseworthy in adulteration, there will be far less of falsifying. Let injustice, oppression, and vilification cease upon the side of the master, and the morals of the servant will quickly mend in the same ratio. Let the public once thoroughly comprehend the adulterator and his office, and deception upon his part will be out of the question.

Popular ignorance is the corner-stone, not to say the foundation-rock, of all the cheating which so commonly attends adulteration. The public wish for a certain effect, and really care not how it is obtained, if only it be well and cheaply obtained; but they always cherish a dread of novelties and of being imposed upon. Now in mechanical matters any invention or improvement going to produce a desired result, or to perfect or cheapen any thing, is almost always open, visible, and comprehensible to the persons who are immediately interested, and is, in this country at least, at once adopted upon its own merits. But, on the other hand, in those arts which depend in any part upon chemical principles improvements are by no means so apparent to the masses; in the present condition of popular knowledge they are necessarily of a more occult nature. Hence the consumer falls into a habit of buying his wares under some arbitrary name, which has often no reference either to the composition of the article or the use to which it is to be applied. In case, then, another article be discovered which is capable of being used more economically or advantageously, it must either be sold under the old name or else enter upon an almost hopeless struggle to establish a fame of its own. That the latter is neither the usual nor the easier method the reader needs not to be assured.

In illustration of this a crowd of examples at once present themselves. Any improvement or cheapening of that admirable contrivance, the machine for wringing wet clothes, is accepted at once with terms of praise by our housewives; but how is it in the case of soap? Let us take two or three items from the history of this important article. During a very long period there was manufactured at Marseilles, and elsewhere in the south of Europe, a peculiar marbled soap of excellent quality, which was called, in English, Castile soap. At Marseilles this was originally prepared from olive-oil and from an impure sort of alkali obtained from the ashes of certain sea-side plants, the peculiar mottled or marbled appearance of the soap being occasioned by certain compounds of iron which originally existed as impurities in the alkali employed. Nowadays, with the advance of chemical knowledge, a soap similar in appearance, quality, and effectiveness to the *savon marbré de Marseille* is prepared all over the world from the most varied kinds of fats and oils and from pure alkali, the marbling being now produced by stirring in a quantity of a compound of iron after the soap itself has been made. Such soap is sold as "Castile soap," and its use has become almost universal. It has almost completely excluded the real Marseilles soap from every market. It would now be difficult to obtain any of the genuine article, unless perhaps at some isolated village upon the Mediterranean coast; for it is acknowledged that a very large proportion of the soap now made at Marseilles is manufactured in accordance with the improved process; and this is tantamount to saying that every soap-boiler has there felt the influence of the new method, and that the original purity (or in this case *im*purity) of the process has ceased at Marseilles.

That it is essentially wrong to call this, so to say, factitious soap Castile soap, or Marseilles soap, being granted, the question arises, what else can it be called now? Or what else could it have been called in the beginning, before its merit had been recognized and acknowledged, and when it was competing with the genuine article?

Again: it was found years ago that common rosin might be substituted with advantage to both producer and consumer, for a part of the tallow of which the common brown or yellow hard soaps of commerce had been, up to that time, prepared. This rosin soap did excellent service, and it turned out after a while that no other kind of soap could compete with it in the market, in view of its low price and comparative excellence. This employment of rosin in soaps was of course railed at as a wicked adulteration by many, even long after it had practically supplanted all its rivals; and it was not until the blockade of the Carolina ports in 1861 that any one began to realize that the rosin, or some other block of approximately-similar

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size and shape, was absolutely essential to the permanence of the existing structure and order of things—soap, as the basis of cleanliness and comfort being every where an exponent of civilization, as Liebig has long since shown. It being now clearly seen that there was not tallow enough in existence to make soap for all the purposes to which it is now applied, and being spurred on by necessity, the soap-boilers immediately began to adulterate still further, and to replace the rosin as best they could. A process was soon hit upon which enabled them to supply the public with soap in any desired quantity. It was found that an exceedingly cheap compound of silica and soda—what is commonly called water-glass, might be added in very large proportion to tallow-soap—in much larger proportion than rosin ever could be, and that the final product would differ in no material respect, either in appearance or action, from the old rosin-soap. This silicated soap has been used in enormous quantities throughout the country, and by army and navy during the past four years, and it is believed that it has given very general satisfaction. Of course the price of this soap, like that of any other, is kept within bounds by the competition which prevails between different manufacturers. Nothing short of a declaration of absolute free-trade with all nations, or an exemption from taxation, could make this or any other soap more cheap among us. Can it then be said with justice that this silicated soap is adulterated, in the ordinarily-accepted and obnoxious sense of the term? It should here be remarked, in parenthesis, that the qualities upon which the detersive actions of soaps depend are diverse and several. In a good soap there must be a weak chemical power or ability to dissolve grease; and there must be an enveloping or grasping power which shall seize all particles of dirt, and prevent them from again attaching themselves to the article which is being washed; and there must be, as we all know, even if we know not precisely why, a power of producing froth, foam, or lather. Now, the rationale of the cheap hard soaps which are every where used nowadays for ordinary purposes is, that a comparatively small portion of tallow-soap will afford as much of the lathering and grasping power as is necessary to accompany the chemical power which is contained in a large quantity of rosin-soap, or water-glass soap. And the very best soap of all will be that in which all the chemical and all the mechanical conditions which are essential to the existence of a good soap shall be present in precisely the proper proportions.

There is no space left in which to speak of the mixed paints which now every where cover our houses, or of numerous other items of the same order which might well be dwelt upon in detail. But there is one simple and interesting case which is deserving of mention. This is the so-called "packing" of brown paper with alum or pipe-clay, *i. e.*, the mixing with the paper pulp of a quantity of aluminous matter. This is best accomplished by immersing the pulp in a solution of alum, and then adding lime so as to precipitate the hydrate of alumina in and upon the pulp in such way that it shall constitute a part of the pulp. Now hydrate of alumina is a far less expensive pulp than any which can be obtained by grinding up vegetable tissues; and as paper is sold by the pound, it will evidently be advantageous to employ as much of the cheap aluminous pulp as is practicable. It is simply cheaper to make paper out of alum than it is to make it out of rags; and this process of manufacture, this "packing," can in no wise be regarded as a sophistication so long as the paper thus made is sold at a lower price than any other, and answers satisfactorily all the purposes for which it is purchased.

There is still another branch of the subject which might well be discussed if there were only space. This is the question as to the expediency of making any article so durable that it shall long outlast the fashion—*i. e.*, the wants and feelings to which its production is owing. Upon this point De Tocqueville affords us the following capital text:

> "I accost an American sailor and inquire why the ships of his country are built so as to last but for a short time; he answers without hesitation that the art of navigation is every day making such rapid progress that the finest vessel would become almost useless if it lasted beyond a few years. In these words, which fell accidentally and on a particular subject from an uninstructed man, I recognize the general and systematic idea upon which a great people direct all their concerns."

It would be well if the last clause of the foregoing paragraph were only more strictly true. It would be indeed well if the American people would but once clearly recognize the truth of the idea in question, and become as thoroughly imbued with its spirit as they are practically followers of its form.

The houses (or palaces) now erected in our cities remain in fashion only some thirty or forty years at the farthest, and then make way for new constructions. Do the builders ever stop to inquire wisely after the money which is sunk in these edifices? Does no questioning as to whether wealth could not be more worthily expended ever trouble their minds? Are there not higher and more enduring pleasures than those of a brown-stone front to be had for the gold? Surely a series of simpler mansions, each looking out upon some noble view equivalent to the Parthenon of Athens, or the abbeys of England, or the cathedrals of Cologne, or Strasbourg, or Milan, which could be created by the united efforts of all the parties interested, would be a more enduring and a far higher and more ennobling result than the sum of all the filigreed house-fronts in all our cities. There are things of beauty which are joys forever in spite of the ever-recurring changes and turmoil of modern times; and there would seem to be no inherent reason why there should not be reared by the united efforts of the men of to-day buildings as grand and as beautiful and as en-

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during as any which were erected in this way during the by-gone ages.

Again, a sum of money is bequeathed in order that a hospital may be founded, or, oftener, money is ground out of the public through the mill of taxation to build an Alderman's banquet-hall. Do in these cases the representatives of a great people act upon the idea laid down by the sailor of De Tocqueville? Do they build us hospitals adapted thoroughly to the purposes for which hospitals are needed? Do they see to it that the structure shall be made so simply and so cheaply that it can be abandoned with advantage whenever the crowding in of neighboring houses and an enhanced value of the land upon which the hospital stands shall render this course clearly desirable? Do they even take care that the furniture and interior walls of the wards shall be of such inexpensive nature that the superintendent may feel justified in destroying or rebuilding these things as often as access of contagion may require? Alas, no! As a rule Boards of Trustees do very differently from this. They little appreciate the duty of recognizing, comprehending, and acting up to the consequences of the law of the Least Expenditure of Force. And as a consequence they always fall far below the maximum effect which would be possible if the power (*i. e.*, the money) which has been intrusted to them were but properly applied. But while no public functionary can yet be made to perceive that the first essential of a hospital in which wounds shall heal kindly and rapidly is an airy, suburban location, it is idle to quarrel with the class upon points of mechanical construction or detail.

As to city-halls nothing need here be said. Is not their story rewritten semicentennially in each of our cities in terms of marble and gold?

But there is a far simpler case than that of houses lying ready at our hands. Every gentleman's tailor honestly recommends his highest-priced cloths as being more durable, and consequently more economical. But his so-called consequence is a fallacy. Let it always be borne in mind that whenever we buy a new coat we do so for two reasons: firstly, and specially, because the old coat is out of fashion; and, secondly, because it is getting a little shabby Now, without hinting or suggesting in any way that there is any special objection which should debar any gentleman who can afford it from always buying the coat of highest cost, if he desire so to do, it may still be urged that the man of more limited circumstances should never allow himself to be deluded by false assertions as to the economy of high-priced goods, lest he find himself at last saddled with a garment "too good to give away, and not fit to be used"—not half worn out, and yet utterly obsolete. The truly economical coat is that in which the two conditions of cost and endurance are so harmoniously blended that the garment may always be neat and new and fashionable, so long as it shall exist, and shall exist as long as it be neat and new and fashionable. We have the thing, to-day, at its lowest terms, in the paper shirt-collar—the ephemeris of the poet.

The above has been written in vain if there must still be drawn a moral.

That each one of us should strive to sever right from wrong, and to note and uphold the right, no matter under what form or in what place we may find it lurking, needs not to be stated. That there is no real remedy for fraud and illicit practices save through the improvement of public opinion, so that the frowns of society may be dispensed with even-handed justice, is equally true. And that there can be any improvement of public opinion except by the enlightenment of the public can hardly be believed.

Let no one, then, ever hesitate to look at or to probe a reputed ulcer if there be any hope of finding health within.

PHILIP.

SHOE the steed with silver
That bore him to the fray,
When he heard the guns at dawning—
Miles away;
When he heard them calling, calling—
Mount! nor stay:
Quick, or all is lost;
They've surprised and stormed the post,
They push your routed host—
Gallop! rotrieve the day.

House the horse in ermine—
For the foam-flake blew
White through the red October;
He thundered into view;
They cheered him in the looming,
Horseman and horse they knew.
They faced about, each man;
Faint hearts were strong again;
He swung his hat in the van;
The electric hoof-spark flew.

Wreathe the steed and lead him—
For the charge he led
Touched and turned the cypress
Into amaranths for the head
Of Philip, king of riders,
Who raised them from the dead.
The camp (at dawning lost)
By eve, recovered—forced,
Rang with laughter of the host
At belated Early fled.

Shroud the horse in sable—
For the mounds they heap!
There is firing in the Valley,
And yet no strife they keep;
It is the parting volley,
It is the pathos deep.
There is glory for the brave
Who lead, and nobly save,
But no knowledge in the grave
Where the nameless followers sleep.

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DEATH AND SISYPHUS.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

["Time," says Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "has spared no remains, in their original form, of those famous Tales of Miletus"—stories, that is, composed mainly in the Ionian city of that name—"which are generally considered to be the remote progenitors of the Modern Novel. The strongest presumption in favor of their merit rests on the evidence of the popularity they enjoyed both among the Greeks and Romans in times when the imaginative literature of either people was at its highest point of cultivation. As to the materials which they employed for interest or amusement we are not without means of reasonable conjecture." Among other indications, Sir Edward cites the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius, adding: "If in this we may really trace a distinguishable vestige of the manner in which the Milesian tale-tellers diversified and adorned their fables, they must have ranged through a variety of interest little less extensive than that in which the novelists of our day display the versatility of their genius—embracing lively satire, prodigal fancy, and stirring adventure." Out of such indications of the character and genius of the lost Milesian Fables, and from the remnants of myth and tale scattered through various Greek writers, Sir Edward has woven several stories in verse, under the title of the "*Lost Tales of Miletus*," adopting forms of poetic rhythm which seemed to him favorable for an experiment he had long desired to adventure: "that of new combinations of blank or rhymeless metre, composed not in lines of arbitrary length and modulation, but in the regularity and compactness of uniform stanza, constructed upon principles of rhythm very simple in themselves, but which, so far as I am aware, have not been hitherto adopted, at least for narrative purposes."

"DEATH AND SISYPHUS" is one of the most characteristic of these "Lost Tales of Miletus." The quiet way in which fun is poked at the Olympian deities reminds one of Lucian and of the Homeric "Hymn to Mercury." Of the story, as here given, Sir Edward says: "The final sentence of Sisyphus, to whom, whatever his misdeeds, even his worst enemies, the mythologists, concede the merit of founding Ephyra, afterward Corinth, and ranking high among the earliest encouragers of navigation and commerce has been made by great poets more familiar to the general reader than the romantic adventures of his mythical life—among which not the least curious are those with Death and Pluto. The special offense which induced Zeus to send Death express to Sisyphus is variously stated by mythologists, though they generally agree that it was that of rashly intermeddling with Divine Secrets....but every ancient Greek writer of fiction allowed himself a considerable latitude in his version of National Myths; and a Milesian tale-teller would not, in that respect, have been more scrupulous than an Athenian tragic poet. The effect on religious worship which is herein ascribed to the capture of Death, is partially imitated from the 'Plutus' of Aristophanes. There Zeus loses his votaries when the god of riches recovers his sight; here— But it is not my business to tell my story beforehand."]

ONE day upon his throne of judgment, Zeus
Sate to hear Man accuse his fellow-man;
And to the throne arose one choral cry,
"Zeus, help from Sisyphus!"

Thought the All-wise, "So many against one
Are ill advised to call on Zeus for help;
Brute force is many—Mind is always one:
And Zeus should side with Mind."

But, deigning to unravel thread by thread
The entangled skeins of self-concealing prayer,
At each complaint his lips ambrosial smiled,
For each was of the craft

Wherein this thief usurped the rights of thieves,
With brain of fox, defrauding maw of wolf,
So that the wolves howled "Help from Sisyphus:
Zeus, give us back our lambs!"

Curious to look upon this knave of knaves,
Zeus darted down one soul-detecting ray
Under the brow which, in repose, sustains,
In movement moves, the All.

Just at that moment the unlucky wretch
Was plotting schemes to cozen Zeus himself,
And, having herds of oxen on his hands
Stol'n from his next of kin,

Fain would he bribe the Thunderer's oracle
To threat a year of famine to the land,
Trebling to all who did not wish to starve
The market price of beeves.

"Softly," said Zeus, "Thy wit ensnares thyself,
Thou deal'st with Man when thou dost steal his ox;
But for an oracle to sell the beef,
Thy dealing is with Zeus."

The Thunderer summoned Hermes. "Go," he said.
"Bid Death deliver to thy hands for Styx,
And before sunset, or I may relent,
That rogue—with laughing eyes."

Now, having cheaply bought his oracle,
Home to his supper blithe went Sisyphus:
And as he sate, flower-crowned and quaffing wine,
Death stalked into the hall—

Saying, not "Save thee," as the vulgar say,
But in politer phrase, "I kiss thy hands."
"Art thou the Famine I have bought to-day?"
Cried Sisyphus, aghast;

"Thy bones, indeed, are much in need of beef."
"As lean as I the fattest man would be,
Worked he as hard, kept ever on the trot;
Drain thy last cup—I'm Death!"

"Art thou indeed that slandered friend of Man?
So great an honor was not in my hopes;
Sit down, I pray—one moment rest thy bones;
Here, take this chair, good Death!"

The grisly visitor felt inly pleased
At such unwonted invitation kind;
And saying, "Well, one moment," blandly sate
His os coccygis down.

Myths say that chair was by the Cyclops made;
But, seeking here historic sober truth,
All I know is, that when our crafty Thief
Sought to ensnare a foe,

Or force a creditor to cancel debt,
It was his wont to ask the wretch to sup,
And place him, with warm greeting and sweet smile,
On that nefarious chair;

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Out from the back of which, as Death sate down,
Darted a hundred ligaments of steel,
Pierced thro' the hollows of his fleshless bones,
And bound him coil on coil!

"Ho! I am ready now," quoth Sisyphus,
"Up and away!" Death could not stir an inch;
He raged, he prayed, he threatened and he coaxed;
And the thief drank his health;

Saying, "Dear guest, compose thyself; reflect,
'Tis not so pleasant, thou thyself didst own,
To be forever trotting up and down,
Dabbling thy feet in gore;

"Floundering in stormy seas; inhaling plague;
Kidnapping infancy; slow-poisoning age;
Greeted with tears and groans; abhorred by all;
Sole laborer without fee;

"Sole robber, without profit in the spoil;
Sole killer, without motive in the deed;
Surely 'tis better to be loved than loathed;
Wouldst thou be loved? Sit still.

"Sit and grow fat. What is it unto thee
If mortals cease to colonize the Styx?
Thou hast no grudge against them: Good or bad,
'Tis all the same to Death."

The Spectre soothed by these well-reasoned words,
And feeling really livelier in repose,
Little by little humanized himself,
And grinned upon his host,

Who, in his craft, deeming it best to make
Friends with a prisoner who might yet get free,
Did all he could to entertain the guest
With many a merry tale,

And jocund song and flattering compliment,
Coaxed him to eat, and gave him the tit-bits,
And made him drink, nor grudged the choicest wine,
And crowned his skull with flowers.

Night after night a cheerful sight it was
To see these two at feast, each facing each,
Chatting till dawn under amazèd stars,
Boon comrades, Man and Death.

Meanwhile some private business of his own,
Whereof the Initiate in the Mysteries know
I am forbid to blab to vulgar ears,
Absorbed the cares of Zeus:

Veiled in opaque Olympus, this low earth
The Cloud-compeller from his thoughts dismissed,
Till, throned again upon his judgment-seat,
Downward he bent his ear,

And not a single voice from Man arose,
No prayer, no accusation, no complaint,
As if, between the mortals and the gods,
Fate's golden chain had snapt.

"Is it since Death rid earth of Sisyphus,
That men have grown contented with their lot,
And trouble me no more?" the Thunderer said;
"Hermes, go down and see."

The winged Caducean answered, "Sire of Gods,
Death has not rid the earth of Sisyphus,
But Sisyphus has rid the earth of Death,
And keeps him safely caged.

"Since then, these mortals, fearing Death no more,
Live like the brutes, who never say a prayer,
Nor dress an altar, nor invoke a god;
All temples are shut up;

"Thy priests would die of hunger, could they die;
As 'tis, they are thinner than Tithonus was
Before he faded into air—compelled
To feed on herbs, like slugs.

"But Death has now got flesh upon his bones,
And roses on his cheek, like Ganymede;
Contented with his rest, he eats and sleeps;
And Sisyphus cheats on.

"All men submit to him who captures Death,
And who, did they offend, might set him free."
In his vast mind's abyss the Thunderer mused;
Then, pitying, smiled, and said,

"Alas, for men, if Death has this repose,
I could not smite them with a direr curse
Than their own wishes—evil without end,
And sorrow without prayer.

"Think they, poor fools, in worshiping no more,
That 'tis the gods who stand in need of men;
To men the first necessity is gods;
And if the gods were not,

"Man would invent them, tho' they godded stones.
But in compassion for this race of clay,
Who else would make an Erebus of earth,
Death must be freed, and straight.

"Seek thou our brother Pluto: Death, of right,
Is in his service, and at his command;
And let the King of Shadows, with all speed,
Reope the way to Styx."

Down through the upper air into the realms
Of ancient Night dropped soundless, as a star,
Startling lost sailors, falls on Boreal seas,
The heavenly Messenger.

He found the King of Hades half asleep;
Beside him, yawned black-robed Persephonè;
A dreary dullness drowsed the ghastly court,
And hushed the hell-dog's bark.

"Ho, up! Aidoneus," cried the lithesome god,
Touching the Dread One with his golden wand.
"Welcome," said Pluto, slowly roused. "What news?
Is earth sponged out of space?

"Or are men made immortals? Days and weeks
Here have I sat, and not a ghost has come
With tales of tidings from a livelier world.
What has become of Death?"

"Well mayst thou ask?" said Hermes, and in brief
He told his tale, and spoke the will of Zeus.
Then rose the Laughterless, with angry frown
Shadowing the realm of shade,

And donned the helm wherewith, on entering light,
From light he hides the horror of his shape.
Void stood hell's throne, from hell's gate rose a blast,
And upon earth came storm.

Ships rocked on whitening waves; the seamen laughed;
"Death is bound fast," they cried; "no wave can drown."
Red lightnings wrapt the felon plundering shrines,
And smote the cradled babe:

"Blaze on," the felon said; "ye can not kill."
The mother left the cradle with a smile;
"A pretty toy," quoth she, "the Thunderer's bolt!
My urchin plays with it.

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"Brats do not need a mother; there's no Death."
The adulteress starting cried, "Forgive me, Zeus!"
"Tut," quoth the gallant, "let the storm rave on.
Kiss me. No Death, no Zeus!"

"Laugh, kiss, sin on; ere night I have ye all,"
Growled the Unseen, whose flight awoke the storm;
And in the hall where Death sate crowned with flowers,
Burst through closed doors the blast.

Waiting his host's return to sup, Death sate,
A jolly, rubicund, tun-bellied Death;
Charmed with his chair, despite its springs of steel,
And lilting Bacchic songs.

Suddenly round about him and around
Circled the breath that kindled Phlegethon;
Melted like wax the ligaments of steel;
And Death instinctive rose:

He did not see the Hell-King's horrent shape,
But well he knew the voice at which the hall
Shook to the roots of earth in Tartarus.
"Find I the slave of Life

"In mine own viceroy, Life's supremest lord?
Haste—thy first charge, thine execrable host:—
Then long arrears pay up; career the storm,
And seize, and seize, and seize!

"Bring me the sailor chuckling in his ship,
The babe whose cradle knows no mother's knee,
The adulterer in the riot of his kiss,
And say, 'Zeus reigns and Death.'

"And seize, and seize, and seize, for Hell cries 'Give;'"
So the voice went receding down the storm;
And Sisyphus then entering in the hall,
Death clutched him by the throat.

"How cam'st thou free?" gasped out the thief of thieves:
"My chains were molten at the breath of Dis.
Quick; I have much to do." Said Sisyphus,
"I see mine hour is come;

"But as I've been a kindly host to thee,
So, by the memory of boon comradeship,
Let me at least unto my wife bequeath
My last requests on earth:

"Ho, sweet-heart!" Death still had him in his gripe;
But, not unwilling that his host should save
His soul from torture by some pious wish,
Paused—and the wife came in.

"Hark ye, dear love," unto her ear the thief
Whisperingly stole his dying words from Death:
"As, whatsoe'er to others my misdeeds,
I have been true to thee,

"The sweetest, gentlest, loveliest of thy sex,
Obey me now, as I have thee obeyed;
I know, by warning message from the gods,
That for a time my soul

"Must quit my body; Zeus needs my advice.
But though to vulgar eyes I may seem dead,
Hold me as living; take me to my couch;
Wrap me up warmly, sweet:

"Death is set free; slay a fat capon, love,
Place with a bowl of Chian by my bed.
Stay, chuck, those armlets, pearls from Ormus—chuck,
When I come back, are thine."

As all wise knaves make sure of honest wives,
So the good woman, swearing to obey,
Sisyphus trusted to her love—of pearls,
And left the hall with Death.

Death straightway gave to Hermes at the door
His charge, and passed away upon the storm:
On sea rose yells, soon drowned beneath the waves,
On land rose shrieks, soon stilled;

And the next morning all the altars smoked,
And all the fanes were carpeted with knees:
Death had returned to earth; again to heaven
The gods returned for men.

Meanwhile adown the infinite descent
The god of thieves conducted the arch-thief,
Who prayed his patron deity to explain
Why in his noon of years

Thus hurried off to everlasting night.
"Hadst thou," said Hermes, "only cheated knaves
Worse than thyself in being also fools,
Thou might'st have lived as long

"As that yet blacker thief, the solemn crow;
But 'tis too much to cheat the Sire of Gods,
And forge his oracles to sell the beef
Thou hadst the wit to steal."

"True," sighed the ghost; "let me but live again,
And Zeus shall have no overseer on earth
So sternly holding venal priests in awe
Of a strict watch as I.

"Not for myself I speak; I think of Zeus.
'Tis for his interest that a knave like me
Should be converted to a holy man;
Marvels attest the gods."

"Sound truth," said Hermes; "but, like other truths,
Before it profits the discoverer dies.
'Tis now too late for such kind hints to Zeus."
"Not if thou plead my cause.

"Is not Zeus mild to sinners who repent?"
"Yes, on condition they are still alive."
"Were I then living, thou wouldst plead for me?"
"Ay; nor, methinks, in vain."

"That's all I ask. If I escape the Shades,
And in my body lodge myself again
(There's honor among thieves), I count on thee"—
"Escape the Shades and count."

"One doubt disturbs me still," resumed the ghost.
"The gods have their distractions, Death has none.
Before thou hear me, or canst plead with Zeus,
Death will be at my heels."

"Friend," said more gravely the good-humored god,
"Dost thou, in truth, nurse crotchets of return
From the inexorable domain? Tut, tut,
Dead once is dead for good!"

"Now, then, I know thou really art my friend:
None but true friends choose such unpleasant words,"
Replied the ghost. "Crotchet or not, I mean
To sup at home to-night."

"If so," said Hermes, "having supped, and proved
Thou hast once more a stomach in the flesh,
Call Hermes thrice; ere Death can find thee out,
I'll plead thy cause with Zeus,

And let thee know if thou'rt a ghost again!"
"Content!" cried Sisyphus, and grew so gay,
That Hermes, god of wits as well as thieves,
Sighed when they got to Styx;

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And inly said, "A rogue like this would make
Souls in Elysium find their bliss less dull;"
Here the rogue whispered to the god, "To-night!"
Then cried to Charon, "Boat!"

"Thy fee!" said Charon. "Where's thine obolus?"
"Obolus, stupidest of ferrymen!
Let souls made unctuous by funereal nard
Grease thy Phlegræan palm.

"There is no house-tax where there is no house;
There is no grave-tax where there is no grave.
I am unburied and unburnt; I'm nought—
Nought goes for nothing, churl."

Charon shoved off in growling "Hang thyself."
"Lend me thy throat," replied the ghost, "I will."
Thereat the ghosts, unburied like himself,
Laughed out a dreary laugh.

Dense was that crowd, the wrong side of the Styx
To and fro flitting; age-long to and fro;
The guileless man murdered in secret ways;
The murderer in his flight,

Back-looking, lest the Furies were behind,
Down sliddery scarp o'ergrown by brambles whirled;
Both burialless save in the vulture's craw,
And now from judgment kept

On the slow stream's bleak margin, side by side.
There, cast by shipwreck on untrodden sands,
Where never sailor came, o'er bleaching skulls
To sprinkle pious dust,

Lovers, whose kisses had been meeting fires,
Unsevered still, clasped hands without a throb,
Staring on waves whose oozing dullness gave
No shadow back to shades.

Eft-soons a sound strange to the realms of Dis,
Roll'd o'er the Ninefold River to the hall
Wherein, returned, sate Pluto; loathèd sound
Of laughter mocking woe.

"What daring ghosts by impious mirth profane
The sanctity of Hades?" asked the King.
Answered a Shape that just before the Three
Had brought a conqueror's soul,

"Upon the earthward margin of the Styx,
Merry as goat-song makes wine-tippling boors,
Shoulder on shoulder pressing, the pale mob
Drink into greedy ears

"The quips and cranks of an unburied droll
Fresh from Greek suns, named Sisyphus. Dread King,
Charon, provoked to mutiny by mirth,
Swears he will break his oars

"Unless thou free him from the ribald wit
Which stings him as the gad-fly Io stung."
As Sisyphus, unburied, could not come
To Pluto—Pluto went,

Striding the Ninefold stream, to Sisyphus.
"Cease thy vile mime-tricks," said the Laughterless,
"Or dread the torments doom'd to laughter here."
"Pluto," replied the knave,

"There are no torments, by thy righteous law,
To any ghost until his case be judged;
But to be judged he must have crossed the Styx:
The unburied can not cross.

"'Tis not my fault, but that of my base wife;
She grudges funeral to the corpse I left.
But if thou let my ghost return to earth,
As ghosts, when wronged, have done;

"To fright her soul its duty to discharge,
And by interment fit me for the Styx,
Most gladly I will face thy Judges three,
And prove my blameless life."

"Go then, nor tarry. Let me not again
Send Death to fetch thee. Frighten well thy wife."
Swift into upper air sped Sisyphus,
Slid through his household doors,

And his own body entered in a trice,
And having settled at his ease therein,
He fell to supper with exceeding gust.
That done, cried "Hermes," thrice.

Having thus cried, sleep fell upon his eyes,
And, in the vision of the night, behold,
Stood Hermes aureoled by a ring of light
Shed from the smile of Zeus,

Saying, "The Thunderer hath vouchsafed reprieve,
Nor shall Death take thee till thyself dost call;
And what in life men covet will be thine—
Honors, and feasts, and gear:

"Hold these as perfumes on an altar burned;
The altar stands, the incense fades in smoke;
The Three will ask thee, 'Was the altar pure?'
Not 'Were the perfumes sweet?'"

At morn woke Sisyphus; and of that dream
Recalled the first half, and forgot the last.
"Death shall not come till I myself shall call.
How I shall tire my heirs!

"What! call on Death, 'mid honors, feasts, and gear!
Hermes, indeed thou art the god of thieves;
A famous bargain we have made with Zeus:"
He rose, and hailed the sun.

And all things prospered well with Sisyphus:
Out of the profits of his stolen beeves
He built him ships and traded to far seas,
And every wind brought gold;

And with the gold he hired himself armed men,
And by their aid ruled far and wide as king;
Filled justice-halls with judges incorrupt,
Temples with priests austere:

And from a petty hamlet Corinth rose,
With heaven-kissed towers, above a twofold sea;
And where gaunt robbers prowled thro' forest glooms,
And herds grazed leagues of waste,

The boor in safety caroled at his plow,
And ample garners hived the golden grain:
Thus each man's interest led to all men's law;
And, born of iron rule,

Order arose to harmonize brute force;
And glimmered on the world the dawn of Greece.
For if the gods permit the bad to thrive,
'Tis for the ends of good,

As tyrants sow the harvest freemen reap.
But Sisyphus built temples and decked shrines,
Not for religious homage to the gods,
But as the forts of thrones.

There was no altar in his secret soul:
If he prized law, law legalizes power;
And conquest, commerce, tax, and tribute were
The beeves he stole as king.

So he lived long 'mid honors, feasts, and gear;
But age came on, and anguish, and disease.
Man ever thinks, in bargaining with Zeus,
To cheat, and ever fails.

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And weary, weary seemed the languid days,
Joyless the feast, and glitterless the gold,
Till racked with pain, one night on Death he called,
And passed with Death away.

He lacked not, this time, funeral obsequies;
Assyrian perfumes balmed his funeral pyre:
His ashes crumbled in a silver urn,
Stored in a porphyry tomb.

And for a while, because his children reigned,
Men praised his fortunes, nor condemned his sins;
Wise bards but called him "Craftiest of mankind,"
Proud rulers "The most blest."

But when his line was with the things no more,
And to revile the old race pleased the new,
All his misdeeds rose life-like from his tomb,
And spoke from living tongues:

And awful legends of some sentence grim,
Passed on his guilty soul in Tartarus,
Floated, like vapors, from the nether deep,
And tinged the sunlit air.

But, by a priest in Saïs, I was told
A tale, not known in Greece, of this man's doom,
That when the Thracian Orpheus, in the Shades,
Sought his Eurydice,

He heard, though in the midst of Erebus,
Song sweet as his Muse-mother made his own;
It broke forth from a solitary ghost,
Who, up a vaporous hill,

Heaved a huge stone that came rebounding back,
And still the ghost upheaved it and still sang.
In the brief pause from toil while toward the height
Reluctant rolled the stone,

The Thracian asked in wonder, "Who art thou,
Voiced like Heaven's lark amidst the night of Hell?"
"My name on earth was Sisyphus," replied
The phantom. "In the Shades

"I keep mine earthly wit; I have duped the Three.
They gave me work for torture; work is joy.
Slaves work in chains, and to the clank they sing."
Said Orpheus, "Slaves still hope!"

"And could I strain to heave up the huge stone
Did I not hope that it would reach the height?
There penance ends, and dawn Elysian fields."
"But if it never reach?"

The Thracian sighed, as looming through the mist
The stone came whirling back. "Fool," said the ghost,
"Then mine, at worst, is everlasting hope."
Again uprose the stone.

DREAM-READING.

WHEN Dr. Watts describes the sluggard as "telling his dreams," though he "never loves thinking," we recognize at a glance the dear old innocent who in another popular hymn assures us that "little birds"—the most pugnacious creatures alive—"in their little nests agree." The fact is, heavy sleepers, like the Doctor's typical sluggard, are seldom conscious of their dreams, and rarely remember them.

What is a dream? Philosophers define it as "the intellectual activity of a sleeping person which leaves its traces in the waking consciousness." Not very lucid certainly. Byron is much more graphic:

"Dreams do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past—they speak
Like sibyls of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure, and of pain;
They make us what we were not, what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows. Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind? The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath in forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dreamed,
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour."

From the discovery of the independent existence of the mind or soul to the discovery of the laws governing the operations of that mind when disengaged from the body, an interval gapes which even modern science has been unable to bridge. In a state of sleep the power of volition does not exist. What then rules the mind? The pilot gone, who takes the helm? Are dreams ruled by mere chance, or is there a law which regulates their occurrence?

It must be confessed that to these queries we can give no better answer than might have been offered by Socrates. For two thousand years or more the phenomena of dreams have been studied, and the result of these studies is a mass of theories, all vague and unsupported by evidence, and a mass of evidence, from which as yet no philosopher has been keen enough to extract theories governing the subject. In the course of comparisons of evidence we arrive at a few formulas, determining incidental questions, and a few generalizations on secondary points. But the grand principle which rules the working of the imagination, when it is set free from the control of the will and unchecked by the judgment, remains undetected. Nobody can tell us why we dream of mashed potatoes and lamb chops when we ought to dream of Charlotte's bright eyes; of climbing a precipice when the thought nearest our heart is whether Jones will ask for his money or not; of stabbing Smith under the fourth rib when we are really thinking of dining with him, and drinking some more of "that *La Tour blanche*" next Sunday. That there is a law, deeply hidden as it seems, which governs dreams, seems so probable that it may be assumed to exist. But, vast as our progress has been of late years in discovering laws in the material world, we have made no progress worth mentioning toward the discovery of metaphysical laws, and on the subject of dreams we are about as ignorant as Cicero.

Our forefathers, three or four thousand years ago, referred every thing which they could not understand to the gods—just as old fishermen

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refer every poor season to the "darned steamers." It was an angry god who flashed the lightning; a jealous goddess who raised the storm; a pleased deity who poured copious rain on parched fields; a friendly god who hatched an eclipse to warn the Spartans not to march during this moon; watchful divinities who whispered dreams to warn their devout worshipers what to do and what to forbear. In these days dream-interpreting became a lucrative trade, and men fattened on it as they do now on vegetable pills (selling, not taking them, be it understood) and ready reliefs. When the rogues guessed aright the fact was advertised in the largest letters and most prominent places. When they blundered the blunder was forgotten, as the failures of patent medicines are to-day. When the dreamer was a king it did not answer to blunder. So Pharaoh's dream-readers, seeing him even graver than usual, gave up the dream of the seven lean kine, and left the coast clear for Joseph. Not only did the ancients regard casual dreams as direct revelations from Heaven, but they conceived that the advice of the gods might be obtained by dreaming to order. In Greece were two dreaming temples. The inquirer after divine guidance first feed the priests, then sacrificed an animal. All edible parts of the sacrifice having been carefully secured in the priest's larder, the supplicant wrapped himself in the skin of the dead beast, and slept near the altar: on this occasion his dreams were sure to be suggestive, and we should think, on the whole, he was likely enough to have nightmare. Homer, Hesiod, and all the old, old poets are full of dreams, accidental and express. Their hearers were evident believers in the divine origin of dreams, and would have eschewed a doubter on the subject just as our respectable classes eschew free-thinkers.

It is well known that the Fathers of the Church shared the same belief. St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom abound in references to dreams, which they regard as revelations from God. In a much later age the pious Bishop Ken wrote a poem of great length to prove the divine origin of dreams. When he says:

> "I, waking, called my dream to mind
> Which to instruct me Heaven designed"—

one can not tell which to admire most, the poet or the philosopher. Catherine of Medicis declared that Heaven had foretold to her in a dream every important event of her life; what a frightful nightmare she must have had before St. Bartholomew's massacre! Another great lady dreamed of the death of a noble friend of dissolute character. She was sure it was a warning from above, but in reply to observations of sympathy touching his future fate, characteristically remarked that "Heaven would hesitate before it decided to damn a man of that quality."

There were some among the early Fathers who held that the devil could prompt dreams as well as the deity. St. Augustine admits that the devil imparted some very useful information to a friend of his through a dream. How was a poor man to know, in these days, whether his dream came from heaven or the other place?

Nowadays physiologists generally agree that dreams may be referred, directly or indirectly, to certain conditions of the mind or body existing immediately before the dream, or at the time it occurs. The stomach is probably the source of most dreams. A man drinks too much porter, and dreams of rolling over a precipice. He eats pork-chops in the evening, and dreams that Captain Wirz has got him at Andersonville, and is setting on the blood-hounds to tear his flesh from his bones. He eats sweet-breads *à la financiere*, and dreams that his enemy is kneeling on his chest, and feeling for a soft place in which to insert the deadly knife. He has walked rapidly just after dinner, and dreams that he is going to protest, and that some irresistible power prevents his reaching the bank with the funds to protect his credit. He has supped on clams, and dreams that brutal burglars are throttling him, while he can not so much as whisper or groan. In all these cases the suffering of the body suggests suffering to the mind, and the latter invents an imaginary cause for its woe. Pain in every organ produces the like effect. A hot bottle to the feet has suggested dreams of a visit to Vesuvius, or of a conflagration in the house, from which the dreamer tries vainly to escape.

A very common category of dreams at the North is referable to cold. A man sleeps in a very cold room with one shoulder uncovered; he dreams that he is engaged in a conflict with a spadassin, and has been shot or stabbed in the shoulder. He will feel the smart of the wound long after he wakes. A distinguished writer displaced the bed-clothes one cold night, so to leave his feet and legs bare. He dreamed that he was going to the butchers to give some orders when he found that he was followed by a wondering crowd. Cries of "What does he mean?" "How dare he appear in public without trowsers and barefoot?" "Is he mad?" etc., etc., reached his ear. Presently, meeting some girls, he noticed that they tittered, then ran away. The dreamer thus realized that he was taking a morning walk in a state of indecent dishabille, and was so overwhelmed by mortification that he awoke, and found his lower extremities benumbed.

In the case of a well-known author, who was familiar with the doings of the Spanish Inquisition, physical pain gave rise to a protracted dream of torture. Happening to lie with his right arm twisted under him in such wise as to impede the circulation, the dreamer realized that he had been arrested for heresy, and was being put through by the Grand Inquisitor. A rope was bound round his arm, and tightened gradually by pulleys until the blood gushed through the skin. The kind of rope, the arrangement of the pulleys, the features of the Inquisitor, and the brutal countenances of his familiars were distinctly remembered after the dream ended.

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Persons accustomed to luxurious beds will dream painfully if they are laid on a hard mattress, or if the collar of their night-shirt is inconveniently tight. As a general rule the dream-agony will bear some analogy to the actual physical discomfort. Thus the man with the tight night-shirt may dream that he is being garroted, while the Sybarite on the hard bed may fancy he is being dragged over a stony road by a runaway horse. But if the mind be engrossed in anxieties of its own, the physical annoyance may merely aggravate them. Thus the man with the tight night-shirt may dream that inability to move—from supernatural causes—prevents his going to his office to meet his creditors; while the luxurious individual on the hard bed may realize that his Dulcinea treats him with scorn, and dances with the other party.

The formula is simply that any bodily discomfort or disturbance of the functions of the physical organs will produce disagreeable dreams—commonly known as nightmare; and that generally, though not always, such dreams refer directly to the organ affected.

If a disordered stomach, or pains in the limbs, suggest painful dreams, how is it with those whose stomach is in apple-pie order, and who have no bodily troubles whatever? The answer is that such persons, as a rule, do not remember their dreams. It is now admitted (it was once a matter of debate) that all men dream, and dream at all times throughout their sleep; in other words, that the mind is never torpid. This is pretty thoroughly settled by Sir Henry Holland in his "Notes and Reflections," and Sir B. Brodie in his "Psychological Inquiries." But dreaming is one thing, and remembering a dream is another. As a rule, people do not remember their dreams. To recollect them well enough to describe them after waking, it is probable that they must have been of so striking a character as to disturb the dreamer's sleep, and produce a transition state between sleeping and waking; and, furthermore, they must have occurred toward morning—for it is only morning dreams which can be recalled by the memory. Persons of robust health and tranquil mind are not generally prone to startling dreams. And when they begin to wake they wake at once. They enjoy no transition state between sleep and wakefulness. Hence, though they probably spend the night in pleasing and possibly delightful dreams, when morning comes the vision is gone forever, and they are denied the pleasure of memory. Thus we discover the absurdity of the old story about the king who always dreamed he was a baker, and the baker who always dreamed he was a king. The monarch was likely enough to remember his nightmare, but the baker was certain to forget his royal pleasures.

Of the class of dreams suggested by previous mental preoccupation there are many varieties. It is undeniable that some men have been smarter when they were asleep than when they were awake. Chess-players, metaphysicians, and mathematicians often dream to good purpose. Every one who has been at any period of his life absorbed in the study of chess has played, if not whole games, elaborate parts of games in his sleep, and not unfrequently has solved problems which puzzled his waking mind. Sir Thomas Browne confessed that he could grapple with metaphysical difficulties better in his dreams than in his waking hours. Napier is said to have dreamed out the science of logarithms. Condorcet completed some of his most valuable calculations in his dreams. Every college student can remember problems in Euclid of which the solution flashed upon him in a dream. Poets have also been helped by dreams. It was in a dream that Coleridge completed his "Kubla Khan," and tradition relates that the "Divina Commedia" owes much of its beauty to the inspiration of a dream. All this is not inconsistent with natural laws. In sleep the senses become inactive and, as it were, dead, and the mind is free to pursue its work without disturbance. If it be started fairly in a given direction there seems to be no reason why it should not sometimes travel straight on toward its goal, just as a locomotive started on the rails may find its way to the next station without the help of engineer or brakeman. As a rule, of course, it is better to have the engineer and brakeman, and students had better not trust to dreams to perform their college exercises. But we will venture so far as to recommend every student, lawyer, mathematician, or theologian, who is puzzling over an insoluble problem, to imbue himself well with his "points" before retiring to rest. He may rely upon it that, if he is sound of body, he will dream of the vexed question. His dream will, in nine cases out of ten, be idle and to no purpose; but in the tenth case he will derive useful suggestions from his sleep, and may light upon the solution of his difficulty.

It has been stated that musicians have composed in dreams, and have sprung from their beds to commit the fleeting inspiration to paper. Tartini's *Sonata du Diable* is said to have been revealed to him by a dream-devil. But Dr. Abercrombie, than whom no higher authority on the subject can be quoted, declares that we never hear sounds in dreams. Dreamers will testify that the guns which they see discharged in their dreams make no noise. Even the pistol with which the assassin in the nightmare shoots them goes off noiselessly. When we fall down a precipice, we strike the rocks beneath without the least sound. Explosions—the bursting of a boiler, the blowing up of a fort—are seen, not heard, in dreams. Music is *felt*, not heard. If this be so, how could the dream-devil have communicated with Tartini? Was his improvisation *felt*—and felt so distinctly that it could be written out afterward?

Real sounds—which actually take place—are heard in dreams, and are one of their most common causes. A gun fired near the tent of an officer suggested the mining of an enemy's fort,

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which operation was conducted with skill and success for many days, and was finally crowned by the explosion of the hostile work. The slamming of a door has given birth to a dream of an execution, in which the dreamer, after being duly tried and sentenced—owing to his absolute incapacity to explain his innocence—was taken out and shot by a file of troops. A pair of tweezers struck by a knife close to the dreamer's bedside become in a dream first a chime of bells, then an alarm; crowds of excited men began to rush to and fro, inquiring why the tocsin was sounded, and then the sleeper knew that he was witnessing a revolution in a European city. A thousand such cases might be cited. Indeed, every observer of dreams can remember similar instances in his own experience. But if dreamers hear in their dreams sounds which have no real existence, there is as yet no published evidence of the fact. Leading authorities doubt whether we hear, taste, or smell in our dreams. There seems to be no logical reason why two only of the senses should be under control of the fancy in dreams, and the other three beyond that control; but the evidence, as collated thus far, points in that direction.

The theory that imaginary sounds are not heard in dreams was not accepted by Shakspeare, whose dream of Clarence is so vivid as almost to constitute an authority on the subject:

"As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and in falling
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Oh, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered at the bottom of the sea.
* * * * * *
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, *and howled in my ears*
Such hideous cries that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but what I was in hell."

Smells, like sounds, when real, will suggest dreams. A London physician, visiting a country patient, was compelled to sleep at a grocer's in a small room over the store. The grocer had that day opened a box of rank old cheese, the flavor of which impregnated the air to such an extent that the physician found it hard to sleep. A party of busy rats gnawing the wainscoting of his chamber likewise contributed to keep him awake. After some weary hours, however, fatigue overpowered his senses and he fell asleep. He dreamed that he was in some barbarous country. Charged with a political offense, he was sentenced to be imprisoned in a huge cheese. This severe doom was only part of his sufferings, for he had no sooner been installed in his new abode than a legion of rats assailed the cheese, and, gnawing their way through it, began to fasten on his naked body. In his nightmare he could not drive them away, and he suffered agony until bodily suffering from nausea and headache became severe enough to wake him.

The smell of flowers is known to suggest dreams of the country, and other dreams of a very different character—for which, among other reasons, doctors invariably object to large bouquets in bedchambers. A bottle of eau de Cologne held to the nose of a sleeper caused a dream of a perfumer's shop, which was the scene of various adventures, and then led the dreamer, who had traveled in Egypt, to the city of Cairo, famous for its bad smells.

The duration of dreams is one of their most curious features. Notwithstanding the apparent length of some dreams, and the various transitions and successive actions of the dreamer, it is generally held that the actual space of time occupied by each dream does not exceed a few seconds. This is partially proved by reference to dreams caused by noises, one or two of which have been mentioned. The firing of a gun wakes the sleeper; he is wide awake before the smoke has vanished; and yet the noise has suggested a dream in which he has lived and acted for days and even weeks. In Lord Brougham's "Discourse on Natural Theology" he describes an author dictating to an amanuensis. The author dictates a sentence; then, overpowered by fatigue, drops asleep, and is wakened by the secretary repeating the last word of the sentence as a signal that he has got it down. Not more than two or three seconds have elapsed, yet in that time the sleeper has had dreams "extending through half a lifetime." In another place the same writer, who in his youth worked very hard, describes his efforts to complete a certain work in spite of bodily exhaustion. He had a basin of cold water beside him, and when he felt sleep overpowering him would plunge his head into it. More than once, he says, he slept with his head in the basin, and dreamed long and elaborate dreams, though, of course, his immersion must have been limited by seconds, as he could not draw breath with his head under water. Mr. Babbage, the famous mathematician, traveling with a friend in Italy, fell asleep from excessive weariness in his carriage, and dreamed not one dream but a succession of dreams concerning his friends in England; when he awoke he found that his companion was answering a question he had put just before he fell asleep; so that his slumber could not have lasted many seconds. Lord Holland, overpowered by fatigue while a friend was reading to him, fell asleep, and had a dream which took him a quarter of an hour to commit to paper; yet when he woke he found that he had not missed a sentence of the work that was being read to him.

Dreamers are seldom conscious of the lapse of time in their dreams. Events succeed each other confusedly, like scenes in a play, and distance is traveled with the rapidity of thought. Sometimes, however, in cases of severe nightmare, note is taken of the seeming duration of the suffering. The Count de Lavalette, sleep-

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ing painfully in prison in troublous times, dreamed that he stood alone in the Rue St. Honoré at black midnight. A dismal and depressing sound began to fill the air. All at once, at the bottom of the street, he saw a troop of horse approaching him, horses and men all flayed. The riders held torches in their hands, which shed a fitful glare on their skinless faces and bloody muscles. Their eyes rolled fearfully in their sockets, and their mouths opened to the jawbone on either side. Pale and disheveled women appeared at the windows, and filled the air with piteous groans. The Count, overwhelmed with horror, tried to fly, but, as usual in nightmare, found that he had no command over his limbs, and was rooted to the spot. For five hours the procession of flayed horsemen continued, each rider as he passed casting baleful looks at the dreamer. They were followed by troops of artillery, the caissons covered with bleeding and quivering corpses. Almost choked by his sensations, the dreamer was gasping for breath when the great iron gates of the prison in which he lay closed with a clang which woke him. It was two or three minutes past twelve, and the guard had just been relieved. He then remembered that before falling asleep he had heard the gate open at midnight precisely to admit the relief. He had been about two minutes asleep.

What is the use of dreams? is a question which philosophers and gossips have vainly tried to answer any time these two thousand years. When dreams were admitted to be inspired from Heaven the answer was easy; but when the Fathers proved that the devil inspired dreams too, good people were in a quandary. Mercutio might say—

> "They are the children of an idle brain,
> Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
> Which is as thin of substance as the air,
> And more inconstant than the wind who woos
> Even now the frozen bosom of the north."

But honest dreamers have always had a hankering notion that they meant something. Were not the old books full of wise dreams—of dreams which gave warning of danger—of dreams which pointed out the royal road to fortune—of dreams which revealed deadly secrets? To this day are there not thousands of young maidens and soft boys who vex their memory in trying to remember their dreams, and to interpret them by the old rule—

> "For dreams always go by contraries, my dear?"

There lived, sixteen hundred years ago, at Ephesus and elsewhere, a laborious old heathen named Artemidorus, who made it the business of his life to collect accounts of dreams, and reports of dream-interpreters. What he learned he told in a book called "Oneirocritica," which was published once or twice in the early days of printing, and nothing worth mentioning has since been added to the science. Modern magicians, and the knaves who cozen simple rustics under pretense of interpreting their dreams, derive what little learning they possess from modern abridgments of Artemidorus. Whether the learned Ephesian was worth robbing is a question we shall not decide. Bayle says that every dream which he undertakes to interpret is susceptible of a precisely opposite interpretation. Be this as it may, his rules for the correct understanding of dreams have been so long accepted as sound that some of them may be worth transcribing even at this day.

Be it known, then, young and anxious dreamers, that if you dream of angling, trouble awaits you; if of apes, beware of secret enemies; if, being a lady, you dream you have a beard, you shall speedily be married; if being a boy, you have the like dream, you shall soon make your way in the world; if you dream of bees, it signifies profit and wealth, unless they sting you (which they generally do in dreams), in which case beware of vexation and trouble. If you dream you are buried, you shall be rich; if of card-playing, you shall lose money, but succeed in love; if of a cat, beware of a thief; if of chickens, beware of loss and damage; if of deer, you will have a fight or lawsuit; if of the devil, you will probably be persecuted by Government; if of drinking warm water, you are in a bad way, and nothing can be worse, unless you dream of drinking vinegar, in which case you had better give up at once: white wine and milk are the only tipple for dreamers, for they mean health and prosperity. If you dream of an eagle, you shall be promoted, unless the bird lights on your head, in which case you had better get measured for your coffin at once; if of eggs, you shall have profit, unless they are broken, when they mean loss; if of washing your face, you are going to repent of your sins; if of pleasant fields, you are going to be well married; if of figs, you shall have joy and pleasure; if of torches, your love shall be crowned with joy; if of apples, you shall live long; if of cherries, you shall be crossed in love; if of frogs, you will be bored by babblers; if of the funeral of a great man, you are going to inherit property; if of goats, don't think of going to sea; if of gold, expect joy and honor, unless in your dream you are troubled to know where to put your money, which signifies that your wife will rob you. If a man dreams he is hanged, he is sure to prosper. No dream, on the whole, is better than this; all authorities agree that hanging implies honor, wealth, and fame. If you dream of hunger, expect wealth; if of keys, you will shortly fly into a rage; if of killing a man, your business will increase; if of knives, you will have a "sharp, short, and decisive" quarrel; if of a dark-lantern, beware of poverty; if of lawsuits, you shall have trouble, anger, and expense; if of a lion, you shall meet a great soldier; if of a looking-glass, you shall have children if you are married, and a mate, if you are single; if of a mare, you will shortly espouse a "beautiful young woman who will be delightful and comfortable to you;" if of marriage, beware of sickness and even death; if of woods, valleys,

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and mountains, you will have trouble; if of music, you may expect good news; if of your nose, expect an increase of wisdom, but if you dream that your nose is off, you are in a bad way indeed, and your wife is no better than she should be. It is unlucky to dream of a nosegay, but a great thing to dream of onions, which mean hidden treasure, or of nuts, which imply fortune. If you dream of oysters, you shall suffer from hunger; if of partridges, avoid your lady acquaintances, or they will do you a mischief; if of peaches, you will not need a doctor; if of pigeons, you will be happy at home, unless the pigeons are wild, in which case they mean fast ladies, and the less you have to do with them the better. When a man dreams of falling over a precipice he had best insure his property at once with a good company; when of a pine-tree, you are going to be idle; when of a rainbow, your circumstances are going to change, and if poor, you are to be rich, and *vice versa;* when of riding on horseback, you will come to shame; when of silk, you will win honor; when of silver, you will lose money; when of wasps, you will be envied; when of writing, you will probably be indicted, and if you are guilty, you had better lose no time in making your way to some country with which we have no extradition treaty.

The Turks, great dreamers in their way, had their own system of dream-reading, which is at least as well worth attention as the Critica of Artemidorus. They say that if you dream of roast meat, you will have little profit and much care; if of a plastered house, you will soon be in your tomb; if of oranges, you will have virtuous children; if of shaving, you will come to grief; if of whiskers, you will run in debt; if of marrying a little dark girl, you will marry a rich woman who will soon die; if of a black mare, you will win a wealthy bride; if of killing an ass, you will discover treasure; and so on. The principle most strongly enforced by the Moslem dream critics is this: If you wake and remember that you have dreamed, be careful, before you arise or try to collect your dreams, to spit on the left side and pray for the protection of Allah. This will neutralize many evil dreams.

An old rule, which has given comfort to many a forlorn damsel, teaches young women how to foresee the husbands they shall have. They must sleep in another county, and fasten the left garter round the right limb, leaving on the stocking, and knit it in its place with five knots. Before sleeping they must repeat the following words:

> "This knot I knit
> To know the thing I know not yet,
> That I may see
> The man that shall my husband be,
> How he goes, and what he wears,
> And what he does all days and years."

If this will be carefully obeyed the young lady, we are told, is sure to see in her dream her future husband, bearing about him some implement of his trade. If he is a soldier, he will have his sword drawn; if a doctor, he will be seen preparing a mild purge; if a tailor, he will probably hold his shears and cast a knowing glance at the lady's skirt; if a sea-captain, he will be bawling about "Luff!" and "Port there!" through a speaking-trumpet, etc., etc.

Gradgrind, who despises all these dream-readings, and who, when he remembers his dreams, gruffly observes to himself: "Ah, that was the fried oysters;" or "that was the lobster salad I swallowed at 3 A.M. at Jones's Ball," is still prepared to admit that there is some use in dreams. For, says he, it is of dreams as of wine, *in somnio veritas.* In dreams rogues dream of cheating; pugilists of fisticuffs; Captain Wirz of blood-hounds; Breckinridge of perjury; Lothario of illicit love; Jenkins of pretty waiter-girls; Peter O'Leum of flowing wells; Maretzek of crowded audiences. Every man dreams of that which most closely touches him. If, therefore, any person of sensitive temperament is in doubt with regard to his natural impulses he can satisfy himself by consulting his dreams. They will tell him the truth regarding himself, and enable him to realize the maxim of the stories. Many religious persons, of strong conscientiousness, have thus turned their dreams to good account as an infallible mirror of their inmost thoughts.

A still greater number of persons, fortified by Biblical precedent, are believers in dream-warnings. To pass over the cases reported in the Bible, in which the Deity is represented as warning His servants by means of dreams, it would be easy to recapitulate a thousand fairly-attested modern cases, in which the future appears to have been revealed in dreams. To cite a few only. William Penn relates that on a visit to Lady Dean, wife of Admiral Dean, her ladyship described a dream she had had of her husband the Admiral. He was walking his quarter-deck, giving animated instructions to his officers, when a cannon-ball struck him and drove his arm into his side. Forty-eight hours afterward Lady Dean received the news that her husband had in effect perished in precisely the manner described. The Governor of Dover had a warning in a dream to arrest and detain a certain man who would apply on the following day for a pass to visit the continent of Europe. The man appeared in due course, and was detained by the Governor greatly to his astonishment. His companions set sail in the packet for Calais; a storm came on, and they were all drowned. The man who was saved by being detained was Dr. Harvey, who afterward discovered the circulation of the blood. Lady D'Acre had a nephew staying with her of whom she was very fond. He was to go one morning with three or four friends to Inchkeith to fish. On the night previous Lady D'Acre woke her husband with a scream, saying: "The boat is sinking; oh, save them!" Having composed herself to sleep, in the course of an hour she awoke again in agony, crying, "I see the boat is going down!" Her husband soothed her, and

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again she fell asleep. A third time she sprang up in bed, screaming: "The boat is sunk, they are all lost!" Struck by the third repetition of so fearful a dream she arose, threw on her wrapping-gown, went to her nephew's room, and extorted of him a promise that he would not go on the fishing-party. He did not go; and his companions, who went, were all drowned.

Adam Rogers, a small inn-keeper at Portlaw, near Waterford, Ireland, dreamed that at a particular spot on the road near his house, he saw two travelers walking, one small and sickly the other large and powerful. He had barely taken notice of them when he saw the small man murder his companion. The shock woke him. He mentioned the dream to his wife, and afterward to his parish priest. Next afternoon he was filled with consternation at seeing the two identical men whom he had seen in his dream enter his inn. The small sickly man had a meek appearance, and carried a considerable sum of money on his person; the large man had a ferocious countenance, and appeared to be penniless. Impressed by his dream, when the travelers arose to go Rogers endeavored to persuade the small man to remain overnight at his inn, but did not succeed. The pair departed together, and next day, at the place seen by Rogers in his dream, the body of the smaller man was found almost hacked to pieces. His assassin had rifled his pockets and even taken some of his clothes. Rogers communicated his suspicions to the police, chase was given, and the large ferocious man was arrested, tried, and convicted of the murder. On the trial Rogers gave his evidence, specifying the dress of the two men with such particularity that the prisoner asked him how he came to take such particular notice of two casual strangers?

"I had a particular reason," replied Rogers, "but I'm ashamed to mention it."

The Court insisting he should state the reason, he told them his dream, and produced the parish priest to whom he had related it before the murder. It had much weight with the jury, and after the sentence the culprit confessed that it was accurate in every particular.

The vicar of an English parish lost his son, a fine young man of seventeen. Two nights after the funeral the father dreamed that his son was rising from his coffin with his shroud spotted with blood, and crying: "Father, father! come and defend me!" He awoke in a profuse perspiration; but composing himself to sleep, had the same dream repeated—the dead boy crying aloud: "Father! they are mangling my body in my coffin!" Struck by this repetition of so baleful a dream, the vicar arose, and at daylight went to the sexton's or clerk's for the keys of the vault. The clerk excused himself, saying that one of the keys had been broken in the lock, and that his son had gone to the blacksmith's to have the lock picked. This story aggravated the vicar's solicitude. Impelled by the worst misgivings, he procured men and crow-bars and beat in the door of the vault. Within a horrible tale was revealed. The dead boy's coffin had been taken from the recess where it had been laid, and placed on the brick floor. The lid had been unscrewed, and the body was exposed to view; the head had been raised, the broad ribbon which sustained the lower jaw had been removed, and the vicar saw with a horror which can be imagined that his son's teeth, which were very fine and white, had all been extracted. In those days dentists used dead men's teeth.

In Burton's Criminal Trials in Scotland, a case, of the year 1831, is mentioned in which the ends of justice are said to have been furthered by a dream. A Highlander was arrested for the murder of a peddler. It was important to discover what the murderer had done with the pack. A village tailor named Frazer thereupon volunteered to show where the pack was, and when interrogated as to the source of his knowledge, said that he had dreamed of the murder, and that a voice had declared to him:

"The merchant's pack is lying in a cairn of stones near the M'Leod's house."

In an American court, at the present day, such evidence would be likely to create the impression that the witness knew more about the crime than he was willing to acknowledge. The Scotch court and jury paid much attention to the dream, and other more substantial evidence being adduced M'Leod was duly hanged.

The mother of T. Noel Paton dreamed that she was standing in a long gallery with her husband by her side, and her children ranged around her, evidently waiting for something to appear. That something soon came, in the shape of a little, crooked old man, whom Mrs. Paton at once recognized as Death. He bore not a scythe but an axe, with which he clove to the ground two daughters of the family, and then disappeared. Mrs. Paton awoke in agony, and well remembering her dream, convinced herself that her children were to be murdered. A discharged servant of her husband's had threatened the family, and was known to be in the neighborhood. Every precaution was taken to prevent the house being entered by night; the children were closely watched; but pending all these precautions, scarlet-fever broke out in the family, and the two daughters whom Death had struck down in the dream were in effect carried off by the disease.

It would be easy to recite hundreds of such cases. Are we then to conclude that when we dream of drowning we must not go to sea; and when we dream of murder we must straightway have somebody arrested? By no means. In a great majority of the well-authenticated cases of dream-warnings, the mind of the dreamer has been dwelling on the probability of the event before sleep occurred. A man fears his house will be burned, dreams it is burned, and finds his dream true. An anxious mother fears that her son will be killed in battle, dreams she sees him die, and finds her dream come true, when she learns that he and three-fourths of the officers of his regi-

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ment have actually fallen. A merchant is uneasy about the solvency of his debtor, dreams he has failed, and when he does fail, feels that he had a dream-warning. The value of these warnings would be more accurately seen if we had any record of unfulfilled dreams. But when a man dreams his house is burned, and it isn't; that his son is dead, and he turns up as hearty as ever; that his debtor fails, and he pays up in full principal and interest, the false dreams are forgotten. It is only the odd coincidences of fancy and fact which are remembered. If, as the authorities say, each dream consumes less than five seconds of time, and sleepers are never without a dream in their mind, every person who sleeps eight hours must have in that time more that 5760 distinct dreams — over two million dreams in a year. Such a number will almost admit of every possible future casualty being foreshadowed in a dream. Some few out of so great a number must surely come true, and these alone are likely to be remembered.

There have been dreams which it is difficult to explain, and which it would be unwarrantable, in the present condition of psychology, to dismiss as incredible. We know so little of the real laws which govern the operations of the mind that we must be careful in disbelieving. There is in Swaffham Church, in Norfolkshire, England, a monument to a tinker who died two or three centuries since. This man dreamed thrice that if he went to London and stood on London Bridge he would receive information of value. Struck by the dream he packed up a few clothes, journeyed to London—a severe undertaking in those days—and took up his station on London Bridge, where he kept watch three days. At the end of the third day he was accosted by a passer-by, to whom, in mortification of soul, he imparted his dream. The stranger smiled and said:

"You had better go home, and hereafter pay no attention to your dreams. I myself, were I disposed to put faith in such things, might even now be making a journey to a place called Swaffham, in Norfolk; for I dreamed three times this week that under an apple-tree, in a garden on the north side of that town, I should find a lot of money; but I have something better to do than to pay attention to such fancies. Better go home and attend to your business, my friend."

The tinker went home, repaired to the spot indicated, dug, and unearthed an iron chest full of money. On the chest was an inscription, which, being deciphered, read:

"Where this stood
Is another twice as good."

Needless to say that the tinker dug again, unearthed a pot twice as large as the first, full of gold coin, became a leading citizen of the place, and built a new chancel to the church.

A bishop of Gloucester testifies that the murderers of a Mr. Stockden, who was assassinated in his own house and robbed, were discovered through the agency of Mrs. Greenwood, who dreamed of them and of the place where they were. She seems to have had a separate dream about each of them—there were four or five concerned in the deed—and on each occasion she was shown the place where they were to be found. Guided by her information the police took them all, and they were tried, found guilty, and, after confession, duly executed.

Sir Walter Scott tells the story of a Scotch land-owner who was sued for tithes by a noble family. The land-owner was convinced that his father had paid a large sum in commutation of these tithes; but he could discover no evidence of the fact among his father's papers, and, after much fruitless search, started to Edinburgh to settle the case. On the way he dreamed that his father appeared to him, and explained the matter.

"You are right, my son," said the father; "I did pay off these tithes, and the papers are in the hands of Mr. ——, who was then an attorney, but has now retired from business, and is living at Inveresk."

The son had never heard of Mr. ——; but he hastened to Inveresk, found the retired attorney, and got the papers.

Assuming that Sir Walter told the truth when he said that the son had never heard of the ex-attorney before, we shall find it difficult to explain this and many similar dreams which might be cited, except upon the theory that "second-sight" does occasionally mix with dreams.

It is well known to physicians that patients in delirium, and people who talk in their sleep, seldom tell secrets. This is not the case in novels: in such works the hero and heroine invariably let slip the fatal words in an attack of brain-fever or a troubled dream. But, as a general rule, in real life, a sort of instinct protects dreamers and delirious persons from indiscretions. There are exceptions, however. A man was murdered in a brewery. No clew to the murderer could be obtained, and for seven years the dreadful secret was undiscovered. At the end of this time two of the workmen in the brewery were sleeping together. One of them, groaning in his sleep, said,

"It is now full seven years ago."

"What was seven years ago?" asked his companion, who was awake, and probably thought the other was awake likewise.

"I put him," replied the murderer, very distinctly, "under the boiling vat."

Horror-stricken, the recipient of this startling confidence immediately imparted it to a magistrate; an inquiry was instituted, and the murderer was arrested, and convicted of the crime.

For all this, detectives don't rely much on making prisoners talk in their sleep. An instinctive cunning always checks them when listeners expect them to tell secrets.

A very curious case, touching the responsibility of persons for acts committed in a dream, was decided not long since in England. A woman dreamed her house was on fire, and to save her child threw it out of window. It was killed. She was arrested, and committed for

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trial by the magistrate, who took the ground that to release her even on bail would constitute a dangerous precedent, as every murderer might plead that he did the deed in his sleep. The Recorder, however, charged the Grand Jury that if they were satisfied that she committed the act in an honest desire to save the child's life, she ought not to be held guilty of criminal intent, and they accordingly threw out the bill against her. Here is a chance for the next young lady who is jilted and murders her lover. She must plead she did it in her sleep.

An ingenious French psychologist submitted to various experiments with a view to test the external causes of dreams. Taking plenty of exercise, he fell into a sound sleep, and his assistant then went to work. After each experiment the dreamer was awaked, and told his dream before the assistant revealed what had been done to cause it. The following were among the results:

1. His nose and lips were tickled with a feather. He dreamed that he was subjected to horrible tortures, and the skin torn from his cheeks and lips.

2. A match was lit close to his face. He dreamed that he was in a ship of war, and that the magazine exploded.

3. His neck was pinched. He dreamed that he was blistered, and had a distinct recollection of the doctor who applied the blister.

4. A hot iron was held near his face. He dreamed of the *Chauffeurs*, a gang of robbers who used to extort money from people by burning their feet with hot irons. Passing on from this, he dreamed that he had been appointed secretary to Madame D'Abrantes, who describes the *Chauffeurs*.

5. A drop of water was made to fall on his forehead. He dreamed of intense thirst and of Italy.

6. A light surrounded by red paper was passed before his eyes. He dreamed he was at sea in a terrible storm, and went over some of the phenomena of a storm he had really seen at sea.

An officer in the Louisburg expedition, in the last century, could be made to dream almost any thing by whispering in his ear. He was made to fight a duel, and actually fired a pistol that was placed in his hand. He was told he had fallen overboard, when he began to struggle violently. He was then told that a shark was pursuing him, and that he must dive for his life. He instantly sprang from his bed to the floor, bruising himself severely, and awakening himself of course. While sleeping in a tent he was made to believe he was in action, and that the enemy's fire was very hot. One after another he was told that his comrades were falling; at last he was assured that the man next to himself had been hit, whereupon he sprang out of bed, ran out of the tent, and stumbled over the tent-ropes.

If this officer had taken the precaution of consuming a small quantity of aniseed before retiring to rest, he might perhaps have escaped his tormentors. There are doctors who say that aniseed is a preventive of nightmare.

Man enjoys no monopoly of dreaming. Horses, dogs, birds, and probably all manner of animals dream.

> "The staghounds, weary with the chase,
> Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
> And urged in dreams the forest race
> From Teviot stone to Eskdale Moor."

Young dogs while teething dream most painfully, and seem very subject to nightmare. Their grandfather, meanwhile, lying on the watch in his kennel, or by the hall-door, will dream of midnight intruders, spring up, dart off in the supposed direction of the enemy, and presently return with a sheepish expression of countenance, saying mutely as plain as face can speak:

"Toot! toot! What a fool I was! I've been dreaming again."

Cows while suckling a calf are subject to exciting dreams, which often wake them, and cause them to dash about in frenzy in their stall or shed. Dryden tells us that

> "The little birds in dreams their songs repeat."

And the author of the "Domestic Habits of Birds" asserts that he has heard many songbirds sing sweetly, though in a subdued key, when they were manifestly asleep. It is even said that fish dream, and that the ground-shark may occasionally, in delicious slumber, take an imaginary bite out of a fat man's leg.

OLIVE WEST.

THE snow lay every where—a white light over all the landscape—but Olive West did not see it, though she looked steadily out of the window with her dusky, brooding eyes. She saw instead a very different scene: an old brown house, with a meadow in front, sloping greenly to the eastward; a hill rising behind it to the west; and toward the south farm lands stretching far and away. Over this scene a June sun burned. Along the fences grew flaming scarlet lilies, and honey-suckle loved by vagrant bees. Strawberries wild and sweet were ripe in the meadow, and she had been out to gather them, and was walking slowly home, the sunshine in her hair, her eyes uplifted—shy eyes then, with hope smiling where memory brooded now—and on her cheeks swift flushes answering the low words of one walking beside her.

That was her last happy day.

That night, like a bolt shot from a clear sky, ruin fell. How well she remembered the long summer twilight through which she sat waiting for her father coming home. She was his housekeeper. They lived alone, they two, with a man and his wife as help to manage the farm and serve in the kitchen. The hum of their voices came to her for a while, as she sat alone; but when the twilight was over and the moon had risen she heard them go creaking up the backstairs to bed; and still she sat on, alone but not lonely. Once or twice she wondered vaguely

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why her father was so late, but it caused her no uneasiness. Her thoughts were busy with her first love dream—she was recalling every word that Mark Rollins had said that day, and meeting again the look in his eyes when he whispered,

"I have loved you, Olive, ever since I can remember."

Her pulses thrilled again at the memory, and she felt her cheek growing hot with blushes. And then she saw her father fumbling at the gate. *Was* it her father who came up the path so slowly, with such a bent figure, such tired, halting steps? It was not like cheery, sanguine Jonathan West. She saw his face clearly in the moonlight, white and set, with a look of awful despair hardening every lineament. She crept to the door and opened it noiselessly.

"Father," she said, "what is the matter? What makes you look so? Here I am. Come in and tell me what it is."

He groped toward her and looked at her with that fixed, dreadful look.

"It is ruin," he gasped, huskily—"ruin which has overtaken you!"

"Mark Rollins!" she questioned. She uttered the name involuntarily, and then was glad that he did not seem to hear her.

"Ruin, child!" he said over again, in a low, hoarse whisper, which blent vaguely with the desolate croak of the night-birds, and the wind stirring with slow motion the tree-boughs.

And then he sat down beside her and told her the story of his crime. It would seem a small thing, perhaps, in these days of defalcations, since for hundreds of thousands it was only a matter of thousands. Speculation had tempted him; he had used in it all his own ready money, and then, beguiled beyond his power of resistance by his sanguine temperament and the glittering prizes which seemed always just within his reach, he had appropriated some ten thousand dollars—trust-money—belonging to the manufacturing Company for which he was at once treasurer and accountant. And now the bubble he was pursuing had burst, and it was all gone.

Olive drew near him and laid her hand on his arm, though his desperate face half frightened her. She longed, as she had never longed before, for the mother who died when she was a baby to help her bear this burden. But she knew all depended upon her; she must be his sole comforter—stand between him and the bottomless gulf of utter despair. She must make him feel, first of all, that no sorrow or crime could separate him from her love. She bent over him and kissed his forehead, and he started almost as if her touch had stung him.

"Olive," he cried, "you must not! You are pure from crime. I have ruined you, but I will not degrade you."

"You do not, father. To forsake you in your trouble is the only thing that could degrade me. And I understand it all. I know you did not mean to sin. You felt sure of paying the money back, and you did not realize what you were doing."

He looked up at her, his face lightening a little.

"I thought no one would understand that but God. The world won't judge me as you do, Olive. There's nothing I can do now to bring matters out right. I've made out a deed of this place to the Company, which I shall leave here, directed to Squire Penrose. They may sell to the best advantage they can—farm and house and furniture. But things seldom fetch what they're worth at auction, and the full value of it all won't much more than half make their loss good. There's nothing for it but to run away. I must be well out of Derry before daybreak. I'll get every thing ready, and then call up Job Lee and his wife and sign the deed with them for witnesses."

"Going away! *Must* we go?"

"*I* must. You don't want to see me in State Prison, Olive? Old Rollins is a stern man, and he wouldn't show me much mercy. I must go into hiding—with a mark on my forehead as black as Cain's. I think every one who looks at me will know what I have done."

Olive thought just once of Mark Rollins and the words he had said that day. Then she remembered that his father was the largest stockholder in the Derry Falls Company, and would be the heaviest loser. Between her and Mark she felt that all would be over in any case. She looked into the despairing face before her and answered,

"Well, father, we will go. Have we money enough for a journey?"

"Yes, I have two hundred dollars, which I put aside when I began to fear the worst might be coming. That sum won't make much difference to the Company, and it may save me from Weathersfield. But *you* needn't go, Olive. I've no right to ask you. No one here in Derry will be hard enough to fling my crime in your face, I think; and you could get something to do here and live comfortably."

She took his hand then with a strong pressure of encouragement, and said, cheerfully:

"Father, God gave us to each other—let us say no more about parting. You shall see that you did not nourish and cherish your motherless girl all these years for nothing. Come, find the things you want to take, and we'll get ready."

Then she dragged out of a store closet two strong, old-fashioned trunks, and began to pack them with nervous haste. In an hour all was done, and she went to wake Job Lee and his wife.

"It's too bad to call you up after your day's work," Mr. West said, with his usual gentle manner when they came down stairs, "but there was no help for it. I want you to witness a paper I am going to sign, and then, Job, I shall want you to get up the horses, and take Olive and me and those two trunks 'cross country to Pentonville Station. We are going away from home for a while, and we must catch the

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early Boston train, which leaves at 3 o'clock in the morning."

Job Lee stared in silent wonder, while Olive blessed secretly the phlegmatic temperament which kept him from asking questions. A shrewd intuition made Mrs. Lee silent also. She only said, "God bless you!" even when Olive kissed her good-by; and she saw them start away from the door fifteen minutes after the deed had been signed, sealed up, and carefully directed to Squire Penrose, the village lawyer.

That ride 'cross country, between one o'clock and three in that June morning, Olive would never forget. Years afterward she used to live it over in her dreams; plodding along behind the two steady-going farm-horses, with Job Lee sitting silent in front, looming gigantically through the gray shadows, and her father silent beside her. Before they stopped at Pentonville the morning light had begun to flush the clouds, and the wide meadows, wet with dew, and the blue, misty hills had begun to shine with the splendors of the coming dawn. It was twenty minutes of three when they stopped at the station; and Mr. West, after the trunks had been deposited upon the platform, advised Job to drive back at once, and get a little rest for himself and the horses before the day's work began.

The man obeyed quietly; and when they had watched him out of sight Olive turned to her father:

"Are we going to Boston?"

"No—to New York. The trains pass each other here, and no one will notice which we take. We will pay our fare in the cars; and the chief risk we shall have to run is that the baggage-master may remember where he checks for—though in the crowd that is not likely. We shall have time enough, too, to get there and get settled and hid away before any one could find us. There's no telegraph-station near Derry, and the Company may not discover any thing about my absence till toward noon. No, there's not much risk." But his lips turned white even while he was thus trying to reassure himself and her, and the blind terror that mastered him now and then shook him in its grasp.

Just then a sleepy-looking man came along jingling his checks; and among half a dozen people who were waiting for the two trains the Wests got their trunks labeled for New York.

Once in the cars all the man's energy seemed to desert him. It had sustained him so far through the details of a plan matured as soon as he perceived that his affairs were going wrong. But the moment there was nothing more to be done he fell into a dreary silence, from which Olive could not rouse him. His very nature seemed changed by this sudden, overwhelming calamity. He had been cheerful, sanguine, over-confident, ready to talk; now all the springs of hope seemed utterly quenched in him. Stricken down, he was not strong enough to rise. They were a strange contrast—the father and daughter—as the early June sunshine crept in at the window and found them out. His head was bowed, his eyes downcast; his face looked flabby and irresolute, with its retreating chin, its falling under-lip, its carelessly-cut features. Hers was clear in its lines as that of some old statue. The features straight, and noble yet delicate, the flesh firm, the skin pure; the dark-gray eyes, shaded by long lashes, full of meaning. You could trust in her and make sure that she would never be found wanting. In that long car ride, beside her silent father, she went over all the past in her own mind; then buried its memory, and rolled a stone to the door of the sepulchre. She was done with that. Henceforth her work was plain enough. She must be to that stricken, cast down man beside her all that he had been to her in her motherless girlhood. Guilty though he was, *she* must keep him from despair—shelter him so in her love that he would gather from it some faint hint of that better love which shrinks from no sinner—which seeks and saves that which is lost.

In the middle of the summer afternoon the cars stopped at New York. Olive rejoiced that there were still four hours of daylight before her. Besides the need of retirement and secrecy, she knew that for them there must be no hotel bills to eat away their small funds. She bought a paper which seemed full of advertisements, and made her father sit down in the ladies' room while she looked them over. She scanned anxiously the rooms to let. Two or three sounded as if they might answer. She got a carriage, took him and their trunks, and went to the first place on her list—a quiet house on Green Street. It seemed as if Providence had guided her. She found there just the rooms she wanted—a bedroom for her father, and a larger one, where they could eat and sit, and where she could sleep at night on a wide lounge; to be hired, moreover, at a rate which even to her country notions did not seem exorbitant. She engaged them at once, dismissed her carriage, and before nightfall began to feel herself established in her new home. The demand upon her energies seemed to call new forces into existence, developed a sense of self-reliance and power of which she had never dreamed. Long after Jonathan West was sleeping off his fatigue, forgetting for the time, perhaps, his misery and terror and despair, his daughter lay busy and wide-awake of brain in the next room, forming her plans. Something must be done at once, she knew. The little money they had on hand must be husbanded for a rainy day. She must find work to keep them until her father could procure employment—if indeed he were ever able to do any thing again.

Next morning she started, in pursuance of her midnight plans, for an expedition on Broadway. Just below Broome Street a placard in the window of a toy-shop attracted her attention:

WANTED—A PERSON OF TASTE AND EXPERIENCE TO DRESS DOLLS.

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Taste might possibly serve instead of experience, she thought. She went in and applied composedly for the situation.

"Any reference?" was the first inquiry.

"None. I am a stranger in the city; but if you would let me take home one doll, I think I could bring it back to you to-morrow dressed in a style which would satisfy you as to my ability."

The shop-keeper looked at her a moment searchingly. He had lived so long in New York it was inevitable that his first thought should be whether she were not an adventuress, with designs upon his property. But something in the clear gray eyes which met his refuted the suspicion silently. At any rate he could afford to risk one doll on the chance of securing a prize. He handed her one, and with it a roll of pretty materials, took her address, and watched her walk modestly away.

She remembered, and lived it all over again, this morning of which I have told you—standing silently by the window, seeming to see the glistening snow, but seeing instead only her past life—remembered the nervous eagerness with which she worked that day, and far into the night—the honest pride of achievement with which she carried her work home the next morning. She was successful—I think people like her, who put a little of their own life into every thing they do, always are. She found work enough and good pay—need enough, also, for she saw presently that her father never would be able to do any thing again. The crisis which had taken from him his own self-respect had dried up the very sap and juices of his life. He was like an old tree, torn up by the roots, and set out in new soil. Saplings grow so, and shake out their boughs as greenly under an alien sky, but the old tree withers and dies. Jonathan West was stricken by no disease—unless it were something approaching to the Swiss home-sickness—but he grew daily more and more hopeless and helpless. A silent, brooding despair seemed to have settled upon him. He spoke as one who felt that he had no place on earth or in heaven.

And so gradually he grew weaker and weaker, until at last God pitied him and sent the angel of death, welcome to this tired soul, you would have thought, as ever sleep had been to his tired limbs in boyhood. But he could not trust God's love, and so he shuddered and shrank as he felt the angel drawing nigh. And now, as all through his dreary trouble, Olive was his strength. She did not talk to him very much, or try to feed him with any dry husks of dogmas—she only showed him more and more the strength and fullness of her love—then asked him, at the last, if he thought the Father of all could be less pitiful, less loving than she, His creature. The man's slow, dull eyes turned on her, and a gleam of longing kindled them for a moment.

"If I were not so bad!" he said, humbly.

"If you did not need him so much He might not love you so well. Do you think He who made you does not understand your weakness, or lacks the power to strengthen you with His strength?"

And then an answering gleam kindled again his eyes and his whole face, till it seemed to grow into a strange nobility—a prophecy of what was to come—and he murmured: "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief!"

And with those words on his lips, that light on his face, Death drew near and claimed his own.

Exalted by the majesty of this extreme moment, Olive felt at first no touch of the anguish of her desolation. It all came afterward, when her uplifted mood passed away; and, sitting there beside her dead, she began to realize how utterly alone she was, and how suddenly he had left her, with no time for even a word of good-by or of blessing. She felt then like the weakest of bereaved women—as if she had nothing more to live for—as if her work in life were all done.

It was good for her, perhaps, that when the funeral was over her purse was well-nigh empty, and she had the stern pressure of necessity to urge her on. But her heart grew sick to-day, standing at the window seven years afterward, and recalling the time when she followed her father into the Valley of Shadows, and came back to the jostling, turbulent highway of life without him.

There had not been much in her experience since then to remember—only one change. A lady who had for a long time admired her neat handiwork had at last engaged her as seamstress in her own family, and finding her womanly and unpresuming, had made an humble friend of her. This was how she chanced to be standing at the window of that great house on Long Island, looking out at the snow, and seeing instead all this long panorama of her past life—her senses, too, keenly alive to an undefined expectation.

It was eight years and over since she, a girl of seventeen, had ridden away from Derry with her father, and taken the cars at Pentonville in the June morning twilight—eight years and over, and in all this time she had heard not one word of the old home. Until yesterday no familiar name even had ever been spoken in her hearing. She had been in the sewing-room with her mistress, doing a delicate piece of work under Mrs. Livingstone's own supervision, when the son of the house lounged in, with an open letter in his hand.

"Mother," he had said, carelessly, "Rollins is coming out to-morrow."

"Mark Rollins?"

"Yes. You know I've never been able to persuade him; but he has written now to propose coming himself. It's the greatest wonder that he has found the time, for he is the busiest lawyer of his age I know of in New York."

Olive sat still—she did not speak. No one noticed, probably, the fierce color which she knew flamed on her cheeks, and which she tried

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to hide by dropping her work and stooping low to pick it up. Mrs. Livingstone and her son went on talking, she scarcely knew of what; and presently they both left the room and she was alone. Then she took herself to task. What a fool she was! What chance was there that the boy she knew in Derry—nineteen when she last saw him—had made his way to any position where Howard Livingstone would be likely to speak of his coming as an event to be desired? Might there not be more than one Mark Rollins in the world? She tried to be grave and sensible, but she could not sleep quietly that night; and next day, when it was almost time for the visitor to come, a force of attraction she was not strong enough to resist drew her to a window which commanded a view of the avenue up to the house.

If you had watched her standing there, you must have remarked how young her face grew, as she saw, instead of the snowy landscape on which her eyes seemed to rest, the brown house with the hill behind it, and the pleasant, sloping meadow-land where she had walked in the sunshine with her boy lover. It was a face, that of Olive West, which held rare possibilities of beauty. You could see that now, when a bright, warm color flushed the cheeks, and a secret, keen emotion dilated the gray, earnest eyes, and parted the scarlet lips.

She heard a merry peal of bells at last, which roused her from her trance of memory. Young Livingstone was driving his prancing grays up the avenue, and beside him sat — was it *the* Mark Rollins whom she knew, this man with bronzed and bearded face, and high-bred air? A familiar gesture, turn of the head, wave of the hand, convinced her. Her very heart seemed choking her. She went away into a room where no one was likely to come, and sat down to think. He was there—but he was changed. He was far removed from her now—farther than when only years and distance had been between them. Should she let him know of her existence? Bitterly—more bitterly than she had ever felt it before—she felt now the weight of her father's crime. Not only had he left Derry in disgrace, which must reflect upon her, but she could not forget that the father of Mark Rollins was the one who had suffered most heavily through his guilt. Doubtless, knowing all as he must, Mark scorned even her memory. And, were it otherwise, she would never humiliate him by intruding in the capacity of Mrs. Livingstone's seamstress upon Mrs. Livingstone's guest. So resolved, she began to pray that he might go soon—it was too keen a torture to know that he was in the house, to catch now and then, when a door chanced to be opened, his laugh, or the clear ring of his voice.

She sat in the winter twilight all alone. It was time for her dinner, but she did not go down. The family meal was over she knew. Mr. Rollins had gone into the drawing-room doubtless, and was sitting there as one at home in such scenes; while she, a poor dependent, sat alone, longing—yes, at last her heart's pain had come to that—longing to die. Tears began to fall, salt and bitter. They dropped unheeded into her lap—her eyes were fixed on the glowing fire, but she was blind for the time and deaf. Some one came in and stood watching her, but she did not know it, until a low, tender voice stole through the gloaming, calling her name as it had not been called for *so* long:

"Olive, Olive!"

She sprang to her feet and looked at the man standing beside her, but she could not speak He bent toward her with a smile of triumph.

"I thought I should find you at last. I have been getting ready for you all these years."

"You knew how and why we left Derry?" she questioned him, eagerly.

"Yes, I knew."

"And the loss fell heaviest upon your father, did it not?"

"Yes, and became mine by inheritance. Three months after you left Derry my father died. You thought him a stern man. I know your father feared him."

He waited for her to speak, and she said, in a low tone:

"Yes, he dreaded to fall into Mr. Rollins's hands more than any thing else. He thought the rest might possibly show him some mercy—from your father he could expect none."

"And yet my father was his best friend. It was he who opposed making any attempt at pursuit. He said that the man had given up all he had, and there would be nothing to be gained by apprehending him. Nor did he ever talk about him vindictively. Few points as they had in common he understood your father's nature, I think, and divined his temptations. He said the Company had made enough that year to be able to lose what the old place would not cover without feeling it. But if the case had been ten times worse, did you understand me so little as to think it would change me? I have loved you all my life, and I have never doubted, through all these years of vain search for you, but that some day I should find my own."

"How did it come about at last?" she asked, softly—her hand was in his now.

"In a curious way enough. One night last month I was talking with Livingstone about what he called misalliances. He had been a client of mine, and a sort of intimacy had sprung up between us, and this night, somehow, we fell into a discussion about matrimony. It chanced that he mentioned you, his mother's seamstress, as an illustration of the kind of person one could hardly marry — beautiful and charming as he had discovered you to be. I pitied the shallowness of his perceptions, while I blessed inwardly the good fortune which was keeping you for me, for I never doubted that it was *my* Olive West of whom he spoke. I did not come to you at once, because I wanted to finish getting ready for you. I had waited so long that I could afford to wait a little longer.

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When I had arranged all according to my plans and wishes I came. To-night I have been telling Mrs. Livingstone our story, and she is waiting to welcome you as my betrothed."

Mrs. Livingstone was an unspoiled woman of fashion—her heart as warm to lovers' hopes as in her earliest youth. Her own marriage had been so entirely happy that at fifty she was capable of enthusiasm, of friendship, of generosity. She received her former seamstress, whom she had always liked and trusted, at once to the position of a family friend — superintended the hurried preparations for her marriage, and wished her joy on her bridal morning.

And joy came. Does it not come, I wonder, to all who bear discipline patiently, and learn of sorrow the lessons she is sent to teach? If we are obstinate, and will not heed our teacher, we may have still to con the hard task all our lives—who knows how many lives more?

They had been married four months before Olive knew all that Mark had done for her sake. She found out one day, when they took a long car ride, and stopped at last at Pentonville Station, and she rode across country with her husband in the evening twilight, as she had ridden in the morning twilight with her father nine years before. They drove through ways growing constantly more familiar and stopped at last before an old brown house with a hill rising behind it, its summit touched with the lingering glow of sunset. Meadows sloped greenly to the eastward—farm lands stretched into the south, and at the gate stood Job Lee and his wife, ready to bid the master and mistress welcome.

"There, Olive," said the husband, tenderly, "this is my bridal present, which I have waited until now to offer you. When my father died this place was still unsold—the property of the Company. I bought it, and paid enough for it to cover all the loss they had sustained. I have succeeded well enough in my chosen calling not to miss the money; and, Olive, no man in Derry can say now that he lost any thing by our father."

"Our father!" She understood by those words how he was taking up all her burdens and bearing them for her, assuming even the shadow of her disgrace and turning darkness into day. Her heart was too full for any words; but he did not miss the thanks which her fast-falling tears would not let her utter.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THOMAS CARLYLE has a theory that the word club, as applied to a social assembly, is the relic, "in a singularly dwindled condition," of the vow or oath of the famous chivalric associations of six and seven centuries since. But we learn from a pleasant paper in the New York *Evening Post* that Mr. John Timbs of London has written a sprightly book about clubs, in which he disputes Carlyle's assertion.

The sly satire of Carlyle is very characteristic. The lounger in the reading-room or the great window of a London club is so sharp a contrast to the fiery Templar with his battle-axe that the grim satirist can not but delight in pointing him out. "So," we can imagine him saying, "the heroic soldier of religion has come to this, a dandy bored to death and yawning in a highly-upholstered parlor over the poetry of Sir Pelham Bulwer!" His derivation of "club" must have been a huge delight to the philosopher of Chelsea. And yet his own parlor in which he sits enthroned and discourses to admiring pilgrims drawn from all parts of the world to his doors, is exactly a club like Will's in which Addison reigned supreme. The fine house is an accident. The Divinity is as present in the shabbiest shed as in the towering cathedral.

Besides, Carlyle should remember that if the gilded youth smoking idly in a London drawing-room are poor representatives of Ivanhoe or Richard of the Lion Heart, and if Godfrey of Boulogne would have regarded an elegant habitué of the Reform, or the Oxford and Cambridge, or the Athenæum, or the Carlton, with very much the same feeling that Gulliver looked at the Liliputian standing in his hand, yet out of those same drawing-rooms and airy listlessness came the young soldiers who rode at Balaklava

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell."

The stoutest heart does not always beat under the coarsest cloth. *Noblesse oblige* is one of the sayings which have a spiritual meaning; for essential nobleness obliges to heroism and generosity, and it is a rule of counterfeits to imitate nature as closely as possible. Thus the paste gentleman imitates courtesy and ludicrously imitates honor. In the conduct and bearing of the people who are vulgarly called gentlemen, but who have no gentleness of soul, we constantly see the travesty of the nobleman or noble man. Then also some characters are mixed, like ore in which veins of pure gold and sheer earth alternate. But the grim Chelsea moralist allows less and less for human nature, and when he looks in at the windows of a club and sees the fashions of to-day, he does not also see the ancient virtue behind them, which is yet there. It is not that virtue is invisible, but that he is blind. "This is a club, is it?" says that rich, melancholy voice, with the Scotch burr upon the tongue; "this is the outcome of the Knights Templars and Hospitallers? Ah, yes; in a singularly dwindled condition."

New York maintains her increasing fame and character as a metropolis by her increasing clubs. The loiterer on Broadway of twenty-five and thirty years ago, who remembers the modest mansion just below Franklin Street in which the Union Club had its rendezvous, would be amazed and lost could he be introduced to the many and splendid clubs which are now scattered through the finest parts of the city. Like all the great clubs of Europe they have each a special character, and since the war there are for the first time true political clubs; like the "Beefsteak" and the "October" of Swift's time in London. Hitherto in this country we had shown the

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crudity of our civilization by banning politics in society, as if social influence were not one of the most desirable to bring to bear upon the purification of politics. If the man who is in habitual league and collusion with corrupt and ignorant men, with bullies and blacklegs, for the purpose of securing political results, is to be received with the same cordiality by honorable men and women as those who are of their own kind, the severest penalty of his infamous conduct is evaded. And this was formerly the result, it was evaded.

But when the political differences festered into civil war, it became quite impossible for a man to enjoy the society of another who was openly favoring by sympathy, if not secretly aiding with material, the slaughter of his sons and brothers. It was absolutely necessary for the morality of the nation that those who differed upon the merits of a struggle which involved every thing sacred and precious should not affect a feeling which it was monstrous to entertain. Consequently political lines were drawn with a precision never before thought of. The old Union Club, in the city of New York, actually declined to expel Judah Benjamin, who, as war secretary of the rebellion, was directing the guns which destroyed the sons of other members of the club, and the Loyal League Club was at once established, the cardinal condition of membership being unswerving fidelity to the national cause. The Century, which had unanimously elected as President a venerable scholar and lover of art and friend of artists, but whose sympathies were adverse to the great cause, perceived the enormity of suffering itself to be represented to strangers by such a chief, thereby inevitably giving the world the impression that the war was a superficial quarrel of politicians instead of the life-struggle of a nation, and removed him from his position.

In all such cases it was idle to plead the comity of clubs, and the most tragical folly to urge that politics should not poison society. It is easy to imagine Mr. Webster and Mr. Hayne, after their great debate in the Capitol, pleasantly descending the steps and dining together. But it is impossible to fancy Joseph Warren or Samuel Adams dining with General Gage while the red coats were marching to Concord. While differences are purely speculative and are maintained in good temper social intercourse is possible. But when the debate storms into shot and shell it is impracticable to take wine together. The French officers in a famous battle are reported to have said to their antagonists, "Gentlemen, if you please, fire first!" But it was not their quarrel. Their position was merely perfunctory. It is only those who are fighting *ex officio* who risk any thing upon a point of politeness.

It is amusing to observe how long and how carefully we strove to avoid giving any political school in this country the intrenchment of a social club. It is amusing, because we were doing the very thing that we played we were not doing. The whole club force of society in New York was really tacitly directed against liberal opinions and reforms, and it was probably so in other cities. The under current in the club which refused to expel Judah Benjamin in 1861 was indicated twenty years before when it blackballed John Jay. "Society" was subject to the traditional, feudal, anti-American theories which culminated in civil war, because they are essentially hostile to the inevitable development of this country. The Easy Chair recalls a dinner at Newport, fifteen years ago, at which a Senator from the South was the guest of honor. The conversation at table gradually lurched toward the inevitable topic, and we were edified with the most anxious and earnest praises of the Southern "institution." Yet such was the ascendency of that view that it was considered impolite at a gentleman's table for a man to vindicate the rights of humanity; and those who did not agree with what was said—and so far as manner was concerned, not uncourteously—by the chief guest, sat in a smiling imbecility of silence. Was it surprising that those who found it easy to padlock our mouths supposed that it would not be hard to have their way in all things?

This social cowardice was one of the symptoms of national demoralization. If every gentleman and every lady at Saratoga and Newport, and at all dinners and suppers, had, upon occasion, frankly expressed their real sentiments, some vast miscalculations would have been saved. The eyes are very blind which do not see that the future welfare of this country depends upon the fullest freedom of tongue and pen. Mr. Pollard, of Richmond, should he chance to read this, would naturally inquire, "Why, then, does General Grant silence my paper?" Because of martial law. When you appealed to the sword you consented to abide by the law of the sword, and that does not allow perfect liberty of speech and pen. Had you trusted to the tongue and pen the sword could not have imposed its law.

The value of a political club in our "society" is this, that it invests with a visible social dignity and importance views which many young men naturally hold and approve at a time when every decoration of "respectable" consideration is most powerful. If they find opinions superbly lodged and fêted, drinking the choicest wines, and girt with the blandishments of beauty, at an age when they are most susceptible to such attractions, the temptation is very strong to adopt them. An opinion which carries a cotton umbrella and dines cheaply in a cellar is not seductive to youth.

The establishment of political clubs is a sign of the greater manhood of the country which the war has developed. They give every opinion the aid of every influence, and destroy the social glamour with which old feudal injustice and Toryism have hitherto so skillfully surrounded themselves. They promote that independence which in this country has been sadly lacking.

In Dickens's *All the Year Round* young Chesterfield writes letters to his papa. It is a sign of the times. *Punch* represents a paterfamilias coming into his bedroom at four in the morning after a party. His young son of eight is sitting upon his bed, dressed, and kicking his heels. The astonished parent exclaims: "Why, how's this, Reginald? Not in bed yet? It's nearly four o'clock! You should have been asleep hours ago!" "Haw! And pray, why *me* in particular, papa?" That is another sign of the times. Such a cut would have had no significance or humor a century ago. The little people were put to bed. They had not yet invaded the social domain of the elders. Look in any print of that period, read any novel of the time, and you find it is the parents and not the children who constitute society. We have changed all that somewhat. At thirty men retire from "society;" at forty women are called "old."

"Society" is the perpetual target of satire. But it sweeps on, unconscious. It has certain distinct-

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ive attributes recognized in all countries and times. But it is in old countries, where the machinery plays with perfect ease, that it is pleasantest. The bloom of that fruit is ease, but ease comes only with habit and cultivation. It is, meanwhile, a fact that we try to make money do the whole work of society, and our success is not brilliant. Here, for instance, is a note from a pleasant good fellow, whose name we will hide under the alias of Pearl Gray.

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—What is to be done? Whither are we drifting? I echo Governor Foote's remarks in his late interesting book upon the war, published in Franklin Square, 'O my country! O tempora, O mores!' The case is this: If you have ever been to a ball in the selecter circles you know that there is a culmination of felicity called 'The German.' If you don't dance the German, what on earth do you go to a ball for? I *do* dance the German, and bad luck to me next morning at half past seven when I tumble out of bed for breakfast, so as to be at the office by nine o'clock. I am a clerk, you know, and clerks are not millionaires. Yet once in a way I like to send a bouquet to the reigning Queen of my soul, when I know that I am to dance with her in the German, although I can't often do it. Naturally we who go almost every night to a ball and meet the same girls, engage our partners from evening to evening. But as Shoddy and Petroleum will have it, the fellows belonging to those families always send superb bouquets to the girls they engage in a dance for partners; and the rest of us know it, and what is the consequence? Simply that if I want to dance with Fairy Snowflake, for instance (and who wouldn't?), I know that if she promises me I can not send her a bouquet, and yet I cut her off from accepting Sam Shoddy who can. So I refrain; I do not ask her. For why should I be the means of depriving her of a bouquet, when I know how much girls enjoy carrying them; and what perfumed weapons of offense they are! No, Sir. It has become a habit to do this thing, and Pearl Gray, for one, dances fewer Germans, and contemplates retiring from society. I confide the fact to you, begging your advice."

The Easy Chair has no advice to give. Master Pearl Gray shall hear the counsel of a pleasanter Mentor. Will he please read these lines from Fairy Snowflake herself?

"What foolish fellows young men are, my good friend, the Easy Chair! Do they really suppose that we prefer pretty flowers to good partners? I am speaking of dancing, you remember, you wicked man! and not of life-partners. That is another point, and upon that I imitate Pa and reserve my decision! But there is Pearl Gray, a capital partner and an agreeable man. He knows that he dances well. He knows that I like to dance with him, and yet because he thinks Sam Shoddy may engage me, if I am not promised, and send me a bouquet, which Gray could not do, he holds aloof. Now, in what position does he leave me? I must either not dance, or take the best fellow who comes along, or I must wait for the chance of Sam Shoddy; and even if he asks me, I don't care to dance with him, bouquet or no bouquet. I wish men like Pearl Gray would understand that dancing is dancing, and that I and all other girls at a ball want good dancers and agreeable partners. We are not so enamored of bouquets as he seems to imagine; and if you conveniently can, I wish, in a general way, you would make him understand it. When it comes to marrying, you know, why that's another matter. Girls of my set, and educated as we are, are not meant for poor men's wives. But that is no reason why we should not waltz with poor men if they dance well."

If Mr. Pearl Gray accepts this philosophy, let him be comforted. It is rather hard; but there is much truth in it. It is, for so delicate and dainty a little lady, fearfully coarse and mercenary, and Miss Fairy Snowflake must not be too strictly accounted a representative young woman. But why should we be surprised that fire melts? Why should it shock us that a pupil of the school of money should think and live money? If Miss Fairy is a good partner in the waltz and pleasant withal, our advice to Mr. Pearl Gray is to engage her for the next German. But we do not advise him to engage her for life. Can he not enjoy a dance with her even if he is not to marry her? Does he really wish to marry her, if he knows the reason why she thinks it impossible?

THE Boston *Transcript* says truly that when the two parties in our late civil war begin to "poke fun" at each other the clouds are really beginning to clear. We may indeed now believe that the feeling of contempt at least is eliminated, and upon this point we may let by-gones be by-gones. The somewhat popular theory in one part of the country, that the people of the other were windy Gascons breathing fire and fury merely, and the equally popular faith that the people of the other part were pining to sell their souls for sixpence, and were only tuppenny tinkers — whatever tuppenny tinkers may be — are both finally exploded. The soldiers upon either side during the war do not accuse the other of cowardice. The shock was fierce and prolonged because it was a collision of the same general stock and quality.

If we are to live together—and it is tolerably clear that we are—it will be henceforth a very unnecessary and uncomfortable business to look at each other for the sole purpose of sneering and bickering. Nothing could be more utterly contemptible than to persist in systematic depreciation. Alienation, bitterness of feeling, sore remembrance, we must all count upon for some time yet. No nation can be torn up by the roots and not show sad signs of the convulsion for many and many a day. But the necessity of good feeling for healing our ghastly wounds need not encourage a mean reticence or cowardice. The purer the air the sounder the human system that breathes it, and the freer the speech the more truly free and prosperous is the nation that trusts it. If we had all guarded freedom of discussion and of the press as the very heart of our whole political system, as in every free Government it is, we should have escaped how many and many a national sorrow! Henceforth let our battles be new battles, or new forms of the old one, for the contest of every nation is essentially the same. It is the struggle of Whig and Tory; of Liberal and Conservative. It was the fate of this country that certain sections corresponded to the conflict of ideas. That is always a misfortune in a free Government, for it is desirable that the contest shall be kept as exclusively as possible in the intellectual arena. There it will be henceforward in this country. We shall be divided by sentiments not by systems, and our differences will be such as the tongue and the pen can most wisely settle.

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It is the *Petersburg* (Virginia) *Index* that gives the following thrust at the Yankees. It is the first truly humorous hit that we remember; and to perfect it, it would be only necessary to discover that the writer is a Yankee! That would be the joke of jokes!

"Our private opinion and belief is, that there are authentic documents now in the library of Yale College—or they will be there when needed—to prove that Bunker Hill Monument marks the site of Babylon the Mighty; that Carthage was no more nor less than Portland; Ostia, Nahant; and Boston, in fact, Athens; that Homer was Professor of Belles-Lettres at Harvard, and Palinurus a member of the Cambridge Yacht Club; that Priscian taught a grammar-school at Montpelier, and Archimedes was a private tutor of chemistry in Concord; that St. Peter was a Cape Cod fisherman, and St. Matthew a collector of the internal revenue at Stonington; that Phidias owned a brownstone quarry in Maine; and Socrates founded the *Atlantic Monthly;* that the Academia was the walk under the elm-trees at New Haven, and the Colossus of Rhodes a statue which strided from Nantucket to Martha's Vineyard; that Plymouth Rock is all that is left of the Tower of Babel, and the Connecticut River ran through Paradise; that Stonington is the site of Tyre, and Merrimac fast-colors the dyes that made that city famous; that the old Temple of Diana at Ephesus was not burned, but is now Faneuil Hall, and that Herodotus and Wendell Phillips were the same persons; that the fable of Romulus and his brother being suckled by a wolf (*lupus*) arose from the circumstance that their mother was the first Vermonter who *looped* her dresses; that Mercury was the ancient name of Ben Butler's family, and that like every thing else in New England, the family had gone on perfecting itself from the start; that the sun shines six hours per diem more on that favored spot than on any other between the poles; and that Noah's family were so much elated at an alliance with the Websters of Massachusetts that they got up a dictionary to commemorate that fact; that St. Patrick was head-centre of a Fenian circle in Bangor, and St. Andrew kept a distillery in Lowell: and, finally, that the millennium will begin in Boston, and will not be allowed to extend beyond its limits, except by a two-third vote of the tax-payers of that heavenly city, excluding all who have at any time in their most secret thoughts expressed a doubt of the propriety of hanging Jeff Davis and General Lee on a sour apple-tree."

Near the pleasant little city of Poughkeepsie there is one of the noble monuments which true patriotism, generosity, and wealth are building all over the country. It is the Vassar Female College, munificently founded and amply endowed by Matthew Vassar, a citizen of Poughkeepsie; and a visit to it, although the way lies along the muddiest of Dutchess County roads, and the day is one of the brown and leafless February days, is yet one of the incidents which will not be forgotten, especially if your cicerone be not only a trustee of the college, but a noted and faithful brother of the pen.

The long street that brings the railway traveler to the heart of the city of Poughkeepsie rises steeply from the river, and continues through the town, past the closely-built houses gradually raveling out into loose suburbs, and then pushes by the straggling outskirts into the fields, and so goes across the county to the Connecticut line. Floundering out upon this miry highway for about two miles, it was agreeable to turn sharp to the right and proceed by a pretty lane between the fields. The immediate country is very level, but fine ranges of hills break the horizon, and the Catskill Mountains are piled nobly against the northwest. In a little while you see a huge pile standing back from the road on the left, and know at once that it is the college.

The building was designed by Mr. Renwick, and is generally modeled upon the Tuileries. It is solid and spacious, but a little unrelieved and heavy—almost gloomy, indeed, as you come nearer. The observatory lies to the northeast, and riding-schools and gymnasiums are now building a little in the rear of the college at the southeast. The area of ground is two hundred acres, generally level, but broken in the rear by a picturesque ravine; and in front, across the road, is a pleasant grove with a pond which, self-supplied by springs, supplies the building with water. The grounds immediately around the college are newly planted with rows of evergreens along the road. The view is purely rural; a broad and gentle landscape with the Hudson highlands in the south, and the hills beyond the river and the Catskill to the west and northwest. The building broadly based stands tranquilly in the spacious area; and a ludicrous sense of contrast with monkish Oxford sweeps across your mind as you drive under the lofty gateway into the grounds and make straight for the door.

The entrance is not imposing, and a wooden sign over the door, "M. Vassar, Founder," is so shocking to good taste and propriety, so utterly incongruous and improper, as if it were a shop-sign, that you are hardly prepared for the plain elegance that greets you with the opening door. A long, broad, and imposing corridor runs upon each story for nearly five hundred feet from north to south. There are three main floors with a basement and cellar. The corridor in the two upper stories is brilliantly lighted by western windows, and out of it open little parlors, each of which connects with three chambers. In the parlor the occupants of the chambers study and sew and read. The rooms are neatly and prettily furnished.

The chapel stretches eastward from the main building, and is entered upon the floor from the second main floor, and the gallery opens upon the third floor. Behind the chapel, and separated by its entire length from the rooms of the students, are twenty or thirty small rooms, each large enough to contain one square Steinway piano, and there, shut up to her own instrument, each pupil can practice undisturbing and undisturbed. It is a curious jangle of sound as you emerge from the rear door of the chapel.

Under the chapel is the dining-room, full of sun and air, with ranges of tables for eight or ten sitters. The goddesses had dined, and the crumbs of the feast were being rapidly removed when we entered the hall. But drawn by what sweet attraction—it was not wine-sauce nor gooseberry-fool—we eagerly pushed through, following the vanishing fumes of the banquet, passing the shining silver pantry, the neat dish pantry, the aromatic spice-closet, the shelves of bread as spongy yet firm as the ambrosia of the celestial kitchens, advancing and advancing, until we came upon the upper kitchen, where in huge hot ovens the dinner is dished, and upon huge hot iron tables the meats are carved. But still pursuing the ultimate crucible in which the pleasant feast was wrought, we descended beneath the dishing and carving kitchen, and there beheld the arcana of the cook, and saw the rosy genius of "grub"—if the base slang of mere men-colleges and commons may be here tolerated—presiding with a stirring-stick over a vast steaming caldron of golden mush.

In this retreat, usually so remote and inaccessible to strange and visiting eyes—and upon which we had come without a word of warning, every thing

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was conspicuously neat and savory, and the sitter at the snug tables need not have feared to probe his dinner to the last. The cooking process is by steam, as in the great metropolitan hotels. Beyond the kitchen we opened into the laundry, a realm of many rooms, with smoothing machines, and drying closets, and ironing boards, and heaps and hills and mountains of snowy wear, with convenient pigeon-holes, and a bland, systematic matron who looked upon a book and reported five thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine "pieces" in the present wash. Some seventy "domestics" fulfill the household cares of this fair family of three hundred and fifty pupils.

Beneath the laundry is the cellar; the crypts in which the coils and lengths of steam-pipes are hidden, and where in a warm corner the portly baker with his plump hand swiftly scoops bright dough in equal portions from the wooden dish, and pats them kindly on the head in the iron tray which slides into the enormous oven and emerges full of puffy pound-cakes. Fresh ginger-cakes, toothsome as Circe's pastry, lie by the thousand near, and we taste the happy cates destined to such choice consumption.

There are sixteen miles of steam-pipe in the college building, supplied from a house many rods in the rear in which the gas is made; and in which are the only fires of the vast building. Twelve hundred tons of coal fed those fires during the winter, and there was no need of any fire whatever in the main building. As we wound our way upward through the halls toward the picture-gallery and library there were groups of the students passing up and down the spacious staircases, lingering and loitering in laughing talk, with learned books clasped under their arms. They leaned twittering over the railings. They glided with demure smoothness as they caught the grave eye of a venerable Regent of the University who attended us upon our rounds. But so blithe and fair a picture no American college ever before left in memory. Indeed he was so charmed with every aspect that the venerable Regent, in a gush of confidence, confessed as we drove away that he had forgotten to ask one most important question—whether Professor Blot has classes in the College?

In the quiet observatory, in a parlor cheerful and elegant, the fortunate visitor may find the Professor, whose name is already famed and honored, Miss Mitchell. There she lives with her father, teaching and observing, and a perpetual illustration of the accomplishment which is supposed to be peculiar to the other sex. It seemed to be May as we sat talking or stood by the telescope. The sun shone bright. The air was balmy. "Why, this is the 'Princess,'" said the venerable Regent, as we descended the steps—"we have been to the Poet's College."

THE tales of the old mythology have an imperishable charm. Their chastening music still breathes through the newest song. While Byron was pouring out his passionate, intensely modern, and half insincere strain, Keats touched the stop of pure Greek melody, which will sound longer than Byron's. Among the latest books are the "Atalanta," of Swinburne—the story of Meleager, told with a mechanical Greek propriety—and the poems of Robert Buchanan, a friend of David Gray, and an expert in the felicities of diction. A large part of his volume is filled with mythological themes, which are treated with great skill and facility; but they still seem only the very finished studies of an accomplished artist. One of them, "Ades, King of Hell," is Pluto's own story of his wooing in the vale of Enna, and the poem has a rich gloom that fits the tale.

But a friend sends us a little poem upon the same general theme, touched in another and a novel key. It seems to us very melodious and beautiful, and to move with fine passionate feeling.

PROSERPINA ON EARTH TO PLUTO IN HADES.

"Nec repitita sequi curet Proserpina matrem."
Georgics, lib. I.

"Some of the Mythologists have hinted that it was not without reluctance that Proserpina assented to the decree of Jupiter that she should pass six months of the year with her mother, Ceres, on earth, or, as some say, in heaven."—MULLER.

I think on thee amid these spring-time flowers,
  On thee, my emperor, my sovran lord,
Dwelling alone in dim Tartarean towers
  Of thy dark realm, by earth and heaven abhorred,
Wandering alone by that Avernian river
Where dead kings walk and phantoms wail forever.

I think on thee in that stern palace regnant,
  Where no sweet voice of summer charms the air,
Where the vast solitude seems ever pregnant
  With some dark dream of unforetold despair.
Thy love, remembered, doth heaven's light eclipse;
I feel thy lingering kisses on my lips.

I languish for the late autumnal showers,
  The cool, cool plashing of the autumn rain,
The shimmering hoar-frost and fast-fading flowers,
  That give me back to thy dark realm again:
To thee I'll bring Sicilia's starry skies
And all the heaven of summer in my eyes.

When from earth's noontide beauty borne away
  To the pale prairies of that under-world,
A mournful flower upon thy breast I lay
  Till round thy heart its clinging tendrils curled—
A frighted dove, that tamed its fluttering pinion
To the dear magic of thy love's dominion.

For thou wert grandly beautiful as night,
  Stern Orcus, in thy realm of buried kings;
And thy sad crown of cypress in my sight
  Fairer than all the bright and flowery rings
Of wreathéd poppies and of golden corn
By Ceres on her stately temples worn.

I sat beside thee on Hell's dusky throne,
  Nor feared the awful shadow of thy fate;
Content to share the burden of thy crown,
  And all the mournful splendors of thy state;
Bending my flower-like beauty to thy will,
Seeking with light thy lonely dark to fill.

Wondering, I think how thy dear love hath bound me
  In a new life that half forgets the old;
All day I haunt the meadows where you found me,
  Knee-deep in daffodils of dusky gold,
Or sit beside Cyane's fountain, dreaming
Of the red lake by thy dark palace gleaming.

When, in her car by wingéd dragons borne,
  Pale Ceres sought me through the shuddering night,
With angry torches and fierce eyes, forlorn,
  Slaying the dark that screened me from her sight,
Like a reft lioness that rends the air
Of midnight with her perilous despair,

Jove, pitying the great passion of her woe,
  Gave back thy queen-bride to the mother's grief—
To Ceres gave—through summer's golden glow
  And all the crescent months, from spear to sheaf:
Alas, how sadly in Sicilian bowers
I pass this lonely, lingering time of flowers!

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In the long silence of the languid noons,
When all the panting birds are faint with heat,
I wander lonely by the blue lagoons
To hear their light waves rippling at my feet
Through the dead calm, and count the lingering time
By the slow pulsing of their silver chime.

I languish for the late autumnal showers,
The cool, cool plashing of the autumn rain,
The shimmering hoar-frost and fast-fading flowers
That give me back to thy dark realm again;
I have no native land from thee apart,
And my high heaven of heavens is in thy heart.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 1st of March. The proceedings in Congress possess considerable interest, less, however, from any definite action that has been taken than from the indications which they furnish of the general drift of sentiment among the members belonging to the dominant party, and the divergence between the views of the majority of the members of both Houses and those of the President.

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

The Amendment which was reported by the Committee on Reconstruction, and passed in the Senate, has been discussed in the House at intervals during the month. On the 28th of February it was decided, by a vote of 113 to 36, to postpone the further consideration of it until the second Tuesday in April. On the 20th an amendment was reported from the Reconstruction Committee, providing that

"Congress shall have power to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper to secure to the citizens of each State all the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the several States, and to all persons in the several States equal protection in the rights of life, liberty, and property."

This proposed amendment was laid over for consideration. Various other amendments have been proposed; but as they will only come up for consideration when reported upon by the committees to which they were referred, we do not now give their details.

SOUTHERN REPRESENTATION.

Several of the lately disloyal States have elected men, loyal heretofore as well as now, to represent them in both Houses of Congress. No final action has been as yet taken upon the question of their admission. The best index to the views of the House upon this subject is to be found in its action in two cases. On the 19th of February the four following resolutions, introduced by Mr. Longyear, were passed by the majorities appended to each:

"*Resolved*, That in the language of the proclamation of the President of May 29, 1865, the rebellion 'which was waged by a portion of the people of the United States against the properly constituted authorities of the Government thereof in the most violent and revolting form, but whose armed and organized forces have now been almost entirely overcome,' has in the revolutionary progress deprived the people of the States in which it was organized of all civil government."—(Passed, 102 to 36.)

"*Resolved*, Whenever the people of any State are thus deprived of all civil Government, it becomes the duty of Congress by appropriate legislation to enable them to organize a State Government, and in the language of the Constitution to guarantee to each State a republican form of government."—(Passed, 104 to 33.)

"*Resolved*, That it is the deliberate sense of this House that the condition of the rebel States fully justifies the President in maintaining the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in these States."—(Passed, 117 to 29.)

"*Resolved*, That it is the deliberate sense of this House that the condition of the rebel States fully justifies the President in maintaining military possession and control therein, and that the President is entitled to the thanks of the nation for employing the war power for the protection of the Union citizens and the freedmen in those States."—(Passed, 134 to 8.)

On the 20th Mr. Stevens, from the Committee on Reconstruction, introduced the following resolution, which was passed by a vote of 109 to 40:

"*Resolved*, That in order to close agitation upon a question which seems likely to disturb the action of the Government, as well as to quiet the uncertainty which is agitating the minds of the people of the eleven States which have been declared in insurrection, no Senator or Representative shall be admitted into either branch of Congress from any of the said States, until Congress shall have declared such States entitled to such representation."

THE FINANCIAL CONDITION.

On the 21st the Loan Bill came up for discussion. This authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to convert obligations not bearing interest, and also to dispose of Government bonds, either in America or Europe, for the purpose only of retiring other obligations, but not for any increase of the public debt. Mr. Stevens proposed to amend the bill by striking out certain clauses. He said that the bill, as it stood, placed sixteen hundred and forty-four millions of dollars at the absolute control of the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Hooper, speaking in favor of the bill, presented an elaborate exposition of the financial condition of the Government, the leading points of which we reproduce:

"According to the estimates of the Treasury Department, and the results of the first half of this fiscal year, the revenue of the Government from the existing system of taxation, and from other sources, will not be less than $500,000,000; while the annual expenditures for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1867, including the interest on the public debt, is $284,317,181 88. It is apparent, therefore, that the present rates of taxation will, under any circumstances, yield an amount of revenue much in excess of what is necessary to secure the amount required for the ordinary expenses of the Government, the interest on the public debt, and a reasonable appropriation for its extinguishment within the lifetime of many of those who now bear the burdens of this taxation."—Mr. Hooper thus summed up the terms of our debt on 1st January, 1866:

Bonds, the principal and interest payable in gold		$1,120,786,700 00
Legal tender Government notes, including the fractional currency, not bearing interest		452,231,810 37
Seven and three-tenths Treasury notes payable in three years, and convertible at maturity into six per cent. bonds		830,000,000 00
Legal tender compound interest Treasury notes, bearing interest payable with the principal three years from date		188,549,041 00
Certificates of indebtedness, payable one year from date, with interest		60,667,000 00
Certificates of deposit of temporary loans, payable with interest on demand, or in ten days from demand, after thirty days		97,257,194 50
Amount of the war debt		$2,749,491,745 87
Adding other Government debts		50,530,472 12
Total amount of debt Jan. 1, 1866		$2,800,022,217 99
At the same time there was in the Treasury, in coin	$45,735,550 69	
Less gold certificates of deposit	7,288,140 00	
		$38,447,410 69
Add in currency		44,903,271 11
Total amount to the credit of the United States in the Treasury		$83,350,681 80

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It was essential, Mr. Hooper said, that our currency should not be subject to fluctuation. This could only be done by a gradual reduction of its amount until the remainder shall circulate as the equivalent of coin. The first step in that direction should be to exchange the interest-bearing legal tender notes for long bonds; and at the same time to reduce the rate of interest on temporary loans to at least four or five per centum. This reduction of the rate of interest on temporary loans would enhance the value of certificates of indebtedness, which bear six per cent. interest; and, being payable at a period fixed by the Treasury Department, they are a more convenient form of loan, while at the same time they provide a mode of anticipating the revenue at times when it may be needed. When the only unfunded obligations of the Government are the legal tender notes and fractional currency, costing nothing for interest, we can more easily determine to what extent, and when, they shall be withdrawn from circulation. They now constitute a fund or loan amounting to over $450,000,000 without any cost to the Government for interest. They constitute a loan from the people; and before I consent to their conversion into bonds that will require the addition of $27,000,000 to the annual payment for interest, I wish to know how much benefit is to be derived by assuming so large an increase to the amount of interest we now have to pay; and also, for whose benefit it will be.... My chief objections to withdrawing the United States notes from circulation by converting them into bonds are, besides the expense that would be incurred for interest on the bonds, my belief that a larger amount of money than formerly is now required for the business of the country, and my fear that some other paper-money not so good may be allowed to take their place, by which the country would be further than ever from a currency convertible into coin."

VETO OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU BILL.

On the 19th of February the President returned to the Senate, where it originated, the bill enlarging the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau, without his approval, and with his objections. He objects to the bill as unnecessary at the present time, since the law now in existence has proved itself sufficient, even in war-time, to accomplish the object aimed at. In a conversation with Governor Cox, of Ohio, the President said that he

"had contemplated that either by proclamation of his own, or by some action of Congress, a condition of peace, the technical end of the rebellion would be declared at some period not very remote; and as he understood the present law, the Bureau might continue a year from that time. Meanwhile he could say to the South, 'It depends upon yourselves to say whether the Bureau shall be discontinued at an earlier day; for I will put an end to it just as soon as you, by proper action for the protection of the freedmen, make it unnecessary.'"

And in his Veto Message the President says that, "before this law ceases to have effect, further experience may assist to guide us to a wise conclusion as to the policy to be adopted in time of peace." He then goes on to state his objections to the bill, which, "in his opinion, contains provisions not warranted by the Constitution, and not well calculated to accomplish the end in view." He first objects to the general scope of the bill, which

"proposes to establish military jurisdiction over all parts of the United States containing refugees and freedmen; and the source from which this military jurisdiction is to emanate is none other than the President of the United States, acting through the War Department and the Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau.... the subjects over which this military jurisdiction is to extend in every part of the United States, include protection to all employés, agents, and officers of this Bureau in the exercise of the duties imposed upon them by this bill. In eleven States it is further to extend over all cases affecting freedmen and refugees discriminated against by local law, custom, or prejudice. In those eleven States the bill subjects any white person who may be charged with depriving a freedman of any civil rights, privileges, or immunities belonging to white persons, to imprisonment or fine, or both, without, however, defining the civil rights and immunities which are thus to be secured by military law. This military jurisdiction also extends to all questions that may arise respecting contracts.... The trials having their origin under this bill are to take place without the intervention of a jury, and without any fixed rules of law or evidence. ....The punishment will not be what the law declares, but such as a court-martial may think proper. And from these arbitrary tribunals there lies no appeal, no writ of error to any of the courts in which the Constitution of the United States vests exclusively the judicial power of the country."

This great power, says the President, is to be exercised through an immense number of agents, many of whom may be "ignorant of the laws of the place, and exposed to the errors of judgment to which all men are liable," besides those arising from "caprice, injustice, and passion." The President believes that such a permanent military jurisdiction is inconsistent with the provisions of the Constitution, which guarantee to all persons in civil life the right of trial by jury. And, moreover, it "places in the hands of the President powers such as in time of peace should never be intrusted to any one man."

Passing from general considerations, the President objects to several details of the bill. Different sections make provision for unlimited grants for the support of refugees and freedmen, for providing them with land, and erecting for them asylums and schools at the public expense. Congress, he says, has never considered it to be its duty to provide schools for any class of the people, not even for the orphans of those who have fallen in defense of their country, nor to purchase homes for any "of the white race who are honestly toiling for a subsistence;" and he can see "no good reason why a system for the support of indigent persons, as a permanent establishment, should be founded for one class or color of our people more than for another." It was presumed that the liberated slaves would become a self-sustaining population, and any legislation of an opposite tendency would have an injurious effect upon them. Moreover, the expense of such an establishment would be too great to be imposed upon the country.

The bill also "proposes to take away land from its former owners without any legal proceedings being previously had. Some of this land may belong to persons who are minors, or of unsound mind, or who have been loyal, in which cases "it is not competent for any authority to deprive them of it;" and even if the property is liable to confiscation "it can not be appropriated to public purposes until, by process of law, it shall have been declared forfeited to the Government."

The President argues at length that such provision made for freedmen would have an injurious effect upon them, by keeping them in a state of expectation and restlessness, while to those among whom they live it would be a source of constant and vague apprehension. They should indeed be protected, but it should be by the civil authorities, and especially by the courts of the United States and of the several States. He believes that

"As they have received their freedom with moderation and forbearance, so they will distinguish themselves by their industry and thrift, and soon show the world that in a condition of freedom they are self-sustaining, and capable of selecting their own employment and their own places of abode; of insisting for themselves upon a proper remuneration, and of establishing and maintaining their own asylums and schools."

The Constitution, says the President, in providing for taxation, also provides for the representation of each State in the National Congress. The act now in force was of necessity passed when the people of the States chiefly to be affected by it were not represented, on account of their being in rebellion. But now some of these States have sent loyal representatives, and ask to be represented by them

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in Congress. The fact that reports have been made adverse to the good disposition of the people of these States was an additional reason why they should be heard upon a question of such importance to them. He would not interfere

"With the unquestionable right of Congress to judge, each House for itself, of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members. But that authority can not be construed as including the right to shut out, in time of peace, any State from the representation to which it is entitled by the Constitution. At present all the people of eleven States are excluded."

Referring particularly to the State of Tennessee, the people of which had, before the war was concluded, placed themselves in relation to the Federal Government, had established a State Government of their own, and had by their own act abolished slavery in the State, he declares that he "knows no reason why the State of Tennessee, for example, should not fully enjoy all her constitutional relations with the United States." In reference, also, to the other ten States the President says, explicitly:

"It is hardly necessary for me to inform Congress that in my own judgment most of those States, so far at least as depends upon their own action, have already been fully restored, and are to be deemed to be entitled to enjoy their constitutional rights as members of the Union." He believes also that in these States "the rights and interests of all classes of the people, with the aid of the military in case of resistance to the law, will be essentially protected against unconstitutional infringement and violation. But should this expectation unhappily fail, which I do not anticipate, then the Executive is already armed with the powers conferred by the Act of March, 1865, establishing the Freedmen's Bureau; and hereafter, as heretofore, he can employ the land and naval forces of the country to suppress insurrection and to overcome obstructions to the laws."

The President closes this elaborate Message by expressing his "earnest hope that a measure involving questions and interests so important to the country will not become a law, unless upon deliberate consideration by the people it shall receive the sanction of an enlightened public judgment."

The consideration of the question whether the bill should be passed, notwithstanding the veto of the President, was postponed until the following day. Before it was taken up on that day, Senator Wade introduced a joint resolution for an Amendment to the Constitution providing that the President of the United States should be ineligible for re-election; this provision to apply not merely to any person who had been elected as such, but to any one who should become such by reason of the death, removal, or disability of the President. He supported the resolution by a speech in which he declared that this was no new idea with him. He believed that we had rarely been able to elect a President who had not been tempted to use the vast powers intrusted to him for the purpose of advancing his own re-election. The present Chief Magistrate, when he came into office, had said over and over again that treason was a great crime, and ought to be punished; and he had pledged himself to see that this was done. He had not only failed to keep this pledge, but had placed notorious traitors in high positions at the South. His policy, said Mr. Wade, as it now developed itself, was one that

"Suits every rebel, every Copperhead, and every enemy of the Government of the United States, at home and abroad. It was no less than this: That those States should suffer nothing and forfeit nothing by rebellion; but should be admitted, unwashed, and red with the blood of their countrymen, into full communion with honest, loyal men, and into the councils of the nation. What has brought about this change? It all points to this fact, that it will not do to tempt men this way. This policy of bringing these States into the Union, with all their rebellion and treason in their hearts, is no better than treason itself. If there is any man, be he high or low, who is an advocate for bringing traitors into the councils of the nation, that man is a traitor in his heart. He is an enemy to the Government and the nation."

Mr. Wilson offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Reconstruction "to inquire into and report how far the States lately in rebellion, or any of them, have complied with the terms proposed by the President for their resumption of practical relations with the United States." Mr. Sumner said that the President had some time ago been requested to communicate this information. For some reason this call had not been complied with; but it might be better to repeat it. Mr. Wilson said that this had been done. Mr. Sumner hoped that the President would yet listen to the call of the Senate, and communicate the needed information, which was essential in determining the duties of Congress at this important moment.

The question of the Veto being called up, Mr. Davis spoke in favor of the President's action. Mr. Trumbull, the originator of the bill, then reviewed the Veto Message of the President. The bill, he said, was amendatory of an Act already in existence; it did not materially enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau, as it now exists; nor was it intended to be a permanent establishment. Its object was not to provide for four millions of refugees or freedmen, but only for such of them as could not take care of themselves, and only until they should become able to do so. He reviewed the circumstances under which the Bureau was organized, and affirmed that it had saved millions of dollars to the Government by supplying employment to those who must otherwise have been supported by the Government. By virtue of the Amendment to the Constitution hundreds of thousands of slaves had been made free, in the midst of a hostile population, who were without means of any kind to save them from immediate starvation. Something must be done to take care of these people, and this the Freedmen's Bureau had endeavored to do. But so far from its supporting 4,000,000 freedmen, only 90,000 negroes had been aided, and the number was now only 17,000, while aid had been given to 47,000 whites. The President, he said, was in error as to the time when the functions of the Bureau, under the existing law, would cease. It was to last for one year after the rebellion should cease. The rebellion ceased in May last, with the surrender of the last rebel army, so that the Bureau would cease by its own limitation in May next.

Mr. Trumbull reviewed at length the several objections of the President, and argued that those which related to the extension of military jurisdiction were invalid. In reply to the suggestion of the President that the freedmen should be protected by the civil courts, he referred to enactments of the Legislature of Mississippi which prohibited the holding or leasing of land by the freedmen; and said that in some localities they were not permitted to hire themselves out without the consent of their former masters, were restricted in their right to travel, whipped if found away from their homes without a pass, and in many ways restrained of their natural rights. "There was," he said, "no protection for the freedmen in the courts or the laws of the rebellious States. As to the last objection of the President, the absence of representatives from

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the States affected by this bill, he said if it was valid then Congress had no right to pass a law levying direct taxes upon those States, no right to declare them in rebellion, or to pass a law to blockade their ports. As to the status of these States, he said that for national purposes they were in the Union; but for State purposes they were not, as they had no organization in accord with the Union. In conclusion, Mr. Trumbull said that he thought he was acting in harmony with the views of the President in perfecting this bill; that it was not only Constitutional and necessary to carry out the very provisions of the Constitution, but that without it the freedman would be tyrannized over and enslaved.

The question was put whether the bill should pass, the President's non-approval notwithstanding. There were 30 votes in favor of the passage, and 18 against it. Less than two-thirds (32) of the Senators having voted in its favor, the bill did not pass. All the Senators who voted in favor of the passage are Republicans. Of those who voted against it, Messrs. Cowan of Pennsylvania, Dixon of Connecticut, Doolittle of Wisconsin, Morgan of New York, Norton of Minnesota, Stewart of Nevada, Van Winkle and Willey of West Virginia, are Republicans; the others Democrats. Mr. Willey said that he voted to sustain the veto, not because he agreed with all its sentiments, but because he believed the bill to be unconstitutional; he could not vote for the bill while it contained a provision to expend money for lands for freedmen. Mr. Foote of Vermont, who would have voted in favor of the bill, and Mr. Wright of New Jersey, who would have voted against it, were absent. Had they been present their votes would not have changed the result.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

On the 22d a meeting was held at Washington, at which resolutions were passed approving the course of the Administration. A Committee was appointed to present these resolutions to the President. To these, and a large concourse of persons who accompanied them, the President delivered a long and animated address.

The policy of the Administration, said the President, is intended to restore all the States to their original relations to the Federal Government. The day—the birthday of Washington—was peculiarly fitting for such a manifestation as this meeting, giving utterance to the sentiment of Jackson, repeated upon the stone contributed by the State of Tennessee for the Washington Monument: "The Federal Union: it must be preserved." Since the time when that sentiment was uttered two parties had sprung up in the country, one of which was willing to dissolve the Union for the sake of preserving slavery; and the other was willing to break up the Government for the sake of destroying slavery. He himself stood in 1860 and 1861 in opposition to the disunionists, whether of the North or the South. He was then for the Union, either with or without slavery; in any case for the Government and the Constitution. He then said to the South, "Disband your armies, acknowledge the supremacy of the Constitution of the United States, and the duty of obedience to the laws, and the whole question is settled." Now that the rebellion has been put down, and these people are willing to submit to the laws, he would say to them, "When you have complied with the requirements of the Constitution, when you have yielded to the law, I will, so far as I can, open the door of the Union to those who had erred and strayed from the fold of their fathers for a time." As to the pardoning power, "No one had labored with more earnestness than himself to have the principal, intelligent, and conscious traitors brought to justice, the law vindicated, and the great fact judicially established that treason is a crime;" but while anxious that this should be done, he was not willing that whole communities should be punished with death. He would extend leniency, confidence, and trust to the great masses who had been forced or misled into rebellion. Now that the rebellion had been put down, in order to prevent the States from flying off, and so changing the character of our Government, "an effort was made to bring about a consolidation of the Government, which is equally objectionable with separation." We find, continued the President, "that in point of fact nearly all the powers of the Government are assumed by an irresponsible central Directory, which does not even consult the executive or legislative departments of the Government. By resolutions reported from a Committee, in whom it seems that practically the legislative power of the Government is now vested, that great principle of the Constitution which authorizes and empowers each branch of the legislative department—the Senate and House of Representatives—to judge for itself of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members, has been virtually taken away from the two branches of the legislative department, and conferred upon a joint committee, who must report before either House can act under the Constitution as to accepting the members who are to take their seats as component parts of the respective bodies. By this rule it is assumed that there must be laws passed recognizing a State as being in the Union, or its practical relations restored, before the respective Houses can judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of their own members. We denied at the beginning of the struggle that any State had the right or power to go out of the Union; that issue has been decided; and now the Executive is not prepared to turn round and say that certain States are out of the Union, and that they shall not come in."

The President said that he had fought the Davises, and Toombs, and Slidells, and a long list of traitors; and now when he saw men at the other end of the line who were opposed to the restoration of the Union he was still in the field. In response to a call for the names of some of these men, he replied, "Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania is one; Mr. Sumner of the Senate is another; and Wendell Phillips is another of the men upon whom I look as being opposed to the fundamental principles of the Government, and who are laboring to destroy it." He quoted, with apparent approval, a suggestion made to him by Mr. Lincoln, that there should be an amendment to the Constitution requiring the States to send Representatives and Senators to Congress. Mr. Johnson reaffirmed the doctrine laid down in his Veto, that there should be no taxation without representation; and affirmed explicitly that he was in favor of preserving all the States, and of admitting their representatives "who were unquestionably and unmistakably loyal." He cared little what tests should be imposed as a proof of loyalty.

Besides laying down these general principles, the President replied at length, and with great severity, to sundry attacks which had been made in Congress upon him and his course.

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MR. SEWARD'S SPEECH.

On the same day (February 22) a large meeting was held at New York to indorse "the general principles announced by the President in his Annual Message to Congress, and also his recent Veto Message." Resolutions were passed expressing an earnest desire to see the restoration of constitutional relations between all the States and the Federal Government; favoring the admission of loyal representatives from the States lately in rebellion; approving the course of the President, and pledging him "support in all proper measures for the restoration of constitutional government in all parts of the country." Apart from the influential character of those who took prominent parts in this meeting, it is of special importance from the fact that Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, and Mr. Denison, the Postmaster-General, came from Washington expressly to speak at this meeting, indicating that a majority, if not all, of the Cabinet are in favor of the policy adopted by the President.

The general purport of Mr. Seward's speech was that "the difference of opinion that but too clearly reveals itself between the executive administration of the President and the legislative counselors of the nation" was not one of ends to be attained, but of means to accomplish those ends.

"Both," said Mr. Seward, "have got the Union restored as they originally planned it should be. They have got it restored, not with Slavery, but without it; not with secession, flagrant or latent, but without it; not with compensation for emancipation, but without it; not with compromise, but without it; not with disloyal States, or representatives, but with loyal States and representatives; not with rebel debts, but without them; not with exemption from our own debts for suppressing the rebellion, but with equal liabilities upon the rebels and the loyal men; not with freedmen and refugees abandoned to suffering and persecution, but with the freedmen employed in productive, self-sustaining industry, with refugees under the protection of law and order."

Mr. Seward apprehended no serious difficulty or calamity in this case; and this confidence arose from his conviction "that there never was and never can be any successful process for the restoration of union and harmony among the States except the one with which the President has avowed himself satisfied." The rebellion being dead, it follows that sooner or later all the States must be reorganized by loyal men, in accordance with the change in our fundamental law, and being so organized, must resume their places in the Union. "All the rebel States but Texas have done just that thing, and Texas is doing the same thing just now as fast as possible." Loyal representatives from nearly all of these States have been for three months asking to be admitted to seats in Congress. "So far as I can judge of human probabilities," said Mr. Seward, "I feel sure that loyal men from the now loyal States will, sooner or later, at this session or some other, by this Congress or some other, be received into the Legislature of the nation. When this shall have been done the process of restoration will be complete."

"Other plans," continued Mr. Seward, "have indeed been mentioned. They were projected during Mr. Lincoln's administration; they have been projected since. Briefly described, these plans have been such as this: that Congress, with the President concurring, should create what are called Territorial Governments in the eleven States which once were in rebellion, and that the President should administer the Government there for an indefinite period by military force, and that after long purgation they should be admitted into the Union by Congressional enactment. This proceeding was rejected by Mr. Lincoln, as it is rejected by the President. If it ever may have been practicable it is now altogether too late. If the President could be induced to concur in so mad a measure at this date, it would be impossible to execute it. Say what you will or what you may the States are already organized, in perfect harmony with our amended national Constitution, and are in earnest co-operation with the Federal Government. It would require an imperial will, an imperial person, and imperial powers greater than the Emperor of France possesses to reduce any one of these States with the consent of all the other States, into what you term a Territorial condition."

"Congress," said Mr. Seward, "has had a Reconstruction Committee, as it is called, composed of fifteen members, who have stopped the wheels of legislation three months to enable them to submit a process or plan different from that which is now on the eve of a happy consummation. And what have they given us? One proposed amendment to the Constitution, to compel the excluded States to equalize suffrage upon the penalty of an abridgment of representation. I do not discuss its merits. Either the amendment will or will not be adopted. The expectation is, that it will fail even in Congress. In any case it implies a full restoration of the Southern States. It is therefore no plan or process of reconstruction at all. The Committee prove this to be the true character of the proceeding, because they fall back upon a process not of restoration, but of obstruction. The resolution which they submitted Tuesday last, and which has passed the House of Representatives, directly declares that loyal representatives shall not be admitted from loyal States until Congress shall pass a law for that purpose—which law it would seem that every member who votes for it must know can not be enacted without the President's approval, which can not be consistently given in view of the opinions that he is known to entertain. This last concurrent resolution, then, is not a plan for reconstruction, but for indefinite postponement and delay by the concurrent action of the two Houses of Congress."

There was no chance, Mr. Seward thought, of the success of this system of obstruction. The history of the country had settled three things: *First*—"No State can keep itself out of the Union, or keep itself in a Territorial condition under the Union." *Second*—"The States which are in the Union can not be taken or kept out of its limits; and this is the great lesson of the rebellion." *Third*—"The States which are in the Union can not keep any States that are outside from coming in." The conflict between the President and Congress in reference to the Freedmen's Bureau Bill Mr. Seward thought of importance, mainly because it had revealed the differences between the President and Congress. These differences were thus stated:

"Both the President and Congress agree that, during the brief transition which the country is making from civil war to internal peace, the freedmen and refugees ought not to be abandoned by the nation to persecution or suffering. It was for this transition period that the Bureau of Freedmen was created by Congress, and was kept and is still kept in effective operation. Both the President and Congress, on the other hand, agree that when that transition period shall have been fully passed, and the harmonious relations between the States and the Union fully restored, that Bureau would be not only unnecessary but unconstitutional, demoralizing, and dangerous, and therefore that it should cease to exist. The President thinks that the transition stage has nearly passed, and that the original provision for the Bureau is all that is necessary to secure the end in view, while the bill submitted by Congress seems to him to give it indefinite extension in time of peace and restoration. He vetoed it for that reason....I agree with the President in the hope that the extraordinary provision which the bill makes will not be necessary, but that the whole question may be simplified by a simple reference to the existing law. The law of March 3, 1865, which created the Freedmen's Bureau, provides that it shall continue in force during the war of rebellion and one full year thereafter. When does that year expire? In the President's judgment, as I understand the matter, the war of the rebellion has been coming and is still coming to an end, but is not yet fully closed. It is on this ground that he maintains an army, continues the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and exercises martial law, when these things are found to be necessary in rebel States. The existence of the rebellion was legally announced by Executive proclamation in 1861. The end of the rebellion ought to be, and may be expected to be, announced by competent declaration of the President and of Congress, or of both. For all practical purposes the rebellion will, in law, come to

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an end if the President or Congress, one or both, officially announces its termination. Now suppose this announcement to be made by the President and by Congress, or by either of them, to-morrow. In that case the Freedmen's Bureau is continued by virtue of the limitation prescribed in the act of March 3, 1865, one year after such proclamation shall have been made. Thus the Freedmen's Bureau would continue, by the original limitation, until the 22d day of February, 1867—a very proper day on which to bring it to an end. If Congress should then find it necessary to prolong its existence it can at once take the necessary steps, for it will at that date have been in session nearly three months.

"Ought the President of the United States," said Mr. Seward, in conclusion, "to be denounced in the house of his enemies—much more, ought he to be denounced in the house of his friends—for refusing, in the absence of any necessity, to occupy or retain, and to exercise powers greater than those which are exercised by any imperial magistrate in the world? I trust that this fault of declining imperial powers, too hastily tendered by a too-confiding Congress, may be forgiven by a generous people. It will be a sad hour for the republic when the refusal of unnecessary powers, treasure, and patronage by the President shall be held to be a crime. When it shall be so considered the time will have arrived for setting up at the White House an imperial throne, and surrounding the Executive with imperial legions."

SPEECH OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the late Confederacy, delivered at Milledgeville, Georgia, on the 22d of February, a speech on the present condition of affairs, especially as they relate to the State of Georgia. This speech has special importance from the fact that Mr. Stephens was chosen, against his wish, Senator in Congress; that the Speech was delivered at the express desire of the Legislature of Georgia, and has been officially sanctioned by that body. It may therefore be considered as an exposition of the sentiment of the people of that State, and in a measure, at least, of that of the thinking portion of the entire Southern people. We quote, abridging when possible, a few of the leading portions:

The Situation.—We have reached that point in our affairs in which the great question before us is to be or not to be; if to be, how? Adversity is a severe school, a terrible crucible, both for individuals and communities. We are now in this school, this crucible, and should bear in mind that it is never negative in its action; it is always positive, is ever decided in effects, one way or the other. It either makes better or worse, either brings out unknown vices or arouses dormant virtues. The first indication of its working good is the manifestation of a full consciousness of its nature and extent; and the most promising grounds of hope for possible good from our present troubles, or of things with us getting better instead of worse, is the evident general realization on the part of our people of their present situation, of the evils now upon them, and of the greater ones still impending. Can the evils upon us, the absence of law, the want of protection and security of person and property be removed; and can those greater ones which threaten our very political existence be averted?

Duties.—The first great duty I would enjoin at this time is the exercise of patience. Patience requires of those affected to bear, to suffer with fortitude, whatever ills may befall them. This is often the case, and especially is it with us now essential for their ultimate removal by any instrumentalities whatever. We are in the condition of a man with a dislocated limb or a broken leg, and a very bad compound fracture too, at that. How it was broken should not be with him a question of so much importance as how it can be restored to health, vigor, and strength. The knitting of the bones and the granulation of the flesh requires time. Perfect quiet and repose, even under the severest pain, is necessary; it will not do to make too great haste to get well; an attempt to walk too soon will only make the matter worse. We must, or ought now, therefore, in a similar manner, to discipline ourselves to the same or like degree of patience. I know how trying it is to be denied representation in Congress while we are paying our proportion of the taxes; how annoying it is to be even partially under military rule, and how injurious it is to the general interest of business of the country to be without post-offices and mail communications, to say nothing of divers other matters on the long list of our present inconveniences and privations. All these, however, we must patiently bear and endure for a season with quiet and repose; we may get well, may get once more on our feet again. One thing is certain, that bad humor, ill temper, exhibited either in restlessness or grumbling, will not hasten it.

Next to this, another great duty we owe to ourselves, is the exercise of a liberal spirit of forbearance among ourselves. The first step toward local or general harmony is the banishment from our breasts of every feeling and sentiment calculated to stir the discords of the past. On no occasion, and especially in the bestowment of office, ought such differences of opinion in the past ever to be mentioned either for or against any one otherwise entitled to confidence. Let all differences of opinion touching errors or supposed errors of the head or heart on the part of any in the past, growing out of these matters, be at once in the deep ocean of oblivion forever buried. Let there be no crimination or recrimination on account of acts of other days—no canvassing of past conduct or motives. Great disasters are upon us and upon the whole country, and without inquiry how these originated, at whose door the fault should be laid, let us now, as common sharers of common misfortunes, on all occasions consult as to the best means, under the circumstances as we find them, to secure the best ends toward future amelioration. Good government is what we want. This should be the leading desire and the controlling object with all.

Objects of Secession.—Whatever differences of opinion existed before the late fury of the war, they sprung mainly from differences as to the best man to be used and the best line of policy to be pursued to secure the great controlling object of all, which was good government. Whatever may be said of the loyalty or disloyalty of any in the late most lamentable conflict of arms, there was, on the part of the great mass of the people of Georgia, and of the entire South, no disloyalty to the principles of the Constitution of the United States. With us it was simply a question as to where our allegiance was due in the maintenance of these principles; which authority was paramount on the last resort, State or Federal. As for myself, I can affirm that no sentiment of disloyalty to these great principles of self-government recognized and embodied in the Constitution of the United States, ever beat or throbbed in breast or heart of mine. It was with this view and this purpose that secession was tried. That has failed. Instead of bettering our condition, instead of establishing our liberty upon a surer foundation, we have, in the war that ensued, come well-nigh losing the whole of the rich inheritance with which we set out. Wars, and civil wars especially, always menace liberty—they seldom advance it, while they usually end in its entire overthrow and destruction. Ours stopped just short of such a catastrophe. Our only alternative now is either to give up all hopes of constitutional liberty, or retrace our steps and to look for its vindication and maintenance in the forums of reason and justice, instead of on the arena of arms; in the courts and halls of legislation, instead of on the fields of battle.

Means to be adopted.—Our surest hopes, in my judgment, of these ends are in the restoration policy of the President of the United States. I have little hope for liberty, little hope for the success of the great American experiment of self-government, but in the success of the present efforts for the restoration of the States to their former practical relations in a common Government under the Constitution of the United States.

Tests of Loyalty.—Another one of our present duties is this: we should accept the issues of the war, and abide by them in good faith. This, I am fully persuaded, it is your purpose to do, as well as that of your constituents. The people of Georgia have in Convention revoked her ordinance of 1861, which was intended to sever her from the compact of union of 1787. The Constitution of the United States has been reordained as the organic law of our land. Whatever differences of opinion heretofore existed as to where our allegiance was due during the late state of things, none for any practical purpose can exist now. Whether Georgia, by the action of her Convention of 1861, was ever rightfully out of the Union or not, there can be no question that she is now in, so far as depends upon her will; and I deem the whole United States therefore is now without question our country, to be cherished and defended as such by all our hearts and by all our arms. The Constitution of the United States, and the treaties and laws made in pursuance thereof, are now acknowledged to be the paramount law in this whole country. Whoever, therefore, is true to these principles is now recognized as loyal, as far as that term has any legitimate use or force under our institutions. This is the only kind of loyalty, and the only test of loyalty that the Constitution itself requires. All therefore who accept the issue of the war in good faith, and come up to the test required

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by the Constitution, are now loyal, however they may have heretofore been.

The Freedmen.—But with this change comes a new order of things. One of the results of the war is a total change in our whole internal policy. Our former social fabric has been entirely subverted. The relation heretofore, under our old system, between the African and European races, no longer exists. Slavery, or the status of the black race—their subordination to the whites, upon which all our institutions rested—is abolished forever, not only in Georgia, but throughout the limits of the United States. This change should be received and accepted as an irrevocable fact. It is a bootless question now to discuss whether the new system is better for both races than the old one was or not. Our present duty in regard to this subject is not with the past or the future. It is with the present.

This duty of giving this new system a fair and just trial will require of you, as legislators of the land, great changes in our former laws in regard to this large class of population. Wise and humane provisions should be made for them; ample and full protection should be secured to them so that they may start equal before the law in the possession and enjoyment of all rights of personal liberty and property. Many considerations claim this at your hands. Among these may be stated their fidelity in times past. They cultivated your fields, ministered to your personal wants and comfort, nursed and reared your children, and even in the hour of danger and peril they were in the main true to you and yours. To them we owe a debt of gratitude as well as acts of kindness. This should also be done because they are poor, untutored, uninformed, many of them helpless, liable to be imposed upon, and need it. All obstacles, if there be any, should be removed which can possibly hinder or retard the blacks to the extent of their capacity. All proper aid should be given to their own efforts. Channels of education should be opened up to them; schools and the usual means of moral and intellectual training should be encouraged among them.

The Union.—My only hope is in the peaceful re-establishment of good government; and its peaceful maintenance is the restoration of the old Union, and with it the speedy return of fraternal feeling throughout its length and breadth. Let it not be said of us in this day, not yet passed, of our country's trial and agony, that there was a party for Cæsar, and a party for Pompey, and a party for Brutus, but no party for Rome; but all patriots, by whatever distinction heretofore styled, rally in all elections. Every where to the support of him, be he whom he may, who bears the standard with Constitution emblazoned on its folds. President Johnson is now, in my judgment, the chief great standard-bearer of these principles, and in his efforts at restoration should receive the cordial support of every well-wisher of his country. In this consists really my only hopes. Should he be sustained, and the Government be restored to its former functions, all the States brought back to their practical relations under the Constitution, our situation will be greatly changed from what it was before. A radical and fundamental change, as has been stated, has been in that organic law. We shall have lost what was known as our peculiar institution, which so entertwined with the whole frame-work of our State body politic. We shall have lost nearly half the accumulated capital of a century, but shall have still left the essential of free government contained and embodied in the old Constitution, untouched and unimpaired, as they came from the hands of our fathers. I know of no land the sun shines on that offers better prospects under these contingencies. The old Union was based on the assumption that it was for the best interests of the people of the United States to be united as they were, each State faithfully performing to the people of other States all their obligations under a common compact. I always said that this assumption was founded on broad, correct, and statesmanlike principles. I think so yet. It was only when it seemed to be impossible further to maintain it without hazarding greater evils than would perhaps attend a separation that I yielded my assent, in obedience to the voice of Georgia, to try the experiment just resulting so disastrously to us. Indeed, during the whole lamentable conflict, it was my opinion that, however the pending strife might terminate, so far as the appeal to the sword was concerned, after a while when the passions and excitement of the day should pass away, an adjustment or arrangement would be made upon constitutional principles, upon a general basis of reciprocal advantage and mutual convenience, on which the Union was first established.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* we have only accounts of isolated guerrilla contests, and these are so colored by the medium through which they pass that they must be received with great allowance. Thus we are told that on the 23d of January Mendez, a Juarist commander, captured near Tampico a train of merchandise worth half a million dollars, besides a thousand mules; and that subsequently he was attacked by the garrison of Tampico, and defeated, with the loss of 850 men, the Imperialists losing only 100. Another General Mendez, an Imperialist, is said to have gained a victory in the State of Michoacan, over the Republican commander Regules, killing many and capturing 600 prisoners, and all of the enemy's artillery and ammunition. The Imperialists claim several other successes in various parts of the country. On the other hand, it is said that the whole State of Sinaloa, with the exception of Mazatlan, is in possession of the Republicans. Simultaneously with the intelligence of the probable withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico come reports that the Emperor of Austria has offered to furnish his brother Maximilian with any number of Austrian troops, provided that he will pay them—a condition with which the present condition of the Mexican finances will render it hard to comply.

Chili and *Peru* have entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, and Peru has declared war against Spain, and a Peruvian fleet has gone to unite with that of Chili. Meanwhile the Spanish fleet had concentrated near Valparaiso, and made an attack, in which they were repulsed, upon the garrison at Caldervilla.

FRANCE.

The session of the Legislative Bodies was opened on the 22d of January by the speech of the Emperor. It was much longer and more elaborate than is usual with royal speeches. Passing over the portions which relate to the internal affairs of the Empire, we notice briefly those which pertain to foreign affairs. Peace, says the Emperor, seems every where assured, for means are sought to overcome difficulties by friendly methods, instead of resorting to arms. The meeting of the French and English fleets in the same ports has cemented the accord between the two nations. With respect to Germany, the Emperor does not intend to meddle with questions in which France is not directly concerned. With respect to Italy, which has "affirmed her unity by inaugurating her capital in the centre of the Peninsula," there is reason to rely on "the indispensable maintenance of the power of the Holy Father." The most important paragraphs for us are the following, which relate to this continent:

"In Mexico, the Government founded by the will of the people is becoming consolidated; the non-contents, vanquished and dispersed, have no longer any leader. The national troops have shown their worth, and the country has found guarantees of order and security which have developed its resources and raised its commerce with France alone from twenty-one to seventy-seven millions. According to the hope which I expressed last year, our expedition is approaching its termination. I am coming to an understanding with the Emperor Maximilian for fixing the period for recalling our troops; so that the return may be effected without compromising the French interests which we have to defend in that distant country.

"North America, after having victoriously issued from a formidable contest, has re-established the old Union and solemnly proclaimed the abolition of slavery. France, which forgets no noble page in her history, forms sincere wishes for the prosperity of the great American Republic, and for the maintenance of amicable relations, now of nearly a century's duration. The emotion produced in the United States by the presence of the French army on the Mexican territory will subside before the frankness of my declarations. The American people will understand that our expedition, in which we had invited them to take part, was not opposed to their interests. Two nations,

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both equally jealous of their independence, should avoid any step in which their dignity and their honor would be engaged."

The Senate, in reply to this portion of the Emperor's speech, said:

"Your Majesty informs us that the memorable expedition to Mexico approaches its termination. This is announced to satisfy France that the protection of her commercial interest is assured in a vast and wealthy market now restored to security. As regards the United States, if, from misconception, the presence of the French flag in America appeared to them less opportune than at a previous and most illustrious period of their history, the firm tone of the communications made by your Majesty's Government has demonstrated that haughty and menacing language will not decide us to withdraw. France is accustomed to move only at her own time, but she nevertheless wishes to remember the ancient friendship between herself and the United States. What your Majesty asked of the United States is neutrality and observance of international law."

GREAT BRITAIN.

The British Parliament was opened on the 6th of February, the Queen being present. The Royal Speech was, however, read by the Lord Chancellor. We quote some of the leading paragraphs:

"My relations with foreign Powers are friendly and satisfactory, and I see no cause to fear any disturbance of the general peace.

"The meeting of the fleets of France and England in the ports of the respective countries has tended to cement the amity of the two nations, and to prove to the world their friendly concert in the promotion of peace.

"I have observed with satisfaction that the United States, after terminating successfully the severe struggle in which they were so long engaged, are wisely repairing the ravages of civil war. The abolition of Slavery is an event calling forth the cordial sympathies and congratulations of this country, which has always been foremost in showing its abhorrence of an institution repugnant to every feeling of justice and humanity.

"I have at the same time the satisfaction to inform you that the exertions and perseverance of my naval squadron have reduced the slave-trade on the West Coast of Africa within very narrow limits.

"A correspondence has taken place between my Government and that of the United States with respect to injuries inflicted on American commerce by cruisers under the Confederate flag.

"A conspiracy, adverse alike to authority, property, and religion, and disapproved and condemned alike by all who are interested in their maintenance, without distinction of creed or class, has unhappily appeared in Ireland. The constitutional power of the ordinary tribunals has been exerted for its repression, and the authority of the law has been firmly and impartially vindicated."

The alarm excited by the Fenian movement has greatly increased. On the 16th of February Sir George Grey in the Commons, and Earl Russell in the Peers, announced that on the following day they would ask leave to bring in a bill to suspend for a limited time the *Habeas Corpus* Act in Ireland. The importance attached to this measure is evinced by the fact that the Commons had specially agreed to hold a special session on that day (Saturday) for this purpose, and Earl Russell asked the Peers to do the same, in order that no time might be lost in pressing the measure. On the 17th, in asking leave to bring in the bill, Sir George Grey said that the Fenian conspiracy had only recently assumed its present proportions. It was necessary to strike an effective blow at these schemes, which were discountenanced by the American Government. The loyalty of the British army, he said, was without a doubt; but the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland had earnestly requested the suspension of the Act, saying that he could not hold himself responsible for the safety of the country if the power was withheld from him. In the Commons the bill suspending the *Habeas Corpus* was passed by a vote of 364 to 6, no opposition being made except by Mr. Bright, who protested against it, but said that he would not oppose the Government. The bill also passed the Peers without opposition, Earl Derby, the leader of the Opposition, merely remarking that it would be for the Government to justify the course it was about to take. If the House of Commons agreed to the proposal, he would not interpose a moment's delay; but he hoped that the Government would, at the earliest possible moment, state the grounds upon which they relied for the justification of their proceedings. The bill, having passed both Houses, received the Royal assent on the same day.

On the 17th of February more than a hundred arrests were made in Dublin of persons, mostly strangers, supposed to be implicated in the Fenian movement; and this was presumed to be but a beginning of the arrests. Meanwhile the troops in Ireland were being distributed among the small towns. It is stated, though not officially, that the Government has private information that a Fenian privateer had put to sea, and that this was one of the reasons for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*. A French paper gives more definite shape to this rumor by chronicling a report, which, however, needed confirmation, that a steamer called the *Fort Morgan*, which had been used as a Federal gun-boat, had been purchased by the Fenians, and under the name of the *Cuba* had put to sea from New York on the 20th of January. The French paper adds that this vessel, if there be such an one, will be considered a pirate by all naval powers, and if captured all her crew should be hanged.

SPAIN.

The attempted insurrection under General Prim has proved to be a failure, whatever may have been its object. Prim made his way to Portugal, where his small force was disarmed. From thence it is said that he was to proceed to England.——Some difficulty has arisen between Italy and Spain in reference to the relations of the Government of Italy and the Pope. The Italian Minister at Madrid was instructed to remind the Spanish Government that "the September Convention, while acknowledging the principle of non-intervention, nevertheless placed certain conditions upon the application of that principle. Those conditions concern France exclusively. You will therefore declare that, as regards other Powers, their non-intervention in the political affairs of Rome will always remain an unqualified principle, upon which the conduct of Italy will be invariably based."——No little alarm has been occasioned in Spain by the reported presence of Chilian privateers upon the Spanish coast. A Peruvian frigate, the *Huasca*, lying at Brest, in France, had enlisted French sailors. But Peru having declared war against Spain, these sailors were disembarked at the request of the French authorities. Spain, in endeavoring to bully the South American Republics, appears to have rendered herself liable to far greater injuries than any which she can inflict.

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Editor's Drawer.

OUR town is located on Bass River, at the mouth of which, where it empties into Boston Bay, lie the "Lobster Rocks," troublesome to the fishing-boats in former days. Captain P—— carried on the fishing business in those days, and had in his employ a droll old man, well known by the name of "Old Goudy," who on a certain occasion had come to grief on these same rocks, when returning from a fishing trip, much to his chagrin, as it disturbed his laurels as a successful skipper.

Captain P—— was a member of the "Great and General Court," and some insinuations had been thrown out, in Goudy's hearing, that the honorable members thereof were fond of long sessions. In securing a "Fare" Captain P—— found a very poor and lank fish, which he held up to Goudy's notice, and remarked, "Goudy, this chap looks as though he had been starved on the Lobster Rocks." Goudy winced under the effects of the "shot," and, eying the fish, retorted, "It's a plaguy sight more likely he has starved *sitting in your old gineral cort!*" None laughed more heartily, or told the story with greater glee afterward, than the worthy Captain P——.

ON another occasion, in those "dear old times" when it was the fashion to "carry the jug," and the custom for the "Conscript Fathers" to assemble at the "store" to tell stories and moisten the inner man, old Goudy arrived with his jug and faced the "respectables," who regarded him (in the matter of joking) as "fair game." An "old liner," in a rather important manner, greeted him with that quotation from Job: "And Satan came also among them." Old Goudy looked from one to another, and after measuring the "Fathers" with his twinkling eyes, retorted: "Yes, yes; *and presented himself before the ungodly!*"

IN King William III.'s time a Mr. Tredenham was taken before the Earl of Nottingham, on suspicion of having treasonable papers in his possession. "I am only a poet," said the captive, "and those papers are only my roughly-sketched play." The Earl, however, examined the papers, and then returned them, saying: "I have heard your statement and read your play, and, as I can find no traces of a plot in either, you may go free."

A VERY veracious contributor writes:

The wild pigeons of the State of Indiana seem just now to be holding a mass convention near the town of Bedford. Every Western man knows that there are *some* pigeons at a pigeon roost. A young Nimrod, out after the said pigeons, it being very dark, hitched his horse to a tree loaded with pigeons. When he fired his gun the pigeons flew off the tree, which, having been before bent down by the mass of birds, now resumed its erect position, and lifted the horse high in air. How the horse was got down is not stated, but we presume it was done after the manner that the Baron Munchausen recovered his horse when he hitched it to the church-steeple during a heavy snow.

AN American lately in London, who was badgered by the English on almost every topic, at last determined to go on the Mississippi steamboat style, and brag down every thing. His first chance occurred at an exhibition of paintings, where a picture of a snow-storm attracted general admiration.

"Is not that fine?" asked a John Bull. "Could you show any thing as natural as that in America?"

"Pooh!" answered the free-born American, "that is no comparison to a snow-storm picture painted by a cousin of mine a few years since. That painting was so natural, Sir, that a mother, who incautiously left her babe sleeping in a cradle near it, on returning to the room, *found her child frozen to death!*"

From that time onward the American had the "freedom of the city."

A MAN not a thousand miles from New York once asked another whom he liked the best to hear preach. "Why," said he, "I like Mr. Johnson best, because I don't like any preaching, and his comes nearest to nothing of any that I ever heard."

OUT in Michigan a number of farmers were sitting in front of a country store at the close of a sultry day, and telling stories about their work, and so on, when one of them took the rag off the whole of them by relating his experience:

"I say, you have all told whopping big yarns now; but I'll just tell you what I done once in York State, on the Genesee Flats, and on my father's farm. He owned a meadow just a mile long, and one morning in June I began to mow—sun about an hour high—and mowed right along the whole length of the field. The grass was so heavy that I had to mow down to the lower end of the field, and walk—or, as we say, 'carry my swath.' Well, I worked on till sundown, and then quit. I just thought, as the meadow was exactly a mile long, I'd count the swaths, and I did, and there was *one hundred!* That, gentlemen, is what York State folks call a big day's work!"

"So you walked two hundred miles that day, did you?" asked one farmer.

"And mowed all the while you were walking?" said another.

"So it seems," replied the great mower. "I tell you the facts, and you can make as much of it as you can."

BARON ROTHSCHILD once complained to Lord Brougham of the hardship of not being allowed to take his seat in Parliament. "You know," said he, "I was the choice of the people." To which the ex-Chancellor, with his usual causticity, replied, "So was Barabbas."

GEORGE IV., in the latter part of his life, was in the habit of quoting the Iron Duke as a witness to the statement that his Majesty had led in person the decisive charge at Waterloo. Wellington's answer on such occasions invariably was: "I have often heard your Majesty speak of that before."

CAPTAIN WARD was an eccentric of the first water, and one of his peculiarities was that he never gave the desired answer to a direct question. An amusing instance of this evasive habit is related:

One morning four of his friends, who were aware of this trait in his character, observed the Captain

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going to market, and, after some bantering, entered into a bet as to the probability of learning from him the price he paid for his purchase. They accordingly settled the preliminaries, and stationing themselves at different points along E—— Street, which he must pass on his way home, awaited his coming. Very soon the bluff old gentleman made his appearance with a bunch of pigeons in his hand. As he approached, the first questioner accosted him with:

"Good-morning, Captain! What did you give for pigeons this morning?"

"Money!" said the Captain, bluntly, as he moved up the street.

The second gentleman, a little further on, addressed him, and asked,

"How go pigeons this morning, Captain?"

"They don't go at all—I carry 'em!" was the equally unsatisfactory reply.

Shortly after he met the third, who passed the time of day, and inquired:

"How much are pigeons a dozen, Captain?"

"Didn't get a dozen—only bought half a dozen!" said the old gentleman, gruffly, still plodding on his way.

Finally, the fourth and last of the conspirators cottoned to the wary old salt, by observing, in the blandest tones:

"A fine lot of pigeons you have there, Captain! What did you get them for?"

"To eat!" was the pertinent and emphatic rejoinder; and the Captain reached home without further molestation.

If the pigeons did not take wing, the joke did, and has been handed down by tradition to the present day.

A SCHOOLMASTER, who was as fond of his grog as of his globes, was asked the difference between gravity and gravitation. "When I've drunk five glasses of grog," replied the pedagogue, "my gravity vanishes, and my gravitation begins to operate."

FEMALE COURTSHIP.

Two or three looks when your swain wants a kiss,
Two or three Noes when he bids you say "Yes;"
Two or three smiles when you utter the "No,"
Two or three frowns if he offers to go;
Two or three speeches, like, "Ah, go away!"
Two or three times you must hold him to stay;
Two or three smiles when astray for small chat,
Two or three tears, though you can't tell for what;
Two or three letters when rows are begun,
Two or three quarrels before you have done;
Two or three meetings to walk here and there,
Two or three nights to the court-house repair;
Two or three dances to make you jocose,
Two or three hours in a corner sit close;
Two or three starts when he bids you elope,
Two or three glances that intimate hope;
Two or three pauses before you are won,
Two or three faintings to let him press on;
Two or three sighs when you've wasted the tears,
Two or three hems when the parson appears;
Two or three squeezes when the hand's given away,
Two or three coughs when you've come to obey;
Two or three courtesies when marriage is over,
Two or three honeys discovering your lover;
Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes
Two or three husbands, though hard is the times.

MINNIE was a bright child, three years old. Fun and merriment sparkled in every feature. Upon one occasion her father took her to an anniversary of a Sunday-school. She had never before been in a church, and had never heard the music of an organ, excepting in the street. The itinerant hand-organ, with its frequent accompanying biped, was her delight. The moment the first notes were struck on the church instrument her countenance beamed with rapture; but peering about, over the shoulders of those around her, a shade of disappointment was apparent, and coming in range of her father's ear, she whispered, "Where is the monkey, papa?"

THE epitaph of the witty divine, Dr. Thomas Fuller, is worthy of himself; simply—

"Fuller's earth."

There is a professional point in the epitaph of the eminent barrister, Sir John Strange:

"Here lies an honest lawyer—that is *strange*."

And by what an outrageous quibble has the name of William Button, Esq., been handed down to immortality! The epitaph is to be seen in a churchyard near Salisbury:

"O! sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles,
Are graves then dwindled into Button-holes?"

One of the best of this briefer kind was proposed by Jerrold, whose wit did not always wear so courteous a dress. Charles Knight, the Shakspearian critic, was the subject, and the words—

"Good Knight."

Professional rivalry produced this ill-natured inscription for the tombstone of a Western editor:

"Here *lies* an editor."

A RURAL pastor prayed fervently for rain during a severe drought, which began to fall in torrents just as the services closed, when two farmers walking home together were getting awfully wet, and one remarked to the other: "The parson does pray with a good unction." "Yes," replied the other; "but he lacks judgment."

A PASTOR in the West, says a correspondent of the Drawer, gave notice in the morning service that special prayer would be made in the afternoon for rain, and advised the people to bring their umbrellas. They did so, but no rain came. The next Sabbath it was fair, and they got wet going home. This experience led them to distrust their pastor's weather-wisdom, if not his faith.

A CONFERENCE preacher one day went into the house of a Wesleyan Reformer, and saw the portraits of three expelled ministers suspended from his walls.

"What!" said he, "have you got them hanging there?"

"Oh yes," was the answer; "they are there."

"Ah, well! but one is wanted to complete the set."

"Pray who is that?"

"Why, the Devil, to be sure."

"Ah," said the Reformer, "but he is not yet expelled from the Conference!"

A GENTLEMAN sent his Irish servant up to his room for a pair of boots, and at the same time told him to be sure and get mates, as there were two pairs together in the closet. Patrick returned with two boots, but odd ones. "Why, don't you see that these are not alike? One is a long top, and the other is a short one!" said the gentleman, out of patience with the fellow. "Bedad, your Honor," said Pat, in apology, "and it's true for ye, but thin *the other pair was just so too!*"

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Doctor S—— has a large practice and owns a large farm. Pat Malrooney worked for the Doctor, and was sent one day to do a job on the east side of a very steep high hill. The sun passed behind the hill a long time before it was sunset according to the almanac. On that day the sun disappeared as usual, and Pat went to the house. The Doctor asked him why he "quit so early?" "And shure," said Pat, "I worked until sundown." "Why," said the Doctor, "it is not sundown yet—don't you see it shine?" pointing across the lake. "And, faith, your Honor, I was not working over there at all, at all!"

An enterprising bookseller in New Haven, puffing his pens in verse, sent the effusion to one of the papers for publication. Among the lines was one alluding to ancient pens of mighty power, made of feathers plucked from "Jove's eagle," which the printer did not read aright, and it appeared in print as "*Jones'* eagle," thereby causing witty remarks from a rival journal upon the probable amount of tail-feathers that Jones' bird possessed.

Captain L——, of the Quarter-Master's Department, is a jolly good fellow, but, like many others, is an ardent admirer of a good article of the "ardent." Such an article was to be had at Sampson's for $10 50 per gallon, and the Captain purchased there exclusively. During the Christmas times the Captain and some friends had been "indulging" to an extent that somewhat confused the Captain's ideas. One evening he made the discovery that he was in need of a new supply of hose, whereupon he called his "boy Tucker," and instructed him as follows: "Tucker, go down to that store where they sell stockings at ten dollars and a half a gallon, and get me half a dozen pairs of whisky!"

Tom Miller was a private of the Forty-second Regiment Ohio Volunteers, and served over one year in the First Wisconsin Battery Light Artillery. Tom was as good a soldier as ever munched hard-tack, but never having had the advantages of schooling was not well versed in the dead languages. When the expedition under General Banks went up Red River, in the spring of 1864, Tom was sick, and remained behind in hospital. After our return to New Orleans from that disastrous campaign Lieutenant Aylmer, of the First Wisconsin Battery, was thrown from his horse under a street car, and his right arm so injured that it had to be amputated near the shoulder. The boys of the battery wished to tender him an expression of their regards, and concluded to present him a nice gold watch and chain. The present was purchased, and the usual presentation inscription, neatly engraved on the cases, followed by the battles, in their regular order, in which the Lieutenant had taken part; and then the Latin motto "*Nil desperandum*" was put at the bottom, as an encouraging word for the discouraged Lieutenant.

The watch was intrusted to my keeping until the presentation came off—which, alas! was not to be, as he was taken with pneumonia and died very suddenly. It had been exhibited to all the boys in camp, but Tom had just returned from hospital and wanted to see it. So I showed it to him, and read the inscription, names of battles, and motto. "Nil-disprandim," says Tom, "where was that? Oh! that was the fight up Red River! I knew all the rest of them, and *that* was the only fight the battery was ever in without me since the commencement of the siege of Vicksburg!"

No person was better known in Elk Horn, Wisconsin, a few years ago, than was General W——. He was a great admirer of General Jackson, and often wished for such a man in the Executive Chair at Washington. The General (W——, not Jackson) was present at the post-office one evening while the crowd was waiting for the mails to be distributed, and it being at the time when Heenan and Sayers were disputing about the belt, the matter was there being discussed by a party who were very indignant at the unfairness of the English pugilist and his friends. The opinion was expressed that the United States Government should take the matter in hand. General W—— was a very attentive listener, and one of the party asked him what he thought of the matter? "Think! why I think," said he, "that if General Jackson was in the Chair that belt would come over mighty quick!"

We have smart children in Michigan as well as elsewhere, as the following will show:

At the Scotch Kirk Sabbath-school the superintendent was asking questions on the lesson, which was a part of the Old Testament where Samuel anointed David, son of Jesse, king. The question was asked, "Who was Jesse?" This was a stunner. "What! can't tell who Jesse was! Mary, you can tell us, can't you?" addressing an eight-year-old of the plaid. "Oh yes, I know," exclaimed Mary, "Jesse was the flower of Dumblane!"

But Mary don't match my little four-year-old cousin James, who is very restless, and will not sit still long enough to hear more than three words of what you wish to tell him before he jumps at the conclusion and is off. His mother wishing to break him of the habit, took him on her lap and commenced to talk to him. For the first time he was very much interested. This pleased aunt, and she thought she would give him a good lecture. He heard her through, and as she was about to put him down he looked as if he wished to say something.

"What is it, James?" asked the mother.

"Why, ma, when you talked your under-jaw went, but your upper-jaw didn't move a bit!"

It is likely James will profit by the lecture.

Noticing in your February Number a story connected with our late much-lamented President, wherein his first "picture" had been taken, I am reminded of one in which one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania figures. Judge B——, well known throughout the State, as well for his legal lore as his utter disregard for personal appearance, when presiding Judge had before him a small boy as a witness. The Judge asked him if he knew the character of an oath, its importance and solemnity, and if he read his Catechism? The boy replied that the meaning of an oath was that he should not tell a lie. The Judge told the boy to look at him carefully, and tell him whether he could recognize him six months from then, and identify him by his oath. The boy eyed the Judge critically, and replied, "I think I could, if you did not comb your hair!"

A North Carolina correspondent writing from Raleigh says:

A very prominent member of the late "Confed-

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erate" Congress, now a member of our Legislature here, gives the following of General Grant: "While coming from my plantation near Milliken Bend, in the State of Mississippi, I came across a squad of Federal cavalry, and of course surrendered, and under arrest was taken to General Grant's head-quarters. I was treated very kindly by the General, and after explaining to him my being a citizen he gave me a pass through the lines for myself and boy. I came to Raleigh while the General was lately on his tour of observation through the South. He put up at the Exchange Hotel. After an introduction I said: 'General, I once had the pleasure of meeting you under very different circumstances.' He asked how was it. I told him of my being brought to his head-quarters under arrest. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have had the pleasure of meeting a large number of Southern *gentlemen* under very similar circumstances during the war.' Of course I acknowledged the joke, and a hearty laugh all round was the result."

THE following occurred within gun-sound of Madison, Wisconsin:

Adam Smith is an old settler, although not a very old man. He is a farmer, but also keeps tavern, and is postmaster for the district. A short time ago he received a letter in his office addressed "Hon. A. Smith." This letter, it appears, had been lying in his office some time when a party of bloods happened to call in to have a chat with Adam and take a little refreshment. While sitting there a woman came in and inquired for a letter, which Adam handed to her after looking over his pile of letters, and he came across the letter above named, for which he could not find an owner. He took the letter in his hand, and leaning over his bar said, "Look a-here! I reckon I have lived in this neighborhood pretty near twenty years, and I do think I know every man and woman in this 'ere deestrict, especially of the name of Smith, but I'll be switched if I can find a man by the name of Hon. A. Smith." One of the young gentlemen said, "Let me look at that letter, Adam," and Adam handed it to him. After looking at it he said, "Adam, were you not a member of Assembly a short time since?" Adam replied, "Yes." Whereupon Mr. P—— said, "Why, Adam, this letter belongs to you, and means Honorable A. Smith, of course." Adam at first seemed to be entirely taken aback, but recovering himself said, "Gentlemen, what will you take? But hang a man who does not know enough to write a man's name in full!"

"WHY did you not admire my daughter?" said Mrs. P—— to a gentleman after a party which her daughter attended.

"Because," said he, "I really am no judge of painting."

"But surely," rejoined the lady, "you never saw an angel that was not painted."

"CAPTAIN SILK has just arrived in the city," said a gentleman.

"Heavens, what a name for a soldier!" said a lady.

"The best in the world," rejoined the gentleman, "for *silk* never can be *worsted*."

DURING the recent war with the South Mr. Manton was promoted Colonel of one of the Illinois regiments of volunteers. On one occasion while home for a time from his regiment he had the honor to preside over a kind of mass or war meeting held at Rockford, where a large concourse were assembled to listen to several speeches, alternated by songs from the glee-club of that place. At that time the comic song "Old Shady" was much in vogue here, but the Colonel, either not being a musician, or having been in the army for some time, was not aware that such a song existed. Now it happened that just after singing at one time there was a pause in the proceedings, during which there were voices in the crowd calling, "Old Shady! Old Shady!" As the club did not think proper to favor them with a rehearsal of Old Shady, and the Colonel supposing that some one was called upon to speak, arose with an important air, saying, "If Mr. Shady is present we should be very glad to hear from him;" then glancing around the assembly to see if Mr. Shady made any response, he resumed his seat, amidst the shouts and roars of laughter which followed.

IN a little town in Ohio a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you buy a cow for ten dollars—" when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for ten dollars; father sold one for sixty dollars the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that!"

THE Drawer deals in every thing under the sun—*ergo*, the Drawer deals in cats. A few words, then, about one of the felines: It is proverbial that all "blue jackets" are more or less superstitious; they believe in signs; and, among others, the sure one that some disaster will most certainly befall the ship on board of which a cat is killed at sea. The following circumstances took place in 1826, while on my passage from Lima to Baltimore. Soon after leaving port we had auricular proof that we had a Spanish cat on board. Now I can not undertake to say that the "gato Español" mews more dolefully than the cat of other nations; I vouchsafe to assert, however, that the wailings of the one we had on board were the most hideous and unearthly I ever heard. We had no return cargo on board, for in those days the guano trade was unknown, so that the feline had a clean sweep of the ship, and the largest kind of liberty, of which he made good use, and always at unseasonable hours—at any rate, for the late sleepers—sunrise being his favorite hour for holding forth; beginning down in the lower hold, and so making his way up into the cabin among the "after-guard," from which he was in due time driven by showers of missiles, such as boots, shoes, books, bottles, or whatever other projectile happened to be at hand. Our skipper bore this as long as he could, and when patience had ceased to be a virtue gave orders to "English Bill," our cabin-boy, to catch "gato" and bring him aft before another sunset. Little heed was paid to the order, for the crew—nearly all of whom were Germans, among the most superstitious of all tars—got wind of it, and kept Tom down in the forecastle, and even in their chests, knowing full well that the order meant mischief. Puss got out from their care, however, and again commenced his matins; upon which skipper told "Bill" that if he didn't catch Tom the next day he would treat him to "some salutary exercise," with the accompaniment of a "cat" of a different species—namely, a cat o' nine tails. This

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had the desired effect; and the next morning I was awoke by a violent slam of my state-room door, running on castors, and skipper's voice singing out, "Pull! W——, pull!" Fairly awake thereat, I hopped up in my berth, and saw Tom's body and long swollen tail writhing terribly, his head being in the cabin, and skipper manfully pulling at the door-knob and invoking my aid on the other side. "Obey orders, if you break owners," is the order of the day on ship-board; so I pulled hard, and broke, not the "owners," but the neck of poor puss. We were running, mind you, dead before the wind, with studding-sails out low and aloft, with a cloudless sky, and in latitudes not generally stormy. The cabin windows were both open, and soon out of one of them went the dead body into the "drink." The mate's watch was aft washing decks, and saw it floating astern, accompanied by a flight of "Mother Cary's chickens." All sorts of evil forebodings were indulged in by them, as I afterward learned, and when, in the course of the forenoon, the wind came out suddenly dead ahead, stiffened, and piped to a first-class blow, and orders were passed to douce the studding-sails, then to furl the "rials," then the top-gallant-sails, then double reefs in the top-sails, etc., the crew became insubordinate, and actually refused to lay aloft; and when remonstrated with by the mate, said, "We are all bound to Davy Jones's locker together, and we might as well go down with our sails blown to ribbons as double-reefed." The strong law of command prevailed, however, over Jack's weakness; the sails were in due time reduced, and

"The wind abated and the sea calmed away,
And we sailed safe to America."

Away back in the times of General Jackson's reign of popularity, when in the greater part of Missouri "nobody was nothing" that did not go for Old Hickory, those times brought to the surface of public life some odd specimens of politicians. Many of them did not know much except to hurrah for General Jackson, abuse the tariff and the Bank, and vote the Democratic ticket. To be on that side was enough to elect any man to office, regardless of his claims or qualifications. But still, a desirable and convenient mode of preparing candidates for the Democratic track was the organization of debating clubs in the villages and country settlements, where all the aspiring candidates for popular favor might meet and show off their powers of speech. On such occasions it was customary for any member of the club to invite any friend that he might see proper—who, of course, would be requested to take part in the debate. On one occasion a rising Democrat, Colonel Sam, from the back country, happened to be in town when the embryo Congress was in session. He was pretty well "filled" with whisky. He had a friend in town, a Dr. Sam, who invited his namesake, the Colonel, to attend the debate. The invitation was at once accepted by Colonel Sam, who supposed, of course, that there could be no other subject for debate than war and bloodshed, which he was always ready to debate. The question before the club for debate and settlement that evening was, "Was Queen Elizabeth of England justifiable in beheading Mary Queen of Scots?"—a question which had long disturbed the learned world, and was then referred to that august body for *final decision*. A number of learned and eloquent speeches were delivered for and against the question at issue; when Dr Sam arose and introduced his friend Colonel Sam to the club, and, on his motion, the Colonel was invited to take part in the debate, which invitation the Colonel readily accepted. The Colonel was received with decided symptoms of applause as he slowly arose, steadied himself by the back of a bench, and addressed himself to the President. It is impossible for me so to condense as to give even an outline of his speech, but I will give you the substance and a part of his words. He commenced: "Mr. President, when I consider the momentous importance of the awful responsibility that now rests on me, and the fate of the millions of the rising generations to come that rests on the decision—yea, as it were of the drop of a hat—I say, Sir, it almost overcomes my senses to think of it. [Tremendous cheers on all sides.] Sir, what is the nature of this great question that now convulses our whole land, from Salt River to Indian Creek?" [Renewed cheers and laughter.] Encouraged by these demonstrations of applause, the Colonel continued: "Why, Mr. President, when I think of how this question stirred up our forefathers in the Revolution—of how they fit, bled, and died in defense of this great principle, it is enough to make their sperits rise from their graves to think that any man, or any set of men, would dare to dispute it in this free land of liberty! [More applause, and convulsions of laughter.] Mr. President, I am most done my speech, but when I observe such evidences of approbation all around me, and hear such loud cries of 'Go on! go on!' my heart gits almost too full to speak. I can only say, Mr. President, in conclusion, with sich evidences of approbation of my humble efforts in this great cause, I declare here in this stand, and before all this vast crowd, that I am willing to spill the last drop of blood that runs in my veins in defense of our rights, which is now threatened by this monster usurpation monopoly!" [Continued roars of laughter.] Dr. Sam joined feebly in the laugh, but he was evidently disappointed and chagrined at the exhibition made by his friend the Colonel, whom he had supposed to be a man of some pretensions to intelligence, and probably hoped at some future time to make useful as a political ally.

The Colonel seemed just then to recollect that something had been said about a debate and question; and turning to his friend the Doctor, inquired: "Sam, which side was I on?" The Doctor replied, somewhat snappishly: "On the side of Queen Elizabeth." The Colonel did not seem to comprehend what the answer meant, and coolly remarked, "Queen Elizabeth! Don't know any thing about her; never heard of her before. Some Eastern woman, I suppose!" and took his seat amidst the loudest cheers, stamping, and roars of laughter. The President tried to restore order and conclude the debate, but it was utterly impossible, and the club adjourned itself without further debate. This was about twenty-five years since, and whether the question has ever been *settled* or not deponent saith not. The Colonel still lives and hails from Indian Creek, still occasionally debates disputed points, and is said to be a truly loyal Union man.

Any one who has visited for any length of time our beautiful "City of Lakes" (Madison, Wisconsin) must surely have known, at least by report, one Liab Dean, brother-in-law of our present Governor Fairchild. Liab is considered something of a wag, and gets off good things occasionally. One day he was sitting in the "Capital House," reading

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a newspaper, and a friend sitting near noticed he had considerable difficulty in getting the page at the right distance from his eye. Said he: "Liab, what's the reason you can't see?" Liab laid down his paper, and, in no very pleasant tone, said: "No, I can't see; and I find I must get a pair of glasses or a pair of *tongs!*"

YOUNG AMERICA will out. Mr. Pardie, or some one of his profession, was addressing a large assembly of Sunday-school children: "Now, my little boys and girls," he said, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop." They were all silent for a moment, when one cried out at the top of her little voice, "Let her drop!"

A REVEREND reader and contributor sends to the Drawer these anecdotes of Pastor Allen:

The Rev. Isaac Allen, of Bolton, Massachusetts, was noted in all the region in which he lived for his ready wit, quickness at repartee, and the felicity with which he could quote Scripture to suit his purpose. Among the many good things which are told of him the following is perhaps the best. It would not have done discredit to Talleyrand himself: Mr. Allen, from a bad fall on the ice when he was a boy, was a cripple, so that one of his legs was considerably shorter than the other, and he limped a good deal in his gait. When an undergraduate at Harvard University, returning to his room one night with a group of fellow-students behind him, he overheard one of his companions quoting from the Book of Proverbs (chap. xxvi. verse 7), "The legs of the lame are not equal." Whereupon Mr. A. faced immediately about, and crushed the offender effectually by quoting the last clause of the same verse: "So is a parable in the mouth of fools."

ANOTHER time, when he had been some time minister in Bolton, a company of visitors was at his house, and a very lively lady, wife of a neighboring minister, was running on, much to his annoyance, in sharp, and, as he thought, unjustly-severe comments, on the conduct of certain persons of their common acquaintance. He tried in vain to stop her: but at length, when she had talked herself all out of breath, she wound up with—"There! I *must* speak my mind; my heart prompts me to do it, and it would break if I didn't!" Regarding her with a very peculiar look, which he had at such times, he deliberately answered: "Perhaps, ma'am, you had better let it break; for don't we read, "The tongue of the just is as choice silver, but the heart of the wicked is little worth?" Whether or not the "best instincts" of the lady urged her to talk as she did, and whether the rebuke was as well deserved as it was apt and cutting, tradition does not say.

ONE more specimen of his quality and we have done: A young man, just fledged from his preparatory studies (there were no Theological Schools in those days), preached an expository discourse in his pulpit, and the people noticed that Mr. A., who was sitting in the pulpit, listened to it with a displeasure which he took little pains to conceal. They could always tell, his old parishioners would say, whether he liked the sermon or not. When the service was over and they were leaving the church, the young preacher happened to turn and observed a certain pictorial representation on the wall of the old church, over the pulpit—two cherubs floating on clouds and pointing into an open Bible spread before them. Underneath was an inscription: "These things the angels desire to look into," which the young man read aloud. "Yes," growled Mr. A., in an undertone, on hearing him, "and didn't find much after all—to-day, at least!"

Though thus seasoning his common, and without a doubt his pulpit discourse also, with "salt which did make many a galled jade to wince," Mr. A. was one of the kindest-hearted of men. His alms-deeds and benefactions in various ways were numerous; and his memory is embalmed among his former parishioners, not more by the salt we have referred to than by many tokens of his affection and care.

A WELL-KNOWN Methodist Episcopal clergyman of Baltimore is responsible for the following:

In the town of B——, Pennsylvania, there is a very flourishing Methodist community, and my friend and informant was recently invited there to dedicate a new church edifice. During his sojourn there the pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. W——, told him the following incident: There is connected with the membership a "brother" more distinguished for zeal than knowledge, and his ignorance often involves him in the grossest blunders. At one of their stated weekly meetings recently there was a large attendance, and the deepest interest was manifested in the exercises. The congregation was singing a hymn to which the following is the chorus:

"My soul is heaven bound!
Glory, Hallelujah!
My soul is heaven bound!
Praise ye the Lord!"

The "ignorant brother" was unusually zealous on this occasion, and joined with great fervor in singing the hymn; but imagine the effect when, not distinctly catching the words of the chorus, he was heard to shout in stentorian tones:

"My soul *weighs seven pounds!*
Glory, Hallelujah!
My soul *weighs seven pounds!*
Praise ye the Lord!"

This is hardly eclipsed by a "brother" who remarked in a "general experience meeting" that he felt "the love of God burning in his stomach!"

A CLERICAL correspondent sends two three items to the Drawer:

A few evenings since I was visiting at the house of my friend, Dr. H——, where I met his youngest son, Arthur, a boy some six years old. As Arthur attended the same school with my little grandson, Willie, of the same age, I asked him if he and Willie were in the same class. "No, Sir!" said Arthur; "Willie is only in Ox, and I am away over where the Eel's in the mud!"

ANOTHER Doctor friend of mine met one of his old acquaintance a short time since in a crowd, and saluted him as is often done by others—"Why! are you alive yet?" "Oh yes, Doctor," was the reply; "I never took that last medicine you left me!"

REV. MR. HARRIS is well known as a Methodist itinerant of Indiana, as much distinguished for his facetiousness as he is for his fine abilities as a preacher. He tells the following on himself:

In 1836 I was traveling on the C——Circuit. I had twenty-four appointments to fill every four weeks, and of course had a great many long horseback rides. On one occasion I fell in company with an

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intelligent gentleman from Kentucky on the main State road, and we traveled several miles together, when a rain-storm drove us to a cabin by the road-side. The family had dinner on the table when we entered, and we were kindly asked "to sit up and eat a bite with them," which of course we did, thinking at the same time the family was very clever to total strangers. But after a little, when the ice was broken and each one at the table seemed to be doing full justice to the occasion, the gentleman of the cabin remarked, with a smile, that he had never heard Mr. Harris preach but *three* times, and if Mr. Harris wouldn't be offended at him he would tell the whole story.

"Go ahead! go ahead!" said Mr. Harris.

"Well," said the landlord of the cabin, "the first time was at S——, on Sunday afternoon, and his text was, 'For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges.' The second time was at Camp Creek, one night, and his text was, 'For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges.' The third time I heard him was in M——. I had gone in for a new recruit of *clocks*—for you must know I'm a clock peddler—and going to the Methodist Church on Sunday night, who should get up to preach but Mr. Harris, and he took for his text, 'For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges!'"

As the clock-peddler finished the table was convulsed; and I, added Mr. Harris, knowing well he was joking on facts, was about to choke on a big potato—but didn't.

THE Methodist Church of Jeffersonville is the only church of that denomination in the State which has *a cross* on its steeple. Many people, of course, looked up at it as "something new in the history of Methodism." One of the old citizens, wishing perhaps to defend the "old style" of church-building, looking at the big cross one day, remarked to a friend:

"Do you see that great big cross on that church? Well, I remember, when the Methodists were poor, each member bore his own cross; but now," he added, "they have become rich, and they have stuck their cross on the top of their church!"

CAPTAIN H——, of this State, is as much noted for his love of fun as he was distinguished for his valor in leading his gallant band in the conflicts of the great rebellion. He tells the following story on himself:

Last year, when I was home on furlough, I had some business at Heltonville, and as I didn't know the road, I was obliged to inquire the way of any one I saw.

"Hello!" I yelled to a fellow away off in a field, "is this the road to Hel-tonville?" letting my voice considerably down on the two last syllables.

The fellow stopped his plow and looked wildly at me.

"I say," said I, "is this the road to Heltonville?"

The poor fellow, no doubt, thought I was crazy, for he left his plow and ran for his life.

I rode on, of course guessing at the correct road, until I saw a woman at a well.

"Madam," said I, with a loud voice to begin on, "is this the road to Hel-tonville?"

She raised her head and put her arms a-kimbo, and stared at me.

"Why, Sir," said she, "you haven't forgot the way *home*, have you?"

I was sold—sold at no price, too.

"You're a knowing woman," said I, "to live this far from head-quarters!" and I rode off as if John Morgan's guerrillas were after me.

PARSON B—— and myself are both fond of boating. Going down to the Brooklyn Club-house, Gowanus, we were passing through a Celtic settlement, where pig-stys and kerosene refineries load the gale with mingled odors.

"Smells of 'ile,'" I observed to the Parson.

"Yes," says Parson B——, "Emerald ile!"

A MEDICAL correspondent writes:

A short time after the battle of Antietam a company of staff-officers were conversing together near the foot of South Mountain, when a rough specimen of the natives of that region approached, and asked if there was a doctor among them. The staff-surgeon, the facetious Doctor D——, of Northern Pennsylvania, was pointed out, when the stranger began to make known his catalogue of afflictions—all amounting to a desire for a dram—to which the Doctor promptly responded: "You have the Hippodrome in the stomach; and as we have not the requisite medicines, I will write you a prescription. If you can get the medicines in Hagerstown they will make you sound as a top."

The following is the prescription:

℞. Compound Ext. Fandangulum Tops ℥ss
Tincture Scrobiculis Cordis..... ℥ss
Pulverized Gymnotus Electricus... ℥ss
Fluid Ext. Gumfunction..... ℥ij
Misce. Divide into sixty pills

Take one every three hours in a table-spoonful of apple butter.

"A CANADA FRIEND" sends these to the Drawer:

Shall we tell your readers one or two anecdotes of Bill H——, a noted practical joker of the town of M——, New York?

Bill was once painting for Mr. B——, and one night Mr. J——'s cow got into B——'s garden, and nearly destroyed it. B——, as a natural consequence, felt aggrieved at the loss of his "garding sass," and calling upon J——, wished him to pay for the damage. They could not agree as to price, and mutually agreed to leave it to Bill to decide. He, nothing loth, accepted the office, and with a knowing air looked over the garden, and assessed the damage at four dollars; and then ordered J—— to bring up his cow. He examined the animal with a sorrowful countenance, praised her fine points, etc., and then gave in his decision thus:

"Wa'al, if that ere caow was mine, I wouldn't hev her lie into that garding overnight fur less 'en five dollars; so, Mr. B——, as the damage to the garding is four dollars, and the damage to the caow is five dollars, you'll hev to pay Mr. J—— one dollar!"—It is unnecessary to say that Mr. B—— never asked Bill to assess for him again.

AT another time Bill was painting a church in C——, and feeling thirsty, and not having "the stamps" to purchase the necessary fluid, threw down his brush, and in his working-clothes, all painted and smeared, walked into Mr. C——'s office (the latter is a deacon, and a *very* strong temperance man). "Mr. C——," said he, "we need two gallons of strong beer to mix with our varnish; it makes it

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dry so much better!" Away bustled the unsuspecting deacon, procured the beer, and Bill went on his way rejoicing.

STACEY, a chubby friend of ours, who is just "coming out" in society, was detailed as waiter at one of our Canada picnics last summer, and during the repast a young lady requested him to fetch her a napkin. Away bustled Stacey, full of the importance of his mission, but without the faintest idea of what he was going for; and soon returned with the important news: "Napkins is all ate, Miss A——; hev to take sumthin' else!"

EVERY body has heard of Lorenzo Dow, the eccentric itinerant preacher. Belated one night in his travels, he entered, quite unceremoniously, an out-of-the-way house and requested lodgings. The woman of the house objected, having for a friend one whom Lorenzo soon ascertained was not her husband. But Lorenzo insisted, and she at length consented—immediately fastening, against further unwelcome visitors, the only outside door of the house. Soon a loud knocking was heard. It was her husband, unexpectedly returned. Unable to leave the house, the friend, to conceal himself, jumped into a large box conveniently at hand, and hastily covered himself with the hatchelings of flax it contained; by which time the wife had unfastened the door and admitted her husband. Having spent the evening at the tavern, he was just tipsy enough to be both boisterous and courageous. He soon made the acquaintance of Lorenzo, whom he had heard much of but had never seen. He had been told that he could raise the devil, and he insisted upon his immediately doing so—not that he believed in any, but if there was any he wanted to see him. In vain Lorenzo objected, protesting his unwillingness and the danger attending it, etc.; but the more than half-drunken husband insisted. At last, said Lorenzo, "If you are determined to see him, open the door, put out the light, and stand out of his way, or he may take you with him; for when he comes it will be in a flame of fire, and I warn you of the consequences." Lighting a bunch of matches, that there might be the greater smell of brimstone, and muttering over a few unintelligible sentences, Lorenzo set fire to the hatchelings, and cried out: "Come forth, thou evil one, and begone forever!" when out sprang the man, completely enveloped in flames, and put for the open door, leaving the house with a most unearthly yell. To his dying day the husband was ready to testify that Lorenzo not only *could*, but in his presence *did* raise the devil, for he had seen and smelled him.

"I WISH I could prevail on neighbor Rip to keep the Sabbath," said good old Mr. Jones. "I'll tell you how to do it," exclaimed incisive young Smith; "get somebody to *lend* it to him, and I'll be bound that he'll *keep* it. He was never yet known to return any thing that he borrowed."

A VENERABLE clergyman in New England, to whom the Drawer has often been indebted, sends the following veritable anecdote—a recent occurrence in his neighborhood:

An old lady residing in —— County not long since lost the companion with whom she had jogged along for many years. She neglected to mark the spot of his burial by a grave-stone. Coming into possession not long after of a small legacy, a sister of the deceased said to her: "I suppose you will now put up a stone for Roger?" Her answer was a settler: "If the Lord wants any thing of Roger at the resurrection, I guess He can find him without a guide-board!"

A MINNESOTA correspondent sends the following: Shortly after the death of the lamented President Harrison, at a meeting of Democrats in the capital city one of the speakers dwelt at length on "this Providential dispensation in behalf of the Democratic party." He "had no hesitation in avowing his belief that the Almighty had permitted the death of the President as a mark of his displeasure," etc. Bill R——, a ragged and dirty vagabond, but withal an enthusiastic Whig, had been listening uneasily from the beginning of the speech, and at this point, unable to control himself longer, broke out with: "*Ye lie, ye old rascal! ye pizened him!*" This upset the gravity of the audience, and the meeting soon after adjourned.

BILL G—— was a flat-boatman who was extensively known along the Ohio and Mississippi for his propensity to "confiscate" for himself, or "for the use of the boat," all the edible articles he could lay his hands on. His special weakness was "fowl." On one occasion he was in hot pursuit of a fine cockerel, which eluded him for some time, and at last fled through the open doorway of the house of its owner, and with outspread wings and mouth agape sought refuge under the only bed. Bill saw the family quietly breakfasting, but his courage and presence of mind did not forsake him. Rushing into the house he drew the unfortunate bird from its hiding-place, and dextrously wringing its neck as he rose to his feet, exclaimed: "*There!—I'll learn ye to fly off the boat!*" and then hastily and unceremoniously left. This was sharp practice, but the best was yet to come. The master of the house soon suspecting that the stranger had "thrown dust in his eyes," quickly unloosed a ferocious bull-dog which had been tied in the rear of the cabin. Bill made his best time, but the dog gained on him rapidly, and as Bill reached the boat was about to seize him, when he was himself seized by Bill, who grasping him by the collar dragged him on board and securely confined him. Bill sold the dog in New Orleans for ten dollars.—For the encouragement of honest people we will add that Bill died a few years afterward in a State Penitentiary.

A LITTLE more than a dozen years ago a stout, well-to-do farmer, of about sixty years, named O——, in the township of B——, in Pennsylvania, was taken suddenly ill, and after a few days' sickness died. In accordance with the wishes of the physician in attendance, and with the consent of the family of the deceased, a post-mortem examination was held to determine the cause of his death. On the evening after the examination had been made, Joe O——, one of the numerous sons of the deceased, dropped in to the store of Mr. A——, a merchant in the place. Joe was a broad-shouldered, big-mouthed fellow, of about thirty-five, who walked with a swagger, and talked in a loud voice and in grandiloquent style. Mr. A—— addressed him as follows:

"Joseph, I understand that a post-mortem examination of the body of your father was made by

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the doctors this afternoon; was you present, and do you know what conclusion was arrived at?"

Hardly waiting until he had heard the question, Joe broke in with:

"Yes, Mr. A——, I was; I was present, and saw the hull operation. I didn't think I could ha' done it, but I did [here his voice faltered]. I didn't think I could ha' done it, but I did; I stood by and saw the hull proceedin's."

Here he paused, and Mr. A—— interposed:

"Your father was a quite fleshy man."

"Yes, Mr. A——, he was; he was a very fat man; his hull insides was covered as much as two inches thick all over with clear fat. Why, Mr. A—— [here he grew enthusiastic], if it had ha' ben a critter I should ha' said—I should ha' said there was as much as sixty weight of rough taller in him! and jest as white, Mr. A——, jest as white as any mutton taller ye ever saw!"

WHILE doing duty as "—— State Agent" at Annapolis, in the spring of 1865, I was much amused at a little passage of wit, or repartee, between Judge Goldsborough and another Judge of the Supreme Court, then in session in that city. Judge Blank was speaking of the death of a mutual friend, and remarked, "He has gone to heaven." Judge Goldsborough immediately replied, "Then you never will meet him again." "Well, well," Judge Blank quietly answered, "you never will be *there* to decide on that point!"

JUDGE JONES, of K——, Missouri, has a keen eye for shrewd, wily bits of sharp practice in this one particular, to wit: Our statute requires a complainant carrying a suit to a higher court to make an affidavit that it is not for the purpose of harassing "*nor* for delay." The Judge had no case, and did want "delay;" so the Judge made his affidavit, "not for the purpose of harassing, *but* for delay." No one noticed the monosyllable, and the case stayed up for three years. Then the client was ready to pay, and the Judge confessed the "dodge."

WE have highly-educated constables on the Border, as this will show: Constable Jones, in publishing some personal property for sale, put up a Notice with the following clause:

"I wyll xspose fr sall the 5 da 1866 uv Jan an lytle rone horse, *or so much tharof* as ma be nessary to sattisfi sed gugment."

THE manner in which our military heroes are let down to their original level on their return home is something more amusing to the lookers-on than flattering to the object. A case in point:

General Sam H—— went out in a regiment from the Badger State as Captain. Before he left the rendezvous he was promoted to Colonel; and for gallant conduct in the field was brevetted Brigadier-General. On his retirement to civil life he told a friend, "They let me down easy." At Washington it was General H——; at Madison Colonel H——; at H——, the town where he organized his Company, it was, "How are you, Captain?" and when he got up to S——, where he resides, every boy with frescoed nose was shouting, "Hello, Sam!"

OUR Johnny, a six-year-old, is the smartest boy of his age in all Lowell. His grandmother recently took him to an afternoon exhibition. As is usual at such places the boys were very noisy and rude, to which, however, Johnny was an exception, behaving admirably. So his grandmother, after the close of the entertainment, to show her approbation of his course, told him that she was very glad to see him behave so much better than the others. At which our Johnny looked up with a somewhat sorrowful countenance, and pathetically exclaimed: "Well, if I hadn't been *afraid*, I'd a made more noise than any of them!"

A CORRESPONDENT in Springfield, Illinois, writes more of "Beau" Hackett:

An anecdote of "Beau" Hackett, the Western humorist, which I have just read, reminds me of a little circumstance which occurred a few months ago to that eccentric individual. "Beau" was stopping a few hours in Springfield, and was intending to go away on the 10 o'clock P.M. train, but finding himself belated, and that the train had left him, he wended his way to the —— House and called for a bed. Next morning he stated to the clerk that he did not wish breakfast, and demanded his bill for the night's lodging.

The clerk glanced hastily at the uncouth figure and rustic garb of his customer, and replied, "Three dollars." The money was paid without a murmur, and "Greeny" retired, leaving the clerk to chuckle over his "nice little game." But the transaction was not ended.

In about an hour "Beau" returned with a dray, and entering the house excitedly told the drayman to "bring that bed down quick, and put it aboard his wagon, as he was in a hurry."

"What bed? What do you mean?" exclaimed the dumfounded clerk.

"Why, my bed, of course; the one I bought and paid you three dollars for this morning," replied the imperturbable Hackett.

By this time the landlord had appeared, and it is needless to attempt a description of the scene which ensued. "Beau" received two dollars of his money back again, the clerk received his walking papers, and will doubtless remember to his dying day the obverse of the rule that fine feathers don't make fine birds.

MANY years ago, in the County of Guernsey, in the State of Ohio, lived the Rev. Timothy B——, farmer, miller, distiller, hog drover, and expounder of the "New Light Suaison." As was his habit to say, "I go forth to preach the Gospel to every one of God's *critters*." Some thirty years ago the writer met him in M'Connelsville, Ohio, and said to him:

"Which way now, Parson B——?"

"I am going out here, west of the River, to fill my pintment made seven years ago to-morrow. I told the folks out thar on Sunday Creek, when I last preached to them, that I would sure be thar, Divine Providence seeing fit, in seven years. Now I am on my way to fill that pintment."

"What! will any one be there to hear you after so long a time? If you have not forgotten the appointment the brethren and sisters certainly have."

"I don't call the rituous; it is the sinners I am arter. With my poor exertions, and *some little aid Divine Providence* may extend, I will put them in mind of it. I'll geather togeather in one flock the lost sheep," etc.

DURING the Administration of President Monroe, after disposing of his drove of hogs "down in the Deestrick," the Rev. Timothy and some four or five

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rough and uncouth hands he had with him concluded they would make a visit to the White House, "to see Jeems Monroe and take him by the hand." Dispensing with the use of cards and formal introduction, Tim and his men pushed themselves past the attendant at the door and stalked into the presence of the President, their clothes, faces, and boots well besmeared, and announced himself to the President as "Rev. Timothy B——, from Ohio," going on his way. "Well, Mr. Monroe, I have jist sold my hogs down hire in the Deestrick, and got the top of the market for them; they were fine lot of hogs, fed on still-slop and corn; and I thought I must, before I left, call on the President with these boys of mine, who never seed a President before, and they are a good ways from home. Well, Mr. President, if you ever git into deficwilty with the Britishers, or any of thim crowned heads across the water, you jist call on Tim B——, of Garnsy County, Ohio, and he will be thar, and these boys [waving his hand toward them] will do to hitch to, you may depend on that, Mr. President."

Tim, in after time, took great delight in relating his visit to "Jeems Monroe down in the Federal City."

Tim's brother, Zeke, was a very ugly man—that is, in face and person he was homely. In an early day Zeke went to Dillon's Furnace, near Zanesville, to purchase sugar kettles. When he had concluded his purchase of some half dozen or more of iron sugar kettles, the foundry man—who, by-the-way, was somewhat of a wag—after looking intently on Zeke and surveying him all over, broke out:

"Well now, friend, look here! You have been a good customer this time, but I must say to you, without intending any offense, you are certainly the ugliest man I ever saw in my whole life; and here I present you with a sixteen-gallon sugar kettle. Take it home with you, and if you ever come across a man uglier than yourself deliver him the kettle."

Zeke cared little for the imputation upon his looks, but was highly pleased with the gift, saying, *sotto voce*, "So much for a man's bad looks!"

Zeke returned home with his store of sugar kettles; and after a while the story of the gift of the sixteen-gallon kettle got out among the neighbors, and came to the ears of Zeke's brother, Tim, who forthwith made a demand on Zeke for the kettle, claiming possession of the same on the terms he had received it from the foundry man—that is, that he, Tim, was an uglier man than he, Zeke.

Zeke positively refused to deliver the kettle. Tim went before a Justice of the Peace in the neighborhood, and entered suit against Zeke for the possession of the kettle, and filed with the Justice the following Bill of Particulars, drawn up by a pettifogger in the neighborhood, viz.:

Tim B—— } Before J—— B——, *Justice of Peace.*
vs. } Suit brought by plaintiff, Tim B——,
Zekiel B—— } to recover from defendant, Zekiel B——, the possession of a certain sixteen-gallon sugar kettle, which the said Zekiel B—— holds in trust for this plaintiff, or any other man who may claim it, according to the condition of a verbal contract between the defendant, Zekiel B—— and M—— D——, of Zanesville Foundry.

Upon this Bill of Particulars process issued, trial was had, witnesses sworn and examined on each side, as to one fact only (all others admitted), viz., which man was the ugliest, Zeke or Tim.

The evidence, in the mind of the Justice, when properly weighed in the scales of justice, was considered about equal; and the Justice, after a few days' deliberation, dismissed the case without prejudice, at the costs of the said complainant, Tim.

Some years since, previous to the adoption of the Code in Kentucky, the following declaration and plea were filed in the Whitley Circuit Court. The plaintiff, Goins, didn't like it go out that any man could abuse him so badly as the plea set up that the defendants had, and dismissed his suit:

State of Kentucky. } Canada Goins, plaintiff, by his
Whitley Circuit Court. } attorney, complains of Thomas R. Harmon and Cornelius Finlay, defendants, of a plea of trespass *vi et armis.*

For that the said defendants, on the day of , 18—, at the State and Circuit aforesaid, with force and arms, assaulted the said plaintiff (to wit), and then and there seized and laid hold of the plaintiff, and with great force and violence pulled, shook, and dragged about the said plaintiff, and gave and struck the said plaintiff a great many violent blows and strokes on divers parts of his body, and then and there, with great force and violence, knocked, cast, and threw him, the said plaintiff, down and upon the ground, and then and there violently kicked the said plaintiff, and gave and struck him a great many other blows, and other wrongs did to the said plaintiff then and there did against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, and to the damage of the said plaintiff $2000—and therefore he brings his suit.

Thos. Harmon } And the defendant comes and acknowl-
vs. } edges the force and injury complained of
Canada Goins. } in plaintiff's declaration in said action sworn because he says that he did draw back his fist and hit plaintiff at the but of the ear and knock him heels over head, and as he arose he gave him a tremendous kick, and turned him about three times over, and as the plaintiff arose the second time he arose a-running, and defendant after him, and as the plaintiff run he holowed murder every jump for about two hundred yards, when defendant being faster on foot than the plaintiff caught him again, and did then and there cuff, flog, castigate, and whip the said plaintiff until he begged and plead with him, and said in a pitiful and plaintive tone, Don't, Tom! don't, Tom! and promised the defendant, if he would let him alone, he would always behave himself well, and love this defendant; and after the matter was all over he came to defendant in cool blood and agreed with defendant that if defendant would never whip him any more that he would not sue this defendant for the above thrashing, which defendant agreed to, and has not whipped him since, which agreement this defendant relies on as a bar to this action; and this, and no other, is the trespass complained of in the plaintiff's declaration, and this he is ready to verify.

Binghamton wishes to be spelled without a *p*. One of her pleasant people says:

Many years since, while the worthy but eccentric Dr. Robinson (father of Major-General John C. Robinson) officiated as village postmaster here, the postmaster of Buffalo fell into the too common error of addressing packages intended for this office to Binghampton, instead of Binghamton. The worthy Doctor was much annoyed by this, and accordingly he addressed a note to the Buffalo postmaster asking him "to keep the *p* out of Binghamton." This, however, failed to have the desired effect, as packages continued to appear with the misspelled address thereon. At length, out of all patience with the stupidity of postmasters in general, and the one at Buffalo in particular, the Doctor addressed a package to him as follows:

"J—— M——, *Postmaster*,
"Buffalop, N. Y."

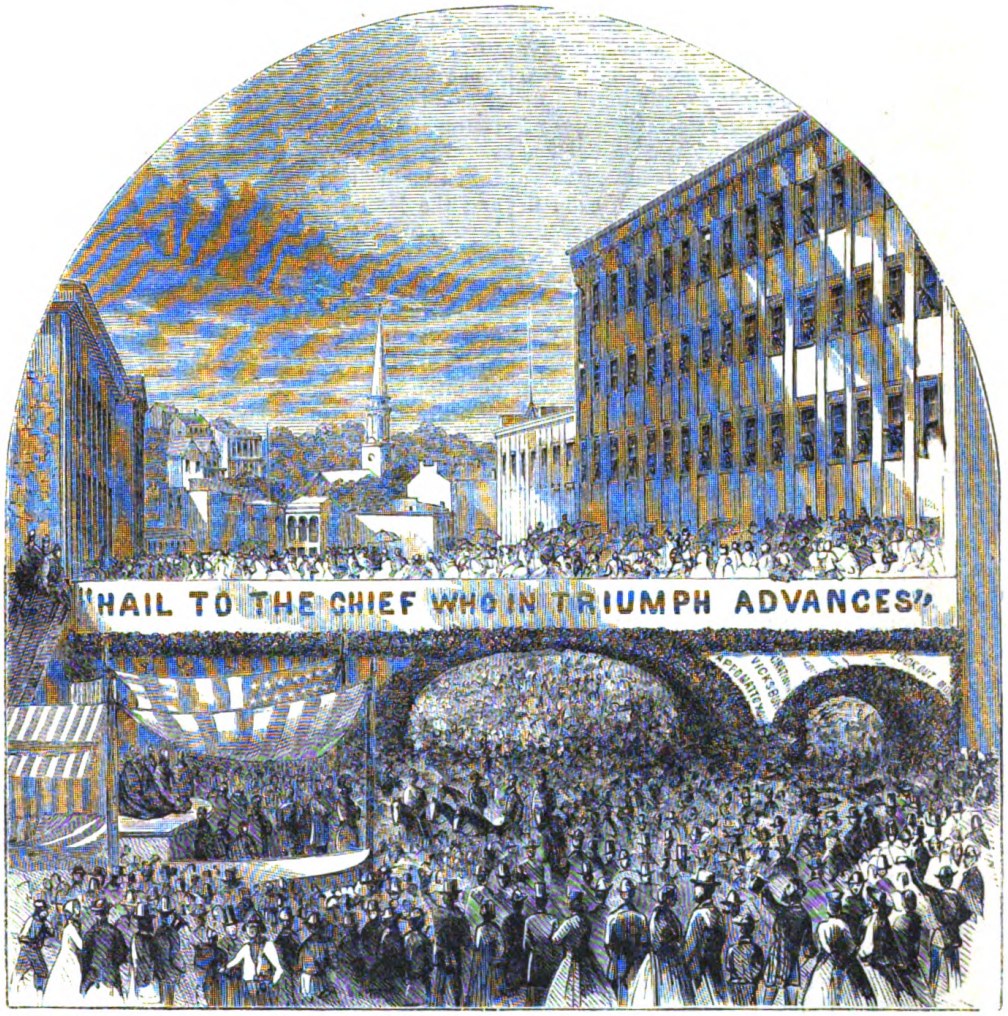
Adding: "There! *how do you like a p in Buffalo?*"

This had the desired effect, so far as the Buffalo postmaster was concerned; and if this article proves as salutary upon your readers it will not have been written in vain.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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GALENA, AUGUST 18, 1865.—RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT.

GALENA AND ITS LEAD MINES.

THE lead-bearing region of what was known as the "Northwest" before the "course of empire" had taken its way still farther northward and westward, and which embraced the country where was located the first "discovery" of "lead ore" by the early travelers, afterward known as the "Spanish Mines" of Upper Louisiana; subsequently the "Fever River Mines," and still later the lead mines of the Upper Mississippi, is at present substantially embraced in Jo-Daviess and Carroll Counties, Illinois; Dubuque County, Iowa, which included the old "Spanish Mine" of Julien Dubuque; and the counties of Lafayette and Grant, in the State of Wisconsin. This is undoubtedly the richest lead-bearing region in the world, and the galena or sulphuret of lead is of the purest quality known, yielding 86.55 and 13.45 of sulphur in 100 parts. It is true that the mines have of late years lost something of their importance,

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and the quantity of lead produced has perceptibly decreased. This is accounted for by the uncertainty of the pursuits of mining, and the fact of the great agricultural wealth of the lead region. In many places one may stand in a field bearing upon its surface as large a crop of wheat, corn, or potatoes, as can be produced from an equal area in any place, and hear the miner blasting rock far beneath him. The pursuits of agriculture being so much more certain, though often slower, the mining has in a very considerable degree been abandoned for farming. The land having been all "taken up" is no longer open for "prospecting."

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, four out of every five men in the country were connected directly or indirectly with mining operations; but it is safe to say that at this day, even in localities where the most mining is done, not one in twenty has any connection with the mining interest. High scientific authority predicted a long time ago that the lead in that wonderful wealthy region would, to use a miner's phrase, soon "Peter out." But not only do the mines continue available and rich, but further developments prove them to be richer and more inexhaustible than was formerly supposed. Many think the time not distant when the vast mineral resources of the lead region will be fully developed, and mining will resume its original importance.

The happy period when the mining interest shall again predominate is looked for with great interest by all the old settlers. Their minds revert with pleasure to the good old times, when the country was filled with roaming, rollicking, boisterous miners, with their picks and gads, tubs and windlasses, and when all the furnaces were in full blast. When the streets of Galena, the mining metropolis, were crowded with sucker-teams, and the teamsters played tunes with the lashes of their enormous whips. When the circulating medium was exclusively gold and silver, and the plentiful sovereigns jingled in every man's pocket. For years and years at Galena the currency was largely composed of sovereigns and five-franc pieces. While the real value of the sovereign was $4 84, and the five-franc piece 93¾ cents, yet in every business transaction of the country they were exchanged as $5 and $1 respectively. The fractions were called "bits" and "picayunes." Copper coin, and the later nickel, have never to this day been introduced in the Galena Lead Mines.

The journals of the Jesuit explorers, Marquette, Hennepin, La Hontan, and Jontel, all speak of the mineral wealth of the "Upper Mississippi." Jontel, who was in the country as early as the year 1687, and who became the historian of La Salle's unfortunate expedition, says that "travelers who have been at the upper part of the Mississippi affirm that they have found mines of very good lead there."

The attention of the French Government had been directed to this section by the reports of early explorers. In 1699 an expedition under the conduct of Iberville and La Surgere was sent out from France to the Mississippi. The Farmer-General, M. L'Huiller, sent with these parties La Seuer and thirty workmen to explore "the mines at the source of the Mississippi." Previous to this, La Seuer had reported a discovery of lead in that region, which report led to the enterprise which L'Huiller had intrusted to him. In the progress of this expedition he reached the mouth of the Missouri River in July, 1700. On the 13th of that month he left that point and ascended the Mississippi. From the 30th of July to the 25th of August he advanced to a little river, which he named the "River of the Mines," and which he describes as follows: "It comes from the north at its mouth, and flows from the northeast. Seven leagues to the right there is a lead mine a league and a half in-



RESIDENCE OF CAPTAIN U. S. GRANT, GALENA, BEFORE THE WAR.

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THE PRESENT RESIDENCE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT, GALENA.

land. This river, except the first three leagues, is only navigable when the waters are high; that is to say, from spring to the month of June." La Seuer may be considered as the discoverer of the Galena Lead Mines. This "River of the Mines" was undoubtedly what was subsequently called by the early French settlers "*La Rivière de Fève*," or "Bean River." It was so named from the immense quantity of wild beans that grew on its banks. The corruption from "*Fève*" (Bean) to "*Fièvre*" (Fever) was very natural, and so in later time the river was known as "Fever River."

La Seuer's description of the navigability of the river conforms to what is known of the present Galena River, which must at that time have been navigable to a point some two miles above where the city of Galena now stands, and which would be three leagues from its mouth. In this expedition of La Seuer, from the 25th to the 27th of August, he "made ten leagues, passed two rivers, and took notice of a lead mine at which he supplied himself." The two rivers thus passed were the Platte and Grant rivers, which empty into the Mississippi, between Dunleith, Illinois, and Potosi, Wisconsin. The mine referred to was in the vicinity of Potosi, Wisconsin, known in early times as "Snake Diggings."

It would be impracticable in an article of this character to trace the entire history of the lead-mining in the Mississippi Valley under the

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grant to Crozat by Louis XIV. in 1712, and under the grant to the Western Company in 1717. Up to the year 1762 France held possession of the valley on both sides of the river. She then by treaty ceded all east of the Mississippi to Great Britain. The English did not take possession under the treaty until 1765. In 1763 France by a secret treaty ceded all west of the river to Spain, but held possession until 1769. In that year was made the first application for a concession of land for a lead mine in the Upper Mississippi country. The concession was granted upon the following application:

"*To Messrs. Louis Saintange de Bellrive, Captain-Commandant of the Illinois, and Joseph La Buxiere, Attorney of the Attorney-General, Judge, etc., of the Royal Jurisdiction of the Illinois for the French:*

"SIRS,—Martin Miloney Duralde, inhabitant of St. Louis, has the honor of exposing to you that he has been informed by several traders of a lead mine in this French country, on the borders of the Mississippi, ascending it about 80 leagues above the River Moa, or 160 leagues, more or less, from this village, according to their estimation; that several individuals have explored lead from the same without any previous rights or finding any obstacles; whereas no application has ever been made for possession of the same; your petitioner being in all times abandoned to the whims of fortune and involved in the general misfortune which renders the livelihood so troublesome, and resources so scarce, prays you and petitions very earnestly, Sirs, to grant him the concession of the said mine as being the only resource he can see, with three arpents in front by the ordinary depth, in order that he might explore it, make a garden, and procure himself the necessary fuel for his hands; and that without being interrupted in any operation respecting the same. As depositary and disposer of the goodness of the most cherished King, your petitioner waits on your humanity for the favor which he solicits; and will give you proofs of an everlasting acknowledgment, praying the Supreme Being to prolong the days of such cherished and useful persons for the public good, and you will do justice. MILONEY DURALDE.

"ST. LOUIS, *July* 5, 1769."

On the following day, at St. Louis, Messrs. Saintange and La Buxiere made the following indorsement on the petition of Duralde:

"Seeing what is exposed in the present memorial, and making right to the same, the Lead Mine in question, having not been granted to nobody, several individuals having worked on the same, and afterward abandoned it, and in order to favor the intentions of the said Duralde, which tend to the public good, we have granted, and grant as titled property for him, his heirs, and assigns, the Lead Mine above demanded in the within petition, with three arpents in width fronting on the said mine, by three in depth or length, to facilitate him in cultivating and raising the necessary buildings for the exploration of said mine, under the condition to commence his settlement within a year and a day, or be reunited to the domain of the King. We forbid most expressly all persons to trouble or disturb him in the said concession under the penalty of all costs, damages, and to be punished according to the ordinances. SAINTANGE.—LA BUXIERE.

"ST. LOUIS, *July* 6, 1769."

This petition and concession embraced a tract of land in the region of the "River of the Mines" discovered by La Seuer. Of course it would be idle to speculate as to the particular point where Duralde proposed to locate his "concession." It may be observed that the distance from St. Louis to Duralde's mine—160 leagues, or 480 miles—is precisely the distance from St. Louis to the Galena mines. It is probable that he did not commence his settlement within the specified time, and that the grant became "reunited to the domain of the King." There is no trace of his having done so. Duralde's is indeed a striking instance of that infirmity of purpose that is rather the cause than the result of men "being in all times abandoned to the whims of fortune, and involved in the general misfortune which renders the livelihood so troublesome, and resources so scarce."

It was unquestionably the discovery of lead ore that attracted Julien Dubuque to the region of the Upper Mississippi in the year 1778, where he established a "trading post" near the site of the present city that bears his name. Dubuque was a French Canadian, a man of wonderful enterprise and decided ability. He resided in Cahokia, in "the Illinois country," before he located himself among the lead mines. He soon acquired a great influence over the Indians among whom he lived, and all matters of grave importance were by them submitted to his decision. He died in 1810, and was buried one mile south of the city of Dubuque, Iowa. Such was the veneration in which the Indians held his name and memory, that for many years they kept a lamp burning nightly upon his grave. The Fox Indians visited his burial-place once in every year, and performed over it some religious ceremony. Not a stone remains to mark the spot where he lies.

The wife of an Indian chief (*la femme de Peosta*) having "struck a lead" (a lode of mineral is called lead, pronounced *leed*) in the mining region, Dubuque turned his attention to obtaining from the Fox Indians, who occupied the country, the right to mine over a tract of land which should embrace the mine discovered by the wife of Peosta. The Foxes, in a full council, assembled at Prairie du Chien, in September, 1788, declared a permission to Julien Dubuque, whom they called "*La Petite Nuit*," to "work the mines tranquilly and without any prejudice to his labors." Armed with this permission, and being on most friendly terms with this tribe, Dubuque became largely interested in trading and mining. Spain having acquired from France, by the secret treaty of 1763, all the country west of the Mississippi, Dubuque deemed it necessary, in order more firmly to secure himself in his possessions, to obtain a concession of the same from Spain. He therefore, in 1796, made the following petition:

"*El Baron de Carondelet, Spanish Intendant and Governor-General of Louisiana:* The very humble petitioner of your Excellency, named Julien Dubuque, having made a plantation on the frontier of your Government, in the middle of the Indian people, inhabitants of the country, has purchased from them a tract of land, with the mines included in it, and by his perseverance has overcome the obstacles so expensive and dangerous; and, after several misfortunes, become to be peaceable proprietor of a tract of land situate on the western part of the River Mississippi, to which tract he has given the name of the 'Spanish Mine,' in memory of the Government to which the said land belongs; and as the place of his plantation is

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only a spot, and the several mines which he has worked at are scattered and dispersed more than three leagues of distance from one to the other, the very humble petitioner of your Excellency prays you to be so good as to grant him the peaceable possession of the said mines and lands—which is to say, from the hills above the little River Moquouquitois until the hills of Mesquabynongues, which makes about seven leagues on the western side of the Mississippi, and three leagues of depth, which the very humble petitioner dares hope that your goodness will be pleased to grant him his demand. I pray this said goodness to be so good as to allow the pure simplicity of my heart in default of my eloquence. I do pray Heaven to conserve and load you with all its kindness. I am, and will be all my life, of your Excellency the very humble, very obedient, and very submitted servant, J. DUBUQUE.

"To his Excellency BARON DE CARONDELET.

"NEW ORLEANS, *October* 22, 1796."

A few days after the following order was issued by Carondelet:

"Let the merchant Don Andrew Todd be informed of the nature of this demand.

"BARON DE CARONDELET.

"NEW ORLEANS, *October* 29, 1796."

In the following month Andrew Todd addressed a document to the Governor-General which reads thus:

"SIR,—Complying with the superior decree of your Lordship, by which you order me to give you a notice on the demands made by the party interested in the preceding memorial, I must say that, about the land petitioned for, it does not offer any thing to me by which your Lordship may not grant it, if you find it proper; but under condition that the petitioner must observe what is ordered by his Majesty concerning the trade with the Indians, and that the same should be absolutely forbidden to the petitioner unless he will obtain my consent in writing.

"ANDREW TODD.

"NEW ORLEANS, *November* 10, 1796."

On this paper occurs the following indorsement:

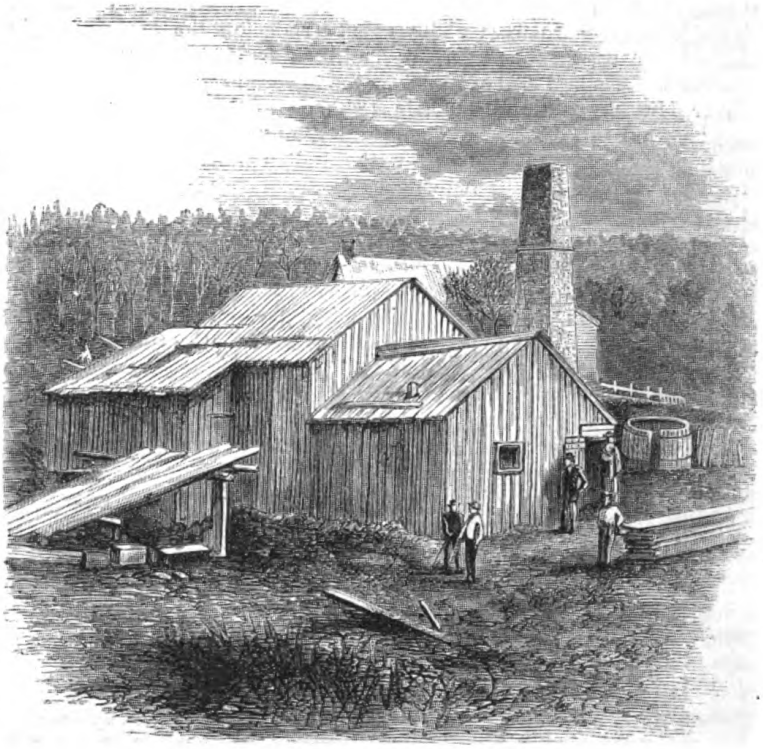
"Granted, as it is demanded, under the restriction mentioned by the merchant, Don Andrew Todd, in his information.

"BARON DE CARONDELET."

In 1832, the country having passed into the possession of the United States, the War Department asserted the right of the Government to the tract of land granted by Spain to Dubuque. Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, U.S.A., who was then stationed at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, was ordered to the village of Dubuque with a small company of infantry, and the settlers claiming under the Spanish grant were ejected by the strong hand of military power. The heirs of Auguste Chouteau and John Mullamphy, of St. Louis, petitioned Congress, in 1836, "to be restored to their possessions until their title should be decided according to the laws of the land." The petition sets forth that Auguste Chouteau, on the 20th day of October, 1804, bought of Dubuque 72,324 arpents, for the sum of $10,848 60, "to be taken off the lower or southern end of the tract," and that afterward he sold an undivided half of the interest thus acquired to one John Mullamphy. After the death of Dubuque, in 1810, his estate was administered upon in St. Louis County, in the then Territory of Upper Louisiana. The residue of his grant was sold at administrator's sale, to pay his debts. The petition further alleges that

"The assignees of Dubuque continued in possession of the land from the time of his death, so far as their relations with the Indians would permit, until they were dispossessed by the United States. That without any judicial investigation or decision of the validity of the title of the claimants, or any of the forms of law, the executive officers of the United States, supposing the grant from Spain to Dubuque to be of no avail, dispossessed the claimants by military power, and leased the lead mines, and held possession by superior force."

Congress never acted favorably upon the petition, and the United States treated the land embraced in the "disputed territory" as public lands, and disposed of them as such. But the heirs and assignees of Dubuque did not relinquish their claim, and a suit was instituted in the United States Court, to test the validity of the Spanish grant to Dubuque. The suit was finally decided in the Supreme Court of the United States a few years since, adversely to the claimants. Thus ended a chapter of inter-



MARSDEN'S DIGGINGS, NEAR GALENA.

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esting history connected with the subject of this sketch.

The fact that the "Spanish Mines"—or "Dubuque Mines," as they were subsequently called—were claimed as private property, tended to keep away from that locality the early wandering miners. They preferred "prospecting" on the Indian Territory or the public lands. The Indian traders, and the roving characters seeking their fortunes in the lead mines, located themselves in the rich mineral region of the Fever River. The great Indian traders, Davenport, Farrar, and Farnham, established a trading-post at "The Portage" of Fever and Mississippi rivers as early as 1821. The site of that celebrated Indian trading-house is three miles below the city of Galena. The great wealth of the Fever River mines, and the trading establishment of Davenport, Farrar, and Farnham, attracted great numbers of Indians to "The Portage" and vicinity, who built their villages on the banks of the river. Black Hawk and other chiefs, with their tribes, to the number of two thousand men, women, and children, spent an entire summer in the region of "The Portage" and the site of the present city of Galena.

The "discoveries" made by the Indians proved very rich, and they took pains to conceal from Americans the knowledge of their wealth, although between themselves and the French settlers the lead had become an important article of traffic. It is well known that at the period while the French and Indians were on terms of amity and intimacy, the red people stood in great terror of the English and Americans. In the immediate neighborhood of Galena, in 1815, there were about twenty rude Indian furnaces for the purpose of smelting the lead ore. The first load of lead from the Fever River Mines was transported, in 1816, on a flat-boat to St. Louis, and was sent in payment of purchases of goods made by the Indian traders. Efforts had been made by boatmen the preceding year to go up to the mines on Fever River; but the Indians prevented the success of those efforts, fearing that if the exceeding wealth of their mines were discovered by the Americans they themselves might be driven off. The Indian mode of smelting was very rude. A hole was dug in the face of a piece of sloping ground, about two feet deep, and as wide at the top. This hole had the shape of a mill-hopper, and was lined with flat stones. At the bottom or point of the hopper, which was eight or nine inches square, narrow stones were laid across grate-wise. A trench was dug from the sloping ground inward to the bottom of the hopper. This channel was a foot in width and height, and was filled with dry wood and brush. The hopper being filled with the ore, and the fuel ignited, in a few minutes the molten lead fell through the stones at the bottom of the hopper, and thence was discharged, through the trench, over the earth. The fluid mass was then poured into an awkward mould, and as it cooled it was called a "plat." A "plat" weighed about 70 pounds, which is very nearly the weight of a "pig" of the present day.

Though Congress had as early as 1807 reserved the mineral lands from sale, and authorized the leasing of the mines, yet no mining leases were ever granted in what were then called the "Fever River Mines" until 1822. On the 29th day of November, 1821, the Treasury Department turned over to the War Department the superintendence of the lead mines. The first lease ever granted was to Colonel James Johnson, brother of the late Richard M. Johnson, formerly Vice-President of the United States. This lease bore date September 30, 1822. Only four other parties obtained leases in that year, and in 1823 only nine additional leases were granted.

There was no regular system of leasing adopted until the appointment of Lieutenant Martin Thomas, U.S.A., on the 18th of August, 1824, "to be the agent for the granting leases of the lead mine lands belonging to the United States." Lieutenant Thomas was armed with full authority and elaborate instructions to carry out the policy of the Government in that regard, and established his head-quarters at St. Louis, Missouri, as Government had at that time large tracts of lead lands in that State. The rent exacted of the miner and smelter was one-tenth of the whole product "in clean pure lead." It was subsequently reduced to one-sixteenth. In 1826, in response to a resolution of the House of Representatives, introduced by the Hon. Daniel P. Cook, of Illinois, Lieutenant Thomas made an elaborate report on the lead mines in Illinois and Missouri. He says: "The number of lead mines at the Fever River is increasing rapidly. Such are the inducements to individual enterprise and industry that numbers of the most respectable inhabitants of the Upper Mississippi are resorting to them." He further says: "The extent of the mineral region of the Upper Mississippi is immense. That portion of it now wrought for lead ore is trifling compared with the whole, and yet it has yielded $86,000 worth of lead during the present year." It is observable that in this report of 1826 Lieutenant Thomas recommended to Government "the clearing out of a boat channel through the rapids of the Upper Mississippi; the first near the mouth of the River Des Moines, the other just above Fort Armstrong or Rock Island." He says: "The object is one of great importance in many points of view, independent of facilitating the intercourse with, and consequent development of, the lead mines."

In the year 1827 the agency of the lead mines was removed from St. Louis to Galena. Lieutenant Thomas was succeeded by Major Thomas C. Legate, U.S.A.

The leasing system was in operation until 1835, when it was practically abandoned. In 1841 an attempt was made, under the adminis-

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tration of Captain John Tyler, to revive it. The results of this revival were strife, litigation, and bad feeling throughout the mining region, while Government incurred expenditures largely exceeding the receipts. The subject of the sale of the mining lands then began to be agitated with much spirit. President Polk, in his Message of December 2, 1845, called the attention of Congress to the subject, and showed that the system of leasing lead mines had been "not only unprofitable to Government, but unsatisfactory to citizens who had gone upon the lands, and must, if continued, lay the foundations of much future difficulty between Government and the lessees." He quoted the official record to show that the amount of mineral rents in the Galena mines received by Government for the years 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, and 1845 was $6354 74; while the expenses of the system for the same period were $26,111 11, the income being less than one-fourth the expenses. He recommended the repeal of the system and the sale of the lands. On the 11th of July, 1846, Congress passed an act authorizing the President to sell the reserved mineral lands in the States of Illinois and Arkansas, and the Territories of Wisconsin and Iowa, and in the following year the lands in the Galena Mines were brought into market and sold.



HUGHLETT'S SMELTING FURNACE, GALENA.

The largest discovery of lead ore made in the earlier times was about one mile above Galena. It was made by the Indians in 1819, and obtained the name of the "Buck Lead," by which appellation it has ever since been known.

Up to the time of Johnson's advent among the mines, mining was prosecuted in the most primitive manner, and mostly by squaws, who labored with much industry and perseverance.

Colonel Johnson brought with him a large number of workmen, and all the necessary mining tools. He ascended the Mississippi in keel-boats, and pushed up "La Rivière de Fève" to the French and Indian settlement where Galena now stands, where he encamped, and near which he commenced mining operations. His success still further directed public attention to the mines, and people from all quarters flocked to this new El Dorado. People from Missouri Territory, from Kentucky and Tennessee, went up the Mississippi, while many followed an Indian trail from Southern Illinois by the way of Fort Clarke, now Peoria.

In 1829 the greatest immigration took place. In 1827 the name Galena had been applied to the settlement on Fever River. From that time the whole country around Galena was covered by people "prospecting" and digging for lead ore. In the spring thousands ascended the river to Galena, and engaged in mining during the summer. In the autumn they made their exodus, because there were in the country no provisions for winter supplies. From the fact that the adventurers went up and down the river at the same time that the shoals of sucker fish came and went, it came to pass that the nickname "Suckers" was given to these people. The sobriquet afterward came to be applied to all inhabitants of Illinois, and still clings to them. Governor Reynolds, in his History of Illinois, says: "General Henry, at a crisis in the battle with Black Hawk, near the Wisconsin River, addressed his troops as 'brave Suckers,' which excited them to the *ne plus ultra* of their energies."

From the discoveries about Galena the miners pushed out in pursuit of the rich ore in every direction, and valuable lodes were constantly struck.

Among the earliest discoveries outside of Galena were those at "Gratiot's Grove," near where the flourishing village of Shullsburg now is. The mines there are inexhaustible; probably the richest in the lead region. They were first developed by two Creole Frenchmen, brothers, from St. Louis: John P. B. and Henry Gratiot. At one time nine log furnaces were running at that point. Discoveries were soon

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after made at New Diggings, Hamilton Settlement, Mineral Point, Dodgeville, and many other points. The largest amounts of ore are now raised at Shullsburg and New Diggings, Wisconsin, and at Marsden's Diggings, a comparatively new discovery, six miles below Galena on the Mississippi River.

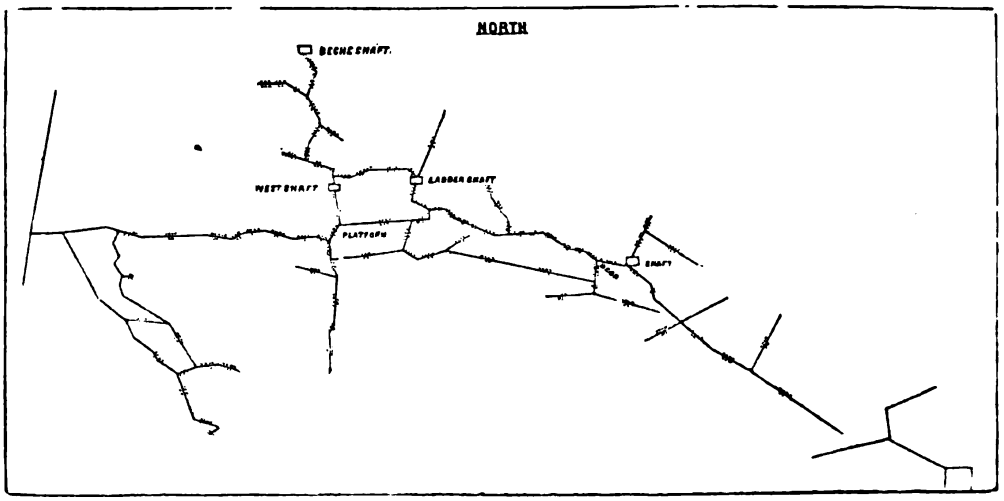
The following diagram, taken from the plot of "The Elevator Mine," owned by Edward Weatherby, Esq., of Shullsburg, and Captain Edward H. Beebe, of Galena, will give some idea of the extent and diversity of the veins. We are enabled to give only a small section; but as this is from actual survey, and the courses and distances are all correct, it exhibits more perfectly than words can do the erratic manner in which the ore is distributed in the Galena Limestone. Captain Beebe is well known as one of the most practical of miners, and a learned and accomplished geologist.

The mines at Hamilton Settlement were first worked by William S. Hamilton, a son of the distinguished statesman Alexander Hamilton. Colonel Hamilton removed early to Illinois, and was a member of the Illinois Legislature in 1825–6. He emigrated to the lead mines, the then Michigan Territory, in 1828, and was an officer in the Black Hawk war in 1832. He resided in Iowa County, Wisconsin, from that time until 1849, when he went to California, and died there in 1851. He was a gentleman of much natural ability, but of eccentric habits. He never married, and, though naturally of a social and genial disposition, shunned all society. He adopted great plainness of garb, and while working his mines lived and dressed more coarsely than any of his workmen. With his coarse clothes, slouched hat, bare feet, and his pantaloons rolled up to his knees and covered with mud and dirt, he would hardly have been recognized as the son of the greatest American statesman, and one of the most polished gentlemen of any period or country. Underneath this extraordinary exterior were a heart of gold and a cultivated mind. He was a Whig in politics, and mingled a good deal in political life, and more than once represented his county in the Wisconsin Territorial Legislature. His mother visited her son and spent the winter of 1838–9 in Galena, the guest of one of its most hospitable citizens.

Among the pioneers was Colonel Henry Dodge, who removed from the Missouri or "Lower Mines." He located near where the town of Dodgeville—named for him—the county seat of Iowa County, Wisconsin, now stands. He there established a smelting furnace. Dodge was an old Indian fighter who distinguished himself in the Black Hawk war and acquired great popularity. He became delegate to Congress, and Governor of Wisconsin Territory, and after its admission as a State he was twice elected to the United States Senate. He still lives at Mineral Point, Wisconsin.

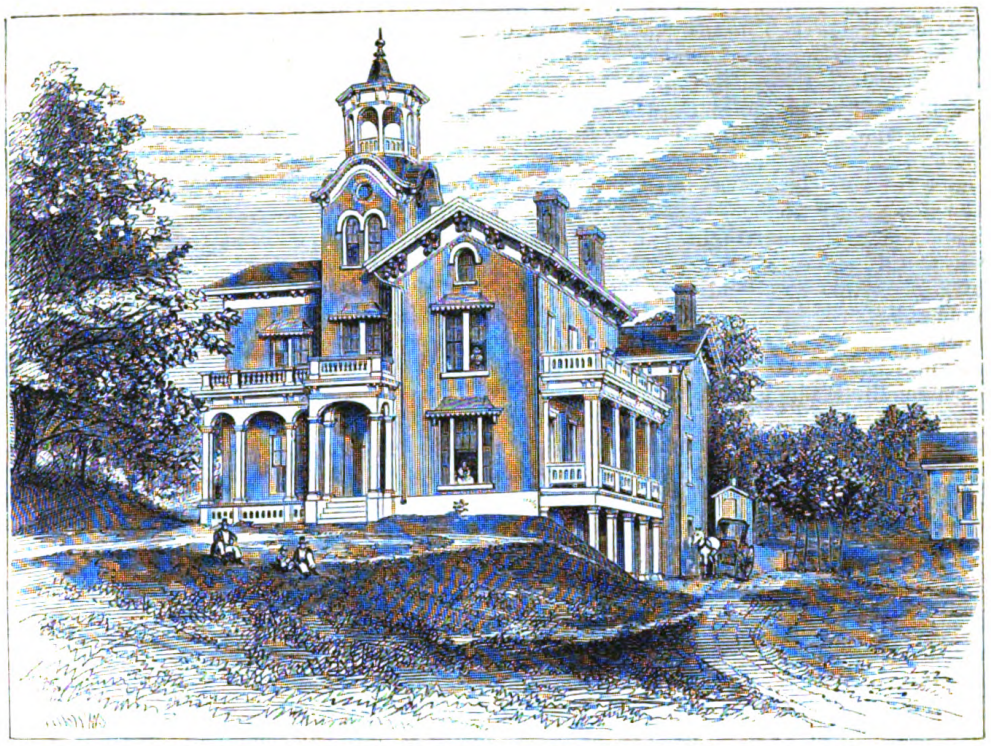
The richness of the mines attracted to them men of all professions—physicians, editors, lawyers, men of letters, and statesmen. Some were distinguished. The poet Percival, who was an M.D., spent the last days of his life in the mines of Southwest Wisconsin. Having been appointed State Geologist of Wisconsin he spent his time exploring the mines. The eccentricities of this remarkable man were distinctly developed. He lived a recluse, practicing the most rigid economy, and died at Hazel Green, under circumstances of a very peculiar character. He bequeathed his entire property, which was considerable, including his magnificent library in Connecticut, to a gentleman with whom he had resided.

There appeared among the miners in the spring of 1835 H. H. Houghton, a printer from Vermont, who has since made his impress upon the mining region as editor of the *Northwestern Gazette* and *Galena Advertiser*. Commencing his career "prospecting" as a miner, he "drifted" into the editorial chair, which he has occupied since the autumn of 1835, and is thus the oldest editor in the State of Illinois, respected for his ability and his private virtues.



ORE-VEINS OF THE ELEVATOR MINE.

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RESIDENCE OF NELSON STILLMAN, GALENA.

The rocks exposed within the mining district are, commencing with the lowest, the Lower Magnesian Limestone, which is the equivalent of the calciferous sandstone of the New York Geological reports. The second stratum is the St. Peter's Sandstone. The third is the Blue and Buff, or Trenton Limestone. The fourth is the Galena Limestone. In this deposit seven-eighths of the Galena is found. The next above is the shales of the Cincinnati group, and the last is the Niagara Limestone, capping the loftiest cliffs. The ore occurs in three modes, viz.: surface deposits, vertical crevices, and flat sheets. The first is called by the miners "float mineral," and indicates deposits in the rock in close proximity. In the vertical fissures galena is found in a thin sheet attached to the walls, one or both, or merely separated from one or both by clay or other matter. Crevices have been found taking a saddle-shape, by the portions each side of the centre dropping gradually to lower strata. Flat sheets are a deposit that may occur any where proceeding from the vertical crevices, but are chiefly limited to the lower formations, or as low as the Trenton Limestone.

In the best mining grounds the veins run in an east and west, north and south direction, approximately. They are termed "ranges," whether applied to a mine or a district. When persons wishing to prosecute mining have procured their land, either by purchase or lease, they commence by "sinking a shaft." Where it is possible there is an entrance to a mine by means of an inclined plane, but it is generally necessary to sink a perpendicular shaft. After penetrating the soil from 10 to 20 feet, they secure it with timber or two-inch plank. This is to "crib it." The size of an ordinary shaft is four by six feet. At the distance of ten to twenty feet from the surface the Galena Limestone is usually struck. If it is soft the miners go down with pick and gad, but commonly powder is used, and the rock is blasted, until the stratum in which they expect to find the ore is reached. They then "drift" off in any direction in which they hope to "cut a crevice" or "opening," as it is in these that the largest deposits of mineral are found. Subterranean chambers are then excavated in all directions. An "opening" or enlarged crevice is in part filled with loose material left behind in the decomposition of the rock, the remains of strings, bunches and sheets of ore, and other loose matters that have been introduced. These "openings" of irregular dimensions are from four to fifteen feet in height, four to ten, but sometimes forty feet in width, and have been met with several hundred feet long. They are sometimes repeated to the number of five, one below another, but one alone is more common.

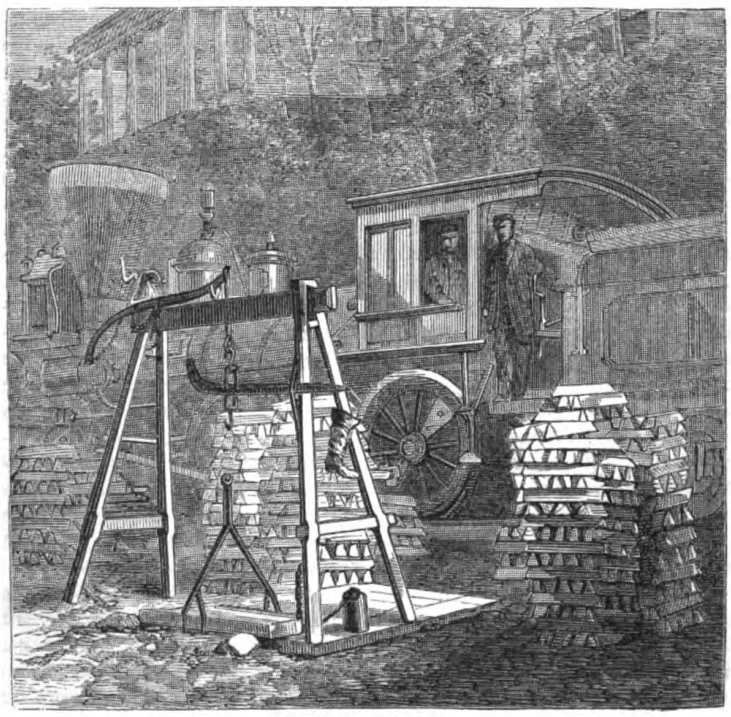
Should water be encountered at any distance in descending—and this is really the greatest difficulty miners have to contend with—they put on a pump driven by horse-power. When a crevice is cut and the miners get into caves, or "broken ground," which frequently happens, it becomes necessary to secure the roof. This is done either by timbers taken down for that purpose, or by leaving or making pillars of the

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rock. Whenever the "drift" is driven to an extent that forbids a free circulation of air, or if the "choke-damp" occurs, ventilation is secured by sinking another shaft that intersects the first and thus supplies oxygen.

The mines are lighted by means of common tallow-candles, as there is no danger from the explosive gases that prevail in coal mines. But the miner's candlestick is unique. A person about to descend into a mine is handed a candle and a lump of white clay, or "fire clay." It is about the consistence of such a lump of mud as boys use for making "mud-balls." He is expected to wrap the ball of clay around the end of his candle. The advantage of so plastic a candlestick is obvious. If a miner or visitor desires to relieve himself of his candle, all he has to do is to "stick it" up or down as the case may be, and it adheres to whatever surface it meets. This "fire-clay" of which the mining candlestick is made abounds in the lead region, and a supply is always kept for this purpose.

After the ore is dislodged it is carried to the foot of the "shaft" by means of a wooden hand-managed railway, and then hoisted by means of tub and windlass. This, however, is a slow, laborious operation, nevertheless it is almost exclusively used. The owners of the Elevator Mine at Shullsburg have built, and now use, a machine for hoisting which is worked by horse-power. When the ore reaches the surface it is weighed and sold at a given price for 1000 pounds, and always for ready money. It is then carted off to the furnace in wagons. There it is sorted over, and the large lumps are thrown upon an open floor and broken up by hammers.



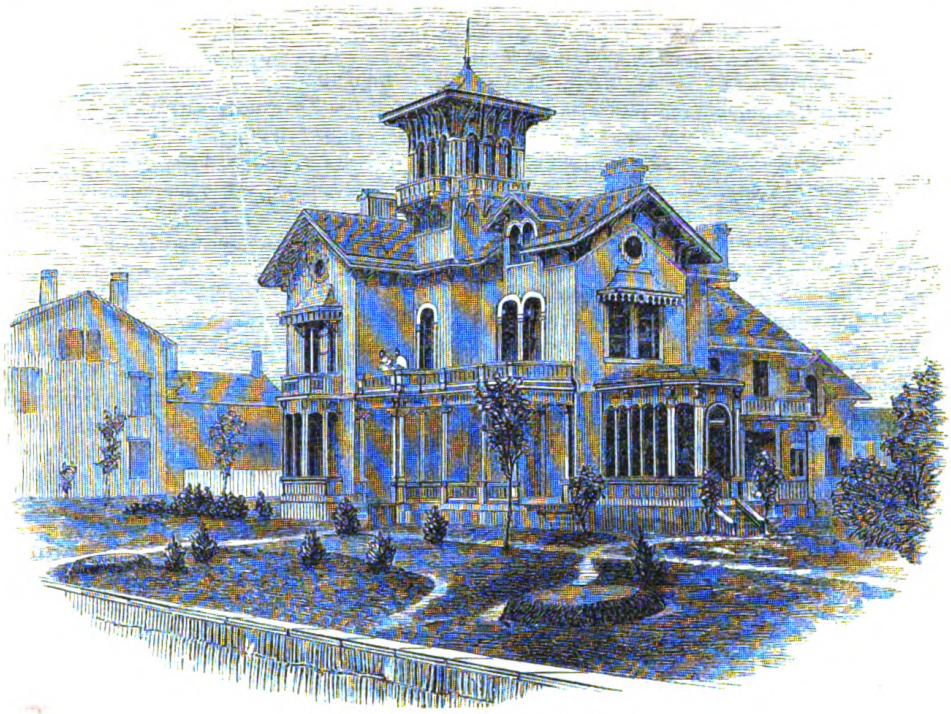
WEIGHING PIG-LEAD.

The furnaces are always constructed near a water-course, and the water is conducted by a pipe into a shed. A rough wooden trough placed under the stream of water receives the mineral, and as the water falls over it the dirt is washed away, and much of the finer ore in scales or crumbs is carried along down the trough, but its specific gravity is such that it sinks upon the floor of the trench, while the water flows on and out through a drain. This fine ore is shoveled out and again subjected to the action of water outside, by being put in a wooden box open at one end, which is placed under any little fall in the water-course. Men here stir the mineral about in the box with a common hoe, while the flow of water carries off all that remains of the dirt, the mineral again being retained by its great gravity. The washed ore is now ready for the furnace.

The log furnace that was adopted as an improvement upon the rude stone furnace used by the squaws, was not a great advance upon that, though a larger per-centage of lead was extracted. At many of the primitive smelting places a profitable harvest of rich lead was, long time afterward, extracted by the white settlers from the slag and other refuse of the Indian's smelting. The log furnace consisted of a back and two side walls. These were built of stone to the height of six or eight feet. A projection was made on the inner surface of either side wall about eighteen inches from the floor. The largest logs procurable were rolled in and stretched from side to side. On top of the logs was placed a large quantity of the ore, and then fuel and mineral were piled alternately upon it to the very top of the walls, each "charge" containing from 3000 to 5000 pounds weight of ore. A fire was then kindled under the furnace, and as the logs burned the ore melted and was plunged to the bottom of the furnace; and as the furnace was built on the side of a hill, a small trench from the bottom to the surface allowed the fluid mass to pour upon the ground. A "charge" was melted in the course of eight to twelve hours. Only from thirty-three to forty per cent. of lead was thus extracted.

Two brothers, Burton, from England, brought to the Galena Mines the first "reverberatory" furnace, and tried to conceal from others the working of it. But Robert A. Drummond not only discovered the mode of its operation

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RESIDENCE OF HENRY CORWITH, GALENA.

but invented an improvement thereupon. The "Reverberatory Furnace" was built of stones, and had an oven in the side wherein the ore was put, while the fuel was placed in front of it. Drummond's improvement consisted in the furnace being so constructed as to cause the blaze to pass over the mineral.

The Scotch Hearth, or Blast Furnace, has now superseded all others. It consists of a box of cast iron, two feet square, one foot high, open at top, with the sides and bottom two inches thick. To the top of the front edge is affixed a sloping shelf or hearth called the work-stone, used for spreading the materials of the "charge" upon, as occasionally becomes necessary during smelting, and also for the excess of molten lead to flow down. For the latter purpose a groove one half an inch deep and an inch wide runs diagonally across the work-stone. A ledge one inch in thickness and height surrounds the work-stone on all sides except that toward the sole of the furnace. The hearth slopes from behind forward, and immediately below the front edge of it is placed the receptacle or "melting-pot." An inch from the bottom, in the posterior side of the box, is a hole two inches in diameter, through which the current or "blast" of air is blown from the bellows.

The furnace is built under an immense chimney, thirty to thirty-five feet high, and ten feet wide at its base. Behind the base of the chimney is the bellows, which is propelled by a water-wheel, the tuyère, or point of the bellows, entering at the hole in the back of the box. The fuel, which consists of light-wood, coke, and charcoal, is thrown in against the tuyère and kindled, and the ore is placed upon the fuel to the top of the box. The blast of air in the rear keeps the fire burning, and as the reservoir or box is filled with molten lead the excess flows down the grooved hearth into the "melting-pot," under which a gentle fire is kept, and the lead is ladled from it into the moulds as is convenient. Before adding a new "charge" the blast is turned off, the "charge" already in is drawn forward upon the work-stone, more fuel is cast in, and the "charge" is thrown back with the addition of fresh ore upon the wood. The combustion of the sulphur in the ore produces a large amount of the heat required for smelting. The furnace is thus kept in operation sixteen hours of the twenty-four.

The ore is of different degrees of purity, but the purest galena does not yield on an average over sixty-eight per cent. of lead from the first process of smelting. The gray slag is very valuable, though the lead procured from it is harder than that of the first smelting. There is left about 75,000 pounds of gray slag from each 1,000,000 pounds of ore. The slag furnace is erected under the same roof with the Scotch Hearth, and has a chimney of its own a few feet from that of the hearth, and the "blast" is secured from the same water-power by an additional blast-pipe driven by the same wheel. It consists of a much larger reservoir, built of limestone, cemented and lined with clay, with a cast-iron door in front, heavily barred with iron. It will burn out so as to require repairs in about three months. Open at the top, the slag and fuel are thrown in promiscuously.

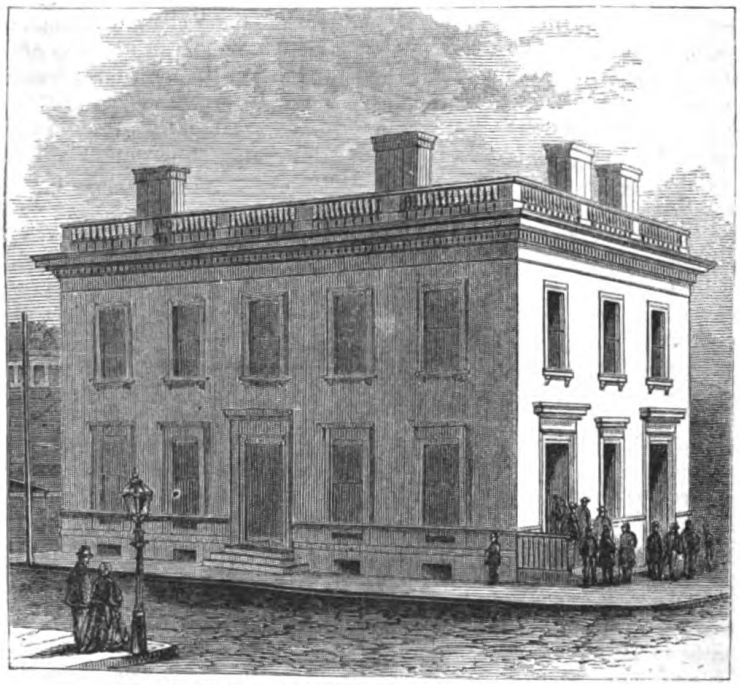
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Under the iron door is an escape for the lead and "black slag." In front of this escape and below it is the slag-pot. It is an oblong iron basin about a foot in depth, with one-third of its length partitioned off to receive the lead which sinks as it escapes; while the slag, being lighter, flows in a flame-colored stream forward, and falls into a reservoir that is partly filled with water, which cools the slag as it is plunged therein. As the reservoir fills a workman shovels the scoriæ into a hand-barrow and wheels it off. This scoriæ is black slag and worthless, the lead having now been entirely extracted. The smelter now and then throws a shovelful of gray slag into the furnace, which casts up beautiful parti-colored flames; while the strong sulphurous odor, the red-hot stream of slag, with the vapor arising from the tub wherein the hissing slag is plunged, the sooty smelters, and the hot air of the furnace-room, suggest a thought of the infernal regions. Outside, the wealth of "pigs," not in the least porcine, gives one a sort of covetous desire that, if indulged, we are taught, leads directly to said regions. The Scotch Hearth requires less fuel than any other furnace. It "blows out" in from six to twelve hours, while the Drummond furnace was kept in operation night and day. Four millions of pounds are smelted annually at Hughlett's furnace.

The total amount of lead shipped from the Galena Mines from 1821 to 1858 was 11,636,438 "pigs," or 820,622,839 pounds. The largest product for any one year was in 1845, being 778,408 "pigs," or 54,494,850 pounds. Since 1858 there has been no regular account kept, but it is estimated that the value of lead from 1821 to 1865 has not been less than $40,000,000.

With this notice of the mines we naturally pass to Galena; which, from its earliest settlement, was the great centre of the mining interest. The "River of the Mines" of La Seuer, afterward "*La Rivière de Fève*" of the French settlers, and still later the "Fever River" of the universal Yankee, became in 1854, by an Act of the Legislature of Illinois, the "Galena River." It rises a few miles above the present city of the same name, and is in itself a small stream. It becomes navigable by receiving the "back water" of the Mississippi River. The "Father of Waters" is well named such; and he is peculiarly the Father of Galena River, which has always been navigable for any class of steamboats that can ascend the rapids of the Mississippi. The water of the main river sets up to Galena, and the rise and fall in the Galena River is governed by the Mississippi.

In 1819 the first house was built within the limits of the present city of Galena, that locality being then known as "La Pointe," or "Frederick's Point." In 1827 a village was laid off by Lieutenant Thomas, of whom mention has been made. The village was very appropriately named Galena, that being the name used to designate the sulphuret of lead which abounds in the region. It is an interesting fact that the first regular store or trading-house built at Galena was erected and occupied in 1824 by Frederick Dent, of St. Louis, Missouri, the father-in-law of Lieutenant-General Grant. Mr. Dent was at that time the largest trader to the upper Mississippi, and supplied all the United States military posts above St. Louis. Thirty-five years afterward his son-in-law made that town his residence, and went out from there to save the Republic.



UNITED STATES CUSTOM-HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE, GALENA.

The Agent of the Lead Mines granted "permits" for individuals to occupy and improve lots on condition of their being surrendered to the United States on one month's notice. This was the only title citizens had to their lots until 1838. In 1829 Congress passed an Act authorizing the Surveyor-Generals of Illinois, Missouri, and Arkansas to "lay off a town on Bean River, embracing 640 acres," and to sell the lots at auction, reserving to actual occupants a pre-emption right to purchase their lots at the rate of from $10 to $25 per acre, according to location. This Act was not complied with, and in 1836 another act was passed, and Commission-

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ers appointed to perfor[illegible]hat the Surveyors had failed to do.

On the 4th of June, 1826, the first post-office was established there, and was called "Fever River, Crawford County, Illinois." Fever River was then regarded in the same jurisdiction as Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, one hundred miles north by the Mississippi River. The first postmaster was Ebenezer Lockwood, from Prairie du Chien, and his sureties were two Frenchmen residing at that place. Wisconsin was not even a Territory then, but was within the jurisdiction of Michigan Territory.

On the 19th day of December, 1829, the name of the post-office was changed to "Galena, Jo-Daviess County, Illinois." The county bearing this singular name was organized by the Illinois Legislature in its session of 1826–7, and embraced an immense territory in the northwestern part of the State, including the mining region, and Galena was its county seat. The name Daviess was proposed in the General Assembly by John Reynolds, afterward Governor of the State. It was in honor of Joseph Hamilton Daviess, of Kentucky, an eccentric man, a distinguished lawyer, a profound scholar, and a great natural orator, second only to Henry Clay. He was killed at Tippecanoe in 1811, charging the enemy at the head of his troops. The "Kentucky influence" was at that time strong in the Illinois State Legislature, and John M'Lean, who was the first Member of Congress from Illinois, and afterward United States Senator, and at that time a member of the Legislature from Shawneetown, with much Kentucky enthusiasm, moved to prefix Jo to Daviess, in order to indicate more distinctly for whom the county was named. Efforts were afterward made to amend the bill by striking off the "Jo," but they failed.

In 1828 the first newspaper was established in Galena, and called the *Miner's Journal*. The growth of Galena was not rapid or "mushroom" in its character. It is situated on both sides of Galena River, and is built on five different hills and a narrow strip of bottom land near the river on each side. The hills ascend abruptly, retiring only a little from the river as they rise, until they attain a height of somewhat more than two hundred feet. Ravines here and there lead up through the bluffs into the open country beyond. At the southern end of the city there are only two streets between the river and the summit of the bluff —Main and Bench streets. The second of these, Bench Street, is reached from the first by flights of wooden steps, instead of the intersecting streets common to ordinary towns.

Viewed from the east side of the river the hills on the west side form a crescent, and contain so much variety in their scenery that the eye need never weary gazing at them. From the same point are visible six church spires, which indicate half the number of church edifices the city boasts. It must always be an attractive picture. The buildings of the town, many of which are very handsome, dispute possession of the hills with the trees, and the varied, beautiful character of the view possesses new charms with every fresh beholding. There are only three streets running at right angles with the river, the precipitous rise of the bluffs making intermediate streets impossible. The other highways of the city ramble round among the hills, leap over layers of rock or ore hidden among the cliffs; yet if the observer stand near the highest point of the city, on Washington Street, he will obtain a very fair view of the most populous portion of the city almost beneath his feet.

Galena has lost much of its former importance by the decrease of the mining interest, and by its trade having been cut off by the extension of new railroads; yet a large local business is carried on there at present. In but few towns of the country of the same population has there been more wealth accumulated. There are many elegant private residences, and many gentlemen of large wealth reside in the city. By way of illustrating the prevalent styles of architecture, we have given views of a few of these private residences. In no place in the West is there dispensed a more refined and generous hospitality.

Government has built a large and commodious Marine Hospital in the city, and also a beautiful and chaste Custom-house and Post-office, views of which are given in this article. These, with the Court-house—a handsome edifice of the Corinthian order of architecture—the City Hall, the Dépôts of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, the Gas Works, and Hotels, comprise the public buildings of the city.

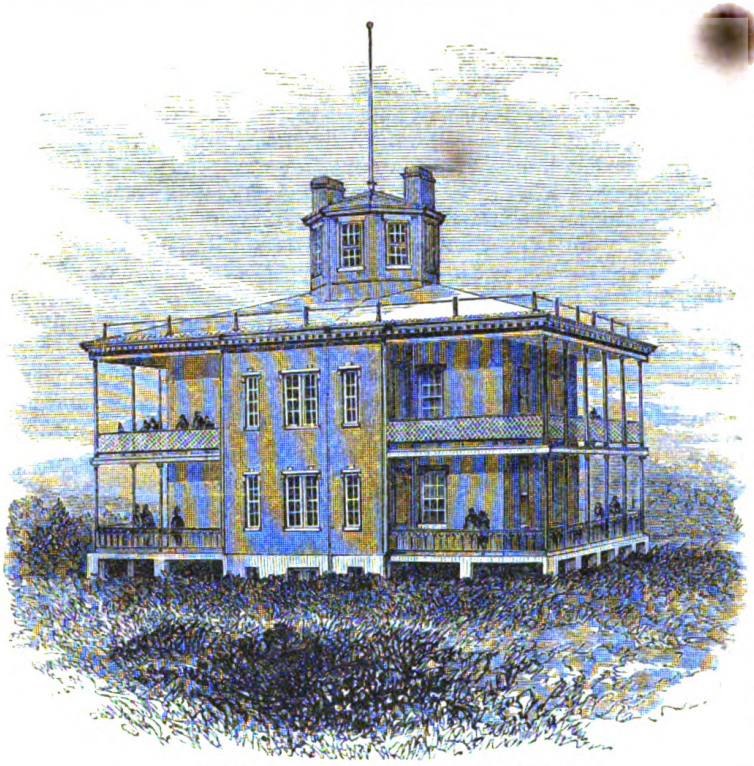
The first steamboat that ascended the Fever River was the *Virginia*, on her way to Fort Snelling with supplies, in 1822. The summer of 1826 was remarkable for being a period of high-water in the Mississippi without any apparent cause to produce it. The water in Fever River was from ten to twenty feet higher than usual. Main Street was then submerged, and has been twice since overflowed.

The town was incorporated as a city by an Act of Legislature of February 13, 1839. The city government was organized on the 29th of May, 1841.

Galena was considered the base of military operations during the Black Hawk War, in 1832. General Scott marched his troops from Chicago to Galena, and had his head-quarters there in a little frame building that was standing until within three or four years. General Atkinson was in the place, on his way to chastise Black Hawk, whom he afterward so completely defeated at the battle of Bad Axe, Wisconsin. He had with him, as his Adjutant, Lieutenant Albert Sidney Johnson, United States Army, who afterward betrayed his country, and was one of the most distinguished of the rebel leaders, and who was killed at Shiloh.

Jeff Davis, while stationed at Fort Winnebago and Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien,

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UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL, GALENA.

then a Lieutenant in the regular army, spent much of his time in Galena, and is well known to many of the old citizens.

Colonel, afterward President, Taylor, General Brooke, General Twiggs, General Brady, and Colonel Davenport, at different times in command at Fort Crawford, were much in Galena in the earlier times, that town being then the principal settlement of the Upper Mississippi.

The conflicting claims to certain mineral lodes and the litigious character of the people were productive of numerous lawsuits, and lawyers of ability from the already settled portions of the State went to Galena to practice, some of whom became more or less eminent in after-life. Thomas Ford, afterward Governor of Illinois, was of the number. Jesse B. Thomas, subsequently a Judge of the Supreme Court, resided there at an early day. Benjamin Mills, one of the most gifted and eloquent men ever in the State, and an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in 1832, practiced law there at that time. William Smith, Esq , a ripe and accomplished scholar, was also of the number. The oldest lawyer of Galena, Charles S. Hempstead, Esq., now retired from practice, was the first Mayor of the city.

There is probably no town of its size in the country that can boast as large a number of men, citizens at one time or another, who have distinguished themselves in legal, political, and military life as Galena. Among the men, members of the Galena bar, who have become men of distinction, is Hon. Joseph P. Hoge, Representative in Congress from 1843 to 1847, since a citizen of San Francisco. Another is Hon. Joseph B. Wells, elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State in 1846. Hon. E. D. Baker, who was killed at Ball's Bluff, Colonel of a volunteer regiment, resided in Galena and represented that district in Congress from 1849 to 1851, and was afterward United States Senator from Oregon. Hon. Thompson Campbell, successor of Colonel Baker, represented the district from 1851 to 1853. Hon. E. B. Washburne, who succeeded Campbell, has represented the district ever since, for seven consecutive terms, and is now the oldest member of the House of Representatives of the United States in consecutive service.

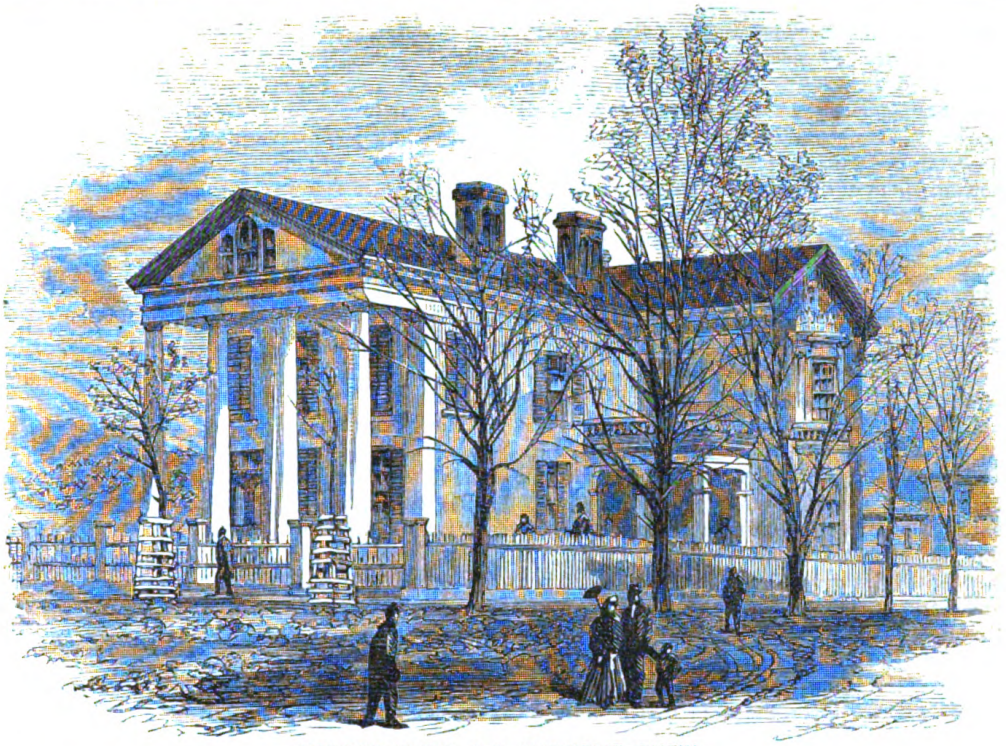
Hon. William H. Hooper, the present delegate in Congress from Utah Territory, long resided in Galena, and was at one time head of one of the largest mercantile houses in the lead mines.

Of Galena men who have occupied judicial stations are the late Hon. Thomas C. Browne, long a Judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois; the late Hon. Dan Stone, once Judge of the Circuit Court; and the present Judge of the Circuit Court, Hon. B. R. Sheldon. The Hon. Thomas Drummond, United States District Judge for the Northern District of Illinois, commenced practice at the Galena bar. He lived in that city fourteen years. Hon. Van H. Higgins, Judge of the Superior Court of Chicago, was for many years a Galena lawyer, and his law partner there was Hon. O. C. Pratt, afterward United States District Judge for Oregon, and now Judge of the District Court of San Francisco. John M. Douglass, President of the Illinois Central Railroad, commenced the practice of law in Galena, where he resided many years.

Among military men that Galena gave to the country in her great peril are Brigadier-General Jasper A. Maltby, Major-General Augustus L. Chetlain, Major-General John E. Smith, Major-General John A. Rawlins, chief of staff to the Lieutenant-General, and Lieutenant-General Ulysses S. Grant.

Once the glittering masses of the valuable ore that abounds there in such lavish profusion attracted thousands of people to Galena, its

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RESIDENCE OF HON. E. B. WASHBURNE, GALENA.

hills and mines. The country still yields to no other the palm of mineral wealth; but now the Northwest, and especially the little corner containing the city of Galena, boasts something immeasurably more valuable, prouder, and of more enduring fame than even the wealth of her hills confers upon her. We have given a cut of the unpretending residence of Captain Grant before the war.

Captain Grant removed from St. Louis County, Missouri, to Galena, with his family in 1859. His father, Jesse R. Grant, had for many years previously carried on in the city a large leather-finding establishment. On the death of a son, who had charge of the business, he sent another son, Ulysses S., who had been a Captain in the regular army but who had resigned, to take his place. Unobtrusive to an unprecedented degree, devoting himself diligently to his business, he was known to few in the city outside of his business acquaintances. Public attention was first turned toward him at a meeting held at the Court-house for the purpose of raising troops, after the firing upon Sumter. This was one of the most remarkable meetings of that character held throughout the country, and the impression made upon those present is ineffaceable. The court-room was crowded to suffocation. The meeting was called to order by John E. Smith, Esq., now a Major-General in the volunteer service, a well-known and highly-respected citizen. On his motion Captain Grant was chosen chairman. There emerged from the crowd a man of medium size in a dilapidated military over-coat; and as he approached the Judge's Bench, he who has since fixed upon himself the eyes of the world, there for the first time made himself known even by sight to more than half his fellow-citizens then present. Assuming the duties of the chair, he stated in few and direct words the object of the meeting. Brief speeches were made by Hon. E. B. Washburne, John A. Rawlins, Esq., a young lawyer of Galena, Democratic candidate for elector at the Presidential election of the preceding autumn, and Captain B. B. Howard, an officer of the Mexican war, who was afterward Captain in the Nineteenth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and was killed by a railway accident. Among those who participated actively in that meeting may be mentioned the chairman thereof, now Lieutenant-General Grant; Major-General Rawlins, Grant's chief of staff; Major-General John E. Smith, who called the meeting to order, Major-General A. L. Chetlain, who that evening volunteered as the first private soldier, and Brigadier-General J. A. Maltby. It is needless to say that all these gentlemen have since distinguished themselves in the service.

General Grant entered the service in April of 1861 as Colonel of the Twenty-first regiment of Illinois Infantry. His subsequent career need not be dwelt upon in this article. His ineffaceable record is written highest on America's roll of military fame. After leaving his home to enter the army he did not return to it till August, 1865. The reception given him when he reached Galena was one of the most brilliant ovations ever given to any man in this country. Nothing was left undone by the citizens of Galena to give their world-renowned townsman a

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fitting welcome after an absence of more than four years, and after having rendered a service to his country unsurpassed in its results by services ever rendered by mortal man to any nation or people. Immense numbers of people were present not only from all parts of Illinois, but from the adjoining States of Iowa and Wisconsin. The enthusiasm was unbounded. The welcoming speech was made by Hon. E. B. Washburne. The modest Lieutenant-General, as unobtrusive and retiring in his high rank as he was when he left his home, responded through his friend, the Rev. J. H. Vincent. Mr. Vincent spoke of the pleasure the General felt in returning to his home, and his gratitude for the cordial reception given him by his old neighbors and friends who had stood by him with unfaltering fidelity and unwavering faith through good and ill report. He said that as long as the General should hold his present official position he should be obliged to spend most of his time in the city of Washington, but that he considered Galena his legal home and voting-place, and should spend as much time there as possible. The photographer has given us the view at the head of this paper showing the triumphal arch erected across Main Street. Over the arch was a platform on which stood thirty-six beautiful young ladies, dressed uniformly in white, each waving an American flag in welcome, and each having a bouquet to fling to the Lieutenant-General as he passed under the arch. It is reported that in a conversation during the early part of the war General Grant said he should never be a candidate for civil office, saving, perhaps, that of Mayor of Galena, as that might enable him to have a sidewalk built from his house to the dépôt. The hint was taken, and before his arrival home last summer some public-spirited citizens laid down a splendid sidewalk from his residence to the Illinois Central Railroad Dépôt, and at the time of his reception an arch was thrown over the street, with a brief inscription calling the General's attention to the fact.

The present residence of the Lieutenant-General at Galena, and which was occupied by himself and family during their stay at home last summer, is a modest though a beautiful and commodious dwelling, occupying one of the most picturesque and charming situations in the "Crescent City of the Northwest." The house itself, so unpretending, so neat and chaste, its furniture, and all the surroundings, illustrate the unostentatious and simple character of its world-renowned occupant. A view of this is given on a previous page, and also a view of the humble residence of "Captain U. S. Grant," before the war.



THE SIDEWALK IS BUILT.

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VIEW OF YOSEMITE FROM THE MARIPOSA TRAIL.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

THE Fourth of July opened gloriously on the loyal little town of Coulterville, in Mariposa County, California. The morning was ushered in with the voice of cannon, whose endless reverberations seemed to announce that the very mountains leaped for joy, and the forests clapped their hands. Clouds of dust, approaching on every side, indicated that the hardy dwellers in cañons, and the workers on flats and bars, would not be the first to forget their country's history and the memory of their fathers.

Coulterville stands at the head of stage navigation, in the direction of the Yosemite Valley, and the same morning that saw the good people of the place preparing to celebrate the anniversary of the National Independence found me and my companion arranging the necessary outfit for a trip to the far-famed Yosemite Valley. As both provisions and lodgings could be obtained on the way and in the valley, horses and saddles were our main necessities, and we took little else. The distance we understood to be from forty-eight to sixty miles, varying, not according to the route taken—for there is only one—but according to the diversity of travelers, as to trim and endurance.

Participating only in the early festivities of the day, by noon we were at full canter through dust and shingle, over a tolerable wagon-road, which lasted us to the close of that day. About mid-afternoon we reached the Bower Cave, twelve miles from Coulterville. This curiosity is but a few yards off the road, and travelers usually turn aside to see it; and no one who passes that way should fail to do so. For the

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sum of half a dollar each the keeper took us through its labyrinths and answered all our questions. The cave is an irregular, crateriform opening, looking toward the sky; and no indication of its existence appears till we stand upon its brink. It is over a hundred feet across the mouth, and about the same in depth. The sides are composed of smooth and beautiful limestone, in many places worked up into fantastic and curious formations, as if by fusion, or the action of water. At one side, flights of wooden stairs lead down to the bottom. From a shelving terrace, about half-way down, a few trees shoot up into the open world, and their tops are mistaken from the road for bushes on the surface of the earth. From those trees the cave derives its name. A deep pond of clear water occupies the lowest part of the cave, and a small boat, maintained by the keeper, enables the visitor to reach points otherwise inaccessible. The main area is, of course, perfectly light, but there are several lateral recesses where a candle was very serviceable in our explorations.

About dusk we reached Black's Ranch, sixteen miles from Coulterville. Here we found plenty of good hay for our horses, and excellent accommodations for ourselves, at a very moderate figure. Early next morning we were on the track, and for several hours passed through bushy cañons and over barren rocky hills; but before noon we reached the elevated pine region which intersects the entire western slope of the Sierra Nevada range, between the foot hills and the summit. This belt consists of tolerably uniform, transverse ridges, running westward from the summit, and lowering gradually toward the valley of the San Joaquin. The soil is mostly free of rocks and underbrush, and supports a heavy growth of pine timber—the stately sugar-pine throwing all the other kinds into the shade. Some of those trees are over ten feet through. A devastating fire was raging at one point we passed, and many square miles of timber had already been destroyed that season.

About noon we reached Crane Flat, a grassy opening of a few acres, where we turned out our horses to rest and feed, while we ate our own lunch. A log-house, close by, had been erected by some stockmen, who drove their cattle to the mountains to preserve them alive, during the prevalence of the severest drought the country had ever experienced. A few weeks previous to this trip I passed over the San Joaquin Valley, and never before had I seen nature wear such a distressing aspect. Carcasses and skeletons of starved cattle could be counted in thousands, and I was often reminded of Ezekiel's valley of dry bones, and of the valley of the shadow of death. In the midst of a ghastly array of crumbling skeletons and fetid carcasses, over which voracious vultures gloated and gorged; surrounded by burning plains, on which the crackling remains of a sickly vegetation crumbled to ashes beneath the foot; while from the fervid rays of an almost tropical sun there was no escape, I could easily imagine my-



VIEW FROM THE COULTERVILLE TRAIL.

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THE BRIDAL VEIL FALL.

self involved in the frightful realities of an Arabian desert. Patient vaqueros were urging droves of gaunt and staggering skeletons mountainward, while victims of exhaustion and starvation constantly dropped down, and were abandoned to the vultures. The bewildering mirage frequently converted the straggling herds into groves of trees, that flickered and shifted fantastically in the illusive horizon. The remnants that reached the mountains soon recuperated and did well, but the early snows of winter drove them back to the low country before the grass started, and thousands more perished after all the care and labor bestowed upon them.

A number of miles before reaching the descent into the valley we could perceive unmistakable signs of our proximity to a region more wild and romantic than any we had yet seen. Bald mountains of solid granite raised their hoary crowns in proud relief, and sent down long dipping spurs which were lost in depths we could not yet survey. At an abrupt turn of the road, on the crest of a ridge, while yet six miles off, we had the first glimpse of the lower end of the valley, with the Bridal Veil Fall swinging and playing in the wind. The descent into the valley is about three miles long. In some places it is frightfully steep, but not impracticable for Californian horses. On account of the constant attention required to prevent me from coming leap-frog over the horse's head I preferred walking, or rather sliding, at the steepest parts. The descent in any thing like a direct line would be impossible, and the trail is as tortuous as a cork-screw. In our downward course we could see and hear the Merced River as it flashed and murmured a last farewell to the exciting scenes of its early career. Its course through the valley is quite smooth, but on leaving it recovers much of its original turbulence.

On reaching the sylvan banks of the stream the frowning walls of rock on every side and the sombre shades of night began to overshadow us at the same time, and we felt as if we were about to be extinguished forever from the face of nature. The solitude was profound; the silence distressing and overwhelming; and the effect was much enhanced by the consideration that we were now in the heart of the wild and rugged Sierras and far from the active haunts of men. But we were as yet only in the vestibule of the great temple in which we had come to worship.

Before us was the entrance, an enormous gap, formed by the perpendicular rock called The Captain on the left, and another rock on the right nearly as high. Those towering giants, three thousand feet high, stand like sentinels to

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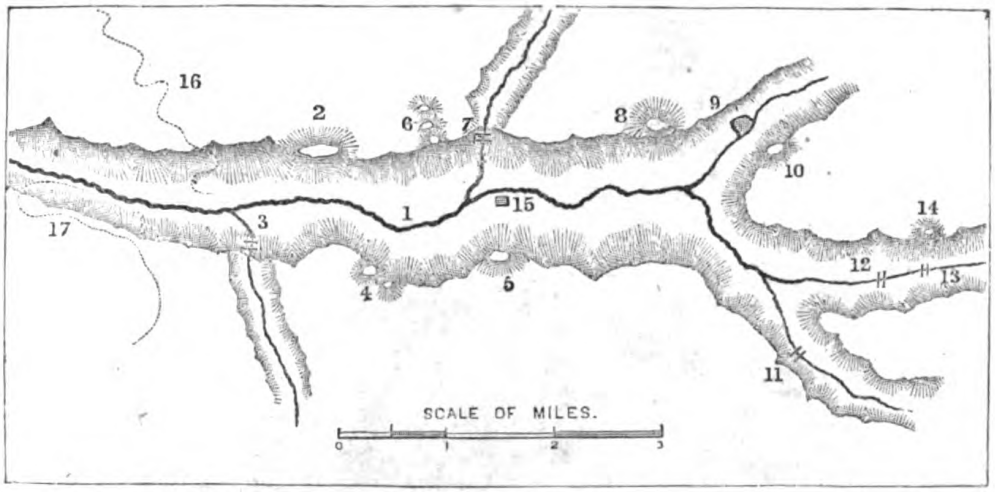


EL CAPITAN.

guard the approach to the grandest rock-temple Nature has erected in our world; or, viewed as pillars, they form a fitting gateway to that exalted court. The distance between the tops of these rocks is nearly a mile, yet were they to fall toward each other they would clash high above the level vale, and form an arch far loftier than man has ever raised. As we slowly passed through this magnificent portal we could not help remarking what an eligible place was here for the enterprising Blondin. Should he, by his admirable perseverance, exhaust every other field, till he can find no two points sufficiently elevated and wide apart to match his genius, I would recommend this place to his careful consideration, with the firm conviction that it would last him during the period of his natural life. And in all soberness we wondered if human ingenuity, in its progressive course of development, would ever contemplate throwing a suspension bridge across a chasm as wide and deep as that. A short debate decided that many works that actually exist would at one time have been deemed as impossible as this would be now.

On entering the main valley we perceived the Yosemite Fall on the left, but the darkness rendered the view imperfect. Opposite this fall, and about half-way up the valley, we found two houses where visitors are accommodated with board and lodgings. One is owned and kept by Mr. Huchins, the gentleman who explored the valley and wrote the first description of it. We stopped at the other house, and were very hospitably entertained at the low figure of two dollars per day. A small isolated cabin was appropriated to our use as a bedroom; and before we retired our landlord scattered some withered grass and leaves round the outside of the structure and set them on fire. This, he said, was to drive the ants away. I think the precaution must have had the opposite effect, for when we retired we found as many inside as the building appeared capable of accommodating. The floor was carpeted with cedar foliage, and it seemed literally alive; while a glance at the bed-covers gave us the comfortable assurance of plenty of bed-fellows and lively times. We rested tolerably well, suffering no annoyance when we lay still, but in no case would our tormentors brook the least disturbance without retaliating. At dawn

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PLAN OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

References.—1. Merced River.—2. El Capitan.—3. Bridal Veil Fall.—4. Cathedral Rocks.—5. Sentinel.—6. Three Brothers.—7. Yosemite Fall.—8. North Dome.—9. Mirror Lake.—10. South Dome.—11. South Fork Fall.—12. Vernal Fall.—13. Nevada Fall.—14. Bellows Butte.—15. Hutchins's Hotel.—16. Coulterville Trail.—17. Mariposa Trail.

my companion rose, intending to witness sunrise in the valley. He drew on his "continuations," nothing doubting, but instantly jerked them off, and uttering something that sounded to me very like profane language, tossed them to the other end of the room. He formed a decidedly original picture as he stood scratching himself and gazing wildly across the floor. His clothes were in possession of the enemy, and he had been surprised and defeated. But as soon as he collected his thoughts and understood the situation, he set about adopting such tactics as would be effectual in dislodging them. He lighted a candle, reconnoitred the ground, and soon succeeded in regaining possession of his casemates and other works. If the reader infers from this account that the Yosemite Valley is as unparalleled in the number of its ants as it is in the magnificence and profusion of its rocks and cataracts, he receives the idea intended to be conveyed.

The morning broke beautifully on the bewildering panorama around us. The ascending sun threw the long shadows of the rocky domes across the valley till they struck the base of the northern wall. The magnificence and beauty of those stupendous rocks can be seen to best advantage as the morning sun brings them out of the obscurity of night and they stand forth in bold relief, in the translucent atmosphere of that Alpine region. After a comfortable breakfast we started to examine leisurely the numerous places and objects of interest in the valley.



CATHEDRAL ROCKS.

Before proceeding to particular descriptions, it will be important for such readers as may not previously have seen an account of the valley to say something regarding its general character.

The Yosemite Valley is a gorge, or chasm, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, near the head waters of the Merced River, which runs through its entire length from east to west. Its elevation is 4000 feet above the sea-level; its length from eight to ten miles, and its average breadth one mile. It is inclosed on both sides by walls of solid granite, in many places perpendicular, and every where precipitous, and varying in height from 2000 to 5000 feet. The walls, far from being uni-

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THE SENTINEL.

form in appearance, consist of separate sections, generally clearly defined, and each assuming a distinct individuality. Some run up into sharp peaks, others into rounded domes, while in many places the eye is arrested by fantastic shapes suggestive of the ruins of cathedrals or castles. The depressions that separate and mark out the different portions of the walls are in no case less than 2000 feet above the level of the valley. Along several of those gulches it is possible for a man to scramble out to the exterior world, but nowhere can a horse get out or in, excepting at the lower end, where there are two trails, one on each side of the river, called respectively the Coulterville and Mariposa trails. I learned that a jackass was once taken into the valley at the upper end, but had to be lowered with ropes at some places. At the east end the valley terminates in three cañons, each bearing a fork of the Merced, the middle one being the only branch of importance. On account of the great depression of the valley, the gathering waters of an extensive Alpine region find their way into it in numerous streams, clear, cold, and impetuous, which form lofty cataracts as they leap from the top of the walls to join the Merced. In spring the streams and falls are almost innumerable; and at all seasons the noise of many waters is heard in every part of the valley. This abundant supply of water, with its attendant vegetation, tones down the harsh and barren aspect which so much rock surface would otherwise present, and imparts a fresh and healthy appearance to the entire region.

The surface of the valley is generally smooth and level, but the soil is much diversified. In some places it is deep and rich, in others gravelly and light. A number of farms might be made; but, though the place is the most securely fenced in the world, life and property could not be insured at any of our offices excepting at a ruinous premium. Water and rock, when disposed as they are there, afford scenes supremely attractive to the visitor; but when the former gets on the rampage, and suddenly and relentlessly overwhelms the whole valley, and when the latter comes down in thundering avalanches, annihilating every object in its track, the settler could hardly regard them as safe and agreeable neighbors. That such occurrences happen almost annually the visitor finds ample proof. Two or three attempts at farming are being made, and it has been proved that grain and potatoes will grow well. Timber is abundant, and consists of pine, fir, cedar, and oak; but nowhere is the forest dense. Much of it would be called openings, and there are large portions entirely clear. In tracts inclined to be swampy the grass was green and rich at the time of our visit, and a number of cattle and horses from the low country were luxuriating upon it.

The sights which offer so much attraction to the visitor are about equally divided between the north and south sides of the river. Without regard to the order in which we visited them, I shall describe them, consecutively, as they present themselves as one traverses the valley from west to east.

First of all is the Bridal Veil Fall, formed by a lateral stream which comes in from the south. I found it extremely difficult to reach the foot of this fall. Trees, shrubs, and tangled vines, formed an almost impenetrable jungle, while granite blocks, of prodigious size, were piled above one another in huge masses,

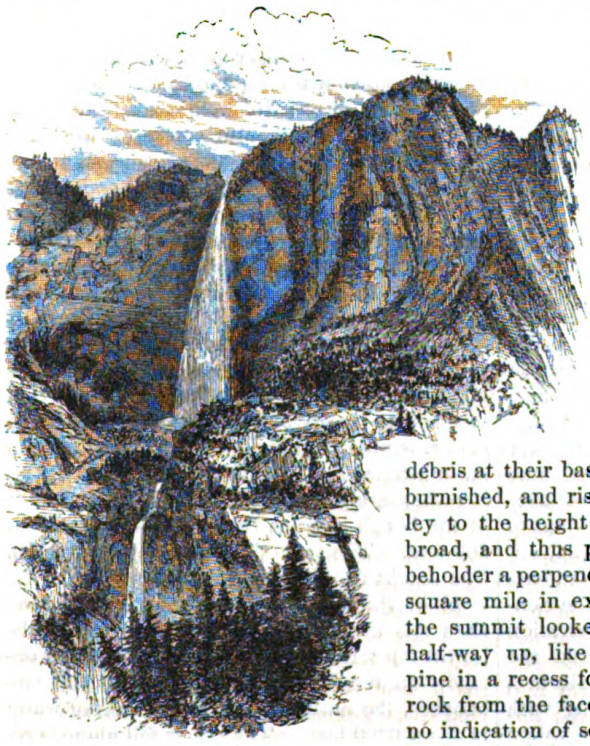
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suggestive of the ruins of a mighty mountain. This is the general character of the approach to the base of the wall on both sides of the valley. Immense masses of rock break away from the face of the precipice from time to time, and thus a cavernous escarpment is formed of confused and shattered rocks, while trees, vines, and creepers grow up through the interstices. By dint of forcing and cutting my way through the dense growth, and climbing over boulders, or creeping under them, I reached the foot of the cataract. I afterward learned that much time and labor might have been saved by walking up the bed of the stream.



THE THREE BROTHERS.

The season being very dry, the quantity of water was less than usual, and the scene far from being as imposing as it sometimes is. The cataract seemed a complete plaything in the wind, being constantly carried back and forth; now falling at the foot of the wall, and again many rods from it, while it veered from side to side quite as far. The creek at this time was no larger than an ordinary mill stream, but in spring it is more than twenty times as large. In that condition the wind can not handle it so easily, and as it is confined in a narrow trough before it takes the leap, it forms a compact and graceful curve of great beauty. The height of the fall is 940 feet.



YOSEMITE FALL.

About a mile above the Bridal Veil we reach El Capitan, the most prominent section of the northern wall. The magnificence and beauty of this stupendous mountain of rock almost overwhelms the beholder. Solid and seamless, it defies the action of time and the elements; and one is impressed with the conviction that it stands as entire as it did on the day when the morning stars sang together. While the precipices on each side of it are dingy and ragged, with long slopes of débris at their base, *it* is smooth and bright as if freshly burnished, and rises vertically from the level of the valley to the height of 3090 feet. It is nearly two miles broad, and thus presents to the eye of the insignificant beholder a perpendicular surface of beautiful granite a full square mile in extent! Pine-trees of ordinary size on the summit looked from the valley like ferns. Nearly half-way up, like a statue in a niche, stood a solitary pine in a recess formed by the detachment of a mass of rock from the face of the precipice. We could discover no indication of soil, nor any process by which soil could be deposited there; yet the tree was of respectable size,

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NORTH DOME.

seemed quite thrifty, and nearly touched the overhanging rock above it. This tree is justly regarded by visitors as an object of great curiosity. Our landlord claimed it as his, and seemed as much attached to it as if it had sheltered him in his youth. Unless in view of its precarious subsistence, he need have no solicitude about its safety. The woodman will spare it, for it is accessible only to the soaring eagle.

Leaving the Captain and ascending the valley a short distance we reach the Cathedral Rocks, which appear on our right. These consist of two spires or columns nearly 3000 feet high, with a gable-shaped rock between them—the cluster having a remarkable resemblance to the façade of a cathedral.

Proceeding eastward, with the continuous walls on our right and left, a walk of two miles brings us to the Sentinel, a striking projection of the southern wall. It is very nearly perpendicular, and terminates in sharp peaks high above the general altitude of the wall, and over 3000 feet above the valley. It bears the same relation to the rest of the wall that a turret does to the wall of a castle. A few days previous to our visit a party of young men scrambled out of the valley at a point near this rock and succeeded in gaining the highest peak of the Sentinel. Had they not left visible demonstration behind them we had certainly doubted the truth of the story. They fastened a pole in a crack of the rock and improvised a flag with the shirt of one of the party. From the valley we could see it fluttering in the breeze when we were there. This daring feat entirely eclipses the ascent of Pompey's Pillar by the British sailors. One of the party came nearly paying a high price for his temerity. His head grew dizzy and he fell backward, and had not his feet caught between two rocks and remained fast till his companions relieved him, the newspapers would have long ago anticipated me in this little bit of history.

On the north side, and nearly opposite the Sentinel, there are three lofty peaks called the Three Brothers. They are ranged transversely, with reference to the valley, and each leans his head toward it as if looking in. The highest is nearly 4000 feet above the river.

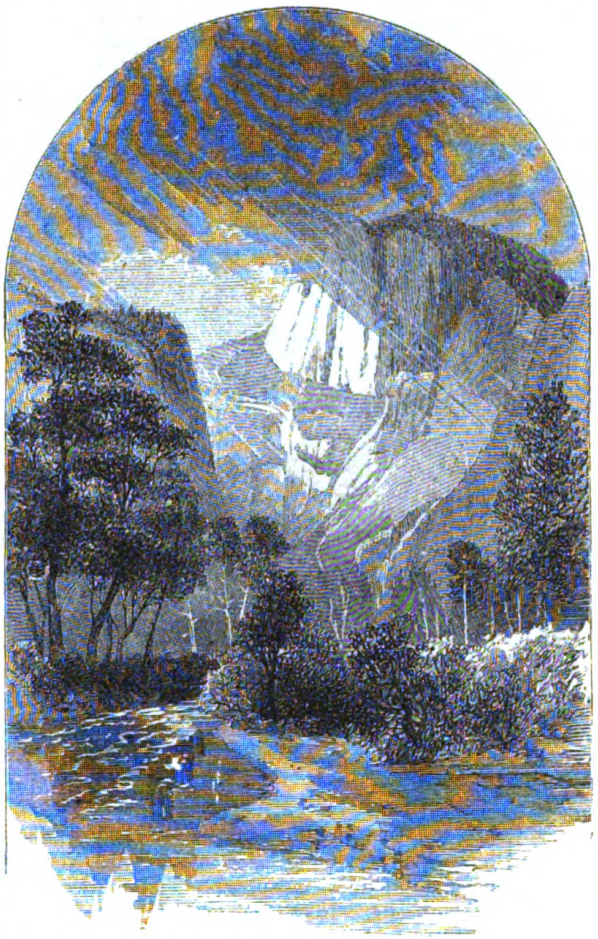
On the same side, and a little further on, is the great Yosemite Fall, formed by a stream of the same name. The wall here forms three courses, leaving two shelves or benches, each of which receives the falling torrent, which thus reaches the valley by three leaps. The upper course is much the highest, affording the water an uninterrupted fall of 1600 feet. Below this it rushes along with great fury till at the edge of the bench it takes the second leap of about 200 feet. The third fall is over 400 feet high. The height from the top of the upper fall to the level of the valley is 2634 feet. Deducting from this the altitude of the point where the lowest fall strikes the bottom, and also the declivity in the bed of the stream on the two benches, the entire height of the falling water is about 2200 feet. The upper fall alone is regarded as the loftiest in the world.

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The stream was much larger than I expected to find it so late in the summer, and in such a dry season. There was water enough to turn three or four mills. So far from being dissipated into spray it preserved a very compact and well-defined outline to the bottom.

On account of its amazing height and the wildly magnificent scenery around it this cataract must ever be regarded by the sober critic as one of the most sublime of Nature's wonders. The eye never wearies contemplating that fluttering, pendulous sheet as it slowly unfolds itself over the brow of that mighty wall of yellow granite, and swings majestically in the breeze. Near the top it separates itself into sections, which assume the shape of arrow-heads, and chase each other as they foam and sparkle in the sunlight. In their headlong course those pointed forms resemble a shower of fiery rockets more than a cataract of ice-cold water.

Yosemite Fall has the best effect when seen from the bank of the Merced, over a mile distant, where the eye can take in the whole scene at once. It seems out of focus on a nearer view. I found the approach to the foot of the lowest fall by no means difficult when I kept in the channel of the stream, where there was no lack of stepping-stones. Close to the cataract I found myself in a deep, secluded recess of the great wall, surrounded by scenery more wildly romantic than any one can imagine who has not been there. The everlasting rocks streamed up to heaven until they seemed lost in the remote depths of space. The roaring water poured down from above as if issuing from one of the windows of heaven, while the stern aspect of the rocks, and the effect of the violent turmoil of the water, were much softened by the graceful foliage of pine and cedar trees which seemed to occupy every available spot.



SOUTH DOME.

By a long, roundabout course and severe exertion I succeeded in reaching the top of the lowest fall, but having no guide, I failed to find the path leading to the base of the upper one; but the point can be reached.

Comparisons have been instituted between Yosemite and Niagara; but, as the two scenes are widely different in character, such attempts fall little short of folly. Both are waterfalls, but beyond this they have no quality in common. Indeed, in almost every respect, the one is the opposite of the other. Yosemite is remarkable for its height, Niagara for its breadth; Yosemite is half a mile high, Niagara half a mile wide; Yosemite is cut horizontally into different falls, Niagara perpendicularly; Niagara, being water falling into water, the noise resembles thunder; Yosemite is water falling on rock, and the noise is a deafening clatter, more like that of a shower of stones than of falling water; Yosemite would have little attraction but for its magnificent surroundings; Niagara would be nothing but for its immense volume of water. As to which is best worth seeing opinions will differ; but all must agree that *both* are worth seeing, and that seeing one does not disqualify a person from enjoying the other. Each has its own peculiar attractions, and all who can should see both.

About two miles east of the hotel we obtained one of the most striking views of the whole region, formed by the two huge mountains of bare granite, called the North and South Domes. The former is nearer our position than the latter. The mountain terminates in a smooth, symmetrical dome 3720 feet above the valley.

Proceeding eastward, and keeping to the left, near the base of the northern wall, we soon leave the main valley, and enter that branch drained by the North Fork. A short walk brings us to Mirror Lake, a body of water a mile in circumference. It seems to have been placed there for the encircling rocks and mountains to see their forms and faces in. On account of the remarkable transparency of the

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MIRROR LAKE.

water and of the surrounding atmosphere the reflected images of rocks and trees in the water are almost as distinct and sharply defined as the actual objects. It seemed as if I had unconsciously reached the conclusion that water could not exist in a tranquil state in that part of the world, and a feeling of refreshment and relief possessed me as I gazed on the glassy bosom of that lovely little lake.

On the south side of the cañon, and in full view from the lake, is the South Dome, unquestionably the most sublime object around the valley. From a base, deeply incased in sloping piles of débris, this monarch of rocks soars to the height of 4967 feet. It does not present such an extent of perpendicular surface as the Captain, but it is much loftier, and is perpendicular nearly half-way down from the summit. The mountain is very little weather-stained, the very top being almost as white as snow. It is frequently called the Semi Dome, as a large portion of the side next the valley seems to have broken away somewhere in the regions of remote antiquity. Or, perhaps, it was rent in twain in the terrible convulsion that severed the mountains and created the Yosemite Valley. As I looked up the frowning sides of this giant pile till my eye struck the sharp edge of the precipice, apparently high above the earth, I could not help associating it with "heavenly palaces;" and in my excited imagination I peopled it with supernatural beings, and readily excused the Indians who assigned it as the abode of a deity of the feminine gender. One thing is certain—no human foot ever defiled the surface of that dome. Efforts were made to scale it some years ago, but it was found entirely impracticable.

Reluctantly turning our backs upon the lake we retraced our steps along the bank of the little stream which issues from it, and soon reached the Merced. Crossing the river on a rustic bridge, composed of a fallen tree, we ascended the left bank in a southeasterly direction till we reached the head of the valley proper. Here the South Fork comes in along a deep cañon densely covered with trees and jungle. This branch was then about the same size as the stream that forms the Bridal Veil Fall. Over a mile up the cañon the creek is precipitated over a rock 740 feet high; but on account of the difficulty of reaching it this fall is seldom visited.

Turning eastward we entered the cañon through which the main branch of the Merced reaches the valley. Enormous walls of rock still loomed on both sides, and lost none of their grandeur as we ascended the river. On the south side a long slope stretched from the base of the wall to the water, covered with boulders and huge masses of rock. Along this slope our path struggled—sometimes approaching the stream, and again the foot of the wall, while the river fought its way with terrific fury, and formed a continuous series of cascades along its steep and rocky bed.

About two miles up this cañon a perpendicular ledge appeared in front, presenting an ef-

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fectual barrier to our further progress. Over the brow of this ledge the river plunges to a depth of nearly 400 feet, forming the Vernal Fall. This I consider the most graceful and beautiful of all the cataracts around the valley, though some give the palm to the Bridal Veil. It may deserve it when the water is high, but it did not when I was there. On approaching the rock we found several flights of rickety ladders leading to the top. With much caution and some fear I gained the plateau above, but my companion, being liable to dizziness, remained below. Close to the top of the fall, and on the very brink of the precipice, there is a natural parapet of rock, breast-high, over which the visitor can lean with perfect safety and trace the foaming water, until it breaks with terrific force on the rocks below. Here I witnessed for the first time that beautiful phenomenon improperly called a circular rainbow, which is formed in the spray rising from the bottom of the fall. I am not aware that it can be seen at any of the other falls, and it is doubtless owing to the position of this one with reference to the sun in the afternoon that it is so vivid and beautiful here. Instead of a bow it is a perfect circle, with all the rainbow colors, and shifts and scintillates, dissolves and forms again, hundreds of feet below the beholder.



VERNAL FALL.

From the Vernal Fall we are drawn still further up the Merced by the appearance of an enormous apron of foaming water, spread over the face of another precipice, nearly a mile off. This is the Nevada Fall. Over waves and blisters of grizzly granite, through bush and brake, with the river still on my left, I made my way to this cataract. It is the first great leap of the Merced on its approach to the valley, and is over 700 feet high. In one sense it is the greatest waterfall in the region—*i. e.*, none of the others present such a large body of water falling such a distance. When the river is high most of the water shoots clear of the rock, and descends with full force to the bottom; but in ordinary stages it strikes the face of the precipice some distance from the top, when it spreads out, forming a sheet of foam hundreds of feet wide.



NEVADA FALL.

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BELLOWS BUTTE AND NEVADA FALL.

Between the Vernal and Nevada falls the river bed at some places is an inclined plane of smooth rock, and, as the water slides down at an angle of twelve degrees, it presents a very unusual and attractive sight. On the right bank stands Bellows Butte—a striking mountain of rock, named in honor of the Rev. Dr. Bellows, who visited the valley a few weeks before me.

The Nevada Fall is generally the limit of the visitor's rambles. A short distance above this the inclosing walls disappear, and the explorer finds himself surrounded by ordinary mountain scenery. The river forms innumerable chutes and cascades, but affords no view to be compared with those below.

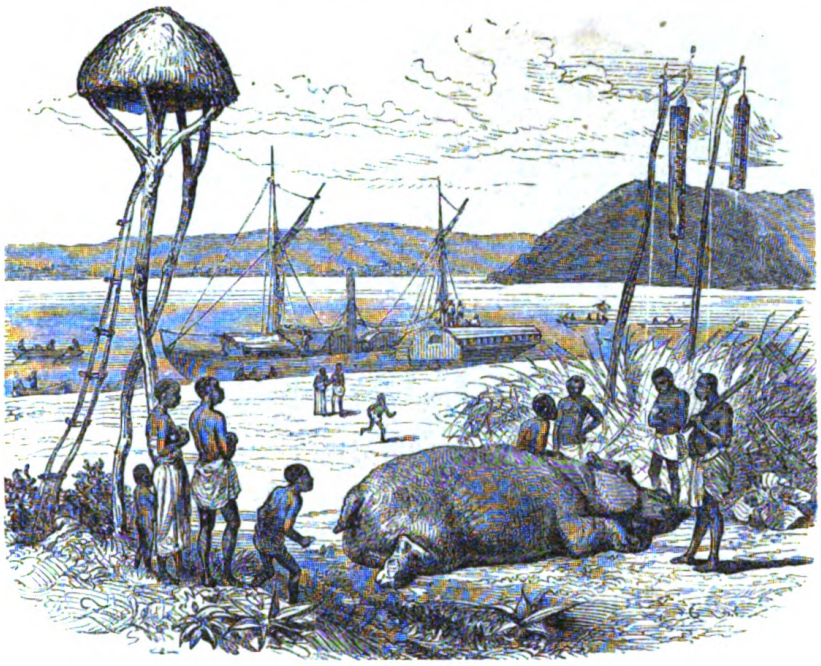
Retracing my steps and descending the ladders, I found W—— still contemplating the Vernal Fall. Overpowered with a sense of the magnificence and grandeur of Nature's works in that extraordinary region, after two days' incessant rambling and scrambling, we returned to our hotel, and, after a refreshing sleep, we mounted our horses, and the Yosemite Valley, with all its matchless scenery, was left behind us in the depths of the mountains.

In the foregoing sketch only the most prominent objects of interest are noticed. There are hundreds besides, consisting of rocks, cascades, and sylvan retreats, which, if placed in some parts of the world, would yearly attract thousands of visitors; but here, in view of the more stupendous scenes around them, they sink into insignificance and are overlooked. And, on account of the magnificent scale on which Nature has operated in this part of the world, and the incapacity of some persons to compare the different scenes with those of a similar nature elsewhere, we sometimes hear of disappointment and even humbug. The figures given, without qualification, in this article are from actual scientific measurement; the others are the result of careful estimate, and will be found to approximate the truth. Nothing is here claimed for the valley that is not there; but if a person who is told that there are rocks three thousand feet high goes there expecting to find them five or six thousand, he will certainly be disappointed. So he will if he expects such a rock to *appear* higher than it really is. But, in truth, so entirely unused are most visitors in estimating the extent of such objects that the most intelligent are at first apt to underrate them. The upper part of such a precipice is so distant from the beholder and so nearly in the line of his vision, as he looks up from the base, that, if inexperienced, he is liable to be deceived. Thus it was that the first white men who saw the valley brought home exciting reports of rocks a thousand feet and waterfalls six hundred feet high. Actual measurement tripled those figures.

As to the waterfalls, they must be seen in spring or early summer to be appreciated. Owing to the entire absence of rain in summer some of the streams are quite dry before winter, and all are low. This circumstance detracts nothing from the value of the scenes. A volcanic eruption is no less grand that it occurs only at long intervals.*

* The illustrations in this article are copied from the correct and beautiful photographs taken in the summer of 1864 by Mr. C. L. Weed, who courteously granted permission to use his pictures for that purpose.

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ON THE ZAMBESI.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST AFRICAN EXPEDITION.*

WE have in this Magazine given at different periods copious abstracts of the principal expeditions which have, within the last fifteen years, for the first time in a measure opened to us the mystery of the interior of the great African Continent, its physical nature, productions, natural history, and the character of its inhabitants.† We have omitted to speak of Henry Barth, the most learned and diligent, if not the most interesting explorer of them all, whose three massy volumes upon Northern and Central Africa will not be superseded within the present generation. Endowed with an ample fortune, and prepared by the most thorough training, he devoted himself to scientific exploration as a profession. After years of sojourn in regions which have become known as the grave of travelers, he returned to his native Germany to be done to death a few weeks ago, in the vigor of his life, by a mistaken prescription from a stupid or careless apothecary. We propose in an early Number of this Magazine to devote a paper to Barth and his Explorations.

Our present purpose, however, is to speak of the Second Expedition of Livingstone, inferior to Barth only in strictly scientific attainments, superior to him in every other respect; and, taken all in all, by far the most interesting and instructive of African Explorers. The many who have read Dr. Livingstone's former volume will bear in mind that, after eight or ten years of missionary life in the deserts of Southern Africa, he set out on an exploring voyage northward into the interior, touching the then newly discovered Lake Ngami, midway between the eastern and the western shores; and turning westward he reached the coast; then retracing his steps to the region of Lake Ngami, he kept on until he came to the eastern coast, discovering on his way the Falls of Mosioatunya—"Sounding Smoke"—which we will not follow his bad example in naming "Victoria Falls"—in many respects the most remarkable cataract on the globe, fairly entitled to claim rivalry with Niagara—and, as far as we know, having in formation but one parallel—the Passaic Falls at Paterson, New Jersey. For aught that appears, Dr. Livingstone is the first man that ever crossed the African continent near the equator, from east to west. He is certainly the first, and as yet, it is believed, the only European who has done so.

So general was the interest excited by the publication of Livingston's first book, that the British Government fitted out an expedition under his direction, appointing him also Consul-General for Southwestern Africa. The principal members of this expedition were Dr.

* *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa:* 1858–1864. By DAVID and CHARLES LIVINGSTONE. With Map and Illustrations. Harper and Brothers.

† *E. g.*—WILSON'S *Western Africa*, July, 1856. ANDERSSON'S *Lake Ngami*, February, 1857. LIVINGSTONE'S *Missionary Travels and Researches*, February, 1858. BURTON'S *Lake Regions of Central Africa*, October, 1860. DU CHAILLU'S *Explorations in Equatorial Africa*, June, 1861. ANDERSSON'S *Okovango River*, December, 1861. BALDWIN'S *African Hunting from Natal to the Zambesi*, April, 1863. SPEKE'S *Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, April, 1864. READE'S *Savage Africa*, August, 1864.

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THE GRAVE OF MRS. LIVINGSTONE UNDER THE BAOBAB-TREE, NEAR TO SHUPANGA HOUSE.

Livingstone himself, his nephew Charles Livingstone, and Mr. Kirk, a physician and naturalist. With them went also the devoted wife of Livingstone, his companion during his missionary labors, and on his long journey across the continent. She died in 1862, and was buried under a huge baobab-tree at Shupanga, on the Zambesi. The main object of the expedition, as laid down in the instructions from Government, was to extend the knowledge already attained of the geography and mineral and agricultural resources of Eastern and Central Africa; to improve our acquaintance with the inhabitants, and to endeavor to engage them to apply themselves to industrial pursuits, and to the cultivation of their lands, with a view to the production of raw material to be exported to England in return for British manufactures. It was also hoped that by encouraging the natives to occupy themselves in the development of the resources of the country a considerable advance might be made toward the extinction of the slave-trade, as they would soon discover that the former would

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be more profitable than the latter. The first of these objects was in a good degree accomplished. Large additions have been made to our previous knowledge of the geography and productions of the country. The other two objects failed. No raw material has yet been furnished for European manufactures, though it has been clearly shown that a source of future supply has been found. The slave-trade is now prosecuted on that coast apparently with more vigor than ever.

The explorations made within the last fifteen years have subverted all the old ideas of the physical geography of Africa. Before that its interior had been supposed to be a vast expanse of parched and burning sand. It is now known to be an elevated plateau, sloping from the centre down toward the surrounding oceans. From the lower rim of this plateau there is all around another swell varying greatly in width, through which the streams escape to the sea. On the northern and southern sides the swell consists of elevated sandy deserts—Sahara on the north, Kalahari on the south. On the eastern and western sides are mountain ranges sometimes rising to a considerable elevation. Thus Kilimandjero, in the eastern coast range, within three degrees of the equator, appears to pass the limits of perpetual snow, an elevation of probably 20,000 feet; more than three times the height of the loftiest summit in North America east of the Rocky Mountains; 2000 feet above the highest peak in this range; as much below the three or four highest peaks of the South American Andes; twice as much above the highest peaks of the Alps; and greatly exceeded only by five or six of the highest summits of the Himalaya range. The central plateau, thus bounded, may be roughly put down as extending from 20° south latitude to 20° north latitude—say 2500 miles. Its breadth, north of the equator, is double that south; probably 15°, or 1000 miles, would be an approximate average. This central plateau thus has an area of about 2,500,000 square miles; a little less than a quarter of all Africa, and about equal to the practically habitable portions of Europe or of the United States. Geographically the whole lies within the tropics; but owing to the elevation the climate and productions belong mainly to the southern temperate zone —that part of the United States from Louisiana to Virginia. Physically, the portion of the plateau with which we are in a measure acquainted resembles North America in its fresh-water lakes, and India in its hot, humid lowlands, jungles, and cool highland plains. That there is a water-shed across this whole plateau, very near, but probably a little south of the line of the equator, may be considered certain. The probability is, Barth to the contrary notwithstanding, that it is a lofty mountain chain. At all events it is certain that the Nile, the Benuwe, and the Zambesi, whose headwaters can not be far distant, reach the ocean at opposite sides of the continent. Livingstone not inaptly compares the conformation of the continent to that of a "wide-awake" hat, with the crown a little depressed, and the brim considerably turned up in parts. The Lake Region, as far as we know it, lies between 15° south latitude, the southern extremity of Lake Shire, and 4° north of the equator, the northern extremity of the Luta Nzigé, which Speke thought a mere lagoon flooded by the back water of the Nile; but which Baker, who has since visited it, finds a magnificent sheet of water, to which he has given the name of "Albert N'yanza," as Speke gave that of "Victoria N'yanza" to his lake, the head of which lies 4° south, and a little to the east. N'yanza is an African word meaning simply "lake." Each of these explorers seems to be sure that from his "N'yanza" flows the main affluent of the Nile. In our judgment, all the waters that could be supplied by both would be required to form such a river as the "White Nile," as it appears at Khartoum, 1000 miles northward, where it joins the "Blue Nile" from Abyssinia; from which point downward we really have a definite knowledge of the great river of Egypt.

Two hundred miles westward from Speke's "Victoria N'yanza" lies Burton's Lake Tanganyika, its northern extremity in 3° of south latitude, and reaching southward about 5°, or 350 miles. "Victoria" and "Albert" certainly, and Tanganyika probably, have their outlet, running due north, in the Nile, emptying into the Mediterranean. Victoria lies 3740, and Tanganyika 1844 feet above the level of the ocean. Lake Nyassa, which was pretty thoroughly explored by Livingstone, has its head in about 11° of south latitude; it empties through the Shire and Zambesi into the Indian Ocean. The water-shed of the plateau, therefore, must here lie between 8° and 11° south of the equator. Nyassa lies 1300 feet above the sea; it is 210 miles long, with an average breadth of 26 miles, and is from 90 to 600 feet deep. Its area, therefore, 5460 square miles, does not vary greatly from that of Lake Ontario. Tanganyika is somewhat larger, and "Albert" three times as large, approximating to Lake Huron. Besides these, there are evidently many other collections of fresh-water. The Lake Region of Africa, therefore, comes next, though with a wide interval, to that of North America.

We have entered into these details, because the reader will look in vain in any ordinary Atlas or Geography for the topography of this remarkable region.

The explorations of Livingstone and his companions in this expedition cover a portion of the lake and hill region south of the water-shed. Presuming that the reader has no reliable map of this region we will endeavor to locate it approximately. From the mouths of the Zambesi River, on the eastern coast of Africa, in about latitude 19° south, longitude 37° east from Greenwich, draw a line due westward to the meridian of 24°, upon the same parallel of latitude. This point is just about

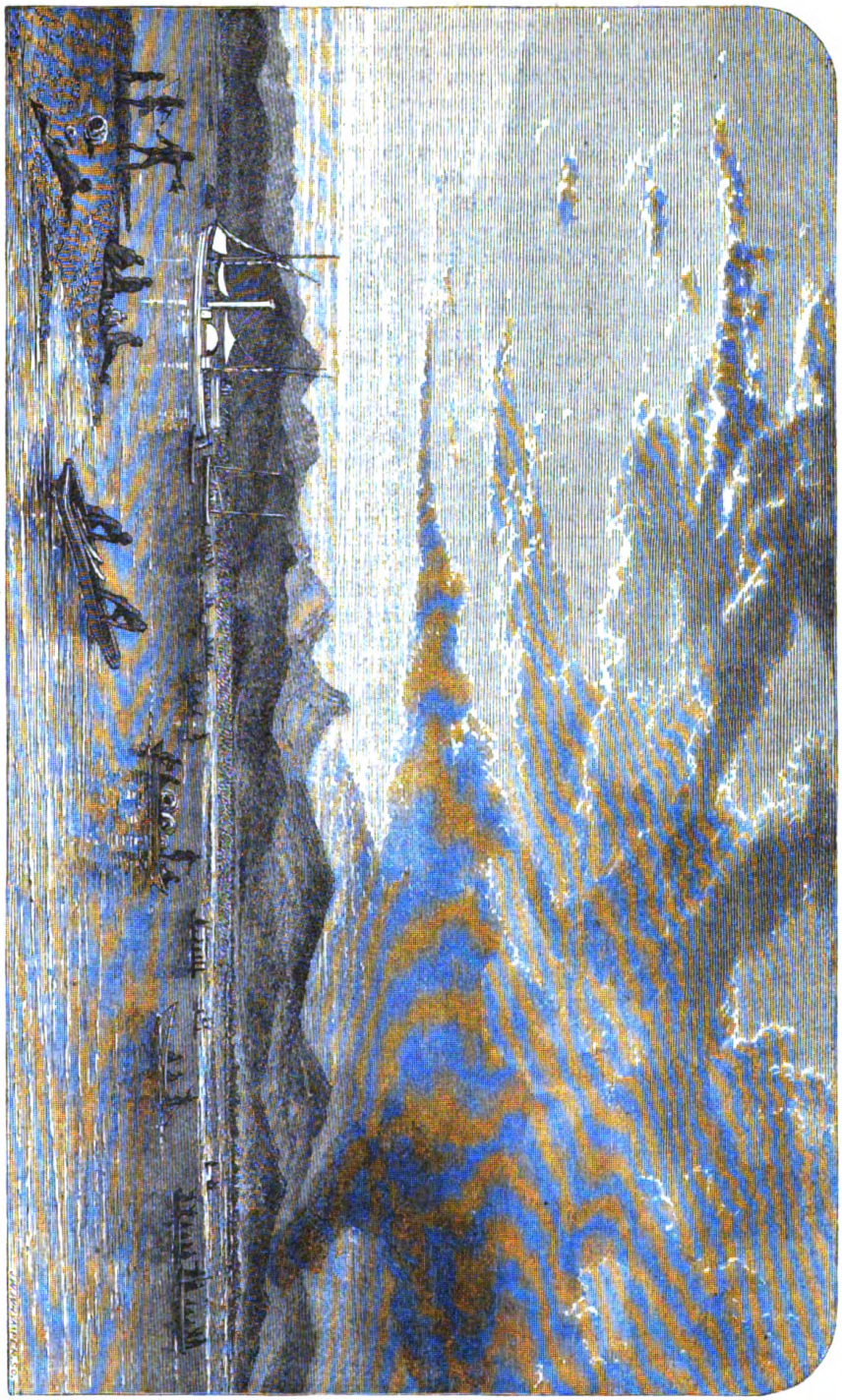
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PANDANUS OR SCREW PALM, COVERED WITH CLIMBING PLANTS, NEAR THE KONGONE CANAL OF THE ZAMBESI.

half-way across the continent, and marks Livingstone's farthest westward advance in this expedition. Now upon this straight line draw another curving thus ⌒, and this curved line will represent very closely the course of the Zambesi River for this distance. Bearing in mind that this curved line stands for a distance of 1000 miles, you have Livingstone's course in that direction. Now if you can find on your map a river, probably unnamed, emptying from the north into the Zambesi, about 100 miles from its mouth, suppose it to be the Shire. If it is not on your map, as most likely it is not, suppose it to be there, and from its mouth draw another line due north, and so at a right angle with your first line, 500 miles, and this will

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THE MA-ROBERT IN THE ZAMBESI ABOVE SENNA, WITH THE SADDLE-SHAPED HILL KEVRAMISA IN THE DISTANCE.

represent the River Shire, and the long Lake Nyassa, of which it is the outlet. Along this line was the course of Livingstone's northward explorations.

Now suppose that, during four years, Livingstone and his companions, sometimes singly and sometimes together, made various journeys, sometimes on the rivers and sometimes on foot, and we have an outline chart of this "Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries." Some of the leading features of the narrative we propose to give, mainly in the language of Livingstone himself. It must be borne in mind, however, that the chief object in view "was not to discover objects of nine days' wonder, to gaze at and be gazed upon by barbarians; but to note the climate, the natural productions, the local diseases, the natives, and their relations to the rest of the world."

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The land journeys, of course, were made on foot; the river journeys mainly in canoes—for although the expedition was provided with a small steamer, built expressly for its use, it proved every way a failure. This little steamer was named the *Ma-Robert* in honor of Mrs. Livingstone, that being the name given years before to this admirable woman by the natives—signifying the "Mother of Robert," which was the name of her oldest son. Livingstone got to styling this vessel *The Asthmatic*, from the terrible wheezing which accompanied her slightest exertion. It took several hours to get up steam at all; and when steam was up she made so little headway that the heavily-laden canoes of the natives went past her. Moreover she was built of a newly-invented sort of steel plates only a sixteenth of an inch in thickness, duly patented, but never before tried. Some chemical action on this preparation of steel caused a minute hole, and from this, branches like the little ragged stars seen in thawing ice, radiated in every direction. The bottom soon became like a sieve, full of holes, some large, some small. The vessel was laid up every little while and the larger holes stopped; but she was no sooner afloat than new ones broke out. The first news in the morning was commonly the announcement of another leak in the forward compartment, or in the middle, which was worse still. For the *Asthmatic* was built in compartments, coupled together in some patent but untried way. Somehow the hinder compartment worked like a pump and sent the water in streams through the middle one, which constituted the cabin.

The Zambesi enters the ocean by several mouths, forming a great Delta, fertile but uninteresting. It is, however, admirably adapted to the culture of the sugar-cane. Livingstone thinks—over-sanguinely, we imagine—that, if properly cultivated, it could supply all Europe with sugar. Prominent among the trees of this hot, alluvial region is the Pandanus or Screw Palm. One of these, when wreathed with climbing plants, looks not unlike the ivy-clad steeple of an English church. An "old salt" on board said that the likeness would be perfect if there was only "a grog-shop near the church."

The Portuguese claim the whole coast hereabouts for a thousand miles, and the country for an unknown distance in the interior. The only tangible evidences of their possession are a few decayed forts here and there, and three or four settlements up the river at intervals of a hundred miles: first Shupanga and close by Mazaro, then Senna, lastly Tette. The Landeens or Zulus claim all the country on the south side of the river, and the Portuguese practically admit their claim by paying them a heavy tribute. Every year these wild warriors make their appearance at the settlement to "lift" their dues. They go through their dances and war exercises, little to the delight of the Portuguese; get their cloth and beads and brass wire, and decamp for the time. These Landeens manifest the genuine African keenness at bargaining. They keep as sharp watch over the Portuguese traders as ever landlord did upon tenant; the slightest appearance of increased prosperity is the signal for a "raise in rent." "Why don't you cultivate more?" asked Livingstone of one of these Portuguese. "What's the use of our doing that?" was the reply; "the Landeens would only come down upon us for more tribute."

The Portuguese likewise have their "border troubles." One of these culminated at the time of Livingstone's arrival. A half-caste called by the Portuguese Mariano, by the Africans Matakenya, "The Quiverer"—that is, as we understand it, one who in wrath quivers, as a tree does in a storm—had built a stockade near the mouth of the Shire, claimed the country about, and set up as a ruffian in general, and a slave-hunter in particular. Somehow he got into a war with the Portuguese, or they with him, and they got into a fight just at the time when Livingstone's expedition was going up. Livingstone saw the fight. Some of the Portuguese white soldiers stood fighting with great bravery against the enemy in front, while a few were coolly shooting at their own slaves for fleeing into the river behind. The rebels soon retired, and the Portuguese, having used up their ammunition, escaped to a sand-bank in the river and thence to an island, where they remained for some weeks waiting anxiously for supplies. When these came the fight was renewed, and the rebels were routed and their stockade burned. Mariano after a while was captured and condemned to three years' imprisonment and a fine. As he had no money at hand to pay the fine he was allowed to go home to collect the money. He forthwith betook himself to his old ways of robbery, murder, and kidnapping; and when Livingstone left the country three years after he was in the high-tide of success as a slave-hunter, bringing his victims down to the Portuguese ports for sale.

The Zambesi, though a mile or more broad, is in its lower course so filled with shoals as not to be navigable at low-water for vessels drawing more than two feet; and about three hundred miles from its mouth are the Kebrabasa Rapids, where the river runs for some miles through a narrow ravine of a quarter of a mile in breadth. At low-water the channel is not more than forty or fifty yards wide, broken by rocks. At high flood the water in this channel rises forty feet or more, filling the ravine and covering the rocks. At this season a steamer with powerful engines could probably pass up to the Mosioatunya Falls, 900 miles from the mouth of the river.

Livingstone's long journey up the Zambesi was for the purpose of taking back to their homes the Makololo people who had accompanied him across the continent two years before, and whom he had left at Tette, with the

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DANCE OF LANDEENS, OR ZULUS, ARRIVED AT SHUPANGA TO LIFT THE ANNUAL TRIBUTE OF THE PORTUGUESE.

promise that nothing but death should prevent his return. "Nay, father," they had replied, "you will not die; you will return to take us back to Sekeletu." This long journey abounds with interesting incidents, showing the character and habits of the people. When he reached the termination he found a wagon, which he had left there, uninjured by the people; but the covering had become nearly rotten, and the white ants had destroyed one of the wheels. All the property which had been left, such as a medicine-chest, magic-lantern, tools, and books, had been placed by Sekeletu in charge of his wives, and carefully preserved.

On his way Livingstone made a thorough examination of the Falls of Mosioatunya, which he had discovered five years before. Here he found Mr. Baldwin, an English hunter, the second white man who had ever seen this cataract. As far as we know only nine Europeans

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have as yet seen them.* Livingstone had struck the river some miles above the fall, and the party went down in canoes belonging to a Makololo named Tuba Mokoro, "The Smasher of Canoes," the only man who has the "medicine" which secures one against wreck in descending the rapids. Even with the "medicine" the voyage is not without peril; but it was accomplished, and the party landed on Garden Island, situated on the lip of the chasm, nearly in the middle of the river.

"On reaching that lip," says Livingstone, "and peering over the giddy height, the wondrous and unique character of the magnificent cascade at once burst upon us. It is rather a hopeless task to endeavor to convey an idea of it in words, since, as was remarked on the spot, an accomplished painter, even by a number of views, could but impart a faint impression of the glorious scene. The probable mode of its formation may perhaps help to the conception of its peculiar shape. Niagara has been formed by a wearing back of the rock over which the river falls; and, during a long course of ages, it has gradually receded, and left a broad, deep, and pretty straight trough in front. It goes on wearing back daily, and may yet discharge the lakes from which its river flows. But the Victoria Falls have been formed by a crack right across the river, in the hard, black, basaltic rock which there formed the bed of the Zambesi. The lips of the crack are still quite sharp, save about three feet of the edge over which the river rolls. The walls go sheer down from the lips without any projecting crag, or symptom of stratification or dislocation. When the mighty rift occurred, no change of level took place in the two parts of the bed of the river thus rent asunder; consequently, in coming down the river to Garden Island, the water suddenly disappears, and we see the opposite side of the cleft, with grass and trees growing where once the river ran, on the same level as that part of its bed on which we sail. The first crack is, in length, a few yards more than the breadth of the Zambesi, which by measurement we found to be a little over 1860 yards, but this number we resolved to retain as indicating the year in which the Fall was for the first time carefully examined. The main stream here runs nearly north and south, and the cleft across it is nearly east and west. The depth of the rift was measured by lowering a line, to the end of which a few bullets and a foot of white cotton cloth were tied. One of us lay with his head over a projecting crag, and watched the descending calico, till, after his companions had paid out 310 feet, the weight rested on a sloping projection, probably 50 feet from the water below, the actual bottom being still farther down. The white cloth now appeared the size of a crown-piece. On measuring the width of this deep cleft by sextant, it was found at Garden Island, its narrowest part, to be eighty yards, and at its broadest somewhat more. Into this chasm, of twice the depth of Niagara Fall, the river, a full mile wide, rolls with a deafening roar; and this is Mosi-oa-tunya, or the Victoria Falls.

"Looking from Garden Island down to the bottom of the abyss, nearly half a mile of water, which has fallen over that portion of the Falls to our right, or west of our point of view, is seen collected in a narrow channel twenty or thirty yards wide, and flowing at exactly right angles to its previous course, to our left; while the other half, or that which fell over the eastern portion of the Falls, is seen in the left of the narrow channel below, coming toward our right. Both waters unite midway, in a fearful boiling whirlpool, and find an outlet by a crack situated at right angles to the fissure of the Falls. This outlet is about 1170 yards from the western end of the chasm, and some 600 from its eastern end; the whirlpool is at its commencement. The Zambesi, now apparently not more than twenty or thirty yards wide, rushes and surges south through the narrow escape channel for 130 yards; then enters a second chasm somewhat deeper, and nearly parallel with the first. Abandoning the bottom of the eastern half of this second chasm to the growth of large trees, it turns sharply off to the west, and forms a promontory, with the escape-channel at its point, of 1170 yards long, and 416 yards broad at the base. After reaching this base the river runs abruptly round the head of another promontory, and flows away to the east, in a third chasm; then glides round a third promontory, much narrower than the rest, and away back to the west, in a fourth chasm; and we could see in the distance that it appeared to round still another promontory, and bend once more in another chasm toward the east. In this gigantic, zigzag, yet narrow trough, the rocks are all so sharply cut and angular, that the idea at once arises that the hard basaltic trap must have been riven into its present shape by a force acting from beneath, and that this probably took place when the ancient inland seas were let off by similar fissures nearer the ocean.

"The land beyond, or on the south of the Falls, retains, as already remarked, the same level as before the rent was made. It is as if the trough below Niagara were bent right and left several times before it reached the railway bridge. The land in the supposed bends, being of the same height as that above the Fall, would give standing-places, or points of view, of the same nature as that from the railway bridge; but the nearest would be only eighty yards, instead of two miles (the distance to the bridge), from the face of the cascade. The tops of the promontories are in general flat, smooth, and studded with trees. The first, with its base on the east, is at one place so narrow that it would be dangerous to walk to its extremity. On the second, however, we found a broad rhinoceros path and a hut; but, unless the builder were a hermit, with a pet rhinoceros, we can not conceive what beast or man ever went there for. On reaching the apex of this second eastern promontory we saw the great river, of a deep sea-green color, now sorely compressed, gliding away at least 400 feet below us.

"Garden Island, when the river is low, commands the best view of the Great Fall chasm, as also of the promontory opposite, with its grove of large evergreen trees, and brilliant rainbows of three quarters of a circle, two, three, and sometimes even four in number, resting on the face of the vast perpendicular rock, down which tiny streams are always running, to be swept again back by the upward rushing vapor. But as at Niagara one has to go over to the Canadian shore to see the chief wonder—the great Horse-shoe Fall—so here we have to cross over to Moselekatse's side, to the promontory of evergreens, for the best view of the princi-

* Dr. Livingstone, in 1855 and 1860; Charles Livingstone, Mr. Kirk, and Mr. Baldwin, in 1860; Mr. T. Baines and two companions, in 1862. Sir Richard Glyn and his brother in 1863.

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pal Falls of Mosi-oa-tunya. Beginning, therefore, at the base of this promontory, and facing the cataract, at the west end of the chasm there is, first, a fall of thirty-six yards in breadth, and of course, as they all are, upward of 310 feet in depth. Then Boaruka, a small island, intervenes, and next comes a great fall, with a breadth of 573 yards; a projecting rock separates this from a second grand fall of 325 yards broad; in all upward of 900 yards of perennial falls. Farther east stands Garden Island; then, as the river was at its lowest, came a good deal of the bare rock of its bed, with a score of narrow falls, which, at the time of flood, constitute one enormous cascade of nearly another half mile. Near the east end of the chasm are two larger falls, but they are nothing at low-water compared to those between the islands.

"The whole body of water rolls clear over, quite unbroken; but, after a descent of ten or more feet, the entire mass suddenly becomes like a huge sheet of driven snow. Pieces of water leap off it in the form of comets with tails streaming behind, till the whole snowy sheet becomes myriads of rushing, leaping, aqueous comets. This peculiarity was not observed by Charles Livingstone at Niagara, and here it happens, possibly from the dryness of the atmosphere, or whatever the cause may be which makes every drop of Zambesi water appear to possess a sort of individuality. It runs off the ends of the paddles, and glides in beads along the smooth surface, like drops of quicksilver on a table. Here we see them in a conglomeration, each with a train of pure white vapor, racing down till lost in clouds of spray. A stone dropped in became less and less to the eye, and at last disappeared in the dense mist below.

"Charles Livingstone had seen Niagara, and gave Mosi-oa-tunya the palm, though now at the end of a drought, and the river at its very lowest. Many feel a disappointment on first seeing the great American Falls, but Mosi-oa-tunya is so strange it must ever cause wonder. In the amount of water Niagara probably excels, though not during the months when the Zambesi is in flood. The vast body of water, separating in the comet-like forms described, necessarily incloses in its descent a large volume of air, which, forced into the cleft to an unknown depth, rebounds, and rushes up loaded with vapor, to form the three or even six columns, as if of steam, visible at the Batoka village Moachemba, twenty-one miles distant. On attaining a height of 200, or at most 300 feet from the level of the river above the cascade, this vapor becomes condensed into a perpetual shower of fine rain. Much of the spray, rising to the west of Garden Island, falls on the grove of evergreen trees opposite; and from their leaves heavy drops are forever falling, to form sundry little rills, which, in running down the steep face of rock, are blown off and turned back, or licked off their perpendicular bed up into the column from which they have just descended."

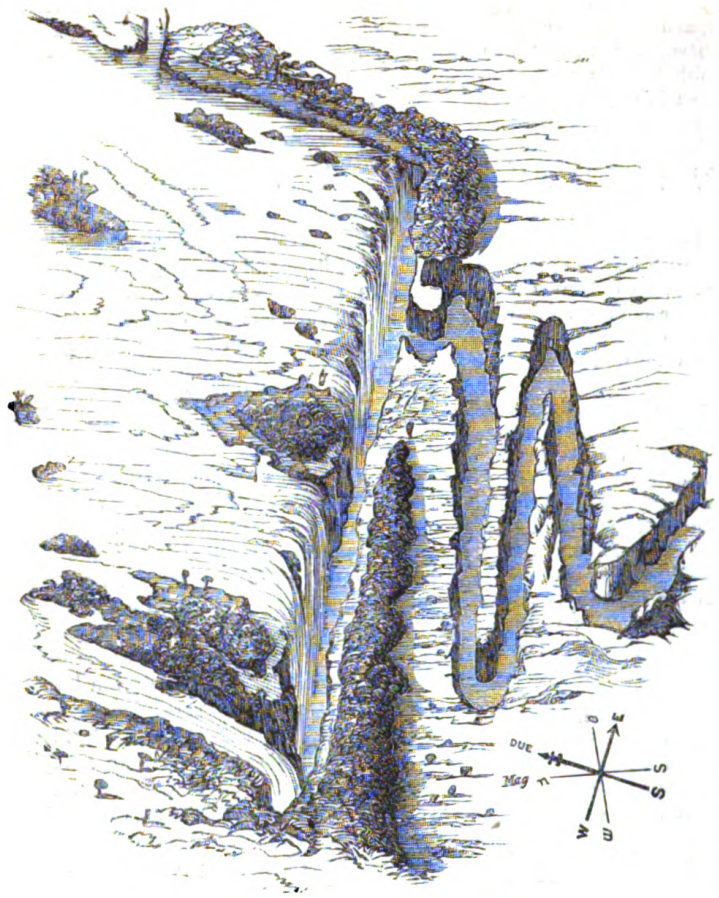
Livingstone, in his former work, gives a view of the Falls as they appeared to him from the partial view which he was able to get of them in that hasty visit; but it fails to give an idea of the peculiar formation of this cataract.* In this volume he gives a full view, but it is too large to find place on a page of this Magazine. Those of our readers who have looked at the Passaic Falls, at Paterson, New Jersey, from the cliffs which overlook them, may form some idea of the structure of Mosioatunya. In both cases the river, flowing placidly along over a level bed of solid rock, plunges into a narrow crack almost at right angles with its course, and then makes its way through a zigzag channel, reft in the bare solid basalt, doubling back and forth in such a way that within the distance of a stone's-throw the course of the current is in precisely opposite directions. But the Passaic Falls, even before a great part of the waters were diverted to feed the manufactories, had a width of only a few rods, and a descent of about 70 feet. Mosioatunya is more than a mile broad, and falls 400 feet—more than twice the descent of Niagara. The channel of escape is also more tortuous. That of the Passaic is shaped somewhat like the letter Z. The plan on the following page represents a corresponding view of Mosioatunya.

The most interesting portion of this narrative is the account of the explorations of the River Shire, its valley, and the region bordering on Lake Nyassa. Several journeys—in fact, the first and the last—were made in this quarter. The Shire is narrower than the Zambesi, but its channel is deeper, having for two hundred miles a depth at lowest water of nowhere less than five feet. Then occurs a long reach of rapids, where in a distance of forty miles the river falls 1200 feet; then for a hundred miles more to the lake navigation is unobstructed. The river drains an exceedingly fertile valley, and its banks and the shores of the lake were, on the first visit, crowded with a dense and industrious population. Maize, various species of millet, rice, yams, and sweet-potatoes were the staples of food. As a rule, the population was remarkably industrious. The land was cultivated entirely by the hoe; men, women, and children sharing in the labor; but the fertility of the soil rendered the task of providing the necessaries of life a very light one. The grinding of the corn seems to involve more labor than its cultivation. Cotton was found every where in quantities amply sufficient for clothing; this was woven in looms not ruder than those of India. The smelting of iron and the manufacture of tools and implements was carried to no inconsiderable perfection. Every village had its furnace and blacksmiths. The iron is of excellent quality. Some of it sent to Birmingham was pronounced nearly equal to the best Swedish.

The color of the people is by no means black, the prevailing complexion is a bright bronze. The dress of the females is elaborate, after a

* See this Magazine, February, 1858. In fact, there is no one point from which an entire view can be taken. That of Livingstone is a birds-eye picture, showing how the falls and chasm would appear could they be seen from a point sufficiently elevated to allow the whole to be taken in at once. Mr. Baines has published a series of ten large drawings representing different views of Mosioatunya. From his work we take the plan showing the conformation of the falls and chasm. From his work we take the birds-eye plan which we give.

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BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF MOSIOATUNYA.

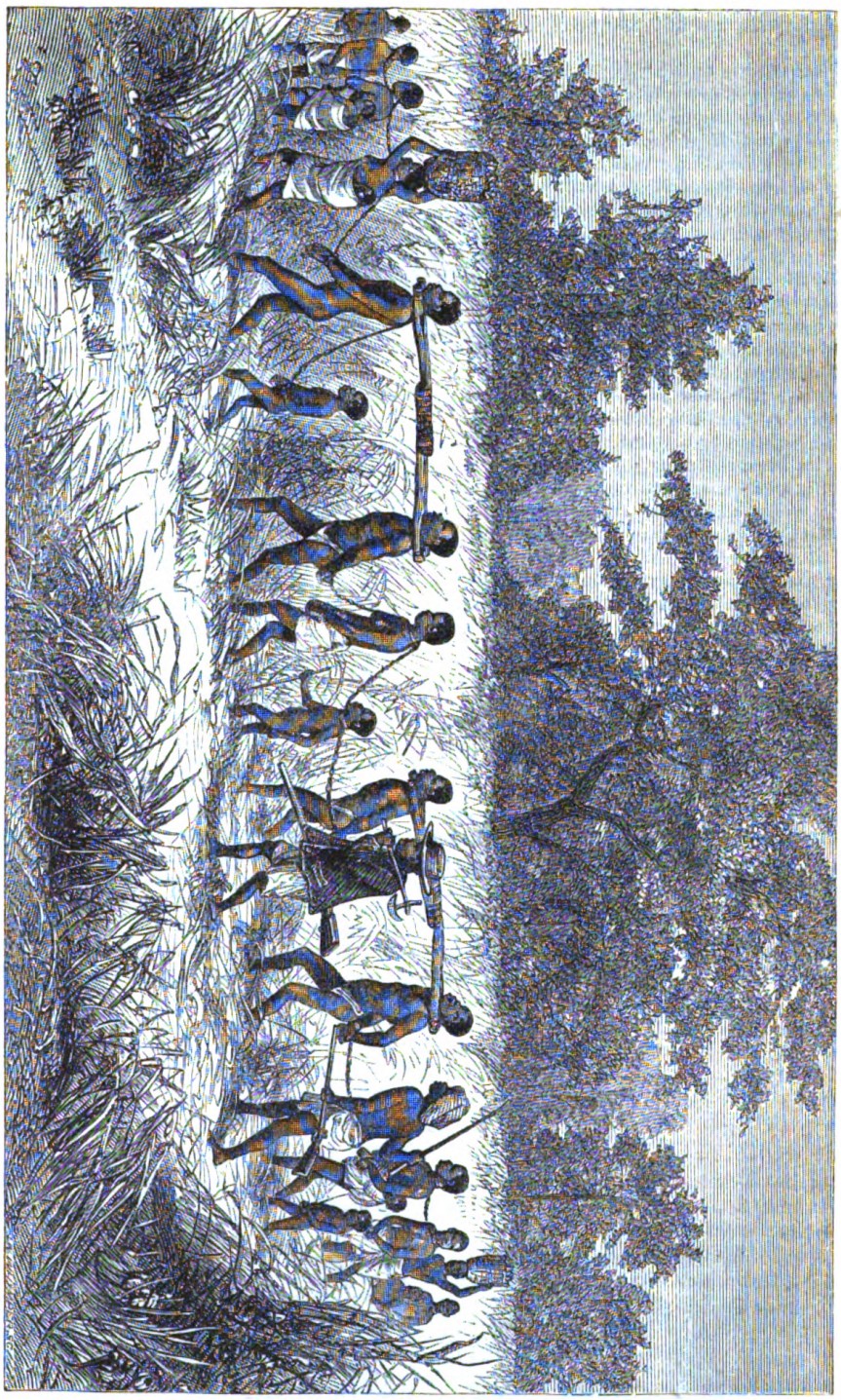
fashion; the prevailing articles of costume being a rather scanty kilt, and a profusion of bead and brass ornaments. The principal wife of one of the great chiefs wore eighteen heavy brass rings on each leg, besides three of copper below each knee; nineteen brass rings on her left arm, eight on the right, besides a heavy ivory ring above each elbow. They exert themselves in the matter of coiffures. Some spread the hair out over a hoop; others wear huge artificial "waterfalls;" some plait it into the form of horns—the most admired model being the spreading horns of the buffalo; others draw it up from the forehead in the form of a pyramid. The *pelele*, or lip-ring, is, however, the one great and distinguishing ornament of the Manganga women. The upper lip is bored close to the septum of the nose, and a small peg inserted to keep the hole open. When the wound is healed around a larger peg is inserted, and so on, increasing in size for weeks, months, and years, until at last the hole becomes so large that a ring two inches in diameter can be introduced. The poorer classes content themselves with a circle cut off from the end of a bamboo; their wealthier sisters use tin or ivory. An ordinary napkin-ring is a fair representation of a fashionable pelele. When a lady smiles the action of the muscles of the cheeks pulls up the lip so that it is thrown above the eyebrows. One fashionable chieftainess had a pelele which hung down below the chin, with a band of the lip around it. When asked why they wear such an ugly ornament the answer is the same which we have all heard in the case of "waterfalls"—"It is the fashion." One man of an æsthetic turn, however, gave this reason: "Men have beard and whiskers; women have none; and what kind of a creature would a woman be without whiskers and without a pelele? She would have the mouth of a man and no beard." And he laughed at the absurd figure which such a creature would present.

Nowhere did Livingstone find among the natives any thing approaching to horrible cruelty which Speke saw in his journey, and of which all travelers in Dahomi and Ashanti tell us. The prevailing idea is that of a people kindly among each other, courteous and hospitable to strangers, naturally disposed to industry, and by no means wanting in ingenuity.

The Shire country, upon Livingstone's first visit, in 1859, wore an aspect of industry, plenty, and almost pastoral quiet. Less than two years after he made another journey through the same region. Some of the fierce neighboring tribes, incited by the Portuguese slave-traders, had made a fierce onset upon the region; and the travelers saw gang after gang of the poor inhabitants driven off toward Tette and the ports on the coast. The men were fastened together, two by two, by means of the "goree," or slave stick. The fork of a stout stick six or seven feet long is put upon the neck; through the ends of the fork an iron rod is placed, riveted at both ends across the throat; and two of these sticks, with a man fastened in each, are lashed together. The women, some of them carrying their infants, are chained to the men; while the children old enough to go alone walk by the sides of their parents, some chained and others loose.

"No words," says Livingstone, "can convey an adequate idea of the scene of wide-spread desolation which the once pleasant Shire Valley now presented. Instead of smiling villages and crowds of people

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GANG OF CAPTIVES MET AT MBAME'S ON THEIR WAY TO TETTE.

coming with things for sale, scarcely a soul was to be seen; and when by chance one lighted on a native his frame bore the impress of hunger, and his countenance the look of a cringing broken-spiritedness. A drought had visited the land after the slave-hunting panic swept over it. Large masses of the people had fled down to the Shire, only anxious to get the river between them and their enemies. Most of the food had been left behind; and famine and starvation had cut off so many that the remainder were too few to bury the dead. The corpses we saw floating down the river were only a remnant of those that had perished, whom their friends, from weakness, could not bury, nor overgorged crocodiles devour. It is true that famine caused a great portion of this waste of human life; but the slave-trade must be deemed the chief agent in the ruin, because, as we were informed, in former droughts all the people flocked from the hills down to the marshes, which are capable of yielding crops

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of maize in less than three months at any time of the year, and now they were afraid to do so.

"Wherever we took a walk human skeletons were seen in every direction, and it was painfully interesting to observe the different postures in which the poor wretches had breathed their last. A whole heap had been thrown down a slope behind a village, where the fugitives often crossed the river from the east; and in one hut of the same village no fewer than twenty drums had been collected, probably the ferryman's fees. Many had ended their misery under shady trees—others under projecting crags in the hills—while others lay in their huts, with closed doors, which, when opened, disclosed the mouldering corpse, with the poor rags round the loins—the skull fallen off the pillow—the little skeleton of the child, that had perished first, rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons. The sight of this desert, but eighteen months ago a well peopled valley, now literally strewn with human bones, forced the conviction upon us that the destruction of human life in the Middle Passage, however great, constitutes but a small portion of the waste, and made us feel that unless the slave-trade—that monster iniquity, which has so long brooded over Africa—is put down, lawful commerce can not be established."



THE PELELE, OR LIP-RING.

This sudden irruption of the slave-hunters put an end to all hope of attaining the main objects of the expedition; but much had been accomplished in the way of gaining information as to the nature of the country. What was really accomplished is briefly summed up by Dr. Livingstone. First, the region of the Shire, for an almost indefinite extent, was shown to be remarkably fertile and productive.

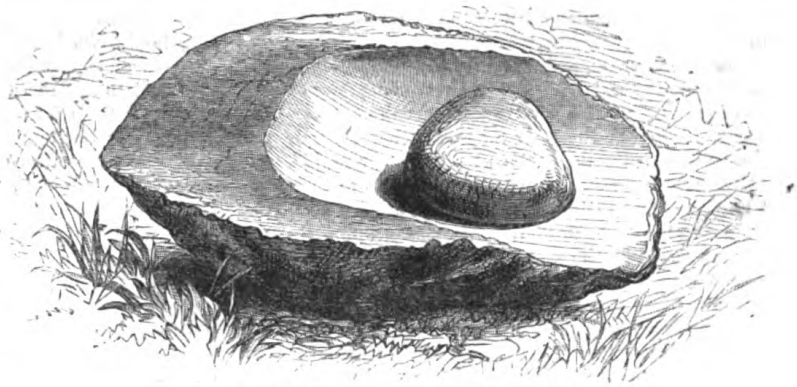
"The fertility of the soil," says Livingstone, "has been amply proved by its productions. Indigo has been found growing wild over large tracts of country, and often attains the height of a man. The cotton collected from a great many districts of the country was found to be of very superior quality. Large spaces are so much impregnated with salt that an efflorescence of it appears all over the surface. In these spaces superior cotton flourishes with



AFRICAN AGRICULTURE.

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very little care. We saw some men who had been employed to take canoes down to the coast sitting on the bank, on soil like this, cleaning and spinning their cotton. When we returned twelve months afterward the seeds thrown away had germinated, flourished, and yielded cotton wool, which, when sent to Manchester, was pronounced to be two-pence per pound better in quality than common New Orleans; and not only is the cotton produced of good quality, but it is persistent in the soil to an extent quite unknown in America. We have observed cotton-bushes yielding vigorously in parts where they had not only to struggle for existence against grass towering over their heads, but had for at least ten years to bear up against the fires which annually burned down them and the grass together. In fact, the region indicated is pre-eminently a cotton-field, crops never running any danger of being cut off by frost. The natives have paid a good deal of attention to the cultivation of the plant, and find that the best requires renewal only once in three years.



NATIVE MILL FOR GRINDING CORN.

"We found that not only was the plant well known to the people of the interior, but that a variety not met with on either coast was under cultivation inland. Thus, for instance, the Bazizulu, living near the Kafue, had a variety yielding cotton of very fine quality and long staple, which can only be described as of the Pernambuco kind; and at Sesheke the stem of a tree of this species had attained a diameter of eight inches, and was so tall that Dr. Kirk had to climb up it for specimens as one would up an apple-tree. Two other varieties were found cultivated over large tracts of country. The indigenous kind had nearly been superseded by a very superior sort called 'foreign cotton.' This had been introduced by the natives themselves; and the district included in the Shire Valley and shores adjacent to Lake Nyassa, in which it abounds, is about 400 miles in length, and may confidently be stated as one of the finest cotton-fields in the world. Cotton already cultivated there is superior to common American, and nearly equal to Egyptian.

"In farther illustration of the fertility of the soil, we found that those plants which require much care in the cultivation in other countries grow wild here as well as cotton. Tobacco, though a delicate plant, was frequently found growing self-sown. The castor-oil plant was met with every where under similar circumstances. In some parts indigo is known by the name of 'occupier of deserted gardens,' from its habit of springing up wherever it has a chance. Sugar-cane is not a self-planter, but it blossoms, and, when cultivated in rich loam, grows, without manure, as large as that which can only be reared by the help of guano in the Mauritius and Bourbon; and, from crystals at once appearing on the cut surfaces, seems to contain much sugar.

"In addition to these evidences of the richness of the soil, we have the face of the country in the lowlands covered with gigantic grasses; they tower over men's heads, and render hunting quite impossible. In fact, the only fault that can be found with the soil is its over-luxuriance. On the islands in the Shire crops are raised continuously, without any regard to the season, and, by irrigation, wheat during the four colder months. Europeans can always secure one crop of European grain and two or three of maize annually. On the highlands the natural grasses are less luxuriant, but the average crop is as heavy as could be obtained from rich meadow-land in England. This self-sown pasturage, which extends over hundreds of miles of grassy valley and open woodland, is the best in Africa. This was shown by the cattle, which were left almost in a wild state, becoming so fat and lazy that bulls allowed the boys to play with them and to jump on their backs. We have seen cows feeding on grass alone become as heavy as prize beasts.



WOMAN GRINDING.

"It would not be fair, while giving the results of our inquiries, to keep out of view one serious drawback, which we believe is characteristic of every part of Central Africa. Periodical droughts must be expected. If a rainy zone exists under the equator, that is the only exception known. These droughts are always partial, but may

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prevail over areas of from one to three hundred miles in extent. Our inquiries led us to believe that from 10° to 15° south they may be looked for once every ten or fifteen years, and from 15° to 20° south once in every five years. What the cause of them may be we can not tell; but lack of vegetation can not be assigned as any reason either for their occurrence, or greater frequency now than at any former period. The hills are covered with trees and grass to their summits. The valleys are often encumbered with profuse and rank vegetation; but suddenly, and without any warning, the years of plenty are succeeded by one in which there is neither earing nor harvest. A shower has fallen on one spot a mile square; there the grass has sprung up, but has died off again. The rest of the country is parched and burned; the grass of the preceding year, which may have escaped the annual fires, is discolored, and crumbles into powder in the hand; and the leaves of the trees, though alive, look withered. One who had seen the landscape in all its glorious freshness and verdure after rains, could scarcely believe that the brown and dusty world before him was ever green."

"We confess," continues Livingstone, "that we do not attempt to describe the productions of the country with that fullness they deserve, nor with that hopeful heartiness we once felt. Nor do we cite the discoveries of Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, or the patient examination of the Zambesi to a point beyond the Victoria Falls, or other important geographical feats, with any degree of pride. These were all incidental to our main design. What we have seen of the slave-trade has thrown a gloom over all. Our notes tell of a country entirely different from most preconceived notions of Africa. But that sad slave-trade hangs like a pall over the whole. The picturesque undulations, the deep gorges and ravines leading down from the edges of the table-lands to lower levels where the Shire meanders in green meadows like a silver thread, or the broad lake, backed with its mountain masses, can all be pictured to the mind's eye, but their natural beauties are now inseparably associated with human sorrow and woe.

"We have been careful to mention the different ways in which the slave-trade is carried on, because we believe that, though this odious traffic baffled many of our efforts to ameliorate the condition of the natives, our expedition is the first that ever saw slavery at its fountain-head and in all its phases.

"We have the system nearest to that of justice, indeed the only one that approaches it, when the criminal is sold for his crimes. Then, on the plea of witchcraft, the child taken from the poorer classes of parents as a fine, or to pay a debt, and sold to a traveling native slave-trader. Then children kidnapped by a single robber, or by a gang going from their own village to neighboring hamlets to steal the children who are out drawing water or gathering wood. We have seen places where every house was a stockade, and yet the people were not safe. Next comes the system of retaliation of one hamlet against another to make reprisals, and the same thing on a larger scale between tribes; the portion of the tribe which flees becomes vagrant, and eventually, armed with muskets, the produce of previous slaving, attacks peaceful tribes, and depopulates the country for the supply of the ocean slave-trade. Again, we have the slave-traders from the Coast, who may be either Arabs or half-caste Portuguese. For them slaves are collected, by the natives who possess most of a commercial turn, along the most frequented routes.

"And, lastly, we have still another and more ample source of supply for the ocean slave-trade, and we regret to say the means for its success are drawn directly from Europeans. Trading-parties are sent out from Portuguese and Arab coast towns with large quantities of muskets, ammunition, cloth, and beads. The two last articles are used for paying their way during the earlier part of the journey from the Coast, and for the purchase of ivory. From a great number of cases we have examined, these slaving-parties seem to preserve the mercantile character for a large portion of the trip. They usually settle down with some chieftain and cultivate the soil; but we know of no instance in which they have not, at one part of their journey, joined one tribe in attacking another for the sake of the captives they could take. This is so frequent an occurrence that the system causes a frightful loss of life. The bow can not stand for a moment against the musket. Flight, starvation, and death ensue; and we must again record our conviction that the mortality after these slave wars, in addition to the losses on the journey to the Coast and during the middle passage, makes it certain that not more than one in five ever reach the 'kind masters' in Cuba and elsewhere, whom, according to slave-owners' interpretation of Scripture, Providence intended for them.

"The Portuguese at Tette followed the last of these systems. The waste of life we witnessed is beyond description. As members of the medical profession our eyes were familiar with scenes truly sad enough, but this misery by the slave-trade fairly outstrips all we ever saw. Part of the captives realized were sent up the Zambesi, above Tette, to be sold for ivory—a woman fetched two arrobas, or sixty pounds' weight. A large portion of the males were sent to Bourbon. We were witnesses of both these modes of disposing of the captives, as well as of the results following their capture."

Of the character and native capacity of the races of Central Africa, no other man living is probably so well qualified to speak as Dr. Livingstone. He thus sums up the results of his observations:

"In reference to the status of the Africans among the nations of the earth, we have seen nothing to justify the notion that they are of a different 'breed' or 'species' from the most civilized. The African is a man with every attribute of human kind. Centuries of barbarism have had the same deteriorating effects on Africans as Pritchard describes them to have had on certain of the Irish who were driven, some generations back, to the hills in Ulster and Connaught; and these depressing influences have had such moral and physical effects on some tribes, that ages probably will be required to undo what ages have done.

"Ethnologists reckon the African as by no means the lowest of the human family. He is nearly as strong physically as the European, and, as a race, is wonderfully persistent among the nations of the earth. Neither the diseases nor the ardent spirits which proved so fatal to North American Indians, South Sea Islanders, and Australians, seem capable of annihilating the negroes. Even when subjected to that system so destructive to human life, by which they are torn from their native soil, they spring up irrepressibly, and darken half the new

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continent. They are gifted by nature with physical strength capable of withstanding the sorest privations, and a light-heartedness which, as a sort of compensation, enables them to make the best of the worst situations. It is like that power which the human frame possesses of withstanding heat, and to an extent which we should never have known, had not an adventurous surgeon gone into an oven and burned his fingers with his own watch. The Africans have wonderfully borne up under unnatural conditions that would have proved fatal to most races."

Upon a careful survey of the facts presented to us by Livingstone, our impression is that Central Africa contains an immense tract of country adapted for the abode of civilized man; but that it is inferior to the basin drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries, and to Texas and large portions of California; that it is surpassed by Mexico, and parts of Central and Southern America, including portions of Brazil and the great plain of the Plata. Nothing in the future seems to us more certain than that the next half century is to witness an emigration from Europe the like of which is not to be found recorded in history. We can not believe that the populations heaped up and crowded upon the narrow brim of Western Europe will remain there to eke out a precarious subsistence while so large a part of the most fertile portions of the globe lie waste, crying out for men to till them. But we do not believe that any considerable portion of this great stream of European emigration will flow toward the African continent. We believe that Continent will be left for the heritage of the people born upon or sprung from it. That race, it seems to us, has shown, at home and abroad, too much vitality and toughness to permit us to suppose that it will die out or be killed out.

It is yet too early to speculate whether those but yesterday slaves, now freedmen—if not freemen—in America, are to be the ones by whom Africa is to be brought within the pale of civilization. We may be sure that they will take up their homes where they can be best off. That four millions of men, women, and children could, if they saw fit, within a generation leave America for Africa, no one will doubt who reflects that within that time there has come to be in the United States a population Irish by birth or direct descent more numerous than are living in Ireland; and that the next generation in these States will number more men, English or German, by birth or direct descent, than will then be found living in England or Germany.



AN AFRICAN GROUP.

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CAST AWAY.

[I am by profession an English clergyman, and the following is a faithful and true account of my involuntary banishment to, and unintentional stay upon, a small uninhabited island in the Pacific Ocean for five months and ten days. Lest any of my readers should think this narrative overdrawn, or doubt the truthfulness of the story, I can simply assure them of its truth: and further state, it has been my lot to meet with several sailors who, either by desertion from the hardships of a whaler's life, or left behind by boats touching at the various islands for water, have experienced a like fate—some of them living for years on the spot Providence or their own untoward fate has cast them, sustained by the natural supplies there found, and which are provided with no niggardly hand. Any whaling captain will bear evidence to the truth of this statement. —ROBERT D. CARTER.]

I HAD been living for a little over two years in the northern part of New Zealand, near the Bay of Islands, a place of great resort of the whaling vessels which put in there from December to March for fresh provisions and vegetables. The native tribe living upon the little islets which stud the bay are a branch of the Ngapuhi, one of the most important and powerful in New Zealand. With this tribe I had been living for over two years, trying to get together schools and planting churches, working the meanwhile with my own hands to obtain the necessaries of life, planting my own potatoes, catching fish, and shooting occasionally a wild hog or goat, as well as the wild pigeons which haunt the forest, and the wild duck which frequent the deep inland bays of those regions. The natives had given me a piece of ground, about ten acres in extent, on which grew very many peach-trees and one or two fig-trees. On this plot, called Opipito, they helped me to build a hut of a kind of bulrush, found in the swamps, and called by them Ranpo. In this house I lived without seeing a white face or hearing an English word spoken for over two years, learning much of the native customs, and inuring myself to an outdoor life of hardy yet healthful exercise. And well for me, as after-events will prove, was it that this was the case, otherwise my hand never would have written this account, but have been now lying, in all probability, mouldering and bleaching on the pebbly beach of a little island in the Pacific Ocean.

In the month of August, in the year 1859, in the second week of the month, on a Friday, the nineteenth morning, near the middle of the wet season (in the northern part of New Zealand we have in reality but two seasons in the year, summer, or the dry season, and winter, or the wet season), I wished for a change of diet, as I had been living for the last ten days on potatoes, and made up my mind, as the day promised to be fair, a gentle sea-breeze blowing, to go out for a day's fishing. Outside the harbor of the Bay of Islands, about sixteen miles off, is one of the most noted capes in New Zealand, called Cape Brett. This cape is a well-known landmark to vessels entering the port, and as the whole breadth of the Pacific washes up against its rocky sides and rebounds with a deep sullen roar, there is nearly always in its neighborhood a dangerous sea rolling: while, to add to the difficulties of navigation, there are several sunken rocks, some covered at all times, and known only by the white water around them; others bare at low tide, and only covered at high-water—these are more clearly seen and avoided—while about six miles out at sea, eastward from Cape Brett, are two groups of rocks, always out of water, though at high tide but a few feet out; over these the sea breaks wildly, and, except on very still days, they are dangerous for small boats or canoes to approach. Hard by there is good fishing for a kind of codfish, named by the natives Wahpuka, or Hahpuka, frequently weighing 50 or 60 pounds each.

On this Friday morning, then, as soon as my breakfast was over, I stated to two native boys I had named Paihia and Waipuna, my wish to go out for a day's fishing, desiring them to get my boat ready and go with me to the Black Rocks. My boat was sixteen feet over all. I had twice before gone out alone in her, off Cape Brett, and had both times returned in safety; so that when the boys asked me if I could spare them, as they were desirous of taking up our potatoes—which they were afraid were spoiling from the frequent rains we had had—I started off alone.

At the end of two hours' pleasant sailing I arrived safely at the fishing-grounds. I lighted my pipe, baited my lines, and waited patiently for a bite, which soon came, and I took a fish of about 20 pounds' weight. I had been out about three hours and had caught five fish. The day was beautifully sunny and warm, the breeze had died away, and a soft, easy swell was all that disturbed the surface of the ocean. I was rebaiting my hook after catching my last fish, when I felt a breath of air fan my cheeks, and looking up, saw a little ripple curling and crisping the waters. A land-breeze was setting in. In great haste, and much apprehension, I rolled up my lines, hoisted my sails, and attempted to regain the place I had left in the morning. Meanwhile the breeze freshened, the tide was ebbing, and a strong current set me more and more rapidly from the Black Rocks and the land. To add to my perplexity, the gaff of my mainsail gave way, and the sail came down. This took several minutes to repair, and all this time I was being gradually drifted farther out to sea. Feeling that I could not manage the boat singlehanded against wind, tide, and current, I hauled down both sails, and, putting out my paddles, attempted to row back. After nearly two hours' hard and strenuous exertion, completely foiled and utterly weary, I had to give that up. In this state of affairs I took out my pipe, and, with a strange feeling of despair, began to smoke, letting the boat drift. A sense of utter helplessness and hopelessness stole over me. I felt as if all that was passing were a hideous dream. How long I remained so I can not say. I took no note of time. But when I roused myself, and looked once more around, I found the sun setting, and a thin gray mist slowly creeping along

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the land, quietly veiling it from my sad and lingering gaze. Thank God there was a moon! I can hardly say how its light comforted me. Even now I scarcely dare to think how that long and weary night would have passed had it been dark and cloudy.

I knew that far away out at sea were a group of three small islands. I had heard the natives frequently speak of them as being high, rocky, and covered with forest. I had, moreover, heard of canoes being drifted out there, carried onward by the very wind which was then blowing. By degrees it dawned upon my mind that I might reach them. I accordingly once more set sail, and ran all night before a steady, mild breeze. Oh, how long that night seemed!

The day—so eagerly longed for and yet bringing with it a dreary consciousness of affording no relief—at length came. First a light gray streak along the eastern horizon, gradually assuming a rosy hue, then changing to a deeper crimson flush. The sun, round, large, and red, rose like a vast ball of blood, softening after a while to a brilliant gold; and then the whole sky became flecked with little golden clouds. I remember how I marked each change of the dawn; how dreamily I watched the sun rise; and then waking up as it were with a start, how I placed my hand over my eyes and looked long and eagerly all around. No land was in sight. Oh, my God, what a strange, strange feeling of utter desolation thrilled through me as I gazed on the wide expanse of waters! Alone, out on the open sea in a small undecked boat, hardly any provisions, one or two small bottles of water, with no compass to steer by even had I known in which direction to go—the sun only to direct any course I might choose to take, my heart felt choked up with despair—I could neither cry nor speak. Long, long I gazed in the direction I thought the islands lay. At last on the distant horizon I saw what I at first thought were clouds, low down and resting on the water. I looked again when a short time had elapsed. The outline was unchanged but more distinctly defined, and as the sunlight glinted on it, I discerned the peaks of some high lands. I steered straight toward them. I then ate some of my cold cooked potatoes, and drank eagerly of the water—the first food that had passed my lips since I started. I then lighted a pipe and patiently awaited the course of events. Here a new and unexpected shock awaited me. Happening to look behind my boat I saw a huge shark following silently in my wake. I can hardly describe the cold thrill of horror that tingled through my veins at the sight. Every moment my excited imagination made me think it was going to attack me. Already I pictured myself as being torn to pieces. I was fascinated, and could not turn away my gaze, as the creature quietly followed every motion of my boat, seeming instinctively to know the predicament I was in, and looking upon me as its lawful prey. About noon I was sufficiently near the shore to mark the outlines of the coast, which seemed to be rocky and precipitous, gloomy and forbidding; the hill summits crowned with large trees. When I approached within two miles of the land I tacked, and ran along shore until I rounded a rocky point and saw a small bay with a wall of rocks on each side, about, as near as I could guess, two hundred yards wide and one hundred and fifty deep. Here I hauled down my sails, put out my paddles, and pulled on shore, landing on a steep pebbly beach. I took out my blankets to have a sleep, for I felt exceedingly weary; first, however, fastening my boat a short distance out from the beach, letting out a small grapnel from the bows, a large stone fastened in a noose from the stern, and taking the further precaution of carrying a long rope I always had with me in the boat on shore, and fastening it to a large tree that sprang out from a cleft in the rocks. I then rolled myself up in my blankets and fell fast asleep.

When I awoke the moon was shining bright and clear high up in the sky. I was roused from my sleep by a thumping, grating sound on the beach, which mingled strangely with my dreams. I started up and found my boat bumping on the beach. It was high-water when I had landed, and the ebb of the tide had partly stranded her. The stone had slipped out of the noose, and the boat had swung round. The wind during my sleep had freshened, and a heavy surf rolled in. I untied the rope on shore, and pulling up my grapnel got into the boat, and tried to paddle out from the beach. I saw a small indent in the rocks on the right side of the bay, past which the breakers rolled, and concluding that it was somewhat more sheltered in there, I thought I would pull the boat thither. I managed, with no small difficulty, to get about fifty yards from the beach, when I heard a dull, heavy roar behind me, and looking round, I saw a large wave rolling in, rearing up its white-crested mane, and seeming as if it would overlap and tumble in. I gave one short, terrified glance, let go my oars, threw my arms around the middle thwart of my boat—there was a dull, heavy crash, and I felt the boat borne swiftly along, rolling over and over, until it settled with a crash on the low rocks at one side of the bay, and I found myself flung out a little higher up, bruised, sore, half-choked and half-blinded with the salt-water. I dragged my aching limbs a little higher up the rock, and there sat and looked in dismay at my poor boat, with her side stove in, and a sharp-pointed rock sticking through her bottom. My boat was irretrievably ruined and broken, and I had foolishly left in it my fishing-lines, the fish, and the remainder of my potatoes, as well as the two empty bottles. Mechanically I put my hands into my pocket for my pipe; it was gone, too; I had left it on one of the thwarts of the boat, and thus I was deprived of even this poor comfort and consolation. It may seem ridiculous, but it is nevertheless true, that I took the loss of my pipe more to heart than every other loss I had sus-

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tained. Doubtless I ought to have been thankful I had escaped with my life; but I can not say I felt so. I could do nothing but rock backward and forward on the stone on which I sat, cold, wet, and shivering, and bitterly lamenting my hard fate.

How long I might have remained thus I can not say; time passed altogether unheeded; I marked not that sun's rise, I heeded not that breaking morn. Lonely, deserted, forlorn, and sad, I was once more roused to a consciousness of my position by hunger. I looked round and found the rocks on which I sat covered with oysters. Gathering up a large pebble I began breaking some open, and I tore my fingers in the operation, and felt a sort of savage pleasure in the pain. After satisfying my hunger I next looked round for water, which, to my exceeding joy and thankfulness, I found trickling down one of the rocks. Thither accordingly I hastened, and took a good long draught. After bathing my face and washing my hands I sat down somewhat refreshed.

What should I do next? I scarcely knew. Any thing rather than sit still; that nearly drove me wild. I tried to murmur a prayer, but my thoughts would wander away, and I found that I could only tranquilize my mind by moving about. I wandered back to the boat, and, hopeless as the task was, tried to mend her. I had with me my pocket-knife, and I tried various poor devices with it. Although perfectly convinced of the uselessness of my task I could not abstain from working at it; and it was not until I had thrown away two whole days that I desisted. The first night I gathered a heap of long dry fern, and slept on it, rolled up in my blankets. It was on a Saturday that I landed on the island, and although the following day was Sunday, I worked all day at the boat. It was not until Monday night that I finally gave up the attempt.

The small bay was surrounded by a rocky rampart, varying in height from ninety to two hundred feet, surmounted by a dense forest. At the feet of these rocks ran a low shelving rock from ten to twelve feet broad, sloping and covered at high tide, but bare at low-water, and incrusted with oysters. The beach was composed of shingle descending steeply into the water. Inland was a small piece of level ground about half an acre in extent, the middle of which was a basin, into which the little spring of water tumbled, whose waters fell and rose with the ebb and flow of the tide—the water of the sea percolating through the pebbly beach. In this small pond grew a sort of flag called by the natives of New Zealand raups, and of which, as I have before stated, their huts are mostly built. Round the pond the ground was composed of small pebbles or gravel and sand; growing over the sand was a coarse kind of bent or grass. Nearer the rocks which inclosed this flat piece of ground in an irregular semicircle grew tall ferns, finding root in the soil and débris washed down from the upper grounds, and shaded and kept moist by the overhanging rocks. Down a steep gully, narrow and blocked up with huge boulders, fell the small stream of water, trickling finally in little rills over the green slimy surface of a rock about thirty feet high. In the clefts of the rocks were growing shrubs, with here and there the larger growth of a pohutukawa, a large, crooked-limbed evergreen tree found in New Zealand, and bearing about Christmas a most beautiful crimson bloom; the boat-builders there use the crooked limbs of this tree for the knees and elbows of their boats. On the top of the rocks surrounding this small flat of ground was the dense forest, and, towering up again in the far back-ground, were several volcanic peaks, conical-shaped, and rising to a height of from nine hundred to one thousand feet, all tree-clad to their summits.

This is an imperfect description of the place on which, Crusoe-like, I had been so strangely thrown, with no earthly possessions beyond a small pocket-knife, a pair of blankets, and a few pieces of broken glass (the remains of my broken bottles which I found on the rocks and carefully treasured), and my tattered sails and a broken boat. My long rope I lost from carelessly leaving it too near the water when mending my boat. How far the island was from any inhabited land I knew not. I only knew it was uninhabited by human beings, and that I could have no fellowship with any of my kind, not even with savages, during my sojourn on it. How long that sojourn was likely to be God only knew. Unlike Robinson Crusoe, I had not even a dog or a cat for my companion. I had no wrecked ship wherefrom to draw any resources. I was totally unarmed. I had no tools wherewith to build, or plant, or dig; I had no seeds to plant even had I had tools. I had no books to while away the long, tedious hours—no means whereon to write even an account of my sufferings and fate, though perchance they might be read hereafter in my bones whitening on the beach. I was without house or shelter, and without fire.

Tuesday morning came with rain, and I woke wet through; fortunately it was not very cold. After I had been down to the rocks and taken my morning meal of oysters, I sat down and had a long consultation with myself about a house. I examined all the rocks to see if I could find a cave. I did find a small one; but I could not live in it, for the water dripped incessantly from the roof, and the floor was constantly wet. My next thought was to build a small hut after the fashion of the Maories, and I spent the whole of that and the two following days in cutting with my knife the bulrushes or raups in the swamp, and two days more in tying it up in bundles, using the native flax (*Phormium tenax*) I found growing near the pond for the purpose. All this occupied that week. The employment diverted my thoughts from brooding too much. I took care to tire myself so thoroughly that I generally fell asleep as soon as I had said my prayers and laid myself down.

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The following Sunday I resolved to keep free from work. I climbed up the narrow rocky pathway into the forest and found growing, as I expected, among the trees, abundance of the wild palm or nikau. The heart of two or three of these I cut out with my knife. The heart of this palm is about the thickness of a man's wrist, a foot long, and tastes not unlike a chestnut; when roasted it is both good and nutritious. This, with the oysters, composed my supper on this the second Sunday of my stay on the island. The day was warm and sunny, and, coming after the four or five wet days, was very cheering. After supper I planned out my house, having chosen a place for it during my walk in the afternoon.

Before I lay down for the night I sat on a large stone, looking over the sea, and kept repeating in sad refrain the psalm in which occurs the verse:

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him for the help of his countenance."

For where else, oh! where else could I at such a time and so placed have looked for comfort and succor?

And so ended my second Sunday on the island.

I woke early next morning; and, after my usual visit for oysters to the rocks, went to my boat, and, taking one of the lining-boards, spent an hour or so in trying to fashion it into something like a spade. Then I dug a small trench round the spot where I intended placing my house, and then made perfectly level a space of about fourteen feet long by ten feet wide, pulling up the grass and plants. I went next into the forest and cut down four long straight sticks about an inch and a half in diameter, and five to six feet long, forked at one end. These were for the corners. I cut two about the same thickness and about nine feet long, forked in the same manner at one end. These were to carry the ridge-pole. I then cut down three or four bundles of long, straight sticks of various lengths and thickness. This took me altogether two days—namely, cutting and carrying them down to the place I had chosen for my house; the frame-work of which, tying the sticks together with long strips of flax, took me three more days to complete. The labor of breaking open the oysters in sufficient quantities to satisfy my appetite very considerably abridged the length of my day. It was a task of no small difficulty, in which my fingers nearly always suffered; and let me eat as many oysters as I would, I rarely left the rocks perfectly satisfied—there was ever within me a disagreeable sensation of hunger. I was tantalized at nights with dreams of solid, substantial breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. I had not even the comfort of a drop of water at hand when I awoke with a raging thirst upon me, having no vessel to keep it in. (I afterward tried to make a vessel capable of holding water from some soft clay; but though I baked it in the fire to harden it, it was so porous that the water escaped during the night, and I generally found the vessel empty in the morning.)

I had frequently seen the Maories obtain fire by rubbing together two sticks, and I had once or twice attempted it myself, but without success. Now, however, the obtaining of fire was a matter of such consequence to me that I resolved once more to make the attempt. First, I sought for some hard stone, thinking therewith to strike fire with the aid of my knife; but I could not find any stone fit for my purpose, and if I had there was no tinder whereon to strike the spark. I therefore resolved to make an effort to obtain fire by rubbing two sticks—with but small hope of success. I gathered some very dry ferns and small manuka twigs, which are very resinous and inflammable. I rubbed a blunt-pointed stick up and down rapidly on a flat surface of another, working a small groove, at the end of which gradually accumulated a small heap of tiny shavings. Presently the wood began to smell of burning, and a little wreath of white smoke curled upward. I then quickened my motion until the perspiration streamed down my face, while my elbows and wrists began to ache painfully. In this way I rubbed for well-nigh twenty minutes, and all the result I obtained was the smell of fire and smoke. I nearly despaired, and was about to give it up when one of the minute shavings flew up a living spark. What a thrill of joy it sent through me! I forgot my weariness, and, redoubling my efforts for a few seconds, had the satisfaction of seeing several more sparks. I dropped the stick and blew gently on the heap until it was on fire. I then gently shook it upon the fern, wrapped the fern up in fir-twigs, and waved it quickly round my head until the whole mass was in flames. This fire I never allowed to go out.

I kept a good stock of fire-wood (finding in the forest plenty of trees lying rotting on the ground) and dug a hole in the middle of my hut, which I kept always filled with hot embers, besides keeping a pile of dry puriri sticks (an oily wood that burned with a brilliant light) for the night. With a gun I could have materially improved my situation, as I saw plenty of wild ducks on the small pond, besides parrots and pigeons in the forest. I attempted to hit the ducks with stones, but never succeeded in killing any, although I twice hit them. I next thought of a bow and arrows, but my attempts proved futile. However, I added another dish to my meagre fare, and that was fern-root, of which I had abundance.

I had now been about three weeks on the island. Although in no way reconciled to the idea of always living there, the hope of ever getting away again daily became fainter and fainter, until at times, if I sat down for a short while and began to think over my situation, I was well-nigh driven to despair. One morning on going out of my house I perceived an intolerable stench coming up from the beach. I went

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down to see what it was, and, to my great disgust, found the dead body of a large shark, in the last stage of decomposition, washed up by the tide. After a time, however, it occurred to me that, as I had seen the Maories make their fish-hooks out of shark-bones, why should not I?

I had already tried to make hooks out of the copper nails of my boat, but the metal was too soft, and bent too readily. Now, however, I could try on the shark's bones, and, moreover, it would be some occupation for the long, tedious evenings; for the evening was always the most wearisome part of my time. Many a dull evening I spent, my thoughts far, far away, roaming free and uncontrolled over spots where, in all likelihood, my feet would never tread again; or I wearied myself with brooding over my condition, and wondering what my friends would think of my long-continued absence.

In six evenings, with the aid of my knife, and some stones, and my broken glass, I made two bone hooks, sufficiently sharp and strong to catch any fish I might find off the rocks. Another week was spent in twisting raw flax into fishing lines. Next morning, with several small eels half scorched for bait, I was up with the early dawn, and, after several failures, captured a large rock cod, which I speedily roasted at my fire. How much of it I ate I should be ashamed to confess. It was, however, the first satisfying meal I had on the island.

I will here give a diary of my daily proceedings on the island. I generally woke early, and, after saying my prayers, betook myself to the spring of water and had a good fresh bath. My next task was to go to the rocks and either obtain a supply of oysters or fish for breakfast. I next went up into the forest for a supply of firewood, looking well about me for any discoveries that might prove useful. Here let me give a hint to any one who may be hereafter placed in a similar situation to my own with regard to any strange fruit or vegetable, a plain simple rule to tell whether they are edible or not. Every fruit or berry that bears the remains of the blossom on it—as the apple, pear, currants, and gooseberries—at the top of the fruit is good to eat. This is an invariable rule; and if you come across fruits or berries you have never seen before you may, if you see the withered bloom at the top, eat it with perfect impunity. And every vegetable having a cruciform bloom, like the cabbage and turnip, is wholesome.

I found growing among the shrubs an orange-colored pod, producing a very fragrant pepper; with this I flavored my fish. I also found salt in the crevices of the rocks, deposited there by evaporation. After collecting fire-wood I next gathered fresh fern for my bed. Then came the preparation for my mid-day meal, for which I generally now had fish, and either the wild palm or wild cabbage, which I found growing at the foot of the rocks. I made a change occasionally in my diet by the mode of cooking it: one day broiling it, and another day cooking it in a hole covered over with soil—the native kapura or houji—with hot stones. The afternoon I generally spent in a walk in the forest, into which, however, I dared not penetrate very far for fear of losing my road. In the evening I went down to the pond and caught a few eels, ready for bait the following morning. As soon as it was dark I retired into my hut, and, throwing a few sticks on the fire to make a light, employed myself in making hooks, or lines, or any other thing I could think of that I was able to make. My last employment was my prayers, after which, rolling myself up in my blanket, I tried to sleep. Thus in dull monotony the time passed slowly away. Each day's dawn found me with hope diminished, and in its place a cold feeling of despair gradually settling over me. Ofttimes I seemed to be moving about mechanically. I had been seven weeks and two days on the island according to my reckoning—which reckoning consisted in merely repeating to myself, occasionally during each day, its name and the date of the month—when, as I was coming from the forest with a load of fire-wood, I looked toward the sea, and was startled by the sight of a vessel passing at about eight miles' distance. At first I scarce knew what to do. I threw down the wood and rushed down the rocks to my hut for my blankets to hang up in a tree for a signal. I carried the blankets up the rocks and climbed half-way up a tree, when the thought occurred to me I should be too late, and that the smoke of a fire would be seen more plainly. I accordingly slid down the rocks again for some fire, lighted the pile of wood I had thrown down, and then began to climb once more the tree to hang out my blankets. Alas! I had made the fire of dry sticks, and it burned too brightly to emit much smoke. It was now too late to place some green branches on it. The vessel faded slowly out of sight, never having noticed my attempts at signaling her.

I know not what effect such an event would have had on others placed in my situation, whether it would have awakened and encouraged other men to hope or would have driven them to despair. It had the latter tendency on me; and for the first time since I landed on the island I gave way to tears. I sat down, listless and despondent, and cried long and bitterly. All that day I cried bitterly.

At night I was frightened. I had caught, as usual, several small eels and placed them on the roof of my hut, to be ready for my morning's fishing. In the middle of the night I was aroused by hearing a strange scratching scrambling noise upon the roof. It was with no small trepidation that I ventured out to see what it was. The night was very dark, and the first thing I saw were two fiery balls of light glaring at me from the top of the hut; next moment a black object flew at me. I stooped suddenly, and the animal went over me with a loud hiss and disappeared in the darkness. It was a large black cat. How it came there I know not. I had never seen it before and never saw it afterward, although I heard it once or

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twice wailing dismally in the forest. Of the next two or three days I have a very confused recollection. I remember wandering about all day, seeking rest and finding none, careless, heedless, hopeless. It was during this time, I doubt not, that I lost my reckoning; for somehow or other I found that I had lost three days. How long this state might have continued I can not tell, but it was most mercifully diverted in the following way. I had penetrated deeper into the forest one day than I had ever ventured before, when I came to a rather abrupt gully; here I stumbled over a tree root and rolled down a descent. When I recovered myself I got on my feet and looked round; I had rolled into the midst of some tall plants, with a broadish leaf, long, entire, and smooth, that felt sticky or glutinous when touched, and with a dusky-colored flower. It was tobacco. A coarse bitter kind, but still it was tobacco. Eagerly I gathered all I could find, and then retraced my steps. As soon as I arrived at home I hung up my tobacco leaves on a long string of flax inside my hut. I then set my wits to work to invent a pipe, in which I at last rudely succeeded. How great a comfort it was and constant a companion no words of mine can adequately tell.

One thing that impressed my mind more than any other with the utter solitude of the island on which I was cast was the absence of animal life, and the silence which prevailed. I had seen during several weeks' residence little or no traces of life beyond the solitary instance of the wild cat, which had probably been thrown overboard or had swum ashore from some passing ship. The only other living things I had yet seen, except birds and insects, were lizards. Wild pigeons abounded. I made about twenty snares to catch some. For several days I did not succeed, and I had almost despaired, when one day, to my great delight, a couple were caught. How eagerly I cooked them and the enjoyment I had in eating them I need not describe. I afterward took several more, securing altogether, during the time I was on the island, fourteen birds.

I now went up on the rocks, where I had cleared a place to lie and bask in the sun, and whence I could overlook the sea several times a day. Several weeks had elapsed since I saw the vessel.

About this time I found in the forest, near my tobacco-plot, some yellow clay, a quantity of which I carried home, and occupied my evenings in trying to convert into some vessel to hold water. I made several ungainly-looking things, and spoiled all but two in trying to bake them. The occupation, however, served to divert my attention, and keep me from brooding too much over my misery.

In the hope of finding honey I had several bee-hunts. How bees came on this place puzzled me; but there they were. I traced an immense swarm to a tree which I had the cruelty to burn down, that being the only expedient by which I could obtain the honey hived high up in the trunk. I was rewarded for this toil (which was great, first and last) by the largest stock of honey I had ever yet seen taken—even in New Zealand—from a tree. A part of the mass of honey was two or three seasons old, being of a deep yellow color, and the wax brown; the rest was of a pale straw color, in snow-white virgin combs. Of the latter I ate eagerly, and then collecting the rest, deposited it in my clay vessels, leaving the oldest a prey to the lizards and ants. I found this honey a delicious addition to my fern-bread. I found afterward two more bee-trees, the contents of which I rifled and enjoyed.

I had frequently noticed what I took to be the footsteps of some kind of animal on the pathway leading up the rocks into the forest. I had not, however, seen any thing of any animal. I knew pigs and goats to be the only animals found in New Zealand in a wild state, and they are not indigenous, having been introduced, I believe, by Captain Cook. One day as I was returning with a load of fire-wood I heard below, to my great surprise, some animals bleating. Laying down my load quietly, I looked on the ground below, and, to my great delight, saw a herd of wild goats licking the salt on the rocks. How was I to come at them? How could I catch one of them? I remembered that Robinson Crusoe became swift enough of foot to run them down. I much doubted my capability of doing so. As, however, no plan suggested itself to me other than that of stealing quietly upon them, and then making a sudden rush, I resolved, forthwith, to try that course. Slowly and stealthily I got within fifty yards of them unnoticed. One suddenly observed me and gave a loud bleat of warning, and they all made a rush up the rocks, where no human foot could follow. Having got out of my reach they turned round and stared at me. What could I do? Nothing, but quietly return for my fire-wood, and try to devise some mode of catching them at some future time. Many were the devices that passed through my mind, all equally futile. Lying in the hut some days later, I heard some animals running over the gravel in front of it. It was mid-day, and I was resting from the heat of the sun. I peeped out and saw six goats separated from their companions, and browsing on some karaka bushes near my spring. I crept out as stealthily as cat after mouse; the plashing of the little stream over the rock drowned any little noise I might have made, and fortunately the wind blew from them to me. I found the distance between me and them gradually lessen, while the space between the pools of water and the steep, precipitous, overhanging rocks gradually narrowed, leaving them less and less room to rush past me. At length they saw me, and seemed so near that for a moment they stood perfectly still — paralyzed. I rushed at them with a whoop. Five passed me; but the last, a she-goat, heavy with kid, got separated from her companions, and in her perplexity leaped upon a large stone in the water, and there stood,

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bleating most piteously. I made one bound after her, threw my arms about her neck, and held her in a close embrace. Now, I thought, I have succeeded in catching the very goat I would have chosen; how shall I get her home? My doubts as to this important question were very soon settled. The stone on which we both were was covered with a green, slimy moss, and gradually I felt my feet slipping from under me. The goat made a sudden plunge for liberty, and down I came with her into the water. I was forced to loosen my hold. She beat me at swimming, short as the distance was to land, and with a loud bleat she rushed up the rocks after her companions. I was consoled on the same evening by finding an enormous shell which had been washed up by the tide; this, along with two or three smaller ones, I carried away, rejoicing in them as vessels to hold water. Many and many a time, however, I sat planning how to secure a goat—for even one goat as a companion would have been a great boon; but it was all to no purpose—I never got one.

One bright moonlight night I fell short of wood. I had that day neglected getting it (why, I forget now), so I had to turn out and go up into the forest. The moon shone beautifully, and the effects of light and shade among the huge trees and gigantic creepers were so fantastic and weird-like that I could not help sitting down on a fallen tree, and half frightened, yet utterly entranced, gazing on the wonderful scene. As I sat, a loud shrill whistle sounded close behind me. After a short time I recovered sufficient self-possession to look cautiously around, and saw a dark object moving. I waited until it came into the full light of the moon, when I saw what at first I took for a quadruped. But it was a bird—a bird with neither wings nor feathers, but a sort of fur. It occurred to me that this must be the "Kiwi" I had heard much of from the natives, called by the whites the *Apteryx*. Apart from its skin, which I wished to obtain, it was, as I knew, exceedingly good eating. I looked round for a stick or stone, and at length got hold of a stick without alarming the bird. I started forward and made an unsuccessful blow at it. It ran very quickly: I managed, however, to overtake it, when the bird threw itself on its back and struck at me with its legs, ripped up my trowsers with a sharp hind-claw, and tore the skin of my leg most grievously. I was so taken aback that the bird escaped. I had one satisfaction, however—I had ascertained the cause of the mysterious whistling, and thus set all fears on that score at rest. In a day or two I found in the bottom of a hollow tree some apteryx eggs, which were a welcome addition to my larder.

Now comes a record of the saddest day in my life. Four long weary months had passed. Three or four times a day I regularly went up the rocks, trying to sight a sail. A long time had now elapsed since I saw the last, and my hopes of ever seeing another became every day fainter and fainter. At length, one fine warm sunny day, as I was lying on the rock, looking every now and then seaward, I descried a small speck far out to sea. At first I thought my eyes deceived me; I rubbed them, and looked again, and saw it still more distinctly. I took a short walk in the forest, and, coming back, found the object grown larger and plainer. I could now discern, glistening in the light of the sun, the white sails of a vessel. How my heart beat! Would she come near enough for me to signalize her? I gathered several green branches to make a smoke with, and made ready a fire. Nearer and nearer she came until at length I made her out to be a large schooner, bound to the southward, I supposed to Auckland. When she arrived (as near as I could guess) about four miles from the island, I lighted my fire, and heaped on it a mass of green wood and damp moss, and watched the smoke ascend in a large dense cloud. I looked eagerly toward the schooner. She came nearer and nearer. My heart palpitated. I could distinctly hear and almost count its loud and anxious throbs. "They see the smoke; they see it!" I cried in ecstasy, as she suddenly hauled up to the wind, and I heard her sails flap sharply against her masts. In my excitement I screamed until my throat was sore, with the fond hope that the people on board would hear my cries. Do they really see the smoke? Will they lower a boat for me? The few minutes of suspense during which she lay aback seemed hours. Hours? Years. "I know they see the smoke; I know it!" I cried: "how cruel not to hasten! Why do they not lower a boat and pull off?" "They are going!" I shrieked in my agony, as I saw the vessel's head slowly turn, and the sails again belly out to the wind. "They are going! Oh, my God, they are going! And leaving me here! Have mercy, have mercy, and do not utterly forsake me!" I cast myself with my face to the ground, my eyes hot, dry, and tearless. I dared not look again. I felt as if I was going mad. At length I got up, and took one last despairing look at the receding ship, now again diminished to a small speck.

Silent and tearless I sat for hours, looking down into the quiet, deep blue waters. Here and there, corals of all strange hues and many forms branching out in different directions, with bright-colored, strange-shaped fish, gliding in and out among the grotesque stony foliage, and snow-white shells gleaming in the bright, clear water among the dark green weed, which swayed idly backward and forward with the plashings of the tide. All down there looked so serene and peaceful that the thought crept into my mind, "Would it not be better to roll off this rock, and seek that resting-place? It would be but one plunge, a very brief pang, and then to sleep and rest."

As I sat brooding over those wicked thoughts the words, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: *I will deliver thee*, and thou shalt glorify me,"

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came suddenly into my mind. I rushed down to my hut, fell on my knees, and prayed God to pity me and give me patience and submission.

An awful night followed. The wind rose until it became a hurricane; the waves of the sea rolled in with a noise like thunder; a vivid blood-red Aurora played incessantly in the sky, and threw a most unearthly glare on every surrounding object; low, distant rumblings of thunder were now and then heard. I dared not go to bed, and I sat on a stone amidst all the horrors of that tempest, the wild soughing of the forest overhead, the angry roar of the huge black waves at my feet, the dreadful appearance of the blood-covered sky—there I sat amidst all these horrors, utterly alone, with none to help soothe my fears, no one near to sympathize—in one word, alone!

Four more weary weeks passed without any incident worth noting. Methodically I fished and gathered fire-wood, roamed through the forest, and formed futile plans for catching goats. In this manner another month passed. I had now been about five months alone on the island. I had retired to bed one night as usual, when I was startled by hearing something bump on the beach. I jumped up and listened. It can not be my old boat lifted off the rocks by a high tide? No, it could not be that; for the boat had been almost all removed for one purpose or other. And yet I heard footsteps; and then a loud, gruff voice saying, "Kumea! Kumea!" I knew that voice well, but I almost thought I was dreaming. I rushed out, and saw by the light of the moon, which was then near the full, five or six dusky figures trying to haul up a large boat out of the reach of the breakers. With a loud shout of joy I ran forward, but stood amazed and appalled at the sudden yell which escaped from the persons, who left off dragging the boat and tumbled precipitously into her, as if their only safety were there. Moreover, I saw, to my horror, a large, bare, brawny arm held up, with something glittering in the moon's silver light, and I feared its flying at me. "Kowac koe"—(Who are you)? shouted a loud voice. "Ko Roberé ahau"—(I am Robert), I exclaimed. "Stop," answered the voice, "or I throw this!" at the same time brandishing the small tomahawk. I well knew the fatal aim that would follow if I moved. I stood perfectly still. The figure then moved toward the boat. "Stop, Monganui!" I cried, in an agony of fear lest they should go off again and leave me. "I am Henry—do not leave me." "Ka teka koe"—(You lie)! he exclaimed; "kua mate Roberé"—(Robert is dead). "You are his spirit." "No, no," I answered. "I swear to you I am he. Come and touch me, and see whether I am not flesh and blood." No," he said, "I do not believe you. You are a spirit, and I shall go." He made toward the boat. What agony I suffered at that moment! But suddenly he turned and stood still, calling to me, "Ka kite koe tera kowhatu"—(Do you see that stone)? pointing to one at my feet. "Ae ra"—(Yes), I answered. "Take it up, then." I did so. "Now, do you see that tree?" pointing to one, the very tree I had tied my boat to when I first landed, and which grew out of the rocks. "I see it." "Throw the stone at it." I did so, and hit it. "Ah!" he said; "no ghost could do that—only flesh and bone and blood could lift and throw a large stone like that." "May I come, then, to you?" "Yes," he said, still, however, hesitating. I went up to him with the usual Maori salute of "Tena koe."

He caught hold of me and grasped my hand so hard that I flinched. "Ah!" he said, "that is real flesh and blood; and you look something like Robert, only thinner." "Live here five months, Monganui," I replied, "and try to keep stout on it."

As soon as he had fully got it into his mind that I was really the person I represented myself to be he began asking me innumerable questions. The others had been listening all this time in the boat, and on his order came out reluctantly. We pulled the boat high up on the beach, the women (for they were the chief's five wives) casting all the time side glances of doubt and mistrust on me. But I contrived once or twice to knock against them rather roughly, as only flesh and blood and bones could do, and this seemed to set their minds at rest. Monganui, who was the chief of the tribe I had been living among, came up to my hut, while his wives busied themselves in making a shelter for the night with the oars of the boat and their sail and blankets. Monganui and I remaining at my house after supper, we lighted our pipes. I proceeded to narrate my adventures of the last few months, in the course of which I was frequently interrupted by his savage ejaculations of astonishment. When I had done he said, "Ah, well, you would make a good Maori;" that being the very highest compliment he could pay me. I then asked him why he had come. He told me he had been fishing at the Black Rocks, and it had come on to blow very fresh, as in my own case; so freshly did it blow at last that, despite his having a whale-boat and crew, they could not pull against it, and so ran before it to these islands.

In the morning, as soon as it was light, we went out. We found the women already up, a fire lighted, and some potatoes and fish being cooked in an iron pot or kohua. The women at first looked somewhat askance at me, but seeing me take a potato out of the pot and deliberately peel and eat it, they again seemed considerably relieved.

Of course Monganui had made up his mind that I would leave the island with him as soon as the weather moderated, which it seemed about to do. He arranged for our leaving early the following morning. The morning opened clear and fine, with the wind in the right direction for sailing back again. We were all astir early and in a bustle of preparation. As soon as breakfast was over the things were all put on board the boat, and every thing was ready for

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the start. Just then my heart failed me, despite my long and lonely residence on the island. I could not overcome my fears of trusting myself in that small boat, deeply laden as she was, and leaking as I knew of old she did, for so long a journey. When it came to the point I drew back, much to Monganui's astonishment. "I will stay," I said; "should you land safely, please go to Kororarika and tell the white people I am here, and that I have been living here five months. Seek the magistrate there, and ask him to send a small vessel for me, and I will remain patiently here until it arrives." "But, Robert," he answered, eagerly, "there is room in the boat for you. The sea is quiet, and I think I can find my way back again. Do come with us." Again and again he urged me, but to no purpose. They all got into the boat and prepared to start, when up jumped the chief again and ran to me, pressed his nose against mine, and, with tears in his eyes, said once more, "Now, Robert, now for the last time!" "No, Monganui, I feel I can not." I rushed away to my hut, scarcely daring to trust myself any longer, and there gave way to a flood of tears. After a lapse of about half an hour I rushed up the rock and looked after the boat; there it was, a little white speck dancing up and down on the swelling waters, and as I watched it my heart changed once more, and I shouted and shrieked for them to come back.

Alone, alone once more. Oh! that dreadful word "alone." Perhaps I should never get away from this horrible place; never, never more! Fool! Coward! How I missed the sound of human voices! How I listened for human footsteps! How horribly lonely I was! I prayed to God that they might land safely, and send off speedy rescue. I felt I could not wait long; that a very short time would elapse before I became in very truth mad. I went up the rock and strained my aching eyes with gazing across the bright blue waves. Night came at last, beautiful, still, cloudless, and moonlight, and still I sat and gazed at the sea, listening in unutterable sadness to its moanings. At length cold, weary, and sad, I betook me to my bed.

Unrefreshed I woke in the morning, and as soon as breakfast was over took my lonely station once more on the rocks, and spent the weary, weary day in gazing over the sea. I calculated that at least six days must elapse before any vessel could come, yet I could not leave my look-out. So passed the second day, and so the third, and so the fourth and fifth. The sixth day came, and somewhat more hopefully I took my station, waited and prayed and watched, but the daylight faded and night came, and still no sign. So passed the seventh day, and so dawned the eighth, and so passed the ninth, and so came the tenth. On the tenth day I was scarcely conscious. Still mechanically I sat and gazed over the bright water of the cruel mocking sea.

At length, toward mid-day, I fancied I discerned a small speck. But I had been deceived so often that I expected it to fade away like all the rest. But no, it did not fade. I looked again, and yet again, and still it was there, and surely increasing in size. I rushed off for a few minutes into the forest, and when I returned there it was still; and now I saw and knew it was a vessel coming toward the island!

Nearer, nearer, and nearer. It was a small schooner. Again I lighted my fire, and watched the smoke curl upward in thick dense clouds. A gun was fired. I could not hear the report. I could only see the small puff of white smoke fading slowly away.

What passed during the next few hours I very dimly know. I have a faint idea that I shouted and danced and whooped and laughed and cried. I rushed again and again down the rocks to the hut, and then again to the rocks. Once I fell and rolled down, tearing my clothes and skin, and bruising my hands and knees, and finally finding myself in the sea, whence with no small difficulty I emerged. Now a small boat rapidly approached the beach, pulled by two men. I rushed down to meet them. They grounded on the pebbles. One figure leaped out and rushed up to me, throwing his arms about my neck and rubbing his nose against mine, crying all the time like a child. I felt my hand grasped by the other, and I saw before me my two native boys.

I hastened to my hut, and, taking my blankets and a few things Monganui had left with me, I got into the boat, and they quickly pulled me alongside the schooner. From two English sailors in her I heard my own native tongue the first time for nearly six months. How strangely it sounded in my ears! As soon as I had got on board they took me below and gave me some tea. I remained on deck all that night, scarcely able to realize all the events of the past few months. And so I sat and watched and thanked God through all the watches of that most blessed night, too excited to sleep, too thankful to do any thing but return Him my humble thanks for all His goodness.

Next day, in the early morning, we neared land. There were the ill-fated rocks; there once more loomed up that dreadful Cape Brett; a few hours and we should enter the bay. We rounded the point, and once more I saw the houses on the beach. Strangely they seemed to sway to and fro; strangely a mist came before my eyes. There was the well-known pier, and on it a number of faces, dark and white, looking eagerly toward our small vessel as she swept up the bay. Once more I got into the boat, and was rowed rapidly toward the pier. I reached the steps, and a loud and deafening cheer saluted my ears. I looked up; I saw a face I well knew; I heard a voice I dearly loved. I heard and saw no more. As I tried to mount the last step of the pier I fell down on my face, and when I came to myself I found myself in bed in my friend's house, and a doctor sitting at my side—once more, thank God, at home!

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THE FLAG THAT TALKS.

"A signal station hard to the front is waving merrily its little flag—a flag that talks. I do not comprehend its language."—*Correspondent New York Tribune.*

The incident of the maintenance of Sherman's communications by signal, for a distance of fifteen miles, over the heads of the rebel army, at the time when Hood moved from his position south of Atlanta, and placed his army between us and Chattanooga, is referred to in Sherman's Report, and in Nichols's "Story of the Great March." General Sherman told an officer of the Signal Corps that a single dispatch sent by that corps was worth more than a million of dollars to him, and in a special letter to the Secretary of War he spoke of the service thus rendered as "of great value to us and the whole country."

I.

FAIR broke the day among the Georgian mountains;
The mists, not chill nor raw,
But soft and warm, like spray from summer fountains,
Hung round old Kenesaw.

And vast and billowy as the face of ocean
The white fog lay below,
From whose expanse, with every shifting motion,
As from a sea of snow,

The lesser peaks arose like isles volcanic—
Lost Mountain, Pine Hill; far
To south, Stone Mountain gleamed an alp Titanic,
Whose glory noon should mar.

Nor did the fleecy legions show surrender
Till up the sunlight rolled
And filled the floating isles with matchless splendor,
The cloudy sea with gold.

When round our lofty height of observation
We saw the prospect clear,
The frail battalions with precipitation
Retreat and disappear,

Our station called the next, our view repeating
The distant posts to tell;
From the Gate City came reply, and greeting
Flag-spoken: "All is well."

It was the month when scarlet banners, flying
From every summer tree,
Proclaim, as heroes oft in death, that dying
Sublimer life may be.

And where the bristling abatis defended
The rifle-pits in line,
An oriflamme, with golden lustre splendid,
Blazed the dead mountain-pine.

While far beneath, with homes and haunts civilian,
Rose Marietta's walls;
Shone white against the autumn groves vermilion
Her tented hospitals.

To north—is that dark mass the shadows creeping
Along the valley bed?
Are those the groves that hasten onward, sweeping
With swift and swinging tread?

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O Talking Flag, thy worth if ever proving,
We hailed the distant glass;
Atlanta heard: "The foe at Acworth, moving
On Allatoona Pass."

(The Pass! from distant Chattanooga winding
Along the iron way,
The laden trains, to far Atlanta finding
Through it their southward way,

Bore the Great General food and war's munitions,
Until his great decree
That marched an army, spite of war's traditions,
Through Georgia to the sea.)

Quick came the answer—"Signal for assistance
To General Corse at Rome;
Let the Pass garrison show firm resistance
Till reinforcements come—"

No hope that fleetest courier madly riding
Could cross the path they strode;
The electric wires, as though our fate deciding,
Trailed speechless in the road.

But on our viewless telegraph the saving
And weighty order sped;
The baffled rebel helpless watched us waving
The magic white-and-red.

The desperate charge, the stern repulse, the ending
Of all his brilliant plan—
(For Corse's veterans stood the fort defending
Before the fight began)—

We saw; our hearts' intenser beat compelling,
Our very breath to lag;
Enough when rose the signal victory telling,
And Sherman thanked the Flag.

On that red field its swift dispatch had aided
Where brave M'Pherson fell;
Where Smith's and Leggett's heroes enfiladed
Defied the shot and shell,

And held—till night withdrew the foe—undaunted
The triangle of fire,
Our flag, above the shattered breast-works planted,
Beheld his hosts retire.

Strange charm is thine, mysterious dweller
In heaven's clear upper air!
The windy Zeus, the Cloud-and-Storm-Compeller
Resigns his empire there.

The lines that march deploying through the valleys
Advance and then retreat,
The impetuous mass that up the hill-side sallies
Columns that part and meet—

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Thine is their purpose and their destination;
Thy stroke their guiding hand,
Whose gestures link in close communication
Commander and command.

In kindred service shine thy torches flaming
Above the midnight camps:
The dusky soldier wondering sees them, shaming
The sky's remoter lamps.

Their fiery glow the distant darkness lighting
His simple spirit awes,
And seems the stars within their courses fighting
Against the slaver's cause.

Yet safe thy secrets; vain the foeman's presage
Of what thy words portend:
While even the practiced flagman waves the message
He does not comprehend.

II.

Thy work is done; along Virginia's river
No more thy signal flies;
From Georgia's hills by night no more the quiver
Of thy red torch shall rise.

There came a noon when from the bastions frowning
Of every fort and bay,
Flung out a banner; hurrying on and crowning
The mountains far away,

It left undecked no hamlet's little steeple
That loud with joy-bells rung;
And from the breasts of a too-happy people
Its passion-flowers were hung.

We knew its language; knew our work was over;
And hailed, while ours we furled,
The only Flag whose sovereign folds shall cover
Henceforth our Western world.

It said: "For no poor vaunt of wide dominions
I threw the gage of war:
Through all the fearful fight my rosy pinions
The hope of ages bore.

"Ye say Greece fought for liberty; her story
Still lights the student's cheek;
And all her scenery seems a field of glory
From which her heroes speak.

"But ask the Helot, when her banners floating
Through most pellucid air,
Came home, o'er Persian downfall gloating,
How much his race might share?

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"Rome's boasted standard righted wrongs patrician
Where'er its eagles flew;
What recked her haughty lords of their condition
Who no proud lineage knew?

"From nameless graves along the blue Ægean,
From Asian temples prone,
From Roman hearths in buried homes Pompeiian,
From Egypt's mystic stone,

"I heard the voice of Time in solemn warning
Pronounce the words of ban:
'I build the sepulchres of nations scorning
The rights of man as man.'

"I learned their lesson; not to strength or beauty
I pledge a special grace;
No wider stretch of my protecting duty
To birth or caste or race.

"As much oppressor as oppressed to better
I bade war's thunders roll,
Since who has learned to view unmoved a fetter
Has lost the freeman's soul.

"O lowly worker in the fields of cotton,
Great king of sword or pen,
I yield you both, your lesser claims forgotten,
The equal rights of men;

"The old republic, purified and guided
As once its founders planned;
To hold forever one and undivided
Our common Fatherland;

"For this I fought; the nations, silent, eying
The dreadful struggle stood;
The land of Milton coldly blamed, denying
The need of war or blood.

"She stretched across the ocean intervening
No cordial hand of friend,
But said, 'It is an awful strife, whose meaning
I do not comprehend.'

"True, what significance to her, whose treasure
Were claims of ancient birth,
Had our great conflict, waged those claims to measure
By man's intrinsic worth?

"The cause in which her Hampden died forgetting,
To her the haughty pride
Of Southern cavalier, his slaves regretting,
More nearly seemed allied.

"What better proof than thus her barons offered,
That through their present runs
The spirit that in Magna Charta proffered
Small boon to peasants' sons.

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"For well I hold my higher code forever
From careless readers sealed;
The Signal Flag of Liberty has never
Her symbols yet revealed,

"Unless to hearts of generous thoughts prolific,
And they alone combine
The secret disk, the stroke hieroglyphic,
The hidden countersign.

"And those in whom my trumpet's loud appealing
No martial ardor woke,
Who listless saw my color-bearer reeling
Amidst the battle smoke—

"Who heaped their sordid gains with tearless faces
Through scenes that angels thrilled,
And shunned the broken ranks whose empty places
A braver host had filled:

"To them my bugle notes to combat calling
In foreign accents rung;
On their dull ears my million voices falling
Rehearsed an unknown tongue;

"But nobler souls, the heights of thought commanding,
In purer atmosphere,
Above the sulphurous mists of passion standing,
Leaned down with words of cheer.

"O poet, sage, whose broader view extending
Above the cloudy plain,
Descried each hostile influence impending,
With warnings not in vain!

"O woman, loyal and clear-sighted, merging
Your dearest hopes in mine,
From lonely mounts of self-forgetting urging
Your sacrifice divine!

"Not less your work than theirs whose valor daunted
The fiery front of War;
And yours the peerless laurels only granted
To Freedom's Signal Corps.

"And thou, O mother! for a soldier weeping
By far Potomac laid,
Or distant Chattahoochee, swiftly leaping
Athwart its chestnut shade,

"Lament him not; no love could make immortal
The span that we call life;
And never hero entered heavenly portal
Through fields of grander strife;

"And glories brighter than heraldic splendors
His kindred's house may claim:
That when I call the roll of my defenders
My lips shall speak his name."

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ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

MISS GWILT'S DIARY.

"NAPLES, *October 10th.*—It is two months to-day since I declared that I had closed my Diary, never to open it again. There, on the leaf before this, are the words in my own handwriting, staring me in the face. And here am I, pen in hand, beginning a new page in spite of them.

"Why have I broken my resolution? Why have I gone back to this secret friend of my wretchedest and wickedest hours? Because I am more friendless than ever; because I am more lonely than ever, though my husband is sitting writing in the next room to me. My misery is a woman's misery, and it *will* speak—here, rather than nowhere; to my second self, in this book, if I have no one else to hear me.

"How happy I was in the first days that followed our marriage, and how happy I made *him!* Only two months have passed, and that time is a by-gone time already! I try to think of any thing I might have said or done wrongly, on my side—of any thing he might have said or done wrongly, on his—and I can remember nothing unworthy of my husband, nothing unworthy of myself. I can not even lay my finger on the day when the cloud first rose between us. I only know that the cloud came; that he felt it, and kept the feeling a secret; that I felt it, and kept the feeling a secret; that it has grown and darkened ever since that time; and that it is growing and darkening still, with every new day that passes over our heads.

"I could bear it if I loved him less dearly than I do. I could conquer the misery of our estrangement if he only showed the change in him as brutally as other men would show it.

"But this never has happened, never will happen. It is not in his nature to inflict suffering on others. Not a hard word, not a hard look, escapes him. It is only at night, when I hear him sighing in his sleep, when I see him dreaming, in the morning hours, that I know how hopelessly I am losing the love that he once felt for me. He hides, or tries to hide it, in the day, for my sake. He is all gentleness, all kindness; but his heart is not on his lips when he kisses me now; his hand tells me nothing when it touches mine. Day after day the hours that he gives to his hateful writing grow longer and longer; day after day he becomes more and more silent in the hours that he gives to Me.

"And with all this there is nothing that I can complain of—nothing marked enough to justify me in noticing it. His disappointment shrinks from all open confession; his resignation collects itself by such fine degrees that even my watchfulness fails to see the growth of it. Fifty times a day I feel the longing in me to throw my arms around his neck and say, 'For God's sake do any thing to me rather than treat me like this!' and fifty times a day the words are forced back into my heart by the cruel considerateness of his conduct, which gives me no excuse for speaking them. I thought I had suffered the sharpest pain that I could feel when my first husband laid his whip across my face. I thought I knew the worst that despair could do on the day when I knew that the other villain, the meaner villain still, had deserted me. Live and learn. There is sharper pain than I felt under Waldron's whip; there is bitterer despair than the despair I knew when Manuel deserted me.

"Am I too old for him? Surely not yet! Have I lost my beauty? Not a man passes me in the street but his eyes tell me I am as handsome as ever.

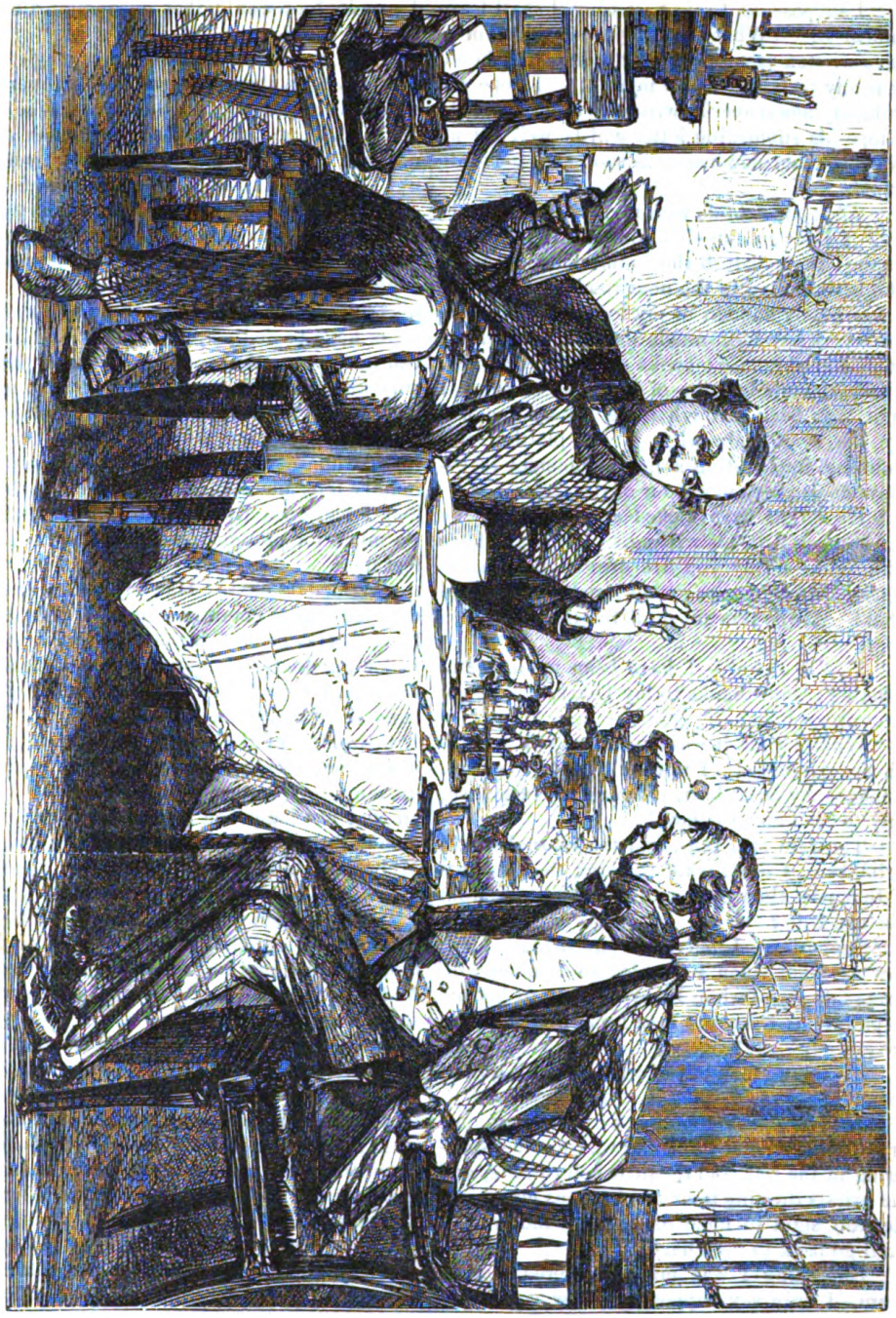
"Ah, no, no! the secret lies deeper than *that!* I have thought and thought about it till a horrible fancy has taken possession of me. He has been noble and good in his past life, and I have been wicked and disgraced. Who can tell what a gap that dreadful difference may make between us, unknown to him and unknown to me? It is folly, it is madness—but when I lie awake by him in the darkness I ask myself whether any unconscious disclosure of the truth escapes me in the close intimacy that now unites us. Is there an unutterable Something left by the horror of my past life which clings invisibly to me still? And is *he* feeling the influence of it, sensibly, and yet incomprehensibly to himself? Oh me! is there no purifying power in such love as mine? Are there plague-spots of past wickedness on my heart which no after-repentance can wash out?

"Who can tell? There is something wrong in our married life—I can only come back to that. There is some adverse influence that neither he nor I can trace, which is parting us farther and farther from each other, day by day. Well! I suppose I shall be hardened in time, and learn to bear it.

"An open carriage has just driven by my window, with a nicely-dressed lady in it. She had her husband by her side, and her children on the seat opposite. At the moment when I saw her she was laughing and talking in high spirits—a sparkling, light-hearted, happy woman. Ah, my lady, when you were a few years younger, if you had been left to yourself, and thrown on the world like me—

"*October 11th.*—The eleventh day of the month was the day (two months since) when we were married. He said nothing about it to

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FATHER AND SON.—[SEE APRIL NUMBER, PAGE 604.]

me when we woke, nor I to him. But I thought I would make it the occasion, at breakfast-time, of trying to win him back.

"I don't think I ever took such pains with my toilet before; I don't think I ever looked better than I looked when I went down stairs this morning. He had breakfasted by himself, and I found a little slip of paper on the table with an apology written on it. The post to England, he said, went out that day, and his letter to the newspaper must be finished. In his place I would have let fifty posts go out rather than breakfast without him. I went into his room. There he was, immersed body and soul in his hateful writing! 'Can't you give me a little time this morning?' I asked. He got up with a start. 'Certainly, if you wish it.' He never even looked at me as he said the words. The very sound of his voice told me that all his interest was centred in the pen that he had just laid down. 'I see you are occupied,' I said; 'I don't wish it.' Before I had closed the door on him he was back at his desk. I have often heard that the wives of authors have been for the most part unhappy women. And now I know why.

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"I suppose, as I said yesterday, I shall learn to bear it. (What *stuff*, by-the-by, I seem to have written yesterday! how ashamed I should be if any body saw it but myself!) I hope the trumpery newspaper he writes for won't succeed! I hope his rubbishing letter will be well cut up by some other newspaper as soon as it gets into print!

"What am I to do with myself all the morning? I can't go out—it's raining. If I open the piano, I shall disturb the industrious journalist who is scribbling in the next room. Oh dear! it was lonely enough in my lodging at Thorpe-Ambrose, but how much lonelier it is here! Shall I read? No; books don't interest me; I hate the whole tribe of authors. I think I shall look back through these pages, and live my life over again when I was plotting and planning, and finding a new excitement to occupy me in every new hour of the day.

"He might have looked at me, though he *was* so busy with his writing. He might have said, 'How nicely you are dressed this morning!' He might have remembered—never mind what! All he remembers is the newspaper.

"*Twelve o'clock.*—I have been reading and thinking; and, thanks to my Diary, I have got through an hour.

"What a time it was—what a life it was, at Thorpe-Ambrose! I wonder I kept my senses. It makes my heart beat, it makes my face flush, only to read about it now!

"The rain still falls, and the journalist still scribbles. I don't want to think the thoughts of that past time over again. And yet, what else can I do?

"Supposing—I only say supposing—I felt now as I felt when I traveled to London with Armadale; and when I saw my way to his life as plainly as I saw the man himself all through the journey..... ?

"I'll go and look out of window. I'll go and count the people as they pass by.

"A funeral has gone by, with the penitents in their black hoods, and the wax torches sputtering in the wet, and the little bell ringing, and the priests droning their monotonous chant. A pleasant sight to meet me at the window! I shall go back to my Diary.

"Supposing I was not the altered woman I am—I only say supposing—how would the Grand Risk that I once thought of running look now? I have married Midwinter in the name that is really his own. And by doing that I have taken the first of those three steps which were once to lead me, through Armadale's life, to the fortune and the station of Armadale's widow. No matter how innocent my intentions might have been at the time—and they *were* innocent—this is one of the unalterable results of the marriage. Well, having taken the first step then, whether I would or no—how—(supposing I meant to take the second step, which I don't)—how would present circumstances stand toward me? Would they warn me to draw back, I wonder? or would they encourage me to go on?

"We are living here (for economy's sake), far away from the expensive English quarter, in a suburb of the city, on the Portici side. We have made no traveling acquaintances among our own countrypeople. Our poverty is against us; Midwinter's shyness is against us; and (with the women) my personal appearance is against us. The men from whom my husband gets his information for the newspaper meet him at the café, and never come here. I discourage his bringing any strangers to see me; for though years have passed since I was last at Naples, I can not be sure that some of the many people I once knew in this place may not be living still. The moral of all this is (as the children's story-books say) that not a single witness has come to this house who could declare, if any after-inquiry took place in England, that Midwinter and I had been living here as man and wife. So much for present circumstances as they affect me.

"Armadale next. Has any unforeseen accident led him to communicate with Thorpe-Ambrose? Has he broken the conditions which the major imposed on him, and asserted himself in the character of Miss Milroy's promised husband since I saw him last?

"Nothing of the sort has taken place. No unforeseen accident has altered his position—his tempting position—toward myself. I know all that has happened to him since he left England, through the letters which he writes to Midwinter, and which Midwinter shows to me.

"He has been wrecked, to begin with. His trumpery little yacht has actually tried to drown him, after all, and has failed! It happened (as Midwinter warned him it might happen with so small a vessel) in a sudden storm. They were blown ashore on the coast of Portugal. The yacht went to pieces, but the lives, and papers, and so on, were saved. The men have been sent back to Bristol, with recommendations from their master, which have already got them employment on board an outward-bound ship. And the master himself is on his way here, after stopping first at Lisbon, and next at Gibraltar, and trying ineffectually in both places to supply himself with another vessel. His third attempt is to be made at Naples, where there is an English yacht 'laid up,' as they call it, to be had for sale or hire. He has had no occasion to write home since the wreck—for he took away from Coutts's the whole of the large sum of money lodged there for him, in circular notes. And he has felt no inclination to go back to England himself—for, with Mr. Brock dead, Miss Milroy at school, and Midwinter here, he has not a living creature, in whom he is interested, to welcome him if he returned. To see *us*, and to see the new yacht, are the only two present objects he has in view. Midwinter has been expecting him for a week past, and he may walk into this very room in which I am writing, at

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this very moment, for all I know to the contrary.

"Tempting circumstances, these—with all the wrongs I have suffered at his mother's hands and at his, still alive in my memory; with Miss Milroy confidently waiting to take her place at the head of his household; with my dream of living happy and innocent in Midwinter's love, dispelled forever, and with nothing left in its place to help me against myself. I wish it wasn't raining; I wish I could go out.

"Perhaps, something may happen to prevent Armadale from coming to Naples? When he last wrote, he was waiting at Gibraltar for an English steamer in the Mediterranean trade to bring him on here. He may get tired of waiting before the steamer comes, or he may hear of a yacht at some nearer place than this. A little bird whispers in my ear that it may possibly be the wisest thing he ever did in his life, if he breaks his engagement to join us at Naples.

"I shall close my Diary for to-day, and occupy myself with something else. What shall it be? My dressing-case—I will put my dressing-case tidy, and polish up the few little things in it which my misfortunes have still left in my possession.

"I have shut up the dressing-case again. The first thing I found in it was Armadale's shabby present to me on my marriage—the rubbishing little ruby ring. That irritated me to begin with. The second thing that turned up was my bottle of Drops. I caught myself measuring the doses with my eye, and calculating how many of them would be enough to take a living creature over the border-land between sleep and death. Why I should have locked the dressing-case in a fright before I had quite completed my calculation I don't know—but I did lock it. And here I am back again at my Diary, with nothing, absolutely nothing, to write about. Oh, the weary day! the weary day! Will nothing happen to excite me a little in this horrible place?

"*October* 12*th*.—The all-important letter to the newspaper was dispatched by the post last night. I was foolish enough to suppose that I might be honored by having some of his spare attention bestowed on me to-day. Nothing of the sort! He had a restless night, after all his writing, and got up with his head aching, and his spirits miserably depressed. When he is in this state, his favorite remedy is to return to his old vagabond habits, and go roaming away by himself nobody knows where. He went through the form this morning (knowing I had no riding-habit) of offering to hire a little broken-kneed brute of a pony for me, in case I wished to accompany him! I preferred remaining at home. I will have a handsome horse and a handsome habit, or I won't ride at all. He went away, without attempting to persuade me to change my mind. I wouldn't have changed it of course; but he might have tried to persuade me all the same.

"I can't open the piano in his absence—that is one comfort. And I am in a fine humor for playing—that is another. There is a sonata of Beethoven's (I forget the number) which always suggests to me the agony of lost spirits in a place of torment. Come, my fingers and thumbs, and take me among the lost spirits this morning!

"*October* 18*th*.—Our windows look out on the sea. At noon to-day we saw a steamer coming in with the English flag flying. Midwinter has gone to the port, on the chance that this may be the vessel from Gibraltar, with Armadale on board.

"*Two o'clock*.—It *is* the vessel from Gibraltar. Armadale has kept his engagement to join us at Naples. Half an hour since he walked into the room—having contrived to miss Midwinter in his usual blundering way. The first two questions he asked me, after we had shaken hands, were whether I had heard from Thorpe-Ambrose, and whether I could tell him any news of Miss Milroy.

"*October* 16*th*.—Two days missed out of my Diary! I can hardly tell why, unless it is that Armadale irritates me beyond all endurance. The mere sight of him takes me back to Thorpe-Ambrose. I fancy I must have been afraid of what I might write about him, in the course of the last two days, if I indulged myself in the dangerous luxury of opening these pages.

"This morning I am afraid of nothing—and I take up my pen again accordingly.

"Is there any limit, I wonder, to the brutish stupidity of some men? I thought I had discovered Armadale's limit when I was his neighbor in Norfolk; but my later experience at Naples shows me that I was wrong. He is perpetually in and out of this house (crossing over to us in a boat from the hotel at Santa Lucia, where he sleeps); and he has exactly two subjects of conversation—the yacht for sale in the harbor here, and Miss Milroy. Yes! he selects ME as the confidante of his devoted attachment to the major's daughter! 'It's so nice to talk to a woman about it!' That is all the apology he has thought it necessary to make for appealing to my sympathies—*my* sympathies!—on the subject of 'his darling Neelie,' fifty times a day. He is evidently persuaded (if he thinks about it at all) that I have forgotten, as completely as he has forgotten, all that once passed between us, when I was first at Thorpe-Ambrose. Such an utter want of the commonest delicacy and the commonest tact, in a creature who is, to all appearance, possessed of a skin and not a hide, and who does, unless my ears deceive me, talk and not bray, is really quite incredible when one comes to think of it. But it is, for all that, quite true. He asked me—he actually asked me, last night—how many hundreds a year the

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wife of a rich man could spend on her dress. 'Don't put it too low,' the idiot added, with his intolerable grin. 'Neelie shall be one of the best-dressed women in England when I have married her.' And this to ME, after having had him at my feet, and then losing him again through Miss Milroy! This to me, with an alpaca gown on, and a husband whose income must be helped by a newspaper!

"I had better not dwell on it any longer. I had better think and write of something else.

"The yacht—as a relief from hearing about Miss Milroy, I declare the yacht in the harbor is quite an interesting subject to me! She (the men call a vessel 'She;' and I suppose if the women took an interest in such things, *they* would call a vessel 'He'); she is a beautiful model; and her 'top-sides' (whatever they may be) are especially distinguished by being built of mahogany. But, with these merits, she has the defect, on the other hand, of being old—which is a sad drawback—and the crew and the sailing-master have been 'paid off,' and sent home to England—which is additionally distressing. Still, if a new crew and a new sailing-master can be picked up here, such a beautiful creature (with all her drawbacks) is not to be despised. It might answer to hire her for a cruise, and to see how she behaves. (If she is of *my* mind, her behavior will rather astonish her new master!) The cruise will determine what faults she has, and what repairs, through the unlucky circumstance of her age, she really stands in need of. And then it will be time to settle whether to buy her outright or not. Such is Armadale's conversation, when he is not talking of 'his darling Neelie.' And Midwinter, who can steal no time from his newspaper-work for his wife, can steal hours for his friend, and can offer them unreservedly to my irresistible rival, the new yacht.

"I shall write no more to-day. If so ladylike a person as I am could feel a tigerish tingling all over her to the very tips of her fingers, I should suspect myself of being in that condition at the present moment. But, with *my* manners and accomplishments, the thing is, of course, out of the question. We all know that a lady has no passions.

"*October* 17*th*.—A letter for Midwinter this morning from the slave-owners—I mean the newspaper-people in London—which has set him at work again harder than ever. A visit at luncheon-time, and another visit at dinner-time from Armadale. Conversation at luncheon about the yacht. Conversation at dinner about Miss Milroy. I have been honored, in regard to that young lady, by an invitation to go with Armadale to-morrow to the Toledo, and help him to buy some presents for the beloved object. I didn't fly out at him—I only made an excuse. Can words express the astonishment I feel at my own patience? No words can express it.

"*October* 18*th*.—Armadale came to breakfast this morning, by way of catching Midwinter before he shuts himself up over his work.

"Conversation the same as yesterday's conversation at lunch. Armadale has made his bargain with the agent for hiring the yacht. The agent (compassionating his total ignorance of the language) has helped him to find an interpreter, but can't help him to find a crew. The interpreter is civil and willing, but doesn't understand the sea. Midwinter's assistance is indispensable; and Midwinter is requested (and consents!) to work harder than ever, so as to make time for helping his friend. When the crew is formed, the merits and defects of the vessel are to be tried by a cruise to Sicily, with Midwinter on board to give his opinion. Lastly (in case she should feel lonely), the ladies' cabin is most obligingly placed at the disposal of Midwinter's wife. All this was settled at the breakfast-table; and it ended with one of Armadale's neatly-turned compliments, addressed to myself: 'I mean to take Neelie sailing with me when we are married. And you have such good taste, you will be able to tell me every thing the ladies' cabin wants between that time and this.'

"If some women bring such men as this into the world, ought other women to allow them to live? It is a matter of opinion. *I* think not.

"What maddens me is to see, as I do see plainly, that Midwinter finds in Armadale's company, and in Armadale's new yacht, a refuge from *me*. He is always in better spirits when Armadale is here. He forgets me in Armadale almost as completely as he forgets me in his work. And I bear it! Oh, what a pattern wife, what an excellent Christian I am!

"*October* 19*th*.—Nothing new. Yesterday over again.

"*October* 20*th*.—One piece of news. Midwinter is suffering from nervous headache, and is working in spite of it, to make time for his holiday with his friend.

"*October* 21*st*.—Midwinter is worse. Angry and wild and unapproachable, after bad nights, and two uninterrupted days at his desk. Under any other circumstances he would take the warning, and leave off. But nothing warns him now. He is still working as hard as ever for Armadale's sake. How much longer will my patience last?

"*October* 22*d*.—Signs, last night, that Midwinter is taxing his brains beyond what his brains will bear. When he did fall asleep he was frightfully restless, groaning and talking and grinding his teeth. From some of the words I heard he seemed at one time to be dreaming of his life when he was a boy, roaming the country with the dancing dogs. At another time he was back again with Armadale, imprisoned all night on the wrecked ship. Toward the early morning hours he grew quieter.

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I fell asleep; and, waking after a short interval, found myself alone. My first glance round showed me a light burning in Midwinter's dressing-room. I rose softly, and went to look at him.

"He was seated in the great, ugly, old-fashioned chair, which I ordered to be removed into the dressing-room out of the way when we first came here. His head lay back, and one of his hands hung listlessly over the arm of the chair, the other hand was on his lap. I stole a little nearer, and saw that exhaustion had overpowered him while he was either reading or writing —for there were books, pens, ink, and paper on the table before him. What had he got up to do secretly at that hour of the morning? I looked closer at the papers on the table. They were all neatly folded (as he usually keeps them), with one exception—and that exception, lying open on the rest, was Mr. Brock's letter.

"I looked round at him again, after making this discovery, and then noticed for the first time another written paper lying under the hand that rested on his lap. There was no moving it away without the risk of waking him. Part of the open manuscript, however, was not covered by his hand. I looked at it to see what he had secretly stolen away to read besides Mr. Brock's letter—and made out enough to tell me that it was the Narrative of Armadale's dream.

"That second discovery sent me back at once to my bed—with something serious to think of.

"Traveling through France, on our way to this place, Midwinter's shyness was conquered for once by a very pleasant man—an Irish doctor—whom we met in the railway carriage, and who quite insisted on being friendly and sociable with us all through the day's journey. Finding that Midwinter was devoting himself to literary pursuits, our traveling companion warned him not to pass too many hours together at his desk. 'Your face tells me more than you think,' the doctor said. 'If you are ever tempted to overwork your brain you will feel it sooner than most men. When you find your nerves playing you strange tricks don't neglect this warning—drop your pen.'

"After my last night's discovery in the dressing-room, it looks as if Midwinter's nerves were beginning already to justify the doctor's opinion of them. If one of the tricks they are playing him is the trick of tormenting him again with his old superstitious terrors, there will be a change in our lives here before long. I shall wait curiously to see whether the convictions that we two are destined to bring fatal danger to Armadale takes possession of Midwinter's mind once more. If it does, I know what will happen. He will not stir a step toward helping his friend to find a crew for his yacht; and he will certainly refuse to sail with Armadale, or to let me sail with him, on the trial cruise.

"*October 23d.*—Mr. Brock's letter has, apparently, not lost its influence yet, Midwinter is working again to-day, and is as anxious as ever for the holiday-time that he is to pass with his friend.

"*Two o'clock.*—Armadale here as usual; eager to know when Midwinter will be at his service. No definite answer to be given to the question yet—seeing that it all depends on Midwinter's capacity to continue at his desk. Armadale sat down disappointed—he yawned, and put his great clumsy hands in his pockets. I took up a book. The brute didn't understand that I wanted to be left alone; he began again on the unendurable subject of Miss Milroy, and of all the fine things she was to have when he married her. Her own riding horse; her own pony-carriage; her own beautiful little sitting-room up stairs at the great house, and so on. All that I might have had once Miss Milroy is to have it now—*if I let her.*

"*Six o'clock.*—More of the everlasting Armadale! Half an hour since Midwinter came in from his writing, giddy and exhausted. I had been pining all day for a little music, and I knew they were giving *Norma* at the theatre here. It struck me that an hour or two at the opera might do Midwinter good as well as me; and I said, 'Why not take a box at the San Carlo to-night?' He answered in a dull, uninterested manner, that he was not rich enough to take a box. Armadale was present, and flourished his well-filled purse in his usual insufferable way. '*I'm* rich enough, old boy, and it comes to the same thing.' With those words he took up his hat, and trampled out on his great elephant's feet, to get the box. I looked after him from the window as he went down the street. 'Your widow, with her twelve hundred a year,' I thought to myself, 'might take a box at the San Carlo whenever she pleased, without being beholden to any body.' The empty-headed wretch whistled as he went his way to the theatre, and tossed his loose silver magnificently to every beggar who ran after him.

"*Midnight.*—I am alone again at last. Have I nerve enough to write the history of this terrible evening, just as it has passed? I have nerve enough, at any rate, to turn to a new leaf, and try.

CHAPTER II.

THE DIARY—*continued.*

"We went to the San Carlo. Armadale's stupidity showed itself, even in such a simple matter as taking a box. He had confounded an opera with a play, and had chosen a box close to the stage, with the idea that one's chief object at a musical performance is to see the faces of the singers as plainly as possible! Fortunately for our ears, Bellini's lovely melodies are for the most part tenderly and delicately accompanied—or the orchestra might have deafened us.

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"I sat back in the box at first, well out of sight; for it was impossible to be sure that some of my old friends of former days at Naples might not be in the theatre. But the sweet music gradually tempted me out of my seclusion. I was so charmed and interested that I leaned forward without knowing it, and looked at the stage.

"I was made aware of my own imprudence by a discovery which, for the moment, literally chilled my blood. One of the singers among the chorus of Druids was looking at me, while he sang with the rest. His head was disguised in the long white hair, and the lower part of his face was completely covered with the flowing white beard, proper to the character. But the eyes with which he looked at me were the eyes of the one man on earth whom I have most reason to dread were seeing again—Manuel!

"If it had not been for my smelling-bottle, I believe I should have lost my senses. As it was I drew back again into the shadow. Even Armadale noticed the sudden change in me; he, as well as Midwinter, asked if I was ill. I said I felt the heat, but hoped I should be better presently—and then leaned back in the box, and tried to rally my courage. I succeeded in recovering self-possession enough to be able to look again at the stage (without showing myself) the next time the chorus appeared. There was the man again! But to my infinite relief he never once looked toward our box a second time. This welcome indifference on his part helped to satisfy me that I had seen an extraordinary accidental resemblance, and nothing more. I still held to this conclusion, after having had leisure to think; but my mind would be more completely at ease than it is if I had seen the rest of the man's face, without the stage disguises that hid it from all investigation.

"When the curtain fell on the first act there was a tiresome ballet to be performed (according to the absurd Italian custom) before the opera went on. Though I had got over my first fright, I had been far too seriously startled to feel comfortable in the theatre. I dreaded all sorts of impossible accidents; and when Midwinter and Armadale put the question to me I told them I was not well enough to stay through the rest of the performance.

"At the door of the theatre Armadale proposed to say good-night. But Midwinter—evidently dreading the evening with *me*—asked him to come back to supper, if I had no objection. I said the necessary words, and we all three returned together to this house.

"Ten minutes quiet in my own room (assisted by a little dose of Eau-de-Cologne and water) restored me to myself. I joined the men at the supper-table. They received my apologies for taking them away from the opera, with the complimentary assurance that I had not cost either of them the slightest sacrifice of his own pleasure. Midwinter declared that he was too completely worn out to care for any thing but the two great blessings unattainable at the theatre, of quiet and fresh air. Armadale said—with an Englishman's exasperating pride in his own stupidity wherever a matter of Art is concerned—that he couldn't make head or tail of the performance. The principal disappointment, he was good enough to add, was mine, for I evidently understood foreign music and enjoyed it. Ladies generally did. His darling little Neelie—

"I was in no humor to be persecuted with his 'Darling Neelie,' after what I had gone through at the theatre. It might have been the irritated state of my nerves, or it might have been the Eau-de-Cologne flying to my head, but the bare mention of the girl seemed to set me in a flame. I tried to turn Armadale's attention in the direction of the supper-table. He was much obliged, but he had no appetite for more. I offered him wine next—the wine of the country, which is all that our poverty allows us to place on our table. He was much obliged again. The foreign wine was very little more to his taste than the foreign music; but he would take some because I asked him; and he would drink my health in the old-fashioned way—with his best wishes for the happy time when we should all meet again at Thorpe-Ambrose, and when there would be a mistress to welcome me at the great house.

"Was he mad to persist in this way? No; his face answered for him he was under the impression that he was making himself particularly *agreeable* to me.

"I looked at Midwinter. He might have seen some reason for interfering to change the conversation if he had looked at me in return. But he sat silent in his chair, irritable and overworked, with his eyes on the ground, thinking.

"I got up and went to the window. Still impenetrable to a sense of his own clumsiness, Armadale followed me. If I had been strong enough to toss him out of the window into the sea I should certainly have done it that moment. Not being strong enough I looked steadily at the view over the bay, and gave him a hint, the broadest and rudest I could think of, to go.

"'A lovely night for a walk,' I said, 'if you are tempted to walk back to the hotel.'

"I doubt if he heard me. At any rate I produced no sort of effect on him. He stood staring sentimentally at the moonlight, and—there is really no other word to express it—*blew* a sigh. I felt a presentiment of what was coming, unless I stopped his mouth by speaking first.

"'With all your fondness for England,' I said, 'you must own that we have no such moonlight as that at home.'

"He looked at me vacantly and blew another sigh.

"'I wonder whether it's as fine to-night in England as it is here?' he said. 'I wonder whether my dear little girl at home is looking at the moonlight and thinking of ME?'

"I could endure it no longer. I flew out at him at last.

"'Good Heavens, Mr. Armadale!' I exclaimed, 'is there only one subject worth men-

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tioning, in the narrow little world you live in? I'm sick to death of Miss Milroy. Do pray talk of something else!'

"His great broad stupid face colored up to the roots of his hideous yellow hair. 'I beg your pardon,' he stammered, with a kind of sulky surprise. 'I didn't suppose—' He stopped confusedly, and looked from me to Midwinter. I understood what the look meant. 'I didn't suppose she could be jealous of Miss Milroy after marrying *you!*' That—I am absolutely certain of it—that is what he would have said to Midwinter if I had left them alone together in the room.

"As it was, Midwinter had heard us. Before I could speak again—before Armadale could add another word—he finished his friend's uncompleted sentence in a tone that I now heard, and with a look that I now saw, for the first time.

"'You didn't suppose, Allan,' he said, 'that a lady's temper could be so easily provoked.'

"The first bitter word of irony, the first hard look of contempt I had ever had from him. And Armadale the cause of it!

"My anger suddenly left me. Something came in its place which steadied me in an instant, and took me silently out of the room.

"I sat down alone. I had a few minutes of thought with myself, which I don't choose to put into words, even in these secret pages. I got up and unlocked—never mind what. I went round to Midwinter's side of the bed and took—no matter what I took. The last thing I did before I left my room was to look at my watch. It was half past ten—Armadale's usual time for leaving us. I went back at once and joined the two men again.

"I approached Armadale good-humoredly, and said to him—

"No! It makes my head burn, and sets my hands trembling again to think of it. Reckless as I am now about the future, still I can't prevail on myself to recall what happened in the course of the next hour—the hour between half past ten and half past eleven. Can I take up my story again, I wonder, at the time when Armadale had left us? Can I tell what took place between Midwinter and me in our own room? Why should I try? There is no fear of my forgetting such words as we said to each other to-night. Why agitate myself by writing them down? I don't know! Why do I keep a diary at all? Why did the clever thief the other day (in the English newspapers) keep the very thing to convict him, in the shape of a record of every thing he stole? Why are we not perfectly reasonable in all that we do? Why am I not always on my guard, and never inconsistent with myself, like a wicked character in a novel? Why? why? why?

"I don't care why! I must write down what happened between Midwinter and me to-night *because* I must. There's a reason that nobody can answer—myself included.

* * * * * *

"It was half past eleven. I had put on my dressing-gown and had just sat down to arrange my hair for the night, when I was surprised by a knock at the door—and Midwinter came in.

"He was frightfully pale. His eyes looked at me with a terrible despair in them. He never answered when I expressed my surprise at his coming in so much sooner than usual; he wouldn't even tell me, when I asked the question, if he was ill. Pointing peremptorily to the chair from which I had risen on his entering the room, he told me to sit down again; and then after a moment, added these words:—'I have something serious to say to you.'

"I thought of what had happened between the half hour past ten and the half hour past eleven—and the deadly sickness of terror, which I never felt at the time, came upon me now. I felt his influence exactly as I felt it on the night when we were alone together at Thorpe-Ambrose, on the outskirts of the wood. I sat down again, as I had been told, without speaking to him, and without looking at him.

"He took a turn up and down the room, and then came and stood over me.

"'If Allan comes here to-morrow,' he began, 'and if you see him—'

"His voice faltered and he said no more. There was some dreadful grief at his heart that was trying to master him. But there are times when his will is a will of iron. He took another turn in the room and crushed it down. He came back and stood over me again.

"'When Allan comes here to-morrow,' he resumed, 'let him come into my room, if he wants to see me. I shall tell him that I find it impossible to finish the work I now have on hand as soon as I had hoped, and that he must, therefore, arrange to find a crew for the yacht without any assistance on my part. If he comes in his disappointment to appeal to you, give him no hope of my being free in time to help him if he waits. Encourage him to take the best assistance he can get from strangers, and to set about manning the yacht without any further delay. The more occupation he has to keep him away from this house, and the less you encourage him to stay here, if he does come, the better I shall be pleased. Don't forget that, and don't forget one last direction which I have now to give you. When the vessel is ready for sea, and when Allan invites us to sail with him, it is my wish that you should positively decline to go. He will try to make you change your mind—for I shall of course decline, on my side, to leave you in this strange house and in this foreign country, by yourself. No matter what he says, let nothing persuade you to alter your decision. Refuse, positively and finally! Refuse, I insist on it, to set your foot on the new yacht!'

"He ended quietly and firmly—with no faltering in his voice, and no signs of hesitation or relenting in his face. The sense of surprise which I might otherwise have felt at the strange words he had addressed to me was lost in the sense of relief that they brought to my mind. The dread

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of *those other words* that I had expected to hear from him left me as suddenly as it had come. I could look at him—I could speak to him once more.

"'You may depend,' I answered, 'on my doing exactly what you order me to do. Must I obey you blindly? Or may I know your reason for the extraordinary directions you have just given to me?'

"His face darkened, and he sat down on the other side of my dressing-table with a heavy, hopeless sigh.

"'You may know the reason,' he said, 'if you wish it.' He waited a little and considered. 'You have a right to know the reason,' he returned, 'for you yourself are concerned in it.' He waited a little again, and again went on. 'I can only explain the strange request I have just made to you in one way,' he said. 'I can only make myself understood by recalling what happened in the next room, before Allan left us to-night.'

"He looked at me with a strange mixture of expressions in his face. At one moment I thought he felt pity for me. At another it seemed more like horror of me. I began to feel frightened again; I waited for his next words in silence.

"'I know that I have been working too hard lately,' he went on, 'and that my nerves are sadly shaken. It is possible, in the state I am in now, that I may have unconsciously misinterpreted or distorted the circumstances that really took place. You will do me a favor if you will test my recollection of what has happened by your own. If my fancy has exaggerated any thing, if my memory is playing me false any where, I entreat you to stop me, and tell me of it. No words can say what a relief it would be to my mind if you could satisfy me that I have deluded myself, in any important respect, as to what took place in the other room an hour since.'

"I commanded myself sufficiently to ask what the circumstances were to which he referred, and in what way I was personally concerned in them.

"'You were personally concerned in them in this way,' he answered. 'The circumstances to which I refer began with your speaking to Allan about Miss Milroy, in what I thought a very inconsiderate and very impatient manner. I am afraid I spoke just as petulantly on my side—and I beg your pardon for what I said to you in the irritation of the moment. You left the room. After a short absence you came back again and made a perfectly proper apology to Allan, which he received with his usual kindness and sweetness of temper. While this went on you and he were both standing by the supper-table, and Allan resumed some conversation which had already passed between you about the Neapolitan wine. He said he thought he should learn to like it in time, and he asked leave to take another glass of the wine we had on the table. Am I right so far?'

The words almost died on my lips; but I forced them out, and answered him that he was right so far.

"'You took the flask out of Allan's hand,' he proceeded. 'You said to him, good-humoredly, "You know you don't really like the wine, Mr. Armadale. Let me make you something which may be more to your taste. I have a recipe of my own for lemonade. Will you favor me by trying it?" In those words you made your proposal to him, and he accepted it. Did he also ask leave to look on and learn how the lemonade was made? and did you tell him that he would only confuse you, and that you would give him the recipe in writing, if he wanted it?'

"This time the words did really die on my lips. I could only bow my head, and answer 'Yes' mutely in that way. Midwinter went on:

"'Allan laughed, and went to the window to look out at the Bay' (were the next words he said), 'and I went with him. After a while Allan remarked, jocosely, that the mere sound of the liquids you were pouring out made him thirsty. When he said this I turned round from the window. I approached you and said the lemonade took a long time to make. You touched me as I was walking away again, and handed me the tumbler filled to the brim. At the same time Allan turned round from the window, and I, in my turn, handed the tumbler to *him*.—Is there any mistake so far?'

"The quick throbbing of my heart almost choked me. I could just shake my head—I could do no more.

"'I saw Allan raise the tumbler to his lips.—Did *you* see it? I saw his face turn white in an instant.—Did *you*? I saw the glass fall from his hand on the floor! I saw him stagger, and caught him before he fell. Are these things true? For God's sake search your memory, and tell me—are these things true?'

"The throbbing at my heart seemed, for one breathless instant, to stop. The next moment something fiery, something maddening, flew through me. I started to my feet, with my temples in a flame, reckless *of* all consequences, desperate enough to say any thing.

"'Your questions are an insult! Your looks are an insult!' I burst out. '*Do you think I tried to poison him?*'

"The words rushed out of my lips in spite of me. They were the last words under heaven that any woman, in such a situation as mine, ought to have spoken. And yet I spoke them!

"He rose in alarm, and gave me my smelling-bottle. 'Hush, hush!' he said. 'You, too, are overwrought—you, too, are over-excited by all that has happened to-night. You are talking wildly and shockingly. Good God! how can you have so utterly misunderstood me? Compose yourself; pray, compose yourself.'

"He might as well have told a wild animal to compose herself. Having been mad enough to say the words, I was mad enough next to return to the subject of the lemonade, in spite of his entreaties to me to be silent.

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"'I told you what I had put in the glass the moment Mr. Armadale fainted.' I went on, insisting furiously on defending myself, when no attack was made on me. 'I told you I had taken the flask of brandy which you keep at your bedside, and mixed some of it with the lemonade. How could I know that he had a nervous horror of the smell and taste of brandy? Didn't he say to me himself when he came to his senses, "It's my fault; I ought to have warned you to put no brandy in it?" Didn't he remind you afterward of the time when you and he were in the Isle of Man together, and when the Doctor there innocently made the same mistake with him that I made to-night?'

"I laid a great stress on my innocence—and with the same reason, too. Whatever else I may be I pride myself on not being a hypocrite. I *was* innocent—so far as the brandy was concerned. I had put it into the lemonade, in pure ignorance of Armadale's nervous peculiarity, to disguise the taste of—never mind what! Another of the things I pride myself on is, that I never wander from my subject. What Midwinter said next is what I ought to be writing about now.

"He looked at me for a moment, as if he thought I had taken leave of my senses. Then he came round to my side of the table, and stood over me again.

"'If nothing else will satisfy you that you are entirely misinterpreting my motives,' he said, 'and that I haven't an idea of blaming you in this matter, read this.'

"He took a paper from the breast-pocket of his coat, and spread it open under my eyes. It was the Narrative of Armadale's Dream.

"In an instant the whole weight on my mind was lifted off it. I felt mistress of myself again—I understood him at last.

"'Do you know what this is?' he asked. 'Do you remember what I said to you at Thorpe-Ambrose about Allan's Dream? I told you then that two out of the three Visions had already come true. I tell you now that the third Vision has been fulfilled in this house to-night.'

"He turned over the leaves of the manuscript, and pointed with his finger to the lines that he wished me to read.

"I read these, or nearly these words from the Narrative of the Dream, as Midwinter had taken it down from Armadale's own lips:

"'The darkness opened for the third time, and showed me the Shadow of the Man and the Shadow of the Woman together. The Man-Shadow was the nearest; the Woman-Shadow stood back. From where she stood I heard a sound like the pouring out of a liquid softly. I saw her touch the Shadow of the Man with one hand, and give him a glass with the other. He took the glass and handed it to me. At the moment when I put it to my lips a deadly faintness overcame me. When I recovered my senses again the Shadows had vanished, and the Vision was at an end.'

"For the moment I was as completely staggered by this extraordinary coincidence as Midwinter himself.

"He put one hand on the open Narrative, and laid the other heavily on my arm.

"'*Now* do you understand my motive in coming here?' he asked. '*Now* do you see that the last hope I had to cling to was the hope that your memory of the night's events might prove my memory to be wrong? *Now* do you know why I won't help Allan? Why I won't sail with him? Why I am plotting and lying, and making you plot and lie too, to keep the best and dearest friend I have out of the house?'

"'Have you forgotten Mr. Brock's letter?' I asked.

"He struck his hand passionately on the open manuscript. 'If Mr. Brock had lived to see what we have seen to-night he would have felt what I feel, he would have said what I say!' His voice sank mysteriously, and his great black eyes glittered at me as he made that answer. 'Thrice the Shadows of the Vision warned Allan in his sleep,' he went on; 'and thrice those Shadows have been embodied in the after-time by You and by Me! You, and no other, stood in the Woman's place at the pool. I, and no other, stood in the Man's place at the window. And you and I together, when the last Vision shaded the Shadows together, stand in the Man's place and the Woman's place still! For *this* the miserable day dawned when you and I first met. For *this* your influence drew me to you when my better angel warned me to fly the sight of your face. There is a curse on our lives! there is a fatality in our footsteps! Allan's future depends on his separation from us at once and forever. Drive him from the place we live in, and the air we breathe. Force him among strangers; the worst and wickedest of them will be more harmless to him than we are! Let his yacht sail, though he goes on his knees to ask us, without You and without Me—and let him know how I loved him in another world than this, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!'

"His grief conquered him—his voice broke into a sob when he spoke those last words. He took the Narrative of the Dream from the table, and left the room.

"As I heard his door locked between us my mind went back to what he had said to me about myself. In remembering the miserable day when we first saw each other, and 'the better angel' that had warned him to 'fly the sight of my face' I forgot all else. It doesn't matter what I felt. I wouldn't own it even if I had a friend to speak to. Who cares for the misery of such a woman as I am—who believes in it? Besides, he spoke under the influence of the mad superstition that has got possession of him again. There is every excuse for *him*—there is no excuse for *me*. If I can't help being fond of him through it all I must take the consequences and suffer. I deserve to suffer; I deserve neither love nor pity from any body. Good Heavens,

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what a fool I am! And how unnatural all this would be if it was written in a book!

"It has struck one. I can hear Midwinter still, walking, and moving, and pacing to and fro in his room.

"He is thinking, I suppose. Well, I can think too! What am I to do next? I shall wait and see. Events take odd turns, sometimes—and events may justify the fatalism of the amiable man in the next room, who curses the day when he first saw my face. He may live to curse it for other reasons than he has now. If I *am* the Woman pointed at in the Dream there will be another temptation put in my way before long—and there will be no brandy in Armadale's lemonade if I mix it for him a second time.

"*October 24th.*—Barely twelve hours have passed since I wrote my yesterday's entry, and that other temptation has come, tried, and conquered me already!

"This time there was no alternative. Instant exposure and ruin stared me in the face—I had no choice but to yield in my own defense. In plainer words still, it was no accidental resemblance that startled me at the theatre last night. The chorus-singer at the opera was Manuel himself.

"Not ten minutes after Midwinter had left the sitting-room for his study the woman of the house came in with a dirty little three-cornered note in her hand. One look at the writing on the address was enough. He had recognized me in the box; and the ballet between the acts of the opera had given him time to trace me home. I drew that plain conclusion in the moment that elapsed before I opened the letter. It informed me, in two lines, that he was waiting in a by-street, leading to the beach; and that if I failed to make my appearance in ten minutes he should interpret my absence as an invitation to him to call at the house.

"What I went through yesterday must have hardened me, I suppose. At any rate, after reading the letter I felt more like the woman I once was than I have felt for months past. I put on my bonnet and went down stairs, and left the house as if nothing had happened.

"He was waiting for me at the entrance to the street.

"In the instant when we stood face to face, all my wretched life with him came back to me. I thought of my trust that he had betrayed; I thought of the cruel mockery of a marriage that he had practiced on me, when he knew that he had a wife living; I thought of the time when I had felt despair enough at his desertion of me to attempt my own life. When I recalled all this, and when the comparison between Midwinter and the mean, miserable villain whom I had once believed in forced itself into my mind, I knew for the first time what a woman feels when every atom of respect for herself has left her. If he had personally insulted me at that moment, I believe I should have submitted to it.

"But he had no idea of insulting me, in the more brutal meaning of the word. He had me at his mercy, and his way of making me feel it was to behave with an elaborate mockery of penitence and respect. I let him speak as he pleased, without interrupting him, without looking at him a second time, without even allowing my dress to touch him as we walked together toward the quieter part of the beach. I had noticed the wretched state of his clothes, and the greedy glitter in his eyes, in my first look at him. And I knew it would end—as it did end—in a demand on me for money.

"Yes! After taking from me the last farthing I possessed of my own, and the last farthing I could extort for him from my old mistress, he turned on me as we stood by the margin of the sea, and asked if I could reconcile it to my conscience to let him be wearing such a coat as he then had on his back, and earning his miserable living as a chorus-singer at the opera!

"My disgust, rather than my indignation, roused me into speaking to him at last.

"'You want money,' I said. 'Suppose I am too poor to give it to you?'

"'In that case,' he replied, 'I shall be forced to remember that you are a treasure in yourself. And I shall be under the painful necessity of pressing my claim to you on the attention of one of those two gentlemen whom I saw with you at the opera—the gentleman, of course, who is now honored by your preference, and who lives provisionally in the light of your smiles.'

"I made him no answer—for I had no answer to give. Disputing his right to claim me from any body would have been a mere waste of words. He knew as well as I did that he had not the shadow of a claim on me. But the mere attempt to raise it would, as he was well aware, lead necessarily to the exposure of my whole past life.

"Still keeping silence, I looked out over the sea. I don't know why—except that I instinctively looked any where rather than look at *him*.

"A little sailing boat was approaching the shore. The man steering was hidden from me by the sail; but the boat was so neat that I thought I recognized the flag on the mast. I looked at my watch. Yes! It was Armadale coming over from Santa Lucia, at his usual time, to visit us in his usual way.

"Before I had put my watch back in my belt the means of extricating myself from the frightful position I was placed in showed themselves to me as plainly as I see them now.

"I turned and led the way to the higher part of the beach, where some fishing-boats were drawn up, which completely screened us from the view of any one landing on the shore below. Seeing probably that I had a purpose of some kind, Manuel followed me without uttering a word. As soon as we were safely under the shelter of the boats I forced myself, in my own defense, to look at him again.

"'What should you say,' I asked, 'if I was

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rich instead of poor? What should you say if I could afford to give you a hundred pounds?'

"He started. I saw plainly that he had not expected so much as half the sum I had mentioned. It is needless to add that his tongue lied, while his face spoke the truth; and that when he replied to me, the answer was, 'Nothing like enough.'

"'Suppose,' I went on, without taking any notice of what he had said, 'that I could show you a way of helping yourself to twice as much —three times as much—five times as much as a hundred pounds, are you bold enough to put out your hand and take it?'

"The greedy glitter came into his eyes once more. His voice dropped low, in breathless expectation of my next words.

"'Who is the person?' he asked. 'And what is the risk?'

"I answered him at once, in the plainest terms. I threw Armadale to him as I might have thrown a piece of meat to a wild beast who was pursuing me.

"'The person is a rich young Englishman,' I said. 'He has just hired the yacht called the *Dorothea*, in the harbor here; and he stands in need of a sailing-master and a crew. You were once an officer in the Spanish navy—you speak English and Italian perfectly—you are thoroughly well acquainted with Naples and all that belongs to it. The rich young Englishman is ignorant of the language; and the interpreter who assists him knows nothing of the sea. He is at his wit's end for want of useful help in this strange place; he has no more knowledge of the world than that child who is digging holes there with a stick in the sand; and he carries all his money with him in circular notes. So much for the person. As for the risk, estimate it for yourself.'

"The greedy glitter in his eyes grew brighter and brighter with every word I said. He was plainly ready to face the risk before I had done speaking.

"'When can I see the Englishman?' he asked, eagerly.

"I stole to the seaward end of the fishing-boat, and saw that Armadale was at that moment disembarking on the shore.

"'You can see him now,' I answered, and pointed to the place.

"After a long look at Armadale walking carelessly up the slope of the beach, Manuel drew back again under the shelter of the boat. He waited a moment, considering something carefully with himself, and put another question to me—in a whisper this time.

"'When the vessel is manned,' he said, 'and the Englishman sails from Naples, how many friends sail with him?'

"'He has but two friends here,' I replied; 'that other gentleman whom you saw with me at the opera, and myself. He will invite us both to sail with him—and when the time comes we shall both refuse.'

"'Do you answer for that?'

"'I answer for it positively.'

"He walked a few steps away, and stood with his face hidden from me, thinking again. All I could see was, that he took off his hat and passed his handkerchief over his forehead. All I could hear was, that he talked to himself excitedly in his own language.

"There was a change in him when he came back. His face had turned to a livid yellow, and his eyes looked at me with a hideous distrust.

"'One last question,' he said, and suddenly came closer to me, suddenly spoke with a marked emphasis on his next words. '*What is your interest in this?*'

"I started back from him. The question reminded me that I *had* an interest in the matter, which was entirely unconnected with the interest of keeping Manuel and Midwinter apart. Thus far I had only remembered that Midwinter's fatalism had smoothed the way for me, by abandoning Armadale beforehand to any stranger who might come forward to help him. Thus far the sole object I had kept in view was to protect myself, by the sacrifice of Armadale, from the exposure that threatened me. I tell no lies to my Diary. I don't affect to have felt a moment's consideration for the interests of Armadale's purse or the safety of Armadale's life. I hated him too savagely to care what pitfalls my tongue might be the means of opening under his feet. But I certainly did *not* see (until that last question was put to me) that, in serving his own designs, Manuel might—if he dared go all lengths for the money—be serving my designs too. The one overpowering anxiety to protect myself from exposure before Midwinter had filled all my mind to the exclusion of every thing else.

"Finding that I made no reply for the moment, Manuel reiterated his question, putting it in a new form.

"'You have cast your Englishman at me,' he said, 'like the sop to Cerberus. Would you have been quite so ready to do that, if you had not had a motive of your own? I repeat my question. *You* have an interest in this—what is it?'

"'I have two interests,' I answered. 'The interest of forcing you to respect my position here; and the interest of ridding myself of the sight of you at once and forever!' I spoke with a boldness he had not yet heard from me. The sense that I was making the villain an instrument in my hands, and forcing him to help my purpose blindly, while he was helping his own, roused my spirits, and made me feel like myself again.

"He laughed. 'Strong language, on certain occasions, is a lady's privilege,' he said. 'You may, or may not, rid yourself of the sight of me at once and forever. We will leave that question to be settled in the future. But your first interest in this matter puzzles me. You have told me all I need know about the Englishman and his yacht, and you have made no conditions

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before you opened your lips. Pray, how are you to force me, as you say, to respect your position here?'

"'I will tell you how,' I rejoined. 'You shall hear my conditions first. I insist on your leaving me in five minutes more. I insist on your never again coming near the house where I live; and I forbid your attempting to communicate in any way, either with me, or with that other gentleman whom you saw with me at the opera—'

"'And suppose I say no?' he interposed. 'In that case, what will you do?'

"'In that case,' I answered, 'I shall say two words in private to the rich young Englishman—and you will find yourself back again among the chorus at the opera.'

"'You are a bold woman to take it for granted that I have any designs on the Englishman already, and that I am going to succeed in them. How do you know—?'

"'I know *you*,' I said. 'And that is enough.'

"There was a moment's silence between us. He looked at me—and I looked him. We understood each other.

"He was the first to speak. The villainous smile died out of his face, and his voice dropped again distrustfully to its lowest tones.

"'I accept your terms,' he said. 'As long as your lips are closed my lips shall be closed too—except in the event of my finding that you have deceived me; in which case the bargain is at an end, and you will see me again. I shall present myself to the Englishman to-morrow, with the necessary credentials to establish me in his confidence. Tell me his name?'

"I told it.

"'Give me his address?'

"I gave it—and turned to leave him. Before I had stepped out of the shelter of the boats I heard him behind me again.

"'One last word,' he said. 'Accidents sometimes happen at sea. Have you interest enough in the Englishman—if an accident happens in his case—to wish to know what has become of him?'

"I stopped and considered on my side. I had plainly failed to persuade him that I had no secret interest to serve in placing Armadale's money and (as a probable consequence) Armadale's life at his mercy. And it was now equally clear that he was cunningly attempting to associate himself with my private objects (whatever they might be), by opening a means of communication between us in the future. There could be no hesitation about how to answer him under such circumstances as these. If the 'accident' at which he hinted did really happen to Armadale I stood in no need of Manuel's intervention to give me the intelligence of it. An easy search through the obituary columns of the English papers would tell me the news—with the great additional advantage that the papers might be relied on, in such a matter as this, to tell the truth. I formally thanked Manuel, and declined to accept his proposal.

'Having no interest in the Englishman,' I said, 'I have no wish whatever to know what becomes of him.'

"He looked at me for a moment with steady attention, and with an interest in me which he had not shown yet.

"'What the game you are playing may be,' he rejoined, speaking slowly and significantly, 'I don't pretend to know. But I venture on a prophecy nevertheless—*you will win it!* If we ever meet again, remember I said that.' He took off his hat, and bowed to me gravely. 'Go your way, madam. And leave me to go mine!'

"With those words he released me from the sight of him. I waited a minute alone to recover myself in the air, and then returned to the house.

"The first object that met my eyes on entering the sitting-room was—Armadale himself!

"He was waiting on the chance of seeing me, to beg that I would exert my influence with his friend. I made the needful inquiry as to what he meant, and found that Midwinter had spoken as he had warned me he would speak when he and Armadale next met. He had announced that he was unable to finish his work for the newspaper as soon as he had hoped; and he had advised Armadale to find a crew for the yacht without waiting for any assistance on his part.

"All that it was necessary for me to do, on hearing this, was to perform the promise I had made to Midwinter, when he gave me my directions how to act in the matter. Armadale's vexation on finding me resolved not to interfere expressed itself in the form of all others that is most personally offensive to me. He declined to believe my reiterated assurances that I possessed no influence to exert in his favor. 'If I was married to Neelie,' he said, 'she could do any thing she liked with me; and I am sure when you choose you can do any thing you like with Midwinter.' If the infatuated fool had actually tried to stifle the last faint struggles of remorse and pity left stirring in my heart, he could have said nothing more fatally to the purpose than this! I gave him a look which effectually silenced him, so far as I was concerned. He went out of the room grumbling and growling to himself. 'It's all very well to talk about manning the yacht. I don't speak a word of their gibberish here—and the interpreter thinks a fisherman and a sailor mean the same thing. Hang me if I know what to do with the vessel now I have got her!'

"He will probably know by to-morrow. And if he only comes here as usual, I shall know too!

"*October 25th, Ten at night.*—Manuel has got him!

"He has just left us, after staying here more than an hour, and talking the whole time of nothing but his own wonderful luck in finding the very help he wanted, at the time when he needed it most.

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"At noon to-day he was on the Mole, it seems, with his interpreter trying vainly to make himself understood by the vagabond population of the water side. Just as he was giving it up in despair, a stranger standing by (Manuel had followed him, I suppose, to the Mole from his hotel) kindly interfered to put things right. He said, 'I speak your language and their language, Sir. I know Naples well; and I have been professionally accustomed to the sea. Can I help you?' The inevitable result followed. Armadale shifted all his difficulties on to the shoulders of the polite stranger in his usual helpless, headlong way. His new friend however, insisted, in the most honorable manner, on complying with the customary formalities before he would consent to take the matter into his own hands. He begged leave to wait on Mr. Armadale with his testimonials to character and capacity. The same afternoon he had come by appointment to the hotel with all his papers, and with 'the saddest story' of his sufferings and privations as a 'political refugee' that Armadale had ever heard. The interview was decisive. Manuel left the hotel commissioned to find a crew for the yacht, and to fill the post of sailing-master on the trial cruise.

"I watched Midwinter anxiously while Armadale was telling us these particulars; and afterward, when he produced the new sailing-master's testimonials, which he had brought with him for his friend to see.

"For the moment Midwinter's superstitions and misgivings seemed to be all lost in his natural anxiety for his friend. He examined the stranger's papers—after having told me that the sooner Armadale was in the hands of strangers the better!—with the closest scrutiny and the most business-like distrust. It is needless to say that the credentials were as perfectly regular and satisfactory as credentials could be. When Midwinter handed them back his color rose—he seemed to feel the inconsistency of his conduct, and to observe for the first time that I was present noticing it. 'There is nothing to object to in the testimonials, Allan: I am glad you have got the help you want at last.' That was all he said at parting. As soon as Armadale's back was turned I saw no more of him. He has locked himself up again for the night in his own room.

"There is now—so far as I am concerned—but one anxiety left. When the yacht is ready for sea, and when I decline to occupy the ladies' cabin, will Midwinter hold to his resolution, and refuse to sail without me?

"*October 26th.*—Warnings already of the coming ordeal. A letter from Armadale to Midwinter, which Midwinter has just sent into me. Here it is:

"'DEAR MID,—I am too busy to come to-day. Get on with your work, for Heaven's sake! The new sailing-master is a man of ten thousand. He has got an Englishman whom he knows to serve as mate on board already; and he is positively certain of getting the crew together in three or four days' time. I am dying for a whiff of the sea, and so are you or you are no sailor. The rigging is set up, the stores are coming on board, and we shall bend the sails to-morrow or next day. I never was in such spirits in my life. Remember me to your wife, and tell her she will be doing me a favor if she will come at once and order every thing she wants in the ladies' cabin.

"'Yours affectionately, A. A.'

"Under this was written in Midwinter's hand,—'Remember what I told you. Write (it will break it to him more gently in that way), and beg him to accept your apologies, and to excuse you from sailing on the trial cruise.'

"I have written without a moment's loss of time. The sooner Manuel knows (which he is certain to do through Armadale) that the engagement not to sail in the yacht is performed already—so far as I am concerned—the safer I shall feel.

"*October 27th.*—A letter from Armadale, in answer to mine. He is full of ceremonious regret at the loss of my company on the cruise; and he politely hopes that Midwinter may yet induce me to alter my mind. Wait a little, till he finds that Midwinter won't sail with him either!.....

"*October 30th.*—Nothing new to record until to-day. To-day the change in our lives here has come at last!

"Armadale presented himself this morning, in his noisiest high spirits, to announce that the yacht was ready for sea, and to ask when Midwinter would be able to go on board. I told him to make the inquiry himself in Midwinter's room. He left me with a last request that I would reconsider my refusal to sail with him. I answered by a last apology for persisting in my resolution; and then took a chair alone at the window to wait the event of the interview in the next room.

"My whole future depended, now, on what passed between Midwinter and his friend! Every thing had gone smoothly up to this time. The one danger to dread was the danger of Midwinter's resolution, or rather of Midwinter's fatalism, giving way at the last moment. If he allowed himself to be persuaded into accompanying Armadale on the cruise, Manuel's exasperation against me would hesitate at nothing—he would remember that I had answered to him for Armadale's sailing from Naples alone; and he would be capable of exposing my whole past life to Midwinter before the vessel left the port. As I thought of this, and as the slow minutes followed each other, and nothing reached my ears but the hum of voices in the next room, my suspense became almost unendurable. It was vain to try and fix my attention on what was going on in the street. I sat looking mechanically out of the window and seeing nothing.

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"Suddenly—I can't say in how long or how short a time—the hum of voices ceased; the door opened; and Armadale showed himself on the threshold, alone.

"'I wish you good-by,' he said, roughly. 'And I hope, when I am married, my wife may never cause Midwinter the disappointment that Midwinter's wife has caused *me!*'

"He gave me an angry look, and made me an angry bow—and, turning sharply, left the room.

"I saw the people in the street again! I saw the calm sea, and the masts of the shipping in the harbor where the yacht lay! I could think, I could breathe freely once more! The few words that saved me from Manuel—the words that might be Armadale's sentence of death—had been spoken. The yacht was to sail without Midwinter, as well as without ME!

"My first feeling of exultation was almost maddening. But it was the feeling of a moment only. My heart sank in me again when I thought of Midwinter alone in the next room.

"I went out into the passage to listen, and heard nothing. I tapped gently at his door, and got no answer. I opened the door, and looked in. He was sitting at the table, with his face hidden in his hands. I looked at him in silence—and saw the glistening of the tears as they trickled through his fingers.

"'Leave me,' he said, without moving his hands. 'I must get over it by myself.'

"I went back into the sitting-room. Who can understand women?—we don't even understand ourselves. His sending me away from him in that manner cut me to the heart. I don't believe the most harmless and most gentle woman living could have felt it more acutely than I felt it. And this, after what I have been doing! this, after what I was thinking of, the moment before I went into his room! Who can account for it? Nobody—I, least of all!

"Half an hour later his door opened, and I heard him hurrying down the stairs. I ran out without waiting to think, and asked if I might go with him. He neither stopped nor answered. I went back to the window, and saw him pass, walking rapidly away, with his back turned on Naples and the sea.

"I can understand now that he might not have heard me. At the time I thought him inexcusably and brutally unkind to me. I put on my bonnet in a frenzy of rage with him; I sent out for a carriage, and I told the man to take me where he liked. He took me, as he took other strangers, to the Museum to see the statues and the pictures. I flounced from room to room, with my face in a flame, and the people all staring at me. I came to myself again, I don't know how. I returned to the carriage, and made the man drive me back in a violent hurry, I don't know why. I tossed off my cloak and bonnet, and sat down once more at the window. The sight of the sea cooled me. I forgot Midwinter, and thought of Armadale and his yacht. There wasn't a breath of wind; there wasn't a cloud in the sky—and the wide waters of the Bay were as smooth as the surface of a glass.

"The sun sank; the short twilight came and went. I had some tea, and sat at the table thinking and dreaming over it. When I roused myself and went back to the window, the moon was up—but the quiet sea was as quiet as ever.

"I was still looking out, when I saw Midwinter in the street below, coming back. I was composed enough by this time to remember his habits, and to guess that he had been trying to relieve the oppression on his mind by one of his long solitary walks. When I heard him go into his own room I was too prudent to disturb him again—I waited his pleasure, where I was.

"Before long I heard his window opened, and I saw him, from my window, step into the balcony, and, after a look at the sea, hold up his hand to the air. I was too stupid, for the moment, to remember that he had once been a sailor, and to know what this meant. I waited, and wondered what would happen next.

"He went in again; and, after an interval, came out once more, and held up his hand as before, to the air. This time he waited, leaning on the balcony rail, and looking out steadily, with all his attention absorbed by the sea.

"For a long, long time, he never moved. Then, on a sudden, I saw him start. The next moment he sank on his knees with his clasped hands resting on the balcony rail. 'God Almighty bless and keep you, Allan!' he said, fervently. 'Good-by forever!'

"I looked out to the sea. A soft steady breeze was blowing, and the rippled surface of the water was sparkling in the quiet moonlight. I looked again—and there passed slowly, between me and the track of the moon, a long black vessel with tall shadowy ghost-like sails, gliding smooth and noiseless through the water like a snake.

"The wind had come fair with the night; and the yacht had sailed on the trial cruise.

CHAPTER III.

THE DIARY ENDED.

"*London, November 19th.*—I am alone again in the Great City; alone, for the first time since our marriage. Nearly a week since I started on my homeward journey, leaving Midwinter behind me at Turin.

"The days have been so full of events since the month began, and I have been so harassed, in mind and body both, for the greater part of the time, that my Diary has been wretchedly neglected. A few notes, written in such hurry and confusion that I can hardly understand them myself, are all that I possess to remind me of what has happened since the night when Armadale's yacht left Naples. Let me try if I can set this right without more loss of time—let

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me try if I can recall the circumstances in their order as they have followed each other from the beginning of the month.

"On the second of November—being then still at Naples—Midwinter received a hurried letter from Armadale, dated 'Messina.' 'The weather,' he said, 'had been lovely, and the yacht had made one of the quickest passages on record. The crew were rather a rough set to look at; but Captain Manuel and his English mate' (the latter described as 'the best of good fellows') 'managed them admirably.' After this prosperous beginning Armadale had arranged, as a matter of course, to prolong the cruise; and, at the sailing-master's suggestion, he had decided to visit some of the ports in the Adriatic, which the captain had described as full of character, and well worth seeing.

"A postscript followed, explaining that Armadale had written in a hurry to catch the steamer to Naples, and that he had opened his letter again, before sending it off, to add something that he had forgotten. On the day before the yacht sailed he had been at the banker's to get 'a few hundreds in gold,' and he believed he had left his cigar-case there. It was an old friend of his, and he begged that Midwinter would oblige him by endeavoring to recover it, and keeping it for him till they met again.

"This was the substance of the letter.

"I thought over it carefully when Midwinter had left me alone again after reading it. My idea was then (and is still) that Manuel had not persuaded Armadale to cruise in a sea like the Adriatic, so much less frequented by ships than the Mediterranean, for nothing. The terms, too, in which the trifling loss of the cigar-case was mentioned, struck me as being equally suggestive of what was coming. I concluded that Armadale's circular notes had not been transformed into those 'few hundreds in gold' through any forethought or business-knowledge of his own. Manuel's influence, I suspected, had been exerted in this matter also—and once more not without reason. At intervals, through the wakeful night, these considerations came back again and again to me; and time after time they pointed obstinately (so far as my next movements were concerned) in one and the same way—the way back to England.

"How to get there, and especially how to get there unaccompanied by Midwinter, was more than I had wit enough to discover that night. I tried and tried to meet the difficulty, and fell asleep exhausted toward the morning without having met it.

"Some hours later, as soon as I was dressed, Midwinter came in with news received by that morning's post from his employers in London. The proprietors of the newspaper had received from the editor so favorable a report of his correspondence from Naples, that they had determined on advancing him to a place of greater responsibility and greater emolument at Turin. His instructions were inclosed in the letter; and he was requested to lose no time in leaving Naples for his new post.

"On hearing this I relieved his mind, before he could put the question, of all anxiety about my willingness to remove. Turin had the great attraction, in my eyes, of being on the road to England. I assured him at once that I was ready to travel as soon as he pleased.

"He thanked me for suiting myself to his plans, with more of his old gentleness and kindness than I had seen in him for some time past. The good news from Armadale on the previous day seemed to have raised him a little from the dull despair in which he had been sunk since the sailing of the yacht. And now, the prospect of advancement in his profession, and, more than that, the prospect of leaving the fatal place in which the third Vision of the Dream had come true, had (as he owned himself) additionally cheered and relieved him. He asked, before he went away to make the arrangements for our journey, whether I expected to hear from my 'family' in England, and whether he should give instructions for the forwarding of my letters with his own to the *poste restante* at Turin. I instantly thanked him and accepted the offer. His proposal had suggested to me, the moment he made it, that my fictitious 'family circumstances' might be turned to good account once more as a reason for unexpectedly summoning me from Italy to England.

"On the eighth of the month we were installed at Turin.

"On the 14th, Midwinter—being then very busy—asked if I would save him a loss of time by applying at the *poste restante* for any letters which might have followed us from Naples. I had been waiting for the opportunity he now offered me; and I determined to snatch at it without allowing myself time to hesitate. There were no letters at the *poste restante* for either of us. But when he put the question on my return, I told him that there had been a letter for me with alarming news from 'home.' My 'mother' was dangerously ill; and I was entreated to lose no time in hurrying back to England to see her.

"It seems quite unaccountable—now that I am away from him—but it is none the less true that I could not, even yet, tell him a downright premeditated falsehood without a sense of shrinking and shame, which other people would think, and which I think myself, utterly inconsistent with such a character as mine. Inconsistent or not I felt it. And what is stranger—perhaps, I ought to say, madder—still, if he had persisted in his first resolution to accompany me himself to England, rather than allow me to travel alone, I firmly believe I should have turned my back on temptation for the second time, and have lulled myself to rest once more in the old dream of living out my life happy and harmless in my husband's love.

"Am I deceiving myself in this? It doesn't matter—I dare say I am. Never mind what

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might have happened. What *did* happen is the only thing of any importance now.

"It ended in Midwinter's letting me persuade him that I was old enough to take care of myself on the journey to England, and that he owed it to the newspaper people, who had trusted their interests in his hands, not to leave Turin just as he was established there. He didn't suffer at taking leave of me as he suffered when he saw the last of his friend. I saw that, and set down the anxiety he expressed that I should write to him at its proper value. I have quite got over my weakness for him at last. No man who really loved me would have put what he owed to a pack of newspaper people before what he owed to his wife. I hate him for letting me convince him! I believe he was glad to get rid of me. I believe he has seen some woman whom he likes at Turin. Well, let him follow his new fancy, if he pleases! I shall be the widow of Mr. Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose before long—and what will his likes or dislikes matter to me then?

"The events on the journey were not worth mentioning, and my arrival in London stands recorded already on the top of the new page.

"As for to-day, the one thing of any importance that I have done, since I got to the cheap and quiet hotel at which I am now staying, was to send for the landlord and ask him to help me to a sight of the back numbers of the *Times* newspaper. He has politely offered to accompany me himself to-morrow morning to some place in the City where all the papers are kept, as he calls it, in file. Till to-morrow, then, I must control my impatience for news of Armadale as well as I can. And so good-night to the pretty reflection of myself that appears in these pages!

"*November 20th.*—Not a word of news yet either in the obituary column or in any other part of the paper. I looked carefully through each number in succession, dating from the day when Armadale's letter was written at Messina, to this present 20th of the month—and I am certain, whatever may have happened, that nothing is known in England as yet. Patience! The newspaper is to meet me at the breakfast-table every morning till further notice—and any day now may show me what I most want to see.

"*November 21st.*—No news again. I wrote to Midwinter to-day to keep up appearances.

"When the letter was done I fell into wretchedly low spirits—I can't imagine why—and felt such a longing for a little company, that, in despair of knowing where else to go, I actually went to Pimlico on the chance that Mother Oldershaw might have returned to her old quarters.

"There were changes since I had seen the place during my former stay in London. The doctor's side of the house was still empty. But the shop was being brightened up for the occupation of a milliner and dress-maker. The people, when I went in to make inquiries, were all strangers to me. They showed, however, no hesitation in giving me Mrs. Oldershaw's address when I asked for it—from which I infer that the little 'difficulty' which forced her to be in hiding in August last is at an end, so far as she is concerned. As for the doctor the people at the shop either were, or pretended to be, quite unable to tell me what had become of him.

"I don't know whether it was the sight of the place at Pimlico that sickened me, or whether it was my own perversity, or what. But now that I had got Mrs. Oldershaw's address, I felt as if she was the very last person in the world that I wanted to see. I took a cab and told the man to drive to the street she lived in, and then told him to drive the other way. We passed a piano-forte-maker's. I went in and talked to the man, and got permission to try his instruments, and played myself into a more reasonable state of mind, and went back to the hotel. I hardly know what is the matter with me—unless it is that I am getting more impatient every hour for information about Armadale. When will the future look a little less dark, I wonder? To-morrow is Saturday. Will to-morrow's newspaper lift the veil?

"*November 22d.*—Saturday's newspaper *has* lifted the veil! Words are vain to express the panic of astonishment in which I write. I never once anticipated it—I can't believe it or realize it now it has happened. The winds and waves themselves have turned my accomplices! The yacht has foundered at sea, and every soul on board has perished!

"Here is the account cut out of this morning's newspaper:

"'DISASTER AT SEA.—Intelligence has reached the Royal Yacht Squadron and the insurers, which leaves no reasonable doubt, we regret to say, of the total loss, on the fifth of the present month, of the yacht *Dorothea*, with every soul on board. The particulars are as follow: At daylight, on the morning of the sixth, the Italian brig *Speranza*, bound from Venice to Marsala for orders, encountered some floating objects off Cape Spartivento (at the southernmost extremity of Italy) which attracted the curiosity of the people of the brig. The previous day had been marked by one of the most severe of the sudden and violent storms, peculiar to these southern seas, which has been remembered for years. The *Speranza* herself having been in danger while the gale lasted, the captain and crew concluded that they were on the traces of a wreck, and a boat was lowered for the purpose of examining the objects in the water. A hen-coop, some broken spars, and fragments of shattered plank were the first evidences discovered of the terrible disaster that had happened. Some of the lighter articles of cabin furniture, wrenched and shattered, were found next. And, lastly, a memento of melancholy interest turned up, in the shape of a life-buoy, with a corked bottle attached to it. These latter objects, with the relics of cabin-furniture, were brought on board the *Speranza*. On the buoy the name of the vessel was painted as follows: "*Dorothea*, R.Y.S." (meaning Royal Yacht Squadron). The bottle, on being uncorked, contained a sheet of note-paper, on which the following lines were hurriedly traced in pencil: "Off Cape Spartivento; two days out from Messina. Nov. 5th, 4 P.M." (being the hour at which the log of the Italian brig showed the storm to have been at its height). "Both our boats are stove in by the sea. The rudder is gone, and we have sprung a leak astern, which is more than we can stop. The Lord

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help us all—we are sinking. (Signed) John Mitchenden, mate." On reaching Marsala the captain of the brig made his report to the British consul, and left the objects discovered in that gentleman's charge. Inquiry at Messina showed that the ill-fated vessel had arrived there from Naples. At the latter port it was ascertained that the *Dorothea* had been hired from the owner's agent by an English gentleman, Mr. Armadale, of Thorpe-Ambrose, Norfolk. Whether Mr. Armadale had any friends on board with him has not been clearly discovered. But there is unhappily no doubt that the ill-fated gentleman himself sailed in the yacht from Naples, and that he was also on board of the vessel when she left Messina.'

"Such is the story of the wreck, as the newspaper tells it in the plainest and fewest words. My head is in a whirl; my confusion is so great that I think of fifty different things in trying to think of one. I must wait—a day more or less is of no consequence now—I must wait till I can face my new position without feeling bewildered by it.

"*November 23d, Eight in the Morning.*—The night has helped me. I rose an hour ago, and saw my way clearly to the first step that I must take under present circumstances.

"It is of the utmost importance to me to know what is doing at Thorpe-Ambrose; and it would be the height of rashness, while I am quite in the dark in this matter, to venture there myself. The only other alternative is to write to somebody on the spot for news; and the only person I can write to is—Bashwood.

"I have just finished the letter. It is headed 'private and confidential,' and signed 'Lydia Armadale.' There is nothing in it to compromise me, if the old fool is mortally offended by my treatment of him, and if he spitefully shows my letter to other people. But I don't believe he will do this. A man at his age forgives a woman any thing, if the woman only encourages him. I have requested him, as a personal favor, to keep our correspondence for the present strictly private. I have hinted that my married life with my deceased husband has not been a happy one; and that I feel the injudiciousness of having married a *young* man. In the postscript I go farther still and venture boldly on these comforting words—'I can explain, dear Mr. Bashwood, what may have seemed false and deceitful in my conduct toward you, when you give me a personal opportunity.' If he was on the right side of sixty I should feel doubtful of results, but he is on the wrong side of sixty, and I believe he will give me my personal opportunity.

"*Ten o'clock.*—I have been looking over the copy of my marriage-certificate, with which I took care to provide myself on the wedding-day; and I have discovered, to my inexpressible dismay, an obstacle to my appearance in the character of Armadale's widow, which I now see for the first time.

"That description of Midwinter (under his own name) which the certificate presents, answered in every important particular to what would have been the description of Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose, if I had really married him. 'Name and Surname'—Allan Armadale. 'Age' twenty-one, instead of twenty-two, which might easily pass for a mistake. 'Condition'—Bachelor. 'Rank or Profession'—Gentleman. 'Residence at the time of Marriage'—Frant's Hotel, Darley Street. 'Father's Name and Surname'—Allan Armadale. 'Rank or Profession of Father'—Gentleman. Every particular (except the year's difference in their two ages) which answers for the one, answers for the other. But, suppose when I make my claim, and send in my copy of the certificate, that some meddlesome lawyer goes to the church and looks at the original register? Midwinter's writing is as different as possible from the writing of his dead friend. The hand in which he has written 'Allan Armadale' in the book, has not a chance of passing for the hand in which Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose was accustomed to sign his name.

"Can I move safely in the matter, with such a pitfall as I see here, open under my feet? How can I tell? Where can I find an experienced person to inform me? I can't go to the lawyer whom I consulted when I was last in London, after such a reception as he then gave me; and it would be little less than madness to try a man whom I don't know. What is to be done? I must shut up my diary and think.

"*Three o'clock.*—My prospects have changed again since I made my last entry. I have received a warning to be careful in the future, which I shall not neglect; and I have succeeded in providing myself with the advice and assistance of which I stand in need.

"After vainly trying to think of some better person to apply to in the difficulty which embarrassed me, I made a virtue of necessity, and set forth to surprise Mrs. Oldershaw by a visit from her darling Lydia! On the way to the house I carefully considered what I should say, with a view to getting the help I wanted, of course without trusting any secrets of importance out of my own possession. As the event turned out I might have saved myself the trouble of arranging my conversation before I knocked at the door.

"A sour and solemn old maid-servant admitted me into the house. When I asked for her mistress I was reminded with the bitterest emphasis that I had committed the impropriety of calling on a Sunday. Mrs. Oldershaw was at home, solely in consequence of being too unwell to go to church! The servant thought it very unlikely that she would see me. I thought it highly probable, on the contrary, that she would honor me with an interview in her own interests if I sent in my name as 'Miss Gwilt'—and the event proved that I was right. After being kept waiting some minutes (during which the old wretch was no doubt composing her conversation beforehand, just like me!) I was shown into the drawing-room.

"There sat mother Jezebel, with the air of

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a woman resting on the high-road to heaven, dressed in a slate-colored gown, with gray mittens on her hands, a severely simple cap on her head, and a volume of sermons on her lap. She turned up the whites of her eyes devoutly at the sight of me, and the first words she said were—'Oh, Lydia! Lydia! why are you not at church?'"

TOM LODOWNE.

THERE is of a necessity, among a people constituted like ours, much private—over-the-breakfast-table, one-man, or-woman-power—discussion of the leading topics of the day; scores of admirable speeches that will never be reported; hosts of telling arguments that will never be heard, even through a People's Column; and finding myself much in need of advice about the reconstruction of my family, with which I am as busy as Uncle Sam himself, I have been induced to hope that some individual to whom Fate has denied the public ear, or button-hole, rather than suffocate will bring his effervescing wisdom to my assistance. To do that, however, you must first understand the conditions of my husband's will.

These were peculiar; in fact, we are a peculiar family. Since I talk of my husband's will, you see, of course, that I am a widow, and my two boys, Jack and Dix, are alike only in virtue of that family resemblance that may exist between a great rock and a great tree. Dix is our gentleman; Jack is our worker. Living as we do without neighbors, somebody is needed for the carpentering, blacksmithing, and such things, and Jack does it. Is there a fence to be mended?—there is Jack, with saw and hammer; a horse to be shod?—there's Jack again. Does any body want any thing, from a churn to a top?—they go to Jack. If I say, "Fish for dinner," Jack tucks his trowsers into his boots and starts off with his line; and when his father set his heart on a boat Jack never rested till he had made him one—and a trim one it was, too! Always contriving, inventing, experimenting, was Jack; studying in off hours, and reading up; kept open house, he did, in his head, for all new ideas, and was forever trying to see how they would work; and had rough hands, and smelled regularly of tar, paint, oil, chemicals, earth, and fish—except on Sundays. For Dix, what he set store by was an old, worm-eaten chest in our attic, with a tarnished court suit or two, a signet bearing a coat of arms, and a sword. Some old stories we have beside, in the family, of the suits and sword, and a hot temper that, I suppose, got my ever-so-many-times-great-grandfather into scrapes as readily as it does Dix, who wears the signet, looks every inch the grandee in the velvet and embroidery, and loves the old traditions, and lives by them. Fine boys, both of them! but I hope you see that it was hardly in reason to be expected that both would pull at the same idea.

"And how these two will ever get on in the same house is what puzzles me," says my husband, doubtfully, sitting at his desk about to write his will. And I hope you are not impatient here; though it is the fashion of these days to commence our stories where the ladies do their dresses—in the middle; for to understand the will you must understand our difficulty, which was in the shape of the property itself—our old homestead, grown up out of the log-cabin in which we settled first, husband and I. We had added on here and there, as we needed, and there is a history for every bush and tree. I have seen the place coming up to what it is like a third child, and as well pull a plant up by the roots as take me out of that middle room, in which I danced my sturdy boys on my knee; while, for them, Jack has settled down with his boys in one half of the house, and Dix with his boys in the other half, and either would as cheerfully sign his own death-warrant as a bill of sale.

"None of you will sell out, and how will you divide what can't be split?" says my husband, flourishing his pen and staring hard at the Constitution of the United States, framed, and hanging up over his desk (he was a great admirer of the Constitution was my husband); when, brightening with an idea:

"Look here!" said he, suddenly. "If that little piece of paper can keep law and order among millions of families better than it was ever kept before, why won't something like it keep order in ours?"

And as wherever my husband saw a nail down came his hammer on it, no sooner said than done. There was the will, bequeathing the middle room to me; and to the boys and their heirs each his own half of the house; and each was to do in his own part what he chose—paint, varnish, scrub, alter, furnish, any thing we liked, unless it interfered or injured some of the rest; but when it came to general repairs and purchases in which the whole house was concerned, and such things—

"It will never do to leave that to you alone, old lady," says my husband, "or you would soon be badgered to death between them; but there is brother Phil and brother Dan. They put up here once a year, you know, when they are driving across country. I have spoken to the boys about it, and Dix he chose Phil, and Jack he's taken Dan; and you three are to decide between you what is for the general good, and the boys have bound themselves to abide by it, and I call that living according to the Constitution, in more senses than one!" says my husband, with his cheery laugh.

So there is the will. For the trouble, like most family troubles, it is hard to say where it began. There was the difference between the two boys. Then Jack was amazingly fond of me; Dix did his duty, but he would have liked me better if I had cared more for the old finery in the chest. Speeches were made in one room and carried to the other. Jack's boys called Dix's boys "Molly Coddles;" Dix's boys called

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Jack's boys "Sneaks." Sometimes it was Jack that was dissatisfied with what brother Phil and brother Dan and I agreed on, and sometimes it was Dix, and each declared that we favored the other. Sometimes they nearly came to blows; and then, of course, I stepped in between; and as Jack loved me best, I used to say, "Jack, for my sake!" and down would come Jack's arm, and he would walk off whistling; or, as he was the cooler of the two, I said, "Jack, there shouldn't be strife between brothers—do you make the advance!" and Jack did it; and so it was always Jack that apologized, and Jack that made advances, and Jack that patched up a peace—till Dix thought that he had no stomach for fight, and was very free to call him coward.

On the other side, Jack was as bitter on Dix for his treatment of Tom Lodowne.

"He is too lazy to lift his own finger," said Jack, "but he gets a man's work out of that poor bound boy, that hasn't a friend to take his part. He drives, drives him from morning till night. The boy has no chance for any thing. He is getting no money, and he has no time to learn any thing. Dix is keeping him like a brute beast, and I'm darned if I think I ought to live under the same roof and see it go on!"

"Yes," says I, "son, but there is your father's will"—there it was, framed, and hanging up under the Constitution—"and we are each to do in our own part what we like. Tom Lodowne is none of your bread-and-butter."

"So he isn't," answered Jack, sullenly; "but Dix had better not bring him over my side, or he will be."

Dix fired at that.

"You had better not come on my side and talk like that, or I'll pitch you out at window!"

"I will talk on my own, though!" answered Jack. And talk he did; and, little by little, the stir and heart-burning increased. Dix wrote to friends and relatives; Jack wrote to friends and relatives. Friends and relatives wrote back. Uncle Abel he heard of it; and as Jack always was his favorite, you may know on which side he stood. It really seemed to me as if there was a buzz and murmur of Tom Lodowne! Tom Lodowne! sounding continually in the house. Mention him before Jack, and it was just drawing a check for an argument, and there is plenty of that coin in Jack's bank. Speak of him to Dix, and, my stars! you might as well show a mad dog water! And just at this time, when affairs were you may say at a crisis, Uncle Abel came our way, and Jack invited him to dinner.

"Very good! if that fellow comes into the house I go out of it—that's all!" said Dix.

"You don't say!" answered Jack, laughing; "where, and how?"

"Any where," says Dix. "And for how, I will take my half of the beams and rafters and stones, and pay you for any money you have spent on them, and leave you your half."

"That is not according to the will," said Jack; "the house will tumble down."

"Burn the will! and if you don't want the house about your ears keep Uncle Abel out, for if he comes in I go out, remember!" shouted Dix after Jack, as he marched off whistling—for Jack had heard Dix talk in that way before, and put no faith in it. But I—ah! well, if young folks think old folks fools, old folks know what young ones are, and I mistrusted; and going into Caroline's room—Caroline is one of Dix's girls—what should I see there ready packed and corded but our linen chest! I call it "our," for we all had an interest in it. Jack had grown part of the flax, his girls had helped to weave it, and the chest is of my husband's own making, and there is not money enough in the world to buy it. Naturally my first word was, "You can't take that!" "Oh!" cried Lina, tossing her head, "we will pay for it!" "But it can't be bought!" said I; and on that Dix came in, and one word brought on another, and—I hate to tell it! Dix is my boy, after all, and I had rather remember him a sturdy little chap, clinging to my gown—and there are excuses for him. Dix is not patient, and he had been tried, and he had almost forgot that I was his mother, so put out as he was continually by my common, every-day ways; but the children they screamed their loudest, and Jack, who was at his work, dropped his tools, and came running; and you know how it is with those cool, slow tempers when they are up; and says Jack, grinding his teeth:

"He called me coward, and I pretended not to hear; and he has put upon me, and I forgave him; and he has gone against my sense of right, and I winked at it: but now he has struck you, mother—"

And down came his fist; and here was the fight I had staved off so long.

I never heard such an uproar. Jack's boys and Dix's boys went at it tooth and nail; and though Jack tried to fight easy and not hurt, as Dix struck with all his might, Jack was forced to strike too. They fought up stairs and down stairs; they were in one room and out of another; they smashed the things in Dix's rooms and tore down those in Jack's; and never minded the carpets, and curtains, and windows no more than if they grew on trees. Grandma she went into hysterics.

"You wicked, cruel boy," says she to Jack, "how can you abuse your brother so?"

Uncle Abel, he hurrahed, "Give it to him, Jack! and remember Tom Lodowne!"

"Tom Lodowne," says Jack, whose blood was fairly up; "yes," says he, and looking round just then, he saw Tom fighting side by side with his boys, and as well as any of them. "I will remember him," says Jack, "and I wouldn't have fought you about him, Dix, because we are brothers; but since we are in for it darn me if I stop till you say you will treat him as you ought to."

"Take him yourself," says Dix, sullen enough, for you see he was whipped, "and see what you can do for him;" but because I say he was sul-

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len don't misjudge Dix. It is not in human nature to look up bright and smiling just after you are whipped; and it seems to me that Dix accepts the situation, as the newspapers say, without any unnecessary wry faces. Painting and cleaning will soon set the old house to rights, and for Dix, he is our own blood, and blood, you know, is thicker than water; and though it may come a little awkward, I hope and trust soon to see him back in his old place; but Tom Lodowne, that is what troubles me.

"I see no trouble," said Jack. Jack has undertaken to do for him now. "Find him a bed somewhere, give him his dinner, set him to work, buy him a spelling-book, and pay him his wage regular."

"Mercy!" screamed Grandma. "Give him his dinner here? then Dix will never sit down to the table in the world." You are to understand that we never have two tables in our house, but share and fare alike; the smartest gets the best rooms, and each one may do as well or ill for himself as he chooses; but when it comes to the table, why, we all sit down together; so Grandma was shocked.

"The creature has no table manners," says she. "He has got to learn yet how to handle a fork and spoon."

"Where is he going to learn?" says Uncle Abel; "munching his crust out in the barn-yard, or sitting down among decent people and seeing how they behave?"

"But see here," argues Grandma. "Nobody says he sha'n't sit down by-and-by; but just now, why the poor fellow feels as badly and is just as much shocked as Dix is. He don't know what he has done to deserve wages and time of his own. Give him time to get reconciled to the change and be educated up to our standard."

"In the pig-sty?" cuts in Uncle Abel.

"But hark ye! a word in your ear," says Grandma. "I have known Dix from his first frocks up: and he never will sit down with him, never! and then don't you see while Dix stays outside the house is getting full of rats, and the doors are sprung, and half the glass is out, and every thing is going to ruin?"

"And don't you see," says Abel, "that I want Dix in as much as any of you? I declare there is nothing I so long for as to see our whole family sitting down in peace together; but if Dix stays out it will be because he keeps himself out; and what we have to think about is not rats or panes of glass, but what is just and right. Jack has undertaken to do for Tom Lodowne, who has earned it, for he fought for him like a man; and if Jack don't see to it, that Tom has bed, and board, and work, I don't know who will. You can't in reason expect Dix to have him much on his mind. On the contrary, I think Dix has done as much and better than could have been expected of him; and as there are no neighbors I calculate the work is for Jack to do; and he has got to face it squarely if he don't want to be eternally dishonored; and if Tom Lodowne is to be made a man, is the way to make him one to keep him out among the sheep and oxen till some other time, nobody knows when? or to let him in among men, and feel what it is to be a man, and do like them, and bear a man's burden if he can; and if he can't, though I don't believe that, then the blame is not ours. We have given him a chance, and in my judgment there is nothing in that to hurt any thing about Dix but his prejudices; and it seems to me they have done him and us harm enough already. What do you say, Stella?"

"That is my name, you know," and now if you are going to help me I want your answer to the question: "What is to be done with Tom Lodowne?"

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

"SOCIETY"—meaning by that term the class that arrogates to itself a higher degree of civilization in dress, "deportment," taste, and social ethics generally than the average mass of even de-barbarized humanity—has, in all ages and in all countries, vindicated its claims to egregious distinction by the invention and maintenance of conversational eccentricities beyond the reach or above the comprehension of the less enlightened masses. At the bidding of the fickle goddess, Fashion, who rules with more than imperial despotism, peculiarities of costume or conduct are in turn adopted and rejected with equal complacency, and what was condemned yesterday as "*mauvais ton*" may be decreed to-morrow essential to a polite reputation.

Far be it from us to decry the delicate refinements introduced in social life by Fashion's intimate associate, Good-Breeding. Human nature is instinctively coarse, its animal propensities constantly striving for ascendency over the acquired restraints of civilized habits; and the existence of a class whose function it is to supervise and enforce the amenities of Manner is of scarcely less consequence to the well-being of the community than that of teachers, writers, professional men, and artisans. All the courtesies and graces of our intercourse owe their origin to the careful study of minutiæ practiced by successive generations of "*arbitri elegantiarum*;" and trivial as some of these minor embellishments may at first sight appear, their aggregate importance can hardly be overestimated. In the usages of the table alone all persons of dainty appetite must recognize the inappreciable boon conferred upon them by "society's" discovery of four-pronged forks. Watch yonder hungry laborer at his mid-day meal, as, tearing the food into Titanic morsels with teeth and hands, he devours it like a beast of prey! Think, shudderingly, of the Esquimaux swallowing his revolting yard of walrus flesh, and employing his knife only as an after-thought to cut off the "contingent remainder" when completely gorged! Turn from these to the con-

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temptation, at hotel or steamboat dinner, of some half heathen, who, not yet civilized up to the proper use of the fork, thrusts his knife, laden with a miscellaneous medley of edibles, blade-deep into his mouth's yawning chasm, reserving its pronged companion for the impalement of desired viands across the table—oh, that "*naturam expellere furcâ*" were practicable in his case!—and when, after this, you find yourself surrounded by the decorous observances of a more polished board, deny, if you can, your obligations to well-bred society.

Nothing can atone—so far, at least, as social relations are concerned—for disregard, or even ignorance, of the requirements of "*bienseance.*" A man may command our admiration by his superior mental powers and erudition; his virtues may elicit our most respectful esteem; but if, with all these attributes, he be a boor in behavior, we shrink from a personal association whose offensiveness more than counterbalances its advantages. Had Johnson been a gentleman in manner as he was a giant in intellect his career might have been a brilliant one; but, as it was, his rude demeanor repelled those who were most anxious to advance his interests, forcing Chesterfield reluctantly to close his doors against him, and narrowing his circle of intimates to a few who could overlook the clownishness of the man in their appreciation of the talents of the scholar.

But although Fashion, acting in concert with Good-Breeding, has conferred upon us many useful and pleasant things, she sometimes assumes an independent part, and enters upon transactions in which her soberer companion has no interest: and here it is that the line of demarkation may be drawn between her civilizing influence and her injurious frivolity. When her edicts are prompted by the sagacious counsel of her colleague unhesitating obedience is yielded to them, not only by her liege subjects, but by all the dwellers on the outskirts of her dominion; but when she meddles with matters beyond her sphere her caprices, however they may be lauded by an abject few, can never gain universal acceptance. Hence, while the forms of social intercourse are the same in all civilized countries, we find in each some purely local, because arbitrary, "proprieties."

Look at religion, for instance. In France, Italy, Spain, and other continental countries Roman Catholicism, being the courtly mode of worship, is a *sine qua non* as regards a position in the *beau monde:* the Church of England is supported not only by the authority of the state, but by the suffrages of the "upper classes:" in our own republic, despite the constitutional guarantee of religious liberty, Fashion has quite too much to say. Here it enforces adherence to this denomination; there to that. To fulfill all the conditions of fashionable life it has come to be quite as essential that one should have a pew in the right church as that he should have a residence in the right locality. Yet it may be said with justice that, provided religion be upheld by Fashion, it matters little upon what denomination her approval be bestowed. Granted: but, unfortunately, her interference in affairs whose morality is nearly connected with a religious code is not always innocuous, and goes far to prove that her devotion is rather to "the outward and visible form" than to "the inward and spiritual grace;" and nowhere is this evil influence more demonstrable than in her trifling with the holy estate of matrimony.

What marriage should be, the lessons of Holy Writ and our own purer feelings teach us: what it is, especially in what are called (save the mark!) the "better classes," both in Europe and America, we see, alas! too often. Reduced by Fashion's assent in a multitude of instances to a mere expedient for the attainment of wealth, social position, or other worldly advantages, it links together two wretched beings totally dissonant in character, tastes, and temperaments, whose weary lives are to be dragged out in uncongenial forced companionship; each day eliciting fresh points of dissimilarity, fresh sources of discontent. How many couples are thus chained together who would willingly exchange their galling bondage for the material shackles of the galley-slave? How many widowers do we meet with living wives?

You know who it is that says: "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh;" and they, at least, who are married in the Episcopal Church, in the letter if not in spirit, assume mutual obligations based upon the Divine injunction:

"*The Minister shall say to the Man:* 'Wilt thou have this Woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; *and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her*, so long as ye both shall live?'

"*The Man shall answer*, 'I will.'

"*Then shall the Minister say unto the Woman:* 'Wilt thou have this Man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?'

"*The Woman shall answer*, 'I will.'"

Oh, wedded brethren! ye who in transactions with your fellow-men make vaunt of "honor"—whose word is as your bond!—have ye been true to this your solemn promise? have ye faithfully kept your sacred trust? And ye, fair sisters! ye who shall impress for good or evil the generation yet to come! have ye always fulfilled the vow ye took so tremblingly when ye joined hands "before God and that company?" Have ye obeyed and served, loved and honored, the men ye took "for better, for worse?" or was your tearful faltering not all from maiden modesty, but in some part due to compunction at the pledge ye were giving, conscious that it would never be wholly redeemed? Do ye not sometimes compound with your own consciences for failing to satisfy our hearts, by avoiding formal derelictions—giving no thought

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to the wide difference between duties performed and affection gratified?

The journey from the altar to the grave lies not on one continuous highway. The travelers must traverse a neutral space which separates the empire of Passion from the republic of Affection—a rugged, perilous ground, abounding in ravines and quagmires—in crossing which the wedlocked hands are unclasped, and each of the wayfarers strives alone, with insecure footsteps, to gain the further boundary. Some happy few, by Heavenly guidance, find a safe pathway through this dangerous place, and pass in uninterrupted companionship, unconscious of its difficulties—many (let us hope most) with God's good help join hands again on the smooth plain beyond, never more to loose them. But alas! for those who, failing to fix their gaze upon the fair land that lies before them, become bewildered by the hazards of their course, and, losing foothold, sink inextricably into the slough of apathy, or fall bruised and bleeding among the jagged rocks of suspicion, heart-burning, and contention! Here evil spirits hover, sirens tempt! Here lurk estrangements, adulteries, divorces! And here doth Fashion send her treacherous band of lying cicerones, who lead the luckless wanderers into paths easy of transit, but divergent beyond hope of future meeting.

This transition stage of married life, when man and wife have ceased to be lovers but have not yet become friends, varies in duration and result according to the characters of the parties and their opportunities for mutual appreciation. To insure its amicable termination there must, of course, exist on both sides the estimable qualities and congeniality of disposition on which are based friendships between persons of the same sex; but something beyond these is also needed—a self-control, a spirit of concession, prompted on one part by manly generosity, and on the other by the submission, not of mere duty, but of affection and respect. When, by oft-repeated couchings, the "little blind god" is gifted with vision, many things which to the practiced eye are insignificant, strike upon his sight with painful vividness, seeming to threaten actual impingement. During his convalescence, therefore, strong lights should be avoided, and much caution exercised in the selection of objects to be presented to his view. In the less pretentious walks of life, where husband and wife are more dependent upon each other for domestic happiness, there is a strong inducement to reciprocal indulgence and conciliation, to that prayerful self-watchfulness which alone can smooth away antagonistic asperities and fit the spirit-surfaces for cohesive contact; but in the sphere of Fashion, so many extraneous diversions offer their allurements that, unless there be marked consonance of temperament, the chances are that our ex-lovers, finding such easy escape from the irksome task of self-study and self-correction, will become each day further separated by indifference and neglect.

You remember the fable of Anteros, Cupid's younger but greater brother, the god of mutual tenderness and affection? Venus, grieved at the puny stature and weakly mind of her first-born, applied for advice to Themis, whose oracular response was that the birth of a second son would cause the first to attain his proper growth. And so it happened; as soon as Anteros was born Love's strength increased, his form expanded, and while the two were together he felt and looked a vigorous youth; but if by chance they were separated poor Cupid shrank to childish size again, and returned to the playthings of infancy.

Although, Heaven be thanked! fewer *mariages de convenance*—cold-blooded compacts of apathetic tolerance—occur in America than in Europe, yet the constitution of our society offers, in some respects, even greater opportunities for the detrimental interference of modish customs. Here, as there, the *ton* has only a sneer for conjugal affection; here, as there, the etymology of husband—a house-bond or home-tie—is forgotten. Wherever fashion reigns, those who so far transgress her rules as to keep their marriage vows (and there are many such) must hide their shameful vulgarity from notice, or a contemptuous cry is raised of "Darby and Joan!" "uxoriousness!" "vegetation!" by all the foxes who have lost their tails—a noisy pack forsooth. But in Europe the man of fashion is almost always a gentleman of leisure, and slender as may be the moral tie that binds him to his spouse, he at least is able to maintain the external propriety of accompanying her in her round of gayety; while here the exigencies of business pursuits, in nine cases out of ten, produce personal absence in addition to other sources of alienation; our national usages, too, which permit women to go whither they will unattended, by lessening their dependence on their husbands, aid in weakening home interests. In no other country in the world do married people, as a rule, pass so little of their time together.

Let us glance for a moment at the ordinary routine of a fashionable couple in America. The master of the house must start for his place of business at an early hour of the morning, probably before his wife, fatigued by overnight dissipation, has risen; if so, dispatching a solitary breakfast, he departs without seeing her. Throughout the day, and frequently until reasonable bedtime, he is detained "down town;" or, if he be released earlier from business cares, drops in at his club to while away the interval until a late dinner hour. The wife meanwhile is left alone to kill the dragging moments as she may, and what are her resources? Perhaps an hour's practice at the piano, or the perusal of the latest demoralizing French novel, may enliven a portion of the day, and two or three hours may, for a few weeks of "the season," be spent in visiting; but nobody's list of acquaintances is inexhaustible, and when the requisite number of cards have been left nothing remains but "shopping" or idleness. To be sure one day out of every seven may be fixed for receiv-

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ing visits at home, and occasionally an operatic matinée, or day concert, of some roving pianist, affords relief from the monotony of her existence; but these serve only to embitter by contrast the dreary remainder of the calendar. After dinner she yields herself to the hairdresser and her maid, in passive preparation for the evening's party—her weary lord, who should find in blessed post-prandial domesticity a compensation for his diurnal labors, being left to his evening paper and cigar the while, or again seeking at the club the relaxation he is denied at home. Too tired to act as escort to his wife, he allows her to go at near midnight, and to return at near dawn, alone, in a carriage driven by a hackman of whom he knows nothing; and exposes her, unprotected and unadvised, to the insidious advances of all the coxcombs of her acquaintance. Too careless to practice toward her the courtesy he would extend to any other lady, he places himself in disadvantageous comparison with those who, possessing fewer merits than himself perhaps, yet show her the conventional civility which his marital intimacy has brought into disregard.

Nor does the matter rest here. Summer arrives, and with it the watering-place campaign. Madame, having made ready an elaborate assortment of appropriate *toilettes*, departs for Newport, Saratoga, Nahant, or some other fashionable resort, while Monsieur, Mammon's prisoner on parole, is forced to remain in town, his house closed with the exception of one bedroom, and the club his dining-place. She dances, drives, bathes, coquets with other men; he sups, plays cards, and keeps late hours at the club, or, mayhap, who can tell? consoles his bereaved heart by surreptitious flirtations with some unfortunate fair, kept captive like himself within the city limits. Of late years so habituated has our *élite* become to prolonged disjunction of man and wife, that it is no uncommon thing for one or the other to set out alone on a journey of a year or two, for business or pleasure as the case may be, the remaining partner being left to enjoy such distractions as chance or inclination may offer. Can it be wondered at if, under such a system as this, estrangements are frequent?

And what sentiment but pity can be entertained for the poor girl who—married fresh from a fashionable "young ladies' seminary" (where her education is principally confined to a superficial smattering of music, French, and the "ornamental"), with no tastes implanted, no faculties cultivated, her imagination warped by the attractive experiences of her "first winter out," and her standard of connubial happiness and duty lowered by the perusal of novels by George Sand and other French writers—is left, at the wane of the honey-moon, to almost continual solitude, hard enough to bear if she love her husband, but a thousand times worse if she be indifferent to him, and can only employ her time in brooding over her disappointment? Shall we censure her if, failing resources within herself, she plunge deeply into the lethean current of frivolous gayety? or shall the blame be laid to the faulty training and vicious example of "society?"

That there are many glorious exceptions to the rules we have laid down—women who, with intelligence and culture, combine all requisites of the wife and mother, and men who are to them friends, protectors, counselors—we gratefully admit; but such exceptional instances exist in spite of "society," not in unison with it; and our description unfortunately applies to the majority.

The natural care and sustenance afforded by even brutes to their young is a sad interruption to a fashionable career; and "society," therefore, finds no grounds for reprehension if the wife who has the misfortune to become a mother ignore her own instinct and her child's health, and resign the infant to a hireling for the vital nourishment which nature meant her to supply. All praise be awarded to those who, adhering to "old-fashioned notions," resist the temptations thus held out, and fulfill their holy, maternal trust!—all honor to her who, moderately partaking in worldly pleasures, yet holds first in estimation the pleasurable duties of her home!

The incongruities and errors of our "Upper Tendom" arise from the attempt to ingraft upon a Saxon stock a Latin code of morals and manners. Our language, our national institutions, our general usages are of Anglo-Saxon origin; and, despite the Norman element infused into the parent country, there exists both in England and here, a sturdy honesty of character which ill assorts with the tinseled frippery suited to more vivacious races.

In the matter of external adornment we have naught to say. If it please our fair countrywomen to copy in their costume the whimsical devices of the former peasant girl who rules the world of dress from her chamber in the Tuileries, we bow and admire; but we beseech them to confine their imitation to the details of the toilet, to scarlet skirts and poodles dyed to match, if so need be—not to import Parisian ideas in their Parisian bonnets, but to remember that of modern tongues English and German only, with their derivatives, have words for "home;" and that all the fascinations of Imperial circles have but a feather's weight if placed in the scale against the real happiness found only in domestic relations. If they but will it so, they can reclaim truant men, recall Anteros to his brother's side, and render "home" what it should be—the Heaven of the Heart.

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THE AMERICAN PEOPLE STARVED AND POISONED.

YES; it is even so! Not only our brave soldiers in Southern prisons have been starved and poisoned by hundreds and thousands, but the whole American people are now encountering the same evils, and thousands upon thousands are destined to end a suffering life by this same miserable death. And this murderous operation is perpetrated daily and nightly, in our parlors, our bedrooms, our kitchens, our school-rooms, and even our churches are no asylum from this barbarity. Nor can we escape by our railroads, for even there the same dreadful work is going on. To fully appreciate the truth of these representations we will refer to what is chiefly found in works of science.

The human body is nourished and constantly renewed by two methods of supply. By one the food, first dissolved in the stomach, is absorbed and then carried by minute vessels to the blood-vessels, by which it is distributed to nourish brain, nerves, muscles, bones, and every organ of the body.

The other mode of nutriment is by *the air*, taken into the lungs. All the blood which nourishes the body must first be supplied with *oxygen*, the chief nourishing and vitalizing principle, one which is as indispensable to life and growth as the food. This is obtained from the air taken into the lungs.

The air consists of one-fourth oxygen diluted with three-fourths nitrogen. The lungs consist chiefly of innumerable small air-cells lined with minute blood-vessels. All the blood of the body passes through these blood-vessels of the lungs. In this passage each globule of blood takes a portion of oxygen from the air in the air-cells and carries it off to nourish some portion of the body.

When the blood deposits the new nourishing particles from the stomach and lungs it receives instead the decayed matter of the constantly changing body. This waste and decayed matter is carried back by the veins to another set of minute vessels that line the air-vessels of the lungs, thence passing into the air in the air-cells in place of the oxygen given up to the blood. This decayed matter is then expired into the surrounding atmosphere in the form of *carbonic acid*, together with some water and nitrogen. Thus at every breath the air in the lungs gives up its nourishing oxygen and takes in its place carbonic acid, which is thrown out at each expiration. If carbonic acid is taken undiluted into the lungs it is a fatal poison, causing death.

Every occupant of a room is constantly exhaling from the lungs this carbonic acid, which slowly mixes with the surrounding air. Thus it is that in every room in which human beings breathe carbonic acid is constantly accumulating unless some mode is employed to change the air of the room. *Ventilation* is a process for emptying a room of air loaded with carbonic acid and bringing in a supply of *oxygen* contained in pure air. No room can be thus emptied until in some way a current of air is made that will carry off the air which is deprived of oxygen and loaded with carbonic acid. And in all cases where this is not secured the inmates of a room or house or church or school-room are being *poisoned* by breathing carbonic acid and *starved* for want of oxygen.

This poisoning process is thus exhibited in Mrs. Stowe's "House and Home Papers," and can not be recalled too often:

"No other gift of God, so precious, so inspiring, is treated with such utter irreverence and contempt in the calculations of us mortals as this same air of heaven. A sermon on oxygen, if one had a preacher who understood the subject, might do more to repress sin than the most orthodox discourse to show when and how and why sin came. A minister gets up in a crowded lecture-room, where the mephitic air almost makes the candles burn blue, and bewails the deadness of the church—the church the while, drugged by the poisoned air, growing sleepier and sleepier, though they feel dreadfully wicked for being so.

"Little Jim, who, fresh from his afternoon's ramble in the fields, last evening said his prayers dutifully, and lay down to sleep in a most Christian frame, this morning sits up in bed with his hair bristling with crossness, strikes at his nurse, and declares he won't say his prayers—that he don't want to be good. The simple difference is, that the child, having slept in a close box of a room, his brain all night fed by poison, is in a mild state of moral insanity. Delicate women remark that it takes them till eleven or twelve o'clock to get up their strength in the morning. Query, Do they sleep with closed windows and doors, and with heavy bed-curtains?

"The houses built by our ancestors were better ventilated in certain respects than modern ones, with all their improvements. The great central chimney, with its open fire-places in the different rooms, created a constant current which carried off foul and vitiated air. In these days, how common is it to provide rooms with only a flue for a stove! This flue is kept shut in summer, and in winter opened only to admit a close stove, which burns away the vital portion of the air quite as fast as the occupants breathe it away. The sealing-up of fire-places and introduction of air-tight stoves may, doubtless, be a saving of fuel: it saves, too, more than that; in thousands and thousands of cases it has saved people from all further human wants, and put an end forever to any needs short of the six feet of narrow earth which are man's only inalienable property. In other words, since the invention of air-tight stoves, thousands have died of slow poison. It is a terrible thing to reflect upon, that our northern winters last from November to May, six long months, in which many families confine themselves to one room, of which every window-crack has been carefully calked to make it air-tight, where an air-tight stove keeps the atmosphere at a temperature between eighty and ninety, and the inmates sitting there with all their winter clothes on become enervated both by the heat and by the poisoned air, for which there is no escape but the occasional opening of a door.

"It is no wonder that the first result of all this is

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such a delicacy of skin and lungs that about half the inmates are obliged to give up going into the open air during the six cold months, because they invariably catch cold if they do so. It is no wonder that the cold caught about the first of December has by the first of March become a fixed consumption, and that the opening of the spring, which ought to bring life and health, in so many cases brings death.

"We hear of the lean condition in which the poor bears emerge from their six-months' wintering, during which they subsist on the fat which they have acquired the previous summer. Even so, in our long winters, multitudes of delicate people subsist on the daily waning strength which they acquired in the season when windows and doors were open, and fresh air was a constant luxury. No wonder we hear of spring fever and spring biliousness, and have thousands of nostrums for clearing the blood in the spring. All these things are the pantings and palpitations of a system run down under slow poison, unable to get a step farther. Better, far better, the old houses of the olden time, with their great roaring fires, and their bedrooms where the snow came in and the wintry winds whistled. Then, to be sure, you froze your back while you burned your face, your water froze nightly in your pitcher, your breath congealed in ice-wreaths on the blankets, and you could write your name on the pretty snow-wreath that had sifted in through the window-cracks. But you woke full of life and vigor, you looked out into whirling snow-storms without a shiver, and thought nothing of plunging through drifts as high as your head on your daily way to school. You jingled in sleighs, you snowballed, you lived in snow like a snow-bird, and your blood coursed and tingled, in full tide of good, merry, real life, through your veins—none of the slow-creeping, black blood which clogs the brain and lies like a weight on the vital wheels!"

To illustrate the effects of this poison the horrors of "the Black Hole of Calcutta" are often referred to, where 146 men were crowded into a room only eighteen feet square with but two small windows, and in a hot climate. After a night of such horrible torments as chill the blood to read, the morning showed a pile of 123 dead men and 23 half-dead that were finally recovered only to a life of debility and suffering.

In another case a captain of the steamer *Londonderry*, in 1848, from sheer ignorance of the consequences, in a storm, shut up his passengers in a tight room without windows. The agonies, groans, curses, and shrieks that followed were horrible. The struggling mass finally burst the door, and the captain found seventy-two of the two hundred already dead; while others, with blood starting from their eyes and ears, and their bodies in convulsions, were restored, many only to a life of sickness and debility.

To understand more clearly the nature of this poisoning, we refer to some farther details in the process of breathing. As before stated the lungs consist chiefly of air-cells, the walls of which are lined with minute blood-vessels. It is calculated that in a full-grown man these air-cells number *eighteen million*.

Now every beat of the heart sends two ounces of blood into these minute blood-vessels that line the air-cells, where the air in the air-cells gives its oxygen to the blood and receives carbonic acid in return, which is then expired into the surrounding atmosphere. Thus every three minutes no less than twenty-eight pounds of blood pass through the lungs. Whether all this blood shall convey the nourishing and invigorating oxygen to every part of the body or return unrelieved of carbonic acid depends entirely on the pureness of the atmosphere that is breathed. This shows how it is that city residents gain strength and health by the sea and in the mountains, where the air has never been vitiated by the breath of men and animals. How much better it would be if they would so place their houses and ventilate them that they would inspire pure air all day and all night!

It is ascertained by experiments that breathing bad air tends so to reduce all the processes of the body, that less oxygen is demanded and less carbonic acid sent out. This, of course, lessens the vitality and weakens the constitution. This accounts for the fact that a person of full health, accustomed to pure air, suffers from bad air far more than those who are accustomed to it. The body of strong and healthy persons demands more oxygen, and throws off more carbonic acid, and is distressed when the supply fails. But the one reduced by bad air feels less inconvenience, because all the functions of life are so slow that less oxygen is needed, and less carbonic acid thrown out. This provision of nature prolongs many lives, though it turns vigorous constitutions into feeble ones. Were it not for this change in the constitution thousands in badly ventilated streets and houses would come to a speedy death.

One of the results of unventilated rooms is *scrofula*. A distinguished French physician, M. Baudeloque, states that

"The repeated respiration of the same atmosphere is *the* cause of scrofula. If there be entirely pure air there may be bad food, bad clothing, and want of personal cleanliness, but scrofulous disease can not exist.

"This disease *never* attacks persons who pass their lives in the open air, and *always* manifests itself when they abide in air which is unrenewed. *Invariably* it will be found that a truly scrofulous disease is caused by vitiated air; and it is not necessary that there should be a prolonged stay in such an atmosphere. Often several hours each day is sufficient. Thus persons may live in the most healthy country, pass most of the day in the open air, and yet become scrofulous by sleeping in a close room where the air is not renewed. This is the case with many shepherds who pass their nights in small huts with no opening but a door closed tight at night."

This physician illustrates this by the history of a French village where the inhabitants all slept in close, unventilated houses. Nearly all were seized with scrofula, and many families became wholly extinct, their last members, as

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they reported, dying "rotten with scrofula." A fire destroyed a large part of this village; houses were then built to secure pure air, and scrofula disappeared from the part thus rebuilt.

We are informed by medical writers that defective ventilation is one great cause of diseased joints, as well as diseases of the eyes, ears, and skin.

Foul air is the leading cause of tubercular and scrofulous consumption, so very common in our country. Dr. Guy, in his examination before Public Health Commissioners in Great Britain, says: "Deficient ventilation I believe to be more fatal than *all other causes* put together." He states that consumption is twice as common among tradesmen as among the gentry, owing to the bad ventilation of their stores and dwellings.

Dr. Griscom says:

"Food carried from the stomach to the blood can not become *nutritive* till it is properly oxygenated in the lungs; so that a small quantity of food, even if less wholesome, may be made nutritive by pure air as it passes through the lungs. But the best of food can not be changed into nutritive blood till it is vitalized by pure air in the lungs."

Dr. Griscom, in his work on "Uses and Abuses of Air," says:

"To those who have the care and instruction of the rising generation—the future fathers and mothers of men—this subject of ventilation commends itself with an interest surpassing every other. Nothing can more convincingly establish the belief in the existence of something vitally wrong in the habits and circumstances of civilized life than the appalling fact that *one-fourth* of all who are born die before reaching the fifth year, and *one-half* the deaths of mankind occur under the twentieth year. Let those who have these things in charge answer to their own consciences how they discharge their duty in supplying to the young a *pure atmosphere*, which is the *first* requisite for *healthy bodies* and *sound minds*."

Dr. Dio Lewis,* in his very useful work, "Weak Lungs, and how to make them Strong," says:

"As a medical man I have visited thousands of sick rooms, and have not found in *one in a hundred* of them a pure atmosphere. I have often returned from church doubting whether I had not committed a sin in exposing myself so long to its poisonous air. There are in our great cities churches costing $50,000, in the construction of which not fifty cents were expended in providing means for ventilation. Ten thousand dollars for ornament, but not ten cents for pure air!

"Parlors with furnace heat and gas-burners (each consuming as much oxygen as several men), made as tight as possible, and a party of ladies and gentlemen spending half the night in them! In 1861 I visited a Legislative Hall, the Legislature being in session. I remained half an hour in the most impure air I ever breathed. Our school-houses are, some of them, so vile in this respect, that I would prefer to have my son remain in utter ignorance of books rather than to breathe, six hours every day, such a poisonous atmosphere. Theatres and concert-rooms are so foul that only reckless people continue to visit them. Twelve hours in a railway-car exhausts one, not by the journeying, but because of the devitalized air. While crossing the ocean in a Cunard steamer I was amazed that men who knew enough to construct such ships did not know enough to furnish air to the passengers. The distress of sea-sickness is greatly intensified by the sickening air of the ship. Were carbonic acid *only black* what a contrast there would be between our hotels in their elaborate ornamentation!

"Some time since I visited an establishment where 150 girls, in a single room, were engaged in needle-work. Pale-faced, and with low vitality and feeble circulation, they were unconscious that they were breathing air that at once produced in me dizziness and a sense of suffocation. If I had remained a week with them I should, by reduced vitality, become unconscious of the vileness of the air!"

There is a prevailing prejudice against *night air* as unhealthful to be admitted into sleeping rooms, which is owing wholly to sheer ignorance. In the night every body necessarily breathes night air and no other. When admitted from without into a sleeping room it is colder, and therefore heavier, than the air within, so it sinks to the bottom of the room and forces out an equal quantity of the impure air, warmed and vitiated by passing through the lungs of inmates. Thus the question is, Shall we shut up a chamber and breathe night air vitiated with carbonic acid or night air that is pure? The only real difficulty about night air is, that usually it is damper, and therefore colder and more likely to chill. This is easily prevented by sufficient bed-clothing. The best way to admit pure air in the night (where windows are the only mode of ventilation) is to open the sleeping room into a hall where there is an open window. A window with a small opening at top and bottom ventilates more than with one opening only.

It is important to invalids to know that *warm* air may be as pure as cold air, if it is warmed by proper methods. An open fire in a sleeping room is a safe and excellent mode of securing pure air that is properly warmed, and should be provided for the aged and the invalid.

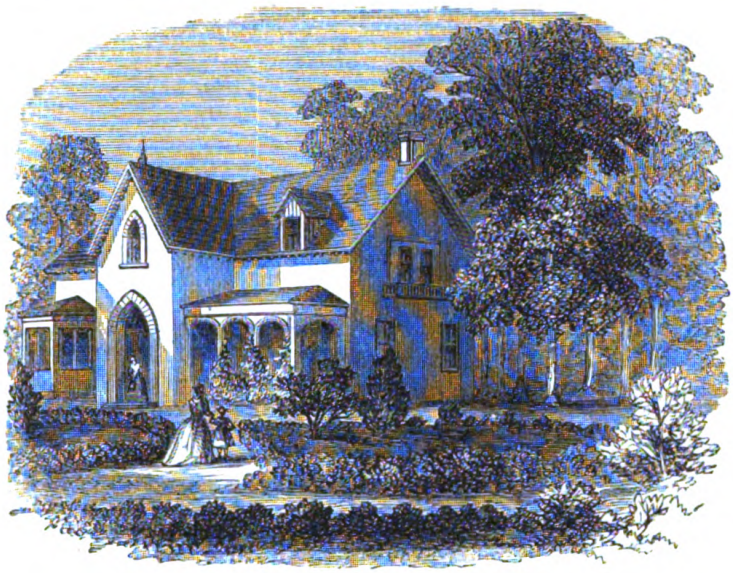
These statements give some idea of the evils to be remedied. But the most difficult point is *how* to secure the remedy. For often the attempt to secure pure air by one class of persons brings chills, colds, and disease on another class, from mere ignorance or mismanagement.

To illustrate this, it must be borne in mind that those who live in warm, close, and unventilated rooms are much more liable to take cold from exposure to draughts and cold air than those of vigorous vitality accustomed to breathe pure air.

Thus the strong and healthy husband, feeling the want of pure air in the night and knowing its importance, keeps windows open and

* Dr. Lewis, in urging ventilation, fails in caution to the invalid and delicate. All such, *at all times*, should be so clothed as *never* to feel chilly. This is the sure preventive of colds.

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DESIGN FOR RESIDENCE.

makes such draughts that the wife, who lives all day in a close room and thus is low in vitality, can not bear the change, has colds, and sometimes perishes a victim to wrong modes of ventilation.

So even in health establishments the patients will pass most of their days and nights in badly ventilated rooms. But at times the physician, or some earnest patient, insists on a mode of ventilation that brings more evil than good to the delicate inmates. So, in railroad cars, those feeling the need of pure air will open windows on the feeble and delicate, to their serious injury.

The grand art of ventilating houses is by some method that will empty rooms of the vitiated air and bring in a full supply of pure air *by small and imperceptible currents*.

The present style of house-building tends to destroy public health more than any one other cause. The *sleeping rooms* of the nation are fast becoming pestilent-pens of disease and decay.

It is the object of the following pages to exhibit a model by which to build *a well-ventilated house;* and also to give some improved methods of warming and ventilating houses which are already built.

In the November Number of 1865 the writer gave drawings and descriptions of a house that would offer most of the refinements and comforts found in large and expensive houses demanding a retinue of servants, and yet one that will secure economy of time, labor, and expense, and enable a refined woman to train her children in an agreeable manner to that healthful, domestic labor so important to a woman's health and her comfort and success as a housekeeper. The illustration representing the elevation and grounds is here repeated.

In that article it was proposed to devote a separate article to a *well-ventilated home;* and to exhibit a mode of escaping the heat and smells of cooking. In attempting this, in the present article, the former general plan of a house is retained, with only the changes needful to secure the above-mentioned objects. At the same time the various advantages of the general plan will be pointed out, and cautions given as to mistakes and evils to be avoided.

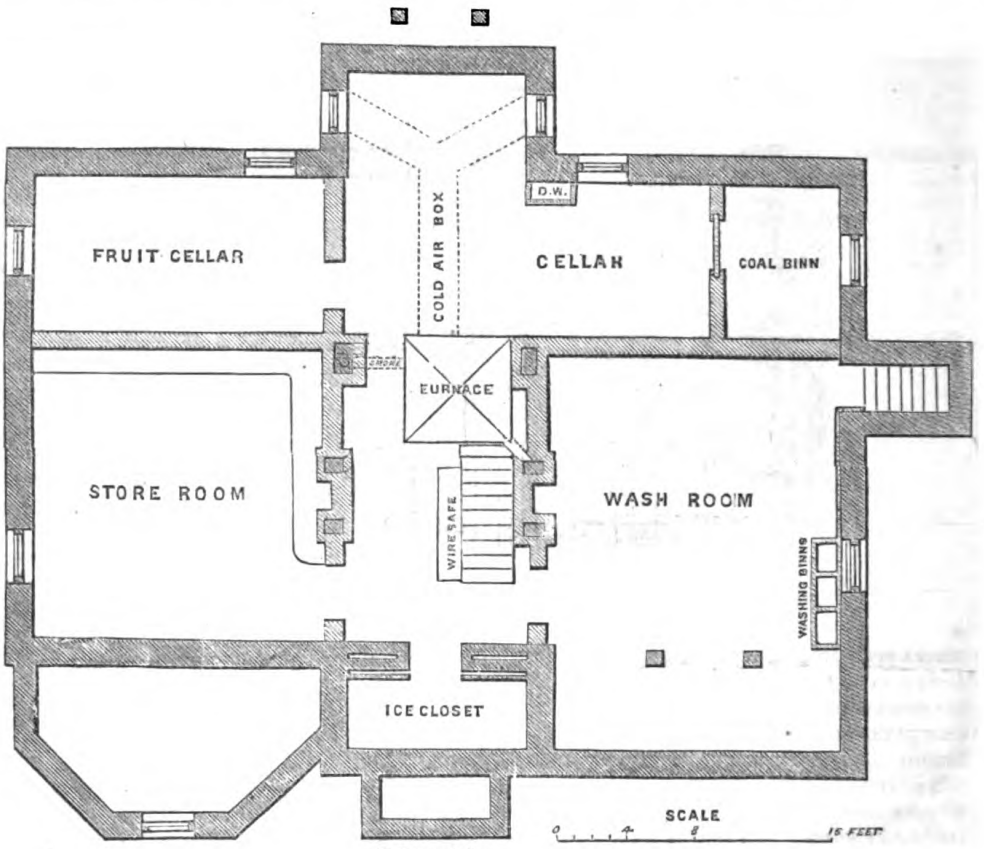
Description and Advantages of the Basement.— The bottom of the cellar should be dug as an inclined plane toward the drain, and then filled up to a level with gravel and small stones, so that the water will sink through and run to the drain. Then the surface should be smoothed and covered with a hard water cement.

To keep rats out of cellar and house, there should be a projection the width of half a brick about six inches below the surface of the ground outside; as rats do not burrow for entrance deeper than this, and commence close to the house.

There should be a *cess-pool* to receive all the drainings of the cellar, sink, and water-closets, to which the cellar drain should be carried. This may be so managed as to receive all the dead leaves and vegetables and decaying refuse of the place, to be transformed into manure. This secures a large amount of the finest kind of manure for the garden, and is a great piece of economy. But this use of a cess-pool may be so mismanaged as to cause fever and throat-diseases in the family. It should not be attempted until all knowledge as to such exposures and the precautions needful have been secured.

One great advantage in this plan is the *Wash Room*, which admits sunlight and fresh air by a glass door of the side-entrance and the thick glass windows in the floor of the veranda;

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CELLAR

these windows to be raised by weights. Arches are to be used to support the walls above. The house should front south to secure sunlight in all the principal rooms.

In the wash room fixed bins with cocks of hot and cold water, and plugs at the bottom to let off the water, are a great saving of labor. These are placed by the window to secure light, so that the washer can notice the soiled places.

This room can be used as a kitchen whenever the family have servants and prefer it.

The *Store Room*, opposite, can be used for all bulky family stores, and for trunks, boxes, etc. It also can be used for a drying room, and warm air from the furnace may be conducted into it for this purpose.

The *Ice Closet* is better than a refrigerator, as it can be used for larger quantities of meat and milk, and for many other things in hot weather.

The room for wood and coal is close to the dumb-waiter that raises them to the work room above.

The *Cold Air Conductor* to the furnace has two entrances, and dampers in each, by regulating which the variations of the wind have less influence on the furnace heat.

A *Wire Safe* raised on a form beside the cellar stairs saves the descent of several steps. This form may be large enough to hold pails and other articles that are best kept in a cellar.

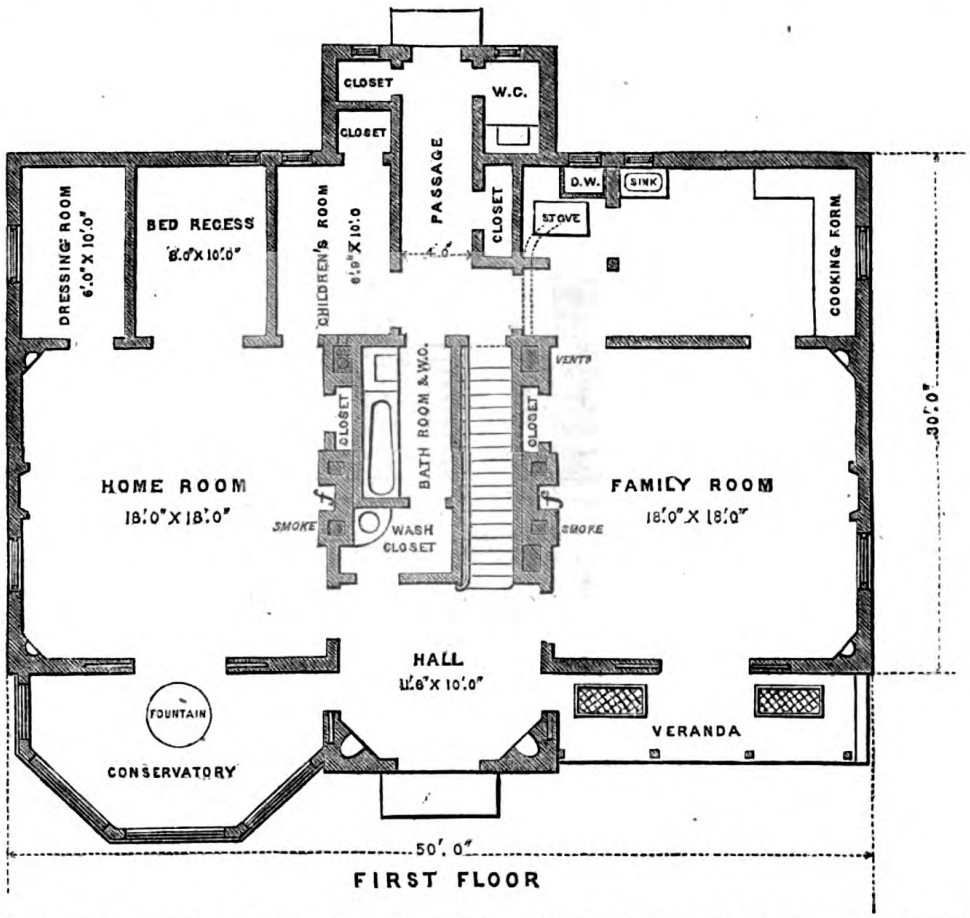
Description and Advantages of the First Floor.—The front entrance has two doors meeting in the middle. Behind each is a recess, with arched opening six feet high. Within, all outer garments can be hung, and in one part place an umbrella-stand and box for over-shoes. Six feet from the floor this recess is roofed, giving a space over it for busts or for a closed closet for stores. The windows opening into the conservatory and veranda are best to slide into the wall, serving as doors.

The *Family Room* opens with wide, sliding *glass doors* into the veranda, which, in winter, can be glazed and serve as a green-house. If the house is brick, a flue and open Franklin stove on the west side will be much pleasanter than the fire-place on the other side, for which provision is made at *f*. In case this recess, *f*, is not used for a fire-place, it can be made a niche to hold flowers or busts, leaving a large fancy opening beneath for ventilation. The fire-place in the other room can be similarly adjusted, according as the house may be of wood or brick.

A room is much more agreeable to have the fire-place near a window, so as to have light enough when by that fire, and removed from doors that cause draughts and frequent passing.

A window each side of the fire-place many who like much light will prefer, and a Gothic style allows windows any where they are want-

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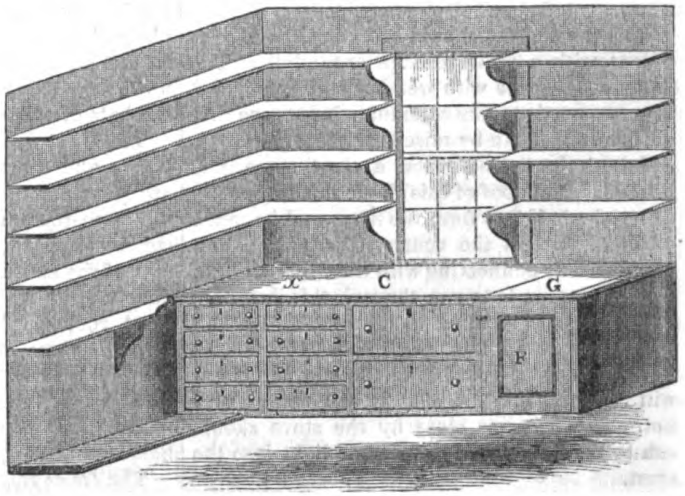


ed, whether in symmetry or not. Window-sills should never be higher from the floor than a low chair. High window-sills give a room a prison air. A house is much pleasanter with a basement so low as to have but one step to the ground, as this drawing provides.

The two corners, with recesses for niches, may have small closets under, or book-cases can be put here with economy of room. Using a corner thus makes a room seem larger than when a book-case projects into it.

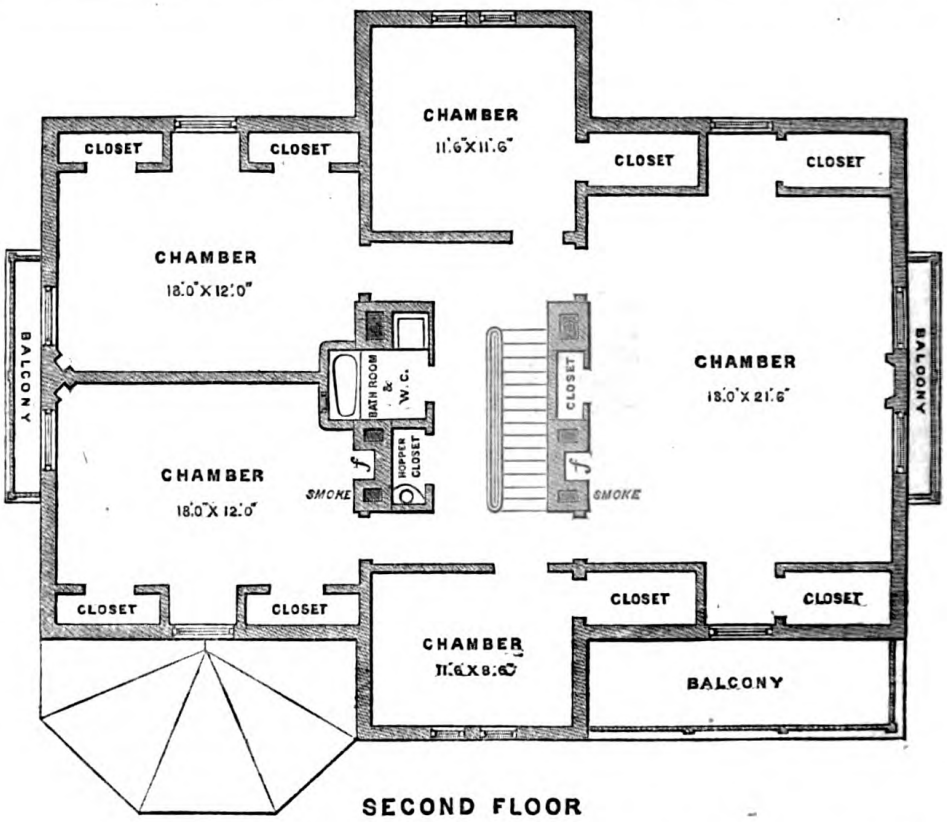
The Family Room opens by two doors into the *Work Room*, which, by *close packing of conveniences*, can be made to hold all dishes for the table, and the stores and utensils for cooking. Below is an illustration of this mode of close packing.

In front of the window is the cooking-form. The door, F, admits a barrel of flour, and a lid on the top, G, is to raise when using flour. In the barrel a scoop and sieve. On the left of this is the moulding-board C, where bread is made, and other articles for baking prepared on a board which may be turned on one side for cooking, and the other side for other uses. Next to the flour closet are large drawers, the under ones running on rollers, in which are stored the Indian and Graham flour, the rye, tapioca, rice, etc., and two kinds of sugar used in cooking. On front and at the side are shelves, on which are stored every utensil and every article used.



COOKING-FORM.

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SECOND FLOOR

Still farther to the left hand of the flour closet is the form, *x*, for preparing meats and vegetables, on the top a board turned on one side to cut meat and vegetables, and the other side for other uses. On shelves in front are stored all the utensils and articles used in cooking meats and vegetables, and in preparing them for the table. In this cooking closet, by an economic arrangement, are stored all the family stores and supplies, and all the utensils for cooking and taking care of food. The shelves should reach to the ceiling, and the highest have small closets to hold articles not often wanted.

The stove closet should be as small as is consistent with a clear passage around it. The doors should ride with weights and be divided into two portions like common windows, so that the lower half can be raised for some purposes, and both be raised when a clear passage is needed. The roof of this closet should be only five and a half feet from the floor, and be made of sheet iron in the centre, terminating in a circular duct connecting with the brick air flue. The stove-pipe is to run through this duct to a cast iron pipe running as high as to the loft through the brick flue, marked B.

This mode of ventilating the cooking closet will carry off heat, so that it will not be very hot. The window close by the stove should run to the floor to give plenty of light into the oven.

When *all* heat and smells are to be shut out the closet can be closed entirely by dropping all the doors. These doors should be raised by weights inclosed in the partition and corner post so that they will be protected from injury. A large space over the stove closet may be used for shelves or closets for storage. Closets over the stove room and shelves within it should hold the utensils used on and around the stove.

In the entrance hall next the family room is a small space that may be made a niche for holding a light or for ornaments. To preserve symmetry, a similar niche may be taken out of the wash closet next the home room. Small marble shelves held up with brackets can be placed between the side windows and the doors to the adjacent rooms. These will serve for flower-stands, or for the temporary reception of the hats of entering gentlemen.

The front wash closet is a great convenience before and after meals, especially where there are young children. The passage from it to the bath-room should be a *sliding* door. A small sliding door may also be placed near the foot of the stairs, so that a passage to the back-door can be made without going through the front rooms. This will save much passing through these rooms, especially where there are children in chambers. All the doors to bath room, wash closet, etc., should have ground-glass panels in the upper sections and balanced head lights over the doors.

The *Home Room* is especially for parents and children. Here, too, if the house is brick, an-

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other window and a fire-place between two windows would greatly increase the comfort and agreeableness of the room. A flue and Franklin stove, *set low on some non-conducting surface*, will be better than any other fire-place. Where this is done, the fire-place at *f*, the opposite side, may be made a niche with an open ornamented ventilating screen below.

The partitions each side of the bed recess should reach only to within a foot of the ceiling to secure better ventilation. A small sliding door opening from the bed recess to the dressing-room would be a convenience. As hinge doors take up much room, where there is small space there should be sliding doors. These will especially be needed in the back passage and its adjacent rooms. In making sliding doors great care should be taken to have them roll easily, and with strong pivots that will not easily be put out of order. For all sliding doors the shieves or rollers should not be less than five or six inches diameter, and placed at the top.

In arranging the dressing-room and children's room great resources for storage are *closets reaching to the wall*. Drawers filling the whole end of the dressing-room to the wall will fill it no more than a single bureau, as to any available space for use.

The closets at the back-door are for garden-dresses and tools, for washing hands, and various other needful purposes for servants and children.

Where proper arrangements for ventilation are made, *high* rooms are useless. Low ceilings are in better taste for cottage plans, and secure great economy in heating rooms. Nine or ten feet are the suitable height for this plan.

Description and Advantages of the Second Floor.—The walls between the floor and roof should be four feet, with dormer-windows down to the floor.

In the two front-rooms are fire-places for ventilation. If the house is brick, fire-places can be the other side of the room, and will be much pleasanter as near a window.

A flue and a Franklin stove, *resting on non-conducting materials*, will allow fire-places that are not in perpendicular line with those in the story below.

The upper hall, bath-room, and water-closet must be lighted by windows opposite to windows in the partitions of the chambers adjacent.

The hanging of doors has much influence on comfort in many cases, and should be carefully attended to. Often a door hung on one side makes a draught, when, if hung on the other side, it protects from it.

WARMING AND VENTILATION.

Description of the Transverse Section of this House.—The object of this drawing is to illustrate *the mode of warming and ventilating*, and also the construction of the *Stove Closet*, designed to exclude the smells of cooking, and, in hot weather, to shut out the heat from the other parts of the house.

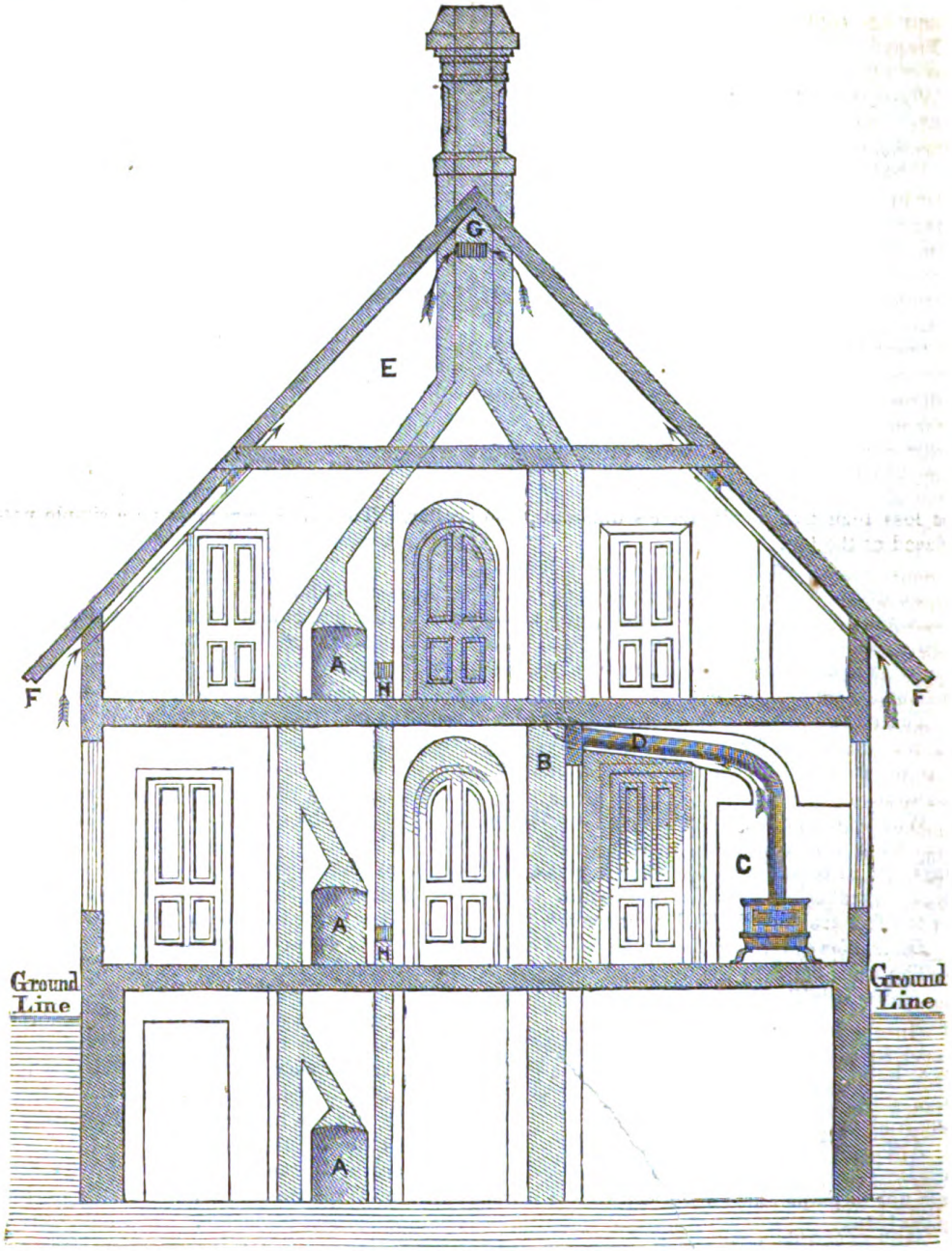
The drawing represents the interior of that end of the house containing the Stove Closet and Work Room.

First notice that all the large rooms have fire-places at A, and a flue connecting with the stove flue (B). At the other end of the house all the fire-places connect with another ventilating flue warmed by a cast-iron pipe like the one at B, to which the smoke-pipe of the furnace joins. All these flues unite in one chimney. By this arrangement, whenever a fire is in either one of these fire-places, or in the furnace, or in the stove, a current of warm air is created *at the top of the chimney*, and thus a draught is made in all connected flues. Then registers open near the floor at H into these ventilating flues. All the rooms have registers opening near the floor into these ventilating flues, as also the bath-rooms, water-closets, and cellar. These registers must be a simple netting or ornamental fixed openings, which should be twelve inches by nine in size. The two small chambers should have tin conductors to the ventilating flue running under the floor, with a ventilating register. By this arrangement the air, vitiated by carbonic acid, is carried off, while the pure air rushes in from doors and windows or from the furnace air chamber. Where the several flues unite in one a sustaining cross-timber should be placed under, and fastened to the timbers of the roof. This is to remove the danger of any sinking or fall of the chimney. At the point where the flues begin to unite small openings must be made, with sliding covers, where the soot can be taken out. Great care must be taken that the inside of the flues be perfectly smooth, so as not to impede the smoke by projections. The owner of the house should see to this himself.

In constructing the Stove Closet the roof should be as low as will answer without stooping. And as women are cooks, five feet four inches will be high enough. The roof directly over the stove to be sheet-iron, terminating in the duct surrounding the stove-pipe (D).

In preparing the flue for the stove a cast-iron stove-pipe must be made and fastened into the flue by iron projections when building the house. The side of this pipe where the outer stove-pipe is to join must have a side projection extending through the brick flue, and to this the stove-pipe is to be fitted. The circular duct inclosing the stove-pipe must terminate at the brick flue (D), and be divided in sections to be taken apart when the stove-pipe needs cleansing. Thus the stove-pipe outside of the flue can be removed and cleansed, and the pipe within the flue will not need cleansing, and remains stationary. The cast-iron pipe must reach as high as to the bend of the chimney in the loft. If the Stove Room has the *right kind* of stove it will never become very hot, especially as it has a window in addition to the ventilating draught.

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TRANSVERSE SECTION, SHOWING METHOD OF WARMING AND VENTILATION.

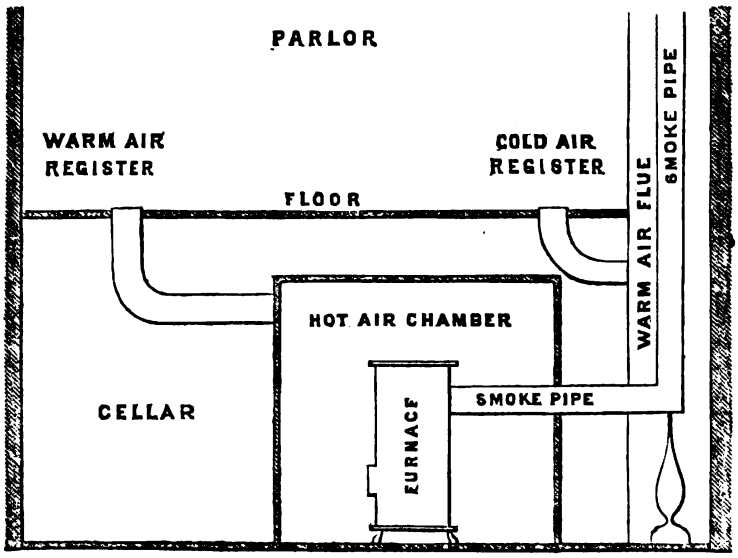
In conducting the warm air from the furnace the *bends* in the conducting-pipes should be *curved* and not *angular*, as thus the air is less impeded. Where north and east winds prevail in the cold season the warm air should enter the north or eastern side of the room. Thus the air is pressed over the room instead of away from it. The warm air also should enter as far as is convenient from the ventilating register, that it may thus pervade the whole room before it is drawn off; otherwise much heated air is lost.

In agreement with the above let the warm-air register in the Family Room be placed near the wall between the two doors of the Work Room. Then both these doors should have their hinges the side toward this register. This position of the register makes it desirable to have another window the east side of the room to give light when sitting to work by the register. For the Home Room the warm-air register should be near the doors of the bed recess. The warm-air pipe for the chambers should run through the bath-rooms.

The Hopper Closet, by the chamber bath-room, is so named from its containing a small

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cast-iron hopper, or sink, with a tight-fitting hinged lid; this hopper is supplied with water by means of an ordinary brass cock, and should have a waste pipe of not less than two inches diameter, and an ordinary trap to prevent the rising of smells; this waste-pipe leads to the large drain-pipe in the cellar. A small ventilating pipe of tin should connect the hopper with the ventilating flue elsewhere described, which, with the aid of the trap and the close lid, renders the closet free from disagreeable smells. — Any housekeeper will see how much a hopper of this kind will facilitate chamber-work, as only a few steps from the chamber door are necessary to get rid of every thing that otherwise must be carried down stairs.



WARMING AND VENTILATION.

The construction of Water Closets demand for complete success—1. That the pipes run where the water will not freeze; 2. That the soil or drain pipes be vertical, and fully four inches in diameter; 3. That the hopper be fully five inches in diameter; 4. That ventilation be secured by a conductor under the seat, three inches in diameter, connecting with a ventilating flue; 5. That a full supply of water be secured. If *all* these are not secured there will be mischief and trouble such as to render these conveniences often a nuisance rather than a comfort. If *all* are secured, no other household improvement so much promotes health, neatness, and economy of labor.

The chief objection to *attic chambers* is the heat of the summer sun on the roof. This drawing exhibits a remedy for this in a double roof. The air from without enters through openings at the eaves (covered with perforated tin to keep out rats and mice), and passes between the two roofs into the loft and out through a grating into the chimney at G. Thus a current of cool air between the double roofs keeps the chambers cool.

The advantage of attic chambers is economy in using Gothic roofs, while securing the picturesque cottage style. The double roof may be extended upward, and small, cool chambers be made in the loft.

One advantage of this plan is its ready adaptation as two separate tenements for two small families. The Family Room, and Work Room, and three chambers would serve for one. The Home Room and appendages, with the chambers over, and the Wash Room for a kitchen, would serve for the other family. The cellar and entrance halls to be used in common.

In presenting this article to the public, the writer has chief reference to the *health of women and children*, which has become a matter of alarming interest.

Women of the wealthy classes spend most of their time in the house, and use little domestic exercise to enlarge chest and lungs. When sent to school they breathe in crowded, unventilated school-rooms. The fashions of the day diminish the size and power of the lungs to women and young girls. Thus a generation is growing up starved to slender and weak muscles for want of the nourishing oxygen, and the whole constitution weakened and poisoned by carbonic acid. A distinguished writer, in speaking of the unventilated chambers, maintains that most of those who build houses at the present day, "might justly be indicted for manslaughter."

Every house, every school-house, and every church, every factory, hospital, prison, and work-shop ought to be built so that the proper supply of fresh air *can not* be excluded. Nothing ought to be left to the care and intelligence of occupants, who never will *properly* regulate and attend to this all-important duty. It will be seen that in this drawing a fire in any room in the house ventilates the whole without any choice or care of the occupants.*

The drawing above presents a method of warming and ventilating a room that can be adopted in houses already built. By this mode the *cold* air is taken from the bottom by a register on one side of a room, while the *warm* air enters from the furnace register on the opposite side of the room. This can be done only when a flue is warmed by a fixed cast-iron pipe, or some other method by which a *current* of warm

* While the author claims whatever merit there is in the plan of the house, stove closet, etc., she is indebted to Mr. A. Hutton, of Philadelphia, for the drawings, for the system of ventilation, and for several valuable criticisms.

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air is connected with the cold air at the bottom of a room. This secures great *economy* in fuel, and also removes the great evil of furnace-heated rooms; *i. e.*, the head kept in warm air and the feet in cold.

When there are no arrangements for securing ventilation, the only mode of gaining pure air is by windows. Openings for this purpose should be at the top of the windows; and small openings in two windows secure a circulation better than opening in one only.

All ventilation should be so managed that there shall be no *perceptible* draught. Any room with a fire in an open fire-place secures proper ventilation unless crowded with occupants.

In securing the proper ventilation of a room it is very important that the temperature should be made to conform to the age and health of the inmates. The aged and those in delicate health require a warmer atmosphere than the young and healthy; while those who exercise in the open air can bear a much colder room than those who do not.

In this matter the Christian principle should rule—"We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." A Christian mode of accommodation on both sides could be secured by regulating the clothing: those who are too warm taking off, and those too cold adding clothing. A similar style of Christian kindliness should prevail in public rooms and traveling conveyances. The delicate and infirm should be seated nearest the fire, and care be taken to protect from draughts of cold air.

In our railroads every person sitting next a window can by aid of a wisp of a newspaper raise the window for an inch or so, and thus gain pure air without injury to others near. When car windows are fully open in cold weather, they should be only at the back part of the car, and those who are delicate can retreat to the front part.

In rooms warmed by close stoves there is no way to secure a proper supply of pure air but by such a use of fuel as will allow of windows open at the top an inch or two.

In concluding this article, the aim of which is to lead to a *Christian* mode of building houses and conducting the family state, the writer will introduce what some may call a short sermon with a text furnished by a prophet thousands of years ago: "They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that *turn many to righteousness* as the stars for ever and ever." Every family is designed to be a *small church*, in which the young are to be trained to righteousness themselves, and then taught how to "turn many to righteousness;" that thus, in a future life, surrounded by those rescued from ignorance and sin, they may shine as stars for ever and ever.

The planning of a home should have for its aim this great end. Children are to be trained to be *workers* for the good of others—not to be mere recipients of the toils of surrounding friends.

There are two classes to be found in this world—those who live to *save men* from ignorance and sin as the chief end, while personal ease and enjoyment are sought only so far as is consistent with this chief end, and no farther. The other class are living to get all the good things of this life for themselves and their families. Those who live to save men carry their rewards with them into that eternal state where "their works do follow them." But the other class gain nothing but that which perishes in the using.

In which class, O friendly reader, are you numbered? For which end are you building your house, earning your wealth, and training your children? Are you laying such plans that all your means will be spent in self or family indulgence, or are you aiming to make a home that shall be a perennial stream of blessings to all around?

This article is written to attract the thoughtful attention not so much of those of humble or moderate means as of those in affluent circumstances. There is a tide of wealth and prosperity setting in to our country unparalleled in extent and power, and many Christian men and women will be drawn into a current of worldliness and self-indulgence from which they now would shrink with dismay. Let those who are planning for future life take thought in good time. Shall your future homes become the abodes of an industry, thrift, and benevolent economy that shall provide means to bless the community all around, by a wise example and an outpouring beneficence? Or shall they be the proud residences of the indolent, the self-indulgent, the exclusive, and the worldly?

"Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded; that they do good; that they be rich in good works; ready to distribute; willing to communicate; *laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.*"

"QUEEN'S GOOD WORK."

A QUEEN without a throne, without a crown, without a kingdom: only a pale girl of twelve, with wistful eyes, a concealed fire half hidden in their shining depths, like that which burns in the opal's heart. Robed in no violet satin or cloth of gold was our Queen, but in scanty blue homespun, and her short gold-bronze hair was carelessly turned back into a net where it glittered like sunshine against prison-bars.

It was rather a rugged scene on which she looked, though a setting sun was making it glorious with a dome of barbaric pearl and gold, and rose-flushed waves of light or billowy drifts of purple were melting softly away in the west. A few plume-like pines stood up clearly defined against that kindling glow; and nearer spread intractable hills with huge boulders cropping out here and there, a long yellow road winding about them. But there were damp glens also, reedy

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and treacherous, with climbing tangled vines knotted and twisted in strange festoons, and spongy velvet sod with a gleam of water in it. Queen knew every bit of that toil-suggestive scene, so she looked at the sun and revolved a new idea in a dissatisfied state of mind.

"Looks like de new Jerusalem, sure enough, wid de shiny streets of gold," said Maum Rina, as she came out to the well; "and I wish I was a-walkin dere dis blessed minute, Miss Queen."

Queen could not help laughing at the idea of fat old Maum Rina, with her glistening black face and spotted turban, and her queer shapeless figure, waddling over the shifting gold and purple billows that made up the shining way. But the next moment she looked solemn enough as she followed Maum Rina into the kitchen and sat there watching her make the corn-dodgers for tea. At last she heaved a great sigh.

"I wish there was something to do!"

"Do! why thar's heaps to do," said Aunt Rina, with a sarcastic sniff, for she was a confirmed grumbler; "I'se sartain sure, I'se allers a-doin, an a-bein, an a-sufferin, as poor Marse George done studied about."

The woman's voice faltered a little, for poor Marse George had fallen before the deadly hail of Northern bullets. "Poor George" whom she had nursed and tended long before the baby with its little air of royalty—therefore nicknamed the "Queen"—had appeared on the stage of life. But the young girl had been reading a book on heroism and self-sacrifice; and one line throbbed in and out of her brain, and set itself to music in her heart. "Do noble things, not dream them all day long."

"If I were really a queen now I might do some great deed," she said, musingly, while the fire burned in her eyes.

"Now don't yer go a heavin of yerself agin Providence, chile," said Aunt Rina, sententiously. "You's Queen o' yerself; an that's more nor some folks, I reckon. An ye've got a white skin; then thar's yer mar. Count up yer blessins, honey. That's the best cure for low sperrits."

"It wouldn't take me long," answered Queen, smiling.

"Well, I couldn't spend a day on it, sure enough," said Rina, as she laid the smoking brown cakes on the plate; "but dar's heaps o' folks wuss off in dese war times. So run now an ax Miss Clara ef she's ready fur tea."

"Miss Clara" was Queen's mother; but she was a whimsical invalid; a depressed, faded, disappointed woman, who spent her days in an easy-chair with a novel, and took no care of the child. Queen had a father, too, though he had not been counted among her blessings, for he was quite the contrary—a passionate, self-willed, dissipated man, who had sold and spent one slave after another till only old Maum Rina and her son Scipio were left. Queen could not shed a single tear when such a father said "good-by," even though she knew he was going into the Southern army, for she had trembled before his passionate outbreaks and heard his drunken carousals too often for that. Indeed the neighbors were apt to change the initial letter of her father's name, "Bevil Ward;" which showed their estimate of the man with more force than elegance.

Queen was walking slowly on her errand when a loud voice was heard at the gate, and with sundry "whoas" and "haws," Scipio stopped his ox-team and stood there in a strangely undecided way. "No account nigger," said Aunt Rina, evidently in a bad humor with the world, in spite of her lesson on content, "wot's he a-waitin for, now, and dese cakes all a-spilin—drat his yaller hide!" so she waddled out to the gate, all impatient to hear the news from town, and glad that Queen was not near to note her anxious inquiries as to the whereabouts of "Linkum's army."

Queen looked after her vaguely for a few seconds, and then was turning away, when she heard her name called softly in an awe-struck way by Maum Rina. When she reached the gate she stood still as if transfixed by a bolt of ice. She had never looked on Death before, but surely this white horror with rigid limbs and closed eyes, violet-lidded, and bloodless lips, pressed in patient pain, and folded hands in saint-like prayer, and dark locks, lustreless and damp—surely here was the awful presence and power of Death. But from the great gun-wound in his side the blood was welling slowly forth, and Maum Rina knew that life was there, though it was fast pouring out in that crimson tide.

"We's a-studyin wot to do," said Maum Rina, seriously, "an dar's no time to lose."

"Why, take him in the house and let Scipio go for a doctor," said Queen, promptly.

"But—but I suspicions he's a Yank," said Maum Rina in a doubtful way—for she did not let her young mistress know that she was heart and soul with "Linkum's army." "Sip, what you see on dat ar shiny button?"

"I sees a mighty peert-lookin, sassy bird on it, an I reckon it's de eagle, sure nuff," said Sip, seriously.

The wounded man had been robbed of coat, hat, and boots, as was customary, and only one large gilt button was left to tell his nationality.

"It makes no difference," said Queen with a great effort—for she was a patriotic little thing—partisan without bitterness—"he will die now if we do not help him, and we would have a great sin upon us. Take him into George's room, Maum Rina, and Sip can go for the doctor."

So between them the helpless load was carried up to the room unused since poor George's death—where the shadows hid and had their home, where the sunlight never looked in with friendly eye—and laid upon the high white bed that gleamed like a snow-drift in the chill twilight. Only Aunt Rina stanched the wound as well as she could, and Queen forgot her horror in bathing the broad white brow with cold water.

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"What'll yer mar say?" whispered Rina, in an awe-struck voice, pausing in her friendly offices. "Sakes alive! I'm so weak ye could knock me down with a straw. Why couldn't Sip ha took him to the Coles's, or some dratted Union folks, and not done bring him here?"

"Never mind—he's here now," said Queen, not without some heart-quaking—"and I'll make it right with mamma."

"O Lor! I wish I was in de good ship Zion, sailin for de hebbenly shore, I do," said Rina, with a sigh. "Dar's de cakes a-gittin cold, and the tea a-spilin, and not a yerthly han to put to em but mine!"

At this moment the sick man slowly opened wondering dark eyes upon the strange faces around him, and then fumbled about with stiff and nerveless hands, as if searching for something, but he could not speak. Queen looked at him with a quick-springing sympathy and enthusiasm in her heart. Poor fellow! so young and handsome; what if he was an enemy? did not Rina say often that the good Book told us to "love our enemies?"

But at that moment a shrill, querulous voice pierced through the shadowy silence of the room:

"Queen! Queen!"

Queen started, and felt that it would not be so easy to make it all right with mamma. She hurried the things nervously on a waiter; the cakes cold now; the little white roll, with a morsel of currant-jelly that quivered like a great ruby beside it, and walked up the dark stairs into her mother's room, with such a trembling in her hands that the things rattled in a strange, uncanny way as she went along. A few dull red coals lay on the hearth, for there was always a fire in the invalid's room, and cast a weird light, half glow, half gloom, over the apartment. Queen lit a candle silently and drew up a small round table by her mother's side.

"Is Sip home?"

"Yes, mamma, an hour ago."

"And why was I not told? Any letters?"

"No, mamma; but he brought a—"

"What is it, child? I thought I heard an unusual noise."

"A wounded man—a soldier—"

"What in the world are we to do with him?" said Mrs. Ward, quite roused to animation by annoyance: "I'm sure I can't get proper attendance myself with so few servants—send him to the Raymonds—they'd like to help the cause; besides, they've made money out of the war, and might spend a little."

"Yes, mamma—but he's a Yankee."

An intense expression of bitterness, scorn, and disdain came upon her face and concealed its usual inane expression like a mask.

"Turn him out into the road immediately," she said. "Can I think of my dead boy and save his life!"

"He would die before morning," said Queen, solemnly.

"So did my boy!"

"Yes, mother; that was in battle. It was dreadful, but it was different; if we turned him out it would be a kind of murder."

Mrs. Ward hated to be uncomfortable, and this subject was too disagreeable to argue, so she turned petulantly to her supper and said, "Let me never hear of him again, and do as you like."

Queen felt a little sense of triumph and power as she went down to the sick room again.

So day after day wore slowly on, and the sick man had gently lapsed away into a land full of grotesque shapes and dream fancies. He toiled over sandy deserts that stretched out before him, glittering like steel-gray silk, where his feet sank more and more, while a burning sirocco drank his life, till at last the treacherous quicksand parted and engulfed him. But he awoke in some fragrant isle of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea; he breathed air of balm, and saw the orange with its golden globes hanging over him, and lustrous birds quivering in and out of the tangled thickets like flying gems. Dark girls with Oriental faces and eyes of tropical dusk knelt before him and offered him cool, delicious sherbet in glasses of twisted amber; but before his parched lips could touch the brim some fiend unseen would dash the life-draught to the ground, and it would crawl away in serpent-like streams under the broad leaves. Then he seemed to be floating on one of those streams, on, on to the great ocean—down, down to the cool sea-caves, through coral arches wreathed with slimy, floating sea-weed into the palace of the sea-king, into the sand-strewn caverns still and deep, where the wrecks of the world were strewn. Ah! it was horrible to see the grinning skeletons around, with no power to gather the world's ruined argosies that drifted over them or lay in the very grasp of the bony hand. The sick man shuddered as the great whales came sailing by, and the sea-monsters coiled about him, till suddenly the spent tide left him cast high up on a frozen beach and he looked down upon a sea of ice. Glaciers and pearly icebergs were on every side faintly rose-flushed in the first ray of the morning sun. Plumy pines sparkled in an icy mail, and every bare twig hid itself in diamond foliage. All around him stretched fields of snow curling in foam-waves, with soft hints of light in their white tops, and a bitter, blinding blast sweeping over them. But the pearly sunlight grew golden, then rosy, and tree and shrub flashed out in royal splendor; amber and violet or scarlet rays trembled in every crystal mail like the colors in a prism.

When Meredith Grafton opened his eyes once more, after three weeks' unconsciousness, he saw the dazzling rainbow colors yet; for a peacock-feather brush, with its myriad eyes of gold and green, seemed to return his languid gaze. Then his eye wandered to a bright window framed in green swaying leaves, through which the sunlight softly melted and trembled on the head of his demure little nurse. And the peacock brush swayed over him with a measured motion

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till every eye seemed regarding him with an unblinking, round-orbed astonishment. Maum Rina held it now, for Queen's arms were aching.

The next moment he lifted one thin and blue-veined hand, as if expecting to find something precious clasped there, but dropped it nervously on the bed, with a despairing groan.

"Lor's honey, don't now; it's all right," said Maum Rina.

"Where is it?" he asked, with sudden animation.

"Here it is, Massa—de mose strengthenin beef-tea—it's mighty little beef dar is now—an I jes done bile him."

"But where is *it?*" he asked again, half rising in the bed.

"Sakes alive! he's possessed, I reckon, an been a seein Ole Sam—*it!* Miss Queen, answer him, honey. I'se loss my breff."

Queen went forward softly, and Meredith Grafton felt a strange trust in that small, friendly face; for he read there great patience and power—he saw that this young girl was full of nerve and fire. He tried to smile a careless smile as he spoke to her:

"A button—only a gilt button."

Queen went to get it—the only one left, as it appeared—while Maum Rina said:

"I reckon it's a charm, Massa?"

"Yes—a kind of charm," said Meredith, turning it over in his thin fingers; "but a charm, I fear, that has lost its power. I must go at once. Can I get a horse?"

"Massy on us!" cried Maum Rina; "talk o' goin, an ridin, an ye've bin three long weeks a lyin dar, senseless, takin de slime drafts—or what's de name ob dem efferwessin drinks dat goes fizzin like mad?"

"Three weeks!" said Meredith, sinking back in a white despair. "Too late—too late!"

"No, 'tain't—nothin's too late for yer Hebenly Marster; He kin work, an no man kin hender," said Rina, casting out a grain of spiritual comfort, without knowing the special need, and leaving it with him for his soul's refreshment while she went out of the room.

Without, the sultry stillness of a July noon, the shrill-voiced birds in the cedar shade that stood up motionless before his window. Within, the slow buzz of some droning flies, the steadfast face of his young nurse, and the distant sound from the kitchen of a slowly-chanted religious tune. Maum Rina flavored all her dishes with these "spirituals," as they are called among the negroes, and evidently gained much refreshment from the same. It came to the sick man's ears with a simple power and pathos of its own:

"De Lord he is a-callin—callin—callin—
  Callin de hebenly roll;
And I'm a-waitin—waitin—waitin
  For to yere Him call my soul:
An we'll nebber taste deff no more.
  Oh yes, my brudder, you'se boun to go—
  Oh yes, my brudder, you'se boun to go—
  Oh yes, my brudder, you'se boun to go
An sail for de hebenly shore."

For a few moments the lines brought to the young man a thought of how near he had been to the fearful breakers that would have launched him into the dread and soundless sea that surges about all living. He thought with a shudder by what a frail spar he had clung in those seething chasms of gloom and darkness through which he had struggled the last three weeks, and what a ruined wreck it was that was now stranded on the shores of life. And some prayer of thanksgiving shaped itself in his heart. Then the gay green and gold eyes began to stare at him again—as they moved in slow circles—for Queen held the brush. Meredith looked at her.

"So you have been my nurse?"

"Yes—I and Rina," answered Queen, with quiet self-possession.

"But—but is there no one else in the house?"

"Oh yes; mamma—and Scipio."

"Do you hear of the war here?—do you know what has happened since I have been lying here like a log?" he exclaimed, with fiery impatience.

"I know that father wrote the Yankees were well whipped," said the little girl, with a polite hesitation. "That is all—we never took a newspaper."

"Enough—enough, my dear. Will you give me a word of advice? I have no other helper, you see, and I know I can trust you. I'll depend upon your honor."

"Well, Sir, you can trust me"—with a grave little air.

"You see this button—common and usual to chance observers—but containing within dispatches—priceless three weeks ago—valueless now, I fear. Will you take it and drop it into the hottest place in the kitchen fire, or will you send it to General ——," and he whispered the name.

"Ah!" said the young girl, with bated breath—"but my father fights upon the other side."

"Secesh! so I supposed. Well, it is a short road to the kitchen fire."

But Queen mused silently. She was ignorant, of course, of all the sacred or avowed causes of international strife. She had only accepted blindly a position on the Southern side as a sort of hereditary thing; and once there she had stood to it valiantly. But now this stranger, her charge so long, claimed her sympathies. He was her charge, and she must serve him. He was rather surprised when she answered, quietly:

"I will send your dispatches, Sir."

"By whom?"

"By Scipio—you can trust him, Sir."

"Well, my dear little girl, bring him here. I can not thank you aright; he must go on the Central road. Or stay—I had better see him myself."

Scipio was brought at once, and entered into the plan with wonderful alacrity and many secret chuckles which Queen did not understand at the time. A glow of satisfaction so irradi-

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ated his dusky face that Maum Rina was quite provoked at him.

"Reckon it's de gumbo soup makes ye grin so like a black cat," she grumbled. "Don't scald yerself wid de hurry of eatin it, for it's de lass, I tell yer. Dar's a levy o' cattle to be riz for de guvment, and I reckon ye'll see de beef a-walkin off lively."

"I'd like ter see de last o' some tings," said Scipio, "mighty well; but it ain't gumbo soup."

And he walked out without giving any key to his words, or knowledge of his plans to Maum Rina. Of course Queen had this to do—and she met the storm alone. Mrs. Ward read "The Woman in White" with many thrills and tremors—utterly oblivious of what was passing under her roof. And Queen sat in the sick room, where the invalid improved slowly, and listened with rapture to his accounts of his home, his travels—even at last to the battles through which he had passed unscathed till now, wondering to find her sympathy so entirely on the wrong side.

"I say, Miss Queen," said Maum Rina, looking into the room with a scared face one day, "I've foun out sumthin."

"Let us have it," said Meredith Grafton, gayly. "I'm getting so strong I can stand a secret. But I should like a bowl of good chicken broth after it to help me bear up under its weight."

"Well, I guess it 'll take a heap o' chicken broth to bar ye up under this. Massa Bevil's comin home."

"Oh, Maum Rina!" exclaimed Queen, with a sudden frightened cry.

"Yes; comin' sure enuff, dis berry night," said Rina.

The sun was just then sinking a little, and the shadows were growing long and cool.

"You see my Miss Clara," said Rina, addressing herself to Meredith, "is one of the eyester kind."

"What kind?" asked the young man, in a kind of puzzle.

"De eyester kind, dat keeps der mouff mighty shut, and never opens dem on no account, cept for eatin. My Miss Clara, she dissembles dem yere shell-fish a heap—she nebber discloses nothin cept when it slips out unbeknownst when she opens her mouff for eatin. You see, Massa, when I takes in her supper, dat's boun to make her open her mouff."

"Of course. There's no getting round that fact," said Meredith, with a smile.

"So dis berry night it done slip out dat Massa Bevil gwine come home. Dey do say de Federate sojers are as plenty as de Federate bonds round yere jes now, an as wuthless; drinkin like blazes, an ready to cut any body's troat to keep dere han in. It mighty lucky our Doctor's Union, or you'd a bin cotched afore dis." And Rina went off groaning, "I wish we was all in de good ship Zion, a sailing for de hebenly shore."

"Well," said Meredith, grimly, "the chances look slim for my life."

He had formed his own opinion of Bevil Ward by this time, and felt himself in the clutches of Giant Despair. He raised himself in the bed as if to measure his wasted strength, and cast one glance at the fast-creeping shadows. Surely the night was coming down suddenly; or was it a dark cloud that shut out the glory of the day in brief eclipse? So God could shut out the glory of his young life with the great black cloud of Death. He raised his heart to Him with a more fervent prayer now than at the moment when he felt the languid pulse of life throb with renewed impulse through his veins. So do we all utter more earnestly the "God be pitiful!" in some sudden need, than the triumphant "God be praised!"

"Well, my little counselor, what's to be done?"

"I've thought it all out, Sir," said Queen, in a quiet way that did not betray the inward tremor of her heart. "You must get away, and you can't walk—perhaps you'd be able to ride."

"Ah, my good horse!" groaned Meredith; "he was a gallant friend. He has gone over to the enemy's side—but not of his own free-will, poor fellow!"

"We have one horse left. Scipio took the other with your dispatch."

"Must I take your only horse?"

"It's the only way. You must take the path through the woods, Sir, and wear some disguise."

"What a little sage you are!"

"Now I'll go and get the things together—some provisions, and some quinine. You must take that to get strong, you know."

"To give me an appetite when I have nothing to eat," said Meredith.

Queen went softly to her mother's room, and was glad to find her dozing in the twilight. She took down the medicine-chest—which was always rather better furnished than the larder in that house—and helped herself with unsparing hand to the shining white powder almost worth its weight in gold to the blockaded Southrons; then some of George's clothes; then some cornbread and meat, gathered in a great tremble of anxiety; and she was back again to help Meredith with his disguise. The gloom of gathering clouds had drawn a black curtain over the sunset. A wind began to moan in the dark cedars, and a few drops of rain slanted into the room. Then with Queen's help, after one shuddering look at the threatening sky, Meredith Grafton hurried to the stable.

Maum Rina stood there already, with the horse saddled, and a small black bottle in her hand.

"De lass drop in de house. But I'se boun to gin it to yer," she whispered, explosively. "Tank de Lord you'se on prayin groun."

"Yes," said the young man, with a smile; "that good ship Zion you talk about is a grand vessel for carrying us safe through the blockade of earthly troubles, I believe."

"Take passage den for glory," said Rina solemnly, as a parting benediction.

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Then Meredith bent over Queen and kissed her suddenly. "My darling," he said, "I have nothing to give you. I have given you nothing but trouble."

Queen's tears fell silently, but she could not speak a word.

"I shall never forget you," he said; "I will remember you till the hour of my death. One day I hope to see you again. Good-by!"

Queen wished that she could tell him how much he had been to her; how he had opened a new world, new thoughts, new views of life. How dull and bare and colorless existence would be now to her in that lonely house! She felt it all, but she could not put it into words. She could only falter, "I am sorry—so sorry you must go."

Then she looked after the solitary figure as he turned into the road, where the rain-drops already began to crawl in the yellow dust, with an aching heart and a sudden burst of sobs. The interest and the charm of life were over. For to such fine natures as this young girl's there is always a craving for something to do or bear. It was of such stuff the martyrs were made who stood jubilant in the flame, knowing it for a chariot of fire sent to bear them to their waiting Lord.

When she felt the cold drops pattering on her forehead she turned to the kitchen and stood watching Maum Rina in a dreary way as on that first night. She looked thinner and paler, for she had been using up her vitality at a rapid rate since then. Some sudden hunger for the affection she had never received from father or mother made her cry out, "Do *you* love me, Maum Rina?"

"Sakes alive!" said Rina, in a startled kind of way; "I nussed yer, an it stans to nature dat I tinks a heap on yer. But lovin! Ye see, chile, I'se been de mudder ob six livin chilen, an ebbery one ob dem cept Sip bin done sole away from me. God didn't took em, Miss Queen. He gin em to me; He lef em in my hans—but Marse Bevil wanted money. I tell ye, honey, ebbery one dat was took gin me a blow—a blow right on de heart, chile—so dat now dis poor old heart hain't got no life in it; 'tain't gwine to set itself on yethly tings agin. Tank de Lord it's sot on Him, what can't be sole or took away."

So Queen turned away comfortless and went and sat in her mother's room, for a distant thunderous roll crept slowly nearer, and a sudden zigzag stream of light tore open the bosom of a violet-cloud. There was light and a cheerful fire at least; for Mrs. Ward shivered even on this July night, and liked to look at the blaze. She shivered with something more than cold to-night, and said once in a while,

"Your father's coming, Queen."

Queen knew it well, and the thought vibrated through her gloomy reverie like the thunder through the glooming sky. The hour of reckoning was drawing on, and she must give an account of her stewardship. Sometimes a weak thought of rushing out madly into the storm and hiding in the woods came across her. Surely it was better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of man. But the wind shricked so, and shook the windows with such clamorous hands, that it seemed some condemned spirit was abroad—some lost one that the lightning pursued with vengeful glance, that the thunder called after with terrific voice. So she shrank nearer the cheerful fire again, and took up one of her mother's books, while the slow moments ticked on.

At last a door crashed open, and a wind warm and strong swept in and put out the light.

Queen stood up: he was coming now, she knew, with a stumbling, unsteady step. He had fortified himself against the stormy night with some sort of liquid poison, and it was raging in his veins now. She knew it, yet she stood up pale-faced, shining-eyed to meet her fate. Some muttered oaths shivered the silence in the pauses of the storm. How long he was in coming! Queen had time to light the candle again at the dying embers that she might look at his face.

A pale fixed face had Bevil Ward, framed in half curled locks of iron-gray hair. He did not flush with drink like other men, but grew pallid and fierce. His wife half rose to meet him, but he never touched her hand or met her eye. He took Queen's shoulder in a grasp that felt like an iron vice, and asked "Where is Sip?"

He did not wait for an answer, but went on with an oath, "I can tell you; he's with the Yankees. That is what brought me home. Riding on my horse, they told me, with dispatches from a Yankee captain sick at my house. One of our spies brought the news. Did you know it, girl?"

"Yes, I knew it," said Queen, quietly.

There was no need for explanation now. The man's face grew almost livid in his rage.

"What! you dare to own it!—a daughter of mine! such a traitor, such a daring devil as that! Where is your Yankee Captain? Where have you hidden him?"

"He is not hidden; he is gone," faltered Queen, trembling in her father's grasp.

"Then go after him!" yelled the infuriated man as he hurried her out to the door.

A quick thrust into the darkness, and she heard the bolts crash in their places, and felt the rain falling chill on her face. How horrible it all was! Some terrible dream, perhaps, from which she could wake to find herself in her own snug little bed. But that thunder was real enough, and made her cower to the very ground; and the flash of lightning that followed showed her the trees all dripping and shining with the rain, the paths turned to brooks, and a night full of black shadows and solitude. She looked up to a sky that was all darkness, save when it was rent with angry flame, for some helper in time of need, and some of old Rina's verses came to her: "Though I pass through the deep waters." She took courage, and waded through the miry

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paths, till at last she reached the empty stable, and lay down dripping yet fevered in the straw.

When she woke again she thought it must be a dream, for she lay in her own little bed. Storm and wind and rain were past, and a warm sun stretched its golden fingers of light upon her bed to meet her own. But how transparent her hands were, and why did her mother sit there in a black dress? Which was the dream? she wondered.

But when Maum Rina came in she whispered, faintly, "Why does mamma sit there? Am I dreaming?"

Then Mrs. Ward seemed to put her handkerchief to her face and go out.

"Yes, chile, pears as ef it's best ye should know all, an I'se studyin de right way to tell yer. Yer par he wasn't lamb-like never, an he was blazin dat night—never mind, ye recollect! He was ridin like mad arter de Yankee captain before light next day—I tought ye was lost for sure, and yer mar tuk on mighty; but I foun ye by de Lord's help—yes, I foun ye, but ye was ragin wid fever, an ye's jist come to. Yer ma's done watched ye tender, and she loves yer I reckon."

It was a great comfort to poor Queen to hear this. But she found it to be true, only she wondered why her mother cried so much.

A few days after, Rina said, "We isn't Secesh no more. We swears by the Stripes an Stars now, for de Yanks hab got de place."

"And my father?" said Queen, with a still sinking heart.

"Well, honey, some falls in ebery battle; he was a brave man was Marse Bevil."

Queen knew the full meaning of the word *was*. She knew that her father had forever passed from armed ranks, that he had fought his last battle, and could never be a part of the busy moving world again. "He was;" that was all.

"We's free colored folks now," continued Rina, with an important air; "but I'se too ole to larn new tricks. I'se sarved de Wards allers, an I reckon I can sarve de Lord in ole Virginny as well as anywhar."

"And Sip?" asked Queen, with a wondering fright about what they would do without servants or money.

"Oh Sip, he's free, ye know, an has a right to hisself; but he's a mighty good-principled nigga. He say he gwine hire out an gin half his wage to Miss Clara, now Massa gone. I put dem ar principles in Sip, an he done keep em well."

Queen sighed in an exhausted way and shut her eyes.

"But de good bit comes las, Miss Queen. Capen Grafton was yere yesterday; an I yered yer mar promise to let him send ye to a Northen school, whar ye kin larn heaps."

"Will you go?" said the Captain himself, standing at the door.

"With you, any where," said the child, a heart-welcome shining in her eyes, and a great peace brooding over her whole being. While Rina went about softly humming:

"Oh, my Lord He makes a way,
Oh, my Jesus makes a way,
Out ob trubbles into glory;
Out ob de darkness into day."

KATE.

SHE sat at the piano practicing an aria, her silver treble ringing out like joy-bells, feathering into the merest echoes of sweet sound, till the gamut seemed like nothing so much as a Jacob's ladder over which angels ascended and descended.

"I should think it was a lark, if it weren't Kate," said Hector, who had been listening some minutes unperceived. She ceased in the midst of a trill, such as the brown thrush extemporizes all summer long, as if he could never order it to his mind.

"There, you've broken the spell," said she; "I've been playing hide-and-seek with that trill the whole morning; now I haven't breath enough left to follow it up."

"If you had succeeded," he answered, "you would have wept, like Alexander, because there were no more trills to conquer."

"I should have turned myself to conquering circumstances, in that case."

"Which ones in particular?"

"Mrs. Dewitt has been giving me a lesson in propriety," said Kate, laughing, with one hand still wandering mutely over the key-board, as if in search of some eluding harmony. "She says—she says the most absurd things, Hector; she says if I stay here it must be as—as—"

"My wife." The color blossomed on his cheek, the sober brown eyes put on a smile, the lips bent to her forehead.

"I am ready, Kate," he murmured.

"But, Hector, I do not love you," she replied, looking up in perplexity; "do I?"

He held her hand a breathing space, while the color drifted away like a sunset flame. "I should think not," he said, slowly; "we must arrange some other way."

And thus Kate went to live with Mrs. Dewitt, and Hector sailed captain of the *Coquette*.

Fourteen years before, Hector's mother, Mrs. Holland, had taken a child of six from the workhouse, to run errands and do little odd trifles, intending to bring her up as a model servant. But Providence had ordained her for other things. One morning, after dusting the parlor, she lingered, loth to retire to the kitchen, for whose charms Betty was alone responsible; the bright coal-fire, the comfortably cushioned chairs, the crimson curtains that touched every thing with so warm a glow, the gilded vine meandering over the walls, the glistening keys of the piano-forte, the hanging-plant, with its blue flowers, as though feeding on sunshine had colored it like the heavens; above all, the sweet-faced lady, pictured such a vivid contrast to the scullery, brightened only by pewter and fresh paint, redolent of boil-

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ing vegetables, and presided over by Betty's garrulous complainings, as may be, to demand her invention of petty excuses for loitering yet a moment; or perhaps her lonely little heart longed for some word beyond the ordinary forms of kindness with which a gentlewoman addresses even her domestic; for some compassionate tone, to signify that she was something more than an indistinguishable mote, floating at the will of the wind through creation; for a touch of sympathy that could turn the key upon the hidden treasures of her soul. Perhaps feeling this yearning, but without defining it, made her pause at the door and look back beseechingly.

"Is there any thing you want, Kate? Did you wish to say something?" asked Mrs. Holland. She put out her little arms imploringly, in the impulse of the moment—"I wish," she said, "I wish you would let me kiss you."

Love begets love. If some one tells you she loves you, you may not love *her* to-day, but the probabilities are that you will to-morrow. The seed has not dropped upon stony places, but into a human heart. Just now you may not perceive that it has vitality, but wait a little; give it now and then a thought, water it with a tear, and in some moment when you least dream of it, lo! it has put up a leaflet and budded, and exhales a perfume of Paradise. Mrs. Holland could not suffer Kate to return to the kitchen again; as Bow-bells made a Lord Mayor of Whittington, so this sentence had made her a daughter of the house, and Mr. Holland gladly ratified the treaty. It was a sunbeam they had entrapped; her innocent prattle was like bird-song, her little fingers were as deft as a fairy's, her temper resembled steel, tried and elastic; you would have said that in some other life it had passed through the fiery ordeal, and had been bequeathed to her the perfected thing. And how she sang! Down below there, in the kitchen, she had been dumb, but now it was as if she had escaped from prison and shouted *Te Deum*. Hector was away at school when this happened, only his portrait hung against the wall, and whoever sat beneath it felt as if they sat in the sun. Kate used to get up in a chair and kiss the mouth, and look into the eyes, and entreat him not to get feruled, nor play "hookey," till old Betty declared that she wore the paint off.

And so time slipped away, unawares, and Hector had thrown up a student's life and taken to a sea-faring one instead; and Mrs. Holland had gone away years before, never to return; and Kate sat in her place and drew the tea for Mr. Holland, and read to him during the weary winter evenings when his eyes failed him, while Hector perhaps whistled for the wind becalmed on distant seas, or won bravely through danger and adventure in his long, lonesome voyages. When he came home he used to bring her little trinkets from abroad; pretty necklaces, woven by Spanish fingers; slippers from India, embroidered by native handicraft, with the gold-striped wing-cases of the *Bande dorée* feather-fans, whose brilliant coruscations had flashed through tropical forests; sandal-wood boxes that hived the odor of scores of Indian summers, perfumes from France, and outlandish nicknacks from China.

After his mother's death the correspondence had fallen to her share, and Hector never missed the opportunity of a foreign port, or a homeward-bound vessel, to drop her a line, which, reaching the quiet sea-board town, with its quaint postage-stamp, its faint sea odor, and its nautical style, affected her like a page out of some marine novel. When one of these arrived she would read it at the tea-table to his father, re-read it to herself between sips of the Japan tea he had brought home from his last cruise, then slipping it back into its envelope, there would be nothing more spoken of but Hector and his whereabouts, interspersed with little good-natured quarrels as to his probable return. If she *did* love him, it was the most natural thing in the world; if she *didn't*, I don't see how she could help it.

But one day when Hector came ashore, buoyant and sunburnt, and strode straight to his home whistling "The Girl I left behind me," something saddened him, as he passed along the garden wall. Perhaps the neglected garden itself; perhaps the house, with its blinds closed, and its air of solitude; but when he found Kate, sitting at work in her black gown,

"Where is my father?" he asked.

"Dear Hector," said she, "he has gone to meet your mother," and they wept together.

He made a long stay at home this time, settling his father's estate, which had dwindled to the ghost of one; and because it struck him now, for the first time, that there was something different from brotherly regard in his admiration of Kate; and just because many a man bold in danger is timid in love, he neglected a hundred opportunities of declaring himself, and for all I know would have let slip as many more, but for her own impulsive introduction of the subject.

And so, as I said, Kate sat down under Mrs. Dewitt's wing, and Hector put out to sea. He had stepped ashore a light-hearted, winsome boy; he set sail a man, with a whole heartful of sorrows. As the land-lights slowly wavered and dissolved into distance behind him he thought with bitterness of his late repulse, of his wish to be a screen between Kate and misfortune. He pictured to himself the difference if she had vouchsafed him a syllable of hope, so he might believe that she sent a thought or a prayer—a crystallized thought—after him, once in a while, to waft him out of this doldrum.

In the mean while Kate had hardly fair play. She had devoured a good many novels of the circulating library type, and had a notion that such a thing as a lover was to be met with only in some ruin, or the dim, religious light of long drawn aisles—that he would wear a slouched hat was a matter of course, with "sword and pistol by his side;" that he would go through fire and water for his true love's sake, renounce friends, fortune, and ambition, and—perhaps be cheated of her at last. Though up to this hour no particular hero had won her, an ideal had ever beck-

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oned her into some lordly *chateau en Espagne:* just now, in her sentimental or grub state, out of which she is soon to flutter and fly, I am afraid that if she had known it possible to transform Hector into the Ideal, she would have yet persisted in a refusal, in order to create fresh obstacles and romantic material. But there is nothing bursts the cocoon of sentimentalism so easily as having "to take arms against a sea of troubles," being impressed into the standing army of the diligent.

Perhaps if Mr. Holland had lived a few years longer he would have extricated himself from his embarrassments, and his estate would, without doubt, have been divided between Kate and Hector; but his sudden death, on the brink of a great financial earthquake, developed other events.

The home to which Kate went was as comfortable and far gayer than that she had left, but she soon began to feel that it was not her own. Somehow or other the hands of friendship are colder than those of love; the blood doesn't seem to travel to the fingers' ends often enough. She had been taken so unreservedly into the hearts of her dead friends that, till now, she had been at a loss to know the odds between ownership or adoption; *here*, it was sufficiently manifested. Mrs. Dewitt had daughters of her own, and though she was never unkind or grudging, still there was a strange want of tact in all she said or did. Kate missed Mr. Holland's kind consideration, she missed being "the person of the house," she missed entire freedom, and, if the truth must be told, she missed Hector. Above all, Hector's words puzzled her; they repeated themselves at most extraordinary moments, "I am ready, Kate." When she sang, they pushed out the original lines of the ballad, and only an effort of will prevented her from uttering them; sometimes occurring to her in seasons of sadness, they never failed to impart a warmth and thrill like that of spring: it was an Ave which she breathed silently to exorcise discontent. What if he really *did* love her, and it was no fable with which she amused herself? What if he had not meant merely to sacrifice himself, because she had offered *herself* to him? Those were queries worth solving; worth going to Delphi to consult the oracle upon. But then she had—it was undeniable that she had—in a manner provoked his response, and she questioned if his words were any other than the situation of things would have called forth from any generous and gallant gentleman; still, his air had not been that of a martyr, though she knew that there are noble souls who carry all their own sacrifices to your credit account. How many hours she vexed herself over these things; and how reluctantly she came to the conclusion, that she must needs prove to him that her offer was involuntary by making sure of *not* loving him! Oh, very fine, my lady Kate; but *how* to make sure? Positively the Ideal was more a myth than ever; for the more heroic and unselfish Hector appears to her the more must he demand of her heart.

Then, too, she reflected that she was not acting the part nature had evidently assigned to her in throwing her a second time upon the world. It was spiritless in her to sit still and eat the bread of dependence; she ought to be up and stirring: consequently, she moped. One day, having mentioned something of the kind to Mrs. Dewitt, "Why, Kate," said that lady a little touched, and not a little indelicately, "you are no more dependent here than at Mr. Holland's, and there you were happy enough."

"Yes," said Kate, "but—"

"If it would make you feel easier," continued Mrs. Dewitt, "you are well taught, why not take a singing-school?" feeling certain that in such a discordant element she would soon come to terms. So she busied herself among her acquaintances; but Mrs. Rich's daughters thought themselves already wise; Mrs. Best's were under the tuition of Signor Schamnoni; the Miss Styles had been taught in Europe, and the little Prattlers hadn't any voices; "As if," cried one, behind the applicant's back—"as if a girl picked out of the gutter is a suitable person to instruct my children!" "Give some folks an inch and they'll take an ell," remarked Mrs. Best, who had always taken care to provoke no one to such an extremity by never offering an inch or any thing else. So there was an end of it. But Kate could not rest here: a primary school falling vacant, she made haste to apply for it, and, directly, her drudgery began. Slave of the bell, if not of the ring: under the thumb of infantile mischief-makers; at the beck and call of a-b, abs; beset by interrogation notes—an octave at once, but without ever striking a true chord; and left without time to count four. Generalissima of the Pythagorean battalions, and repelling the enemy at the point of the ferule, or, more strictly, giving them a broadside; hampered with parallels, but allowed little latitude, unless it were geographical; and yet without freeing herself from the yoke of dependence, merely defraying the expenses of a limited wardrobe. The constant strain upon her nerves kept her on the edge of a fever; the necessity for having her eyes every where at once made her head feel more like a top than any thing besides; while the continual stream of words demanded, in order to enforce, explain, and persuade, threatened her with a serious difficulty of the throat.

Now, too, every high wind made her melancholy; its bugle-tones pierced her like daggers. On evenings when the curtains shut out the stormy night, with all its vague terrors; when the cheerfulness within doors annihilated the impetuous voice without; when song and mirth, and the interchange of wit, left no pause for the wild refrain of the elements to touch one other with a sense of desolation, Kate reviewed the pictures of wreck and tempest Hector had sketched for her. She saw angry breakers piling their ghostliness high against the black sky; she felt their stinging breath against her bosom; the voice of deep calling unto deep appalled her soul; she saw hurrying feet trip on the slippery deck,

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the eager will of men at the pumps, the utter anguish of despairing faces: the crash of parting timbers shook her; the powdering spray blinded her eyes; till suddenly she became conscious of a lull, and as if from miles away, Mrs. Dewitt called to her,

"Kate, Kate, are you asleep? Don't you hear Mr. Edmonton asking for 'The long, long weary Day?'"

She knew what such days were like, and gave it with such a heart-breaking pathos that the young man bending beside her half-mistrusted it was less for him that she sang than to give utterance to some silent pang.

"You sing *con expressione*," he said, bending still lower: "if *I* were that absent lover—"

"But you are *here*, Mr. Edmonton; how could we do without you this dreary evening?"

"Then I should not be missed if the stars were out?"

Kate laughed softly, and took up the evening paper. As some people strike for the Poet's Corner, so she turned to the Marine News.

"The newspaper," said Eugenia, "is a household Lar to each of us; we all go to it for what we want. Father's interest is in the money-markets and Congressional debates; mother spends herself upon the literary notices and personals; Kate sees nothing but the marine list, while Theo and I content ourselves with the marriages."

"Pray, don't hector Kate," said Theo.

"And Miss Kate is devoted to the marine?" asked Mr. Edmonton, still hovering near her. "Positively I shouldn't object to braving the dangers of the sea myself if I were sure you would hunt me up nightly; if, whenever we spoke a homeward-bound vessel, I could reckon with something like certainty that in so many days you would give me a thought."

Kate laid down the paper and went to the window:

"The stars are out," said she.

"Is that a hint for me to follow their example?" asked Mr. Edmonton.

"It is for me," said Kate, throwing up the sash and stepping out upon the piazza.

"Kate, Kate," cried Mrs. Dewitt, "you will catch your death! Do, Theo, carry her shawl out to her."

Mr. Edmonton took it. "Allow me," said he, and he followed Kate's footsteps.

"Miss Kate," he said, "you forget your health and me."

"I am not likely to forget you," she replied, ungraciously.

"Kate, Kate, is it true?" he entreated, mistaking her, "Will you let me love you?"

Why not? Was not here a chance to show how little her heart belonged to Hector? how unpremeditated her words had been? If some one loved her should she not be grateful? She was all alone; who else cared for her? And here, too, was freedom from care and dependence. Only one word, and she was rich and respected, with a home and a heart all her own; and though she had no heart to give in return she put her hand in his and the magical word was spoken. Well, if she had been an angel she wouldn't have been a woman.

Mr. Edmonton returned to the drawing-room merely to say good-evening; Kate beat a hasty retreat into her own room; there, the first thing she did was to turn Hector's portrait to the wall, then she sat down and made an argument for her own persuasion, and cried herself to sleep.

"I am delighted!" declared Mrs. Dewitt, when it came to her ears. "Of course, you must marry sooner or later, and that horrid school would wear you out before long."

"Dear me," said Theo, "we must be looking up wedding-presents!"

"Yes," said Eugenia, with charming simplicity, "there's nothing so delightful as the prospect of a wedding." I don't know as it is necessary to add that she appended to her diary for that day the following item: "Kate is going to marry Mr. Edmonton; Heaven only knows when *my* turn will come."

The marriage was to take place in the course of a few months, and in the mean while the sewing-machine turned out a wardrobe, by means of its enlivening rat-tat-tat, with nearly as much expedition as Cinderella's godmother had done.

Kate had made up her mind—rather late in the day to be sure—that a thing of this kind must not be done by the halves; that she must make an effort in Mr. Edmonton's behoof: so, in order to effect a beginning, she avoided the marine news, or she would not have been surprised when Theo danced into her room, with:

"There, you can't *guess* whom mamma has picked up in her rambles."

"Evidently somebody *you're* interested in," said Kate, with indifference.

"Indeed," returned Theo, coloring, "I used to fancy that the shoe was on the other foot."

"And now you find it's slip-shod," said Eugenia, putting her head in at the door; "'Oh, lady, leave thy silken thread;' the strong-hearted son of Priam awaits you below, and in half an hour the train leaves."

"Oh, Hector!" cried Kate, letting every thing drop.

"My dear Kate," said Mrs. Dewitt, "I've been trying to persuade Captain Holland to stay to your wedding; but as he has only a few minutes to spare, he just stepped in to see the last of you."

"The last of me," repeated Kate, putting her hand to her head; "I should think I was going to be annihilated."

"It amounts to that," said Theo, saucily.

"If that's your view of it," Miss Theo, returned Hector, "I'm afraid there'll be some hearts broken, unless we can convert you to the true faith."

Kate looked at him while he spoke. There was the old sparkle in his eyes, like the sun on the sea, and the rich color palpitating across the smooth cheek; and then a great pain smote her, as Theo's coquettish beauty assured her how eas-

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ily one might love. So they chatted the half-hour away, the train whistled, the bell rang—Hector turned to bid Kate good-by:

"You are perfectly happy?" he asked, aside.

"Every thing has its drawbacks," she answered lightly, avoiding his eye; "if one's dressmaker *will* go and be ill, and leave one with the prospect of ill-fitted gowns, what is happiness worth?"

Happy! she would let him see how well she could do without him—what a slight thing it was to say adieu with a smile. When she thought he had gone, he returned to say, "You are quite sure?"

An inexpressible longing seized her: she put out her arm with the old imploring gesture. Too late; the door closed as if it shut her out of heaven. Hector was gone!

"Mercy, what's the matter with Kate!" exclaimed Theo, turning from the window with half a sigh.

"Nothing," said Kate, making a feint at laughing; "only the pain in my back prevents me standing on my feet, *à la* Squeers."

"Take a blue pill," advised Theo, who dosed upon the least provocation.

"Dear, dear," quavered Mrs. Dewitt, "have you had it long? Is it very bad? Why didn't you mention it before?"

"I don't like to keep boring the community with my pains and aches; I thought it would go away presently."

"Now you're not going to be ill and spoil every thing?" questioned Eugenia. But the lack-lustre eyes, the flushed face, answered her; and Kate was tucked into bed, and the wedding garments tucked out of sight.

Hector has been gone a month. Out at sea it is a gray morning, but it is Kate's wedding morning. It seems to him that this would lend a rose-color to the darkest sky but for a pain which comes and goes. Yet he does not fold his hands and let the ship drift at will; he is alert and active, preparing to meet the threatened storm. In between all the tumult, the reefing of sails, the sparring and joking of the crew, he listens to the wedding anthem, sending a thrill through all the glittering organ-pipes. He seems to see the yellow sunlight falling, solid as gold, in at the long church windows at home, and touching like a benediction the bridal group. Then he hears the wind hastening to overtake him, and he turns to his men and says, "We shall have a rough bout, my boys!" And he glances about him, and thinks that for each man here in danger, there, at home, is a watcher in pain; but for him, he is alone, and a tear congeals deep in his heart; for those tears that fail to bubble over at the eye freeze at the fountain-head.

The sunshine can hardly be guessed at, banished as it is behind thick curtains from a gloomy sick room. Here no anthem's mellow swell pierces, only the hushed step of a nurse breaks silence, or the slow alarm of the clock down stairs tolling out the heavy hours.

"Does it rain?" asks a thin voice.

"Rain! Never a drop; unless it rains sunlight. It's the bonniest day from Yule to midsummer."

"It's 'most night, isn't it?"

"In China it is, maybe."

"I am starved, nurse; can't you go down and bring me something?"

As the nurse's pattering step dies away, Kate rises on elbow with effort and pulls away a corner of the curtain. Such billows of light! such an ocean of blue! "My wedding-day," she says, and laughs shortly. Then she reaches a hand-glass from the bureau, and gazes long and silently into its lustrous disk, as if, bit by bit, slowly, like one mastering a new language, she were spelling out her future fate. It is a little mirror, framed in a fantastic carving of sandal-wood inlaid with freaks of ebony, that has done service in the family this century, perhaps. Some fastidious ancestress of Hector's brought it from France along with other fancies and fal-lals. It has seen generations pass by; innocent child-eyes have hung about it; faded faces searched it for vanished birth-rights; funeral tears bedimmed it. If the long perspective of its views could step into shape once more, what an epitome of life and death would be there presented! There, what bride has blushed and smiled to find herself so sweet? what haughty belle given the last touch to her enchantments? Here, to-day, what wan disfigurement answers to the questioning eyes? She does not cry out nor shatter the glass that has already survived so much for telling such truth, but she slips it beneath her pillows, saying:

"Lie there, little mentor; I must get used to myself first; I never expected such a lesson from you." And so sleep descends upon her, and in her dreams she is fair again.

Kate's first thought upon comprehending the ruin of her beauty was Hector; her next Mr. Edmonton; a strange inversion considering all things. Mrs. Dewitt had taken herself and family out of the house at the first alarm, but not in time to save Theo from a slight attack, and long before she returned Kate had taken two steps alone, as she was fond of doing. When there was no longer any danger she sent for her lover, and was a little wounded—even though she only sent for him in order to send him away—that he delayed coming for several days. Then he arrived with countless apologies and a manner somewhat dashed with ice.

"I am astonished to see you so well, Kate," he said, taking a seat at a respectful distance. "I shall bring the carriage round to-morrow if your physician agrees."

"Thank you, Mr. Edmonton; but you must have been surprised at my sending for you."

"You must have been surprised at my not coming before."

"Not at all. I sent for you because I have something to say, which I thought only a personal encounter would seem to justify."

"Really," said he, "you speak in enigmas;

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no treason, I hope." Like many of us, now that the possession was drifting beyond reach, he wasn't certain but he valued it.

"The stanchest loyalty instead; I wish to acquit you of your promise to me; seeing, as you must, that I am not at all the same as when it was made."

"Indeed, Kate, I should know you were the *very* same if only by this caprice; I decline to accept my acquittal," he added, warming.

"But truly, Mr. Edmonton, I am in earnest."

"So am I." Some people, perceiving that you are bent upon refusing their magnanimity, never scruple to press it, knowing that it is both safe and heroic.

"I am in earnest," she repeated; "selfishly, perhaps, because I request the same favor of you."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, making an effort to look grave and grieved. "Miss Kate, you must believe that this pains me deeply," he added, with due solemnity.

"I am sorry to be the cause of pain to you, Mr. Edmonton, but—"

"You do not love me," he interrupted, jumping at a conclusion with the ease of a mental athlete. "One must face the truth; but oh, it is bitter enough, Kate!" he continued, with amazing resignation, unless, like Talleyrand, he could receive a thrust in the back without showing it in his face.

"I think you will be able to bear it," she answered, coolly.

"Time is the great alleviator," he philosophized; "but it can have no effect upon my regard for you."

"I thank you," said Kate, and he left her with the air of an injured man.

The next day Mrs. Dewitt returned.

"My dear Kate," said that lady, "you look much better than I expected. What does Mr. Edmonton say to it?"

"He says 'Good-by!'"

"Truly?"

"It is fair to say that I set the example."

"Well, beauty is but skin deep, Kate, as you and I have proved. And if you have lost your complexion and your lover, nobody can rob you of your pretty Greek nose."

"And your eyes," added Eugenia; "I never saw them so large."

"I wouldn't give a fig for lovers," said Theo, "they are dreadfully vexatious."

"Sour grapes, I guess," said Eugenia, who entertained other views on the subject.

"There's one comfort," said Theo, "Mr. Edmonton's loss is our gain; we can keep you ourselves now."

"You are very kind; but not if Mrs. Gray keeps her engagements."

"Dear me, mamma, I wonder if it is the Mrs. Gray we met at Oldport: she said she had just engaged a governess? And if you aren't worn to death, Kate, with those little wretches of hers, she wields another instrument of torture which is sure to finish you."

"Yes, indeed," added Eugenia; "and she plumes herself upon changing her governesses every six months. She thinks they wear out in that time; *I* should think they *would*."

"She evidently goes upon the principle of the new broom," said Mrs. Dewitt. "You had better not think of it, Kate."

"I should like to see how long I can sweep clean."

And thus Mrs. Gray took her into custody.

If a primary school had been purgatory, this certainly savored of lower regions; it left no rest to the sole of her foot. Previously, her evenings and half holidays had been at her own disposal, but now the latter must be devoted to taking the children to places of amusement, and the former to singing for the entertainment of Mrs. Gray's friends and relatives. The instrument of torture against which Theo had admonished her was nothing more nor less than that little member which St. James declares no man can tame; and doubtless it would have required a Van Amburgh indeed to tame this particular one, which was always on the *qui vive*, and more like perpetual motion than any mortal thing besides, unless it were fire, as St. James likewise affirms, since it consumed, with utter remorselessness, each moment Kate would fain have consecrated to her own thoughts and retrospections—vastly more interesting things to her than the somewhat stale facts of Mr. Gray's courtship and Miss Gray's precocity. Furthermore, the tuition was carried on under her immediate ken. "You mustn't think it strange, Miss Katherine," she would say; "but it is my habit to sit here during school hours, as some of the governesses I have had—of course *you* would not be guilty of such weaknesses—did not hesitate to use the time, for which I amply rewarded them, in reading novels and crocheting neck-ties."

Consequently there were frequent digressions from Colburn's, into the follies, fashions, and foibles of past teachers. There were translations from Fénelon, with marginal notes from Gray, consisting for the most part of household orders to Bridget and directions to Miss Emma to hold up her head, or tuck in her boot-lacings; there were questions upon the map of Asia, and leading questions upon the events of Miss Katherine's life; pages of English, relieved by paragraphs of family history, "Watts on the Mind," and Mrs. Gray on every topic under the sun, unless some luckless caller waylaid her in the drawing-room; and amidst such a confusing pell-mell progress became a fable, of which every one heard a great deal but experienced very little.

Master Harry, though lying under the imputation of being a nonesuch—which no one could deny—was at the same time a thorn in the flesh. It seemed as natural for him to tread on other people's toes as for most boys to tread on their own; he tripped as often over Kate's skirts as over his lessons; he upset an ink-bottle into her lap, and sopped it up with her embroidered handkerchief; he begged the balls of agate off her bracelet for marbles, borrowed her pen-knives,

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and lost her pencils; scribbled over her choicest books, and contradicted her a dozen times a day; he put the school-room clock forward, and tore out the hard problems in his arithmetic; he was curious about "such lots of little holes" on her face, told her she wasn't nearly so pretty "as the last one," and was constantly at her elbow requesting her to play cat's-cradle with him, "because Miss Fisk used to," or to convert his handkerchief into sails for a ship, which he ballasted with the contents of her work-box, and manned with hair-pins; sometimes finishing his most provoking day by presenting her with the only flower in bloom upon his mother's house-plants —the apple of her eye—and asking the favor of a fairy-story after tea.

As for Miss Emma, though in advance of him in years, she was not behindhand in annoyances; she tried on all Kate's garments from boot to bonnet, bathed in her Cologne water, broke her vinaigrette, read her letters, and turned her bureau drawers topsy-turvy. It was Miss Katherine here, and Miss Katherine there; and, "Miss Katherine, won't you box Harry's ears? Mother doesn't allow me, and he keeps pounding the piano while I practice;" and "Miss Katherine, will you mend this tear in my frock before mother sees it, and scolds?" and, "You don't look bad *at all*, when your veil's down;" and, "Miss Katherine, what *are* airs and graces? Mother says you would do very well if you hadn't so many; and, "Miss Katherine, *have* you seen better days? Mother says you have." Kate thought she had. Yet what could she do but let patience have its perfect work, and take whatsoever these days might bring her of weal or woe?

One morning when Kate appeared at breakfast she found Mrs. Gray smiling over an open letter.

"What do you think of a voyage to England, Miss Katherine?" she asked.

To England! *Hadn't* she thought of it ever since she could think at all? Hadn't it been her pet day-dream, time out of mind; at least ever since Hector had made her familiar with its ports, and told her such wonderful things of the crowd uncoiling along Cheapside, like some painted puzzle, of which no one knew the beginning, nor could guess the end. "Across the Atlantic" was a clause which she analyzed and disposed of according to the laws of imagination rather than those of the grammarian.

"I should think you would enjoy it," she answered, wondering if she were to lose her situation by the means.

"You see," Mrs. Gray proceeded to say, "Mr. Gray has written for myself and the children—Emma, take your elbows off the table—to meet him at Liverpool, since his business will detain him a year or two longer; and, furthermore—you will upset your plate in your lap, Emma, the next thing, as I once saw happen at a dinner party—as I was saying, he desires that I should bring a governess, if I have one according to my taste, and I don't know but I might as well take you, Miss Katherine, as a stranger."

This was such a cool way of disposing of her that Kate's blood rose, and she had half a mind to decline the nomination; but one has occasionally to swallow a great deal of bitter bread or go hungry, so she merely answered, "I shall esteem it a great opportunity, thank you." So there was a holiday granted that Miss Katherine might assist at the packing, and save Mrs. Gray a seamstress.

"The passage abroad is such an expensive affair at the best, you know; and a penny saved is a penny earned," without reflecting that in this case it went into the wrong pocket.

However, it was not unpleasant work to sit and stitch quietly, and engage in a little "aerial architecture" on one's own behalf. I am afraid there was a slight reaction, when at last the steamer got under way and Kate found herself "under the weather," utterly indifferent to any earthly chance, careless whether the world turned Mormon or the moon into green cheese; whether the abolition movement gained ground or the steamer gained time; oblivious to the fear of looking shabby in London or the hope of meeting Hector unawares; heedless whether she starved to death or ate cold gruel, and fully realizing, for the first time, that the earth revolves on its axis. As for Mrs. Gray, sea-sickness wasn't a match for her; if she experienced a little "squeamishness," as she called it, she laid violent hands, or rather tongue, upon some unfortunate, and "talked it off." She talked with the passengers, gentle and simple; with the captain, the sailors, and the stewardess; and when all else failed her, improvised a lingo suitable for the parrot which chattered in the saloon, till pretty Poll revenged herself by repeating her frequent question whenever the children appeared, "Is Katherine up? Is Katherine up?" or, seriously reiterating the command to Harry to "tie up shoe," and "be gentleman."

"I have made the acquaintance of the most charming person, Katherine," said Mrs. Gray, one morning. "He is the most brilliant discourser I have ever met with;" which only meant that he listened admirably. "I only wish you were able to see him," she continued.

"Who is he?" asked Kate, out of complaisance, "The Prince of Goodfellows, or the Duke of Smalltalk?"

"I perceive that you are recovering—"

"My curiosity at least."

"Yes; ah, his name—did any one call me? hark!—his name is Mr.—there's the tag off Emma's boot-lacing now; I never saw such a destructive child—oh, I was speaking of Mr. Edmonton, wasn't I? That's his name; aristocratic, isn't it?"

Kate groaned and experienced a relapse, and Mrs. Gray betook herself into the inexpressible society of Mr. Edmonton.

By-and-by, when Kate gained heart to stagger upon deck to see the sun set over the water, she found Mr. Edmonton no such formidable being; indeed, rather handy to bring cushions and poise a spy-glass, to furnish interesting items

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concerning the monsters of the deep, that now and then parted the wave with grotesque head or involuted fin; ready with repartee, and gracious beyond measure. He knew her songs and her friends, and she smiled to herself in thinking that chance had sent them together on the same voyage, which they had thought to take once before, while matrons and maidens observed them askance, and wondered if they were lovers, or "how such an elegant young man could fancy that plain governess:" only Kate knew it was not fancy so much as habit, and a desire to see if the flame still attracted the moth—to prove himself. Yet it is dangerous to play with fire, we hear. One can not suppose Kate so interested in going over the old battle-ground as to reap any very keen pleasure therefrom; and the days that burned themselves away over the ocean in gold-stone and ruby masses brought such hours of ennui that the tossing plume of a sea-bird, the ghostly glimmer of a distant sail, the white water-column of a spouting whale, even the variations of meals, became epochs in her existence of wonderful intensity.

But not always thus were they to suffer monotony. At last one night the starry heavens receded behind pillars of purple clouds, the winds swept the sea, and curled it into heaps of shifting foam, and shook it out again, like webs of finest lace; the great waters seemed opening a thousand gulfs to close over them, the tempest groping for them with a cruel grasp, while the grand orchestra of the elements rung in upon their souls with pitiless, stern harmony. It was a night to be remembered, should any survive to remember; for wearing the hours away in apprehension and terror, there came to their expectant ears the order to back the engines and start the pumps, followed by eager endeavors to stop the leak, till, gaining upon them, it put out the engine fires, and made it evident to all that before daylight the ship would have disappeared forever.

What wild disorder crowned this intelligence! what wringing of hands, what tears and cries for aid from absent friends, what agonized silences, what frantic lamentations! It was an experience to whiten the bravest head, to wrinkle the smoothest cheek, to chasten the most heedless heart. At the beginning Kate had gone into her state-room, locked her trunk and put the key into her pocket, possibly in the same bewilderment that prompts people, in times of fire, to lock up their silver—sometimes, no doubt, a wise precaution—then she sat a little apart in order to compose her mind and think somewhat. She tried to persuade herself that death was no such bitter thing after all; that it was but one pang, one shudder, one grasping after the flying world—and behold, a whole eternity of bliss, such as it hath not entered into the heart of man to understand! She thought of herself as already dead, lying peacefully at the bottom of the sea, the weight of waters rolling forever above her in endless chant and dirge; the world sweeping on, year after year, without a thought for her; perhaps, some day, a stately ship go sailing over her resting-place—all unguessed at—and sad eyes question the remorseless main of her fate; and she felt that then her very bones, long mouldering below, must quiver and agonize to answer him.

"Love art thou sweet? Then bitter death must be," must have been her conclusion, for besides Hector, who would shed a tear for her? And he, too, might not some morning's sunshine find him gay and forgetful? Oh, to be forgotten, for ever and ever, or remembered only as a dream! Yet there was One had promised to hold her in everlasting remembrance.

While thus endeavoring to possess her soul in patience something led her to glance up. Mr. Edmonton stood near her, holding a life-preserver, with some half-uttered sentence on his lip, which she interpreted in her own way.

"Oh no, no, Mr. Edmonton," she cried, "I should scorn my life if I bought it at such a price. You are *too* thoughtful and unselfish; I would not wear your life-preserver on *any* account!"

"I—I wish—"

"Pray do not urge it, Sir! I thank you beyond measure, but I couldn't do it: I should feel wicked."

"Really, Miss Kate, I should be happy to abdicate to you; but you—you mis—that is, I—won't you give me a string, if it will not be too much trouble? a strong string to secure this portion of it—thank you, thank you!"

At any other time Kate might have known a supreme confusion, but this was no hour for awkward trivialities. Already they had lowered the boats, most of which proving useless it became necessary to construct rafts with such expedition and material as was in their power, lashing together yards and spars, and freighting them with imperiled lives; so that, just as the earliest hint of dawn winged up the eastern sky, like the shadow of an archangel, and spurred the flying clouds before it, and broke the storm into harmless atoms, and shook its radiant self abroad; just while, through a rift between opposing gloom, the old moon, weak and spent—wrecked itself these many nights—lifted still a thread of silver; just when the watery world emerged from night, and took on hope and gladness again, Kate found herself joint-heir, as clinging to the raft, faint and wet, she dimly watched the ship they had left, reel and plunge, with something yet of its old stateliness, and disappear, while the waters rushing into all its ports and passages, from stem to stern, sent forth a mighty whisper, and the engine-bell tolled heavily a while, and ceased.

So the day broke, and the sun looked out at them through a mist uncertainly, now rending and now resuming the wavering screen. And the sea grew calmer, and washed over them at rarer intervals. And they strained their haggard eyes over the solitary waste, and sent shouts and prayers and clamorous entreaties after any sail that glimmered one instant, far away, across

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their sight and vanished hopelessly. And thus they drifted aimlessly, racked with cramps, stung with cold, gnawed with hunger, heart-sick, and giddy with alternating hope and fear. Now and then a bird wheeled screaming above them; now and then some curious fish floated the wave beside them. Sometimes they caught courage from each other and spoke of home, or tried to rally a spark of wit to warm their benumbing senses; they buoyed one another with tales of other wrecks and little snatches of familiar tunes, ending in broken sighs and tears. They were one family bound together in misfortune; none could slip from his hold but a dozen feeble hands were stretched to save; no sigh but found its echo. Yet what freaks the sun played upon the water, when, in the long noon hours, he found his way out of the mist! How he gave every wave a spear of gold, and plowed up the further distance into ridges, and veined and seamed the whole vast mass with the precious glamour! But when, at last, he dropped into the sea, a curtain of fog crept down and shut them into utter darkness as into a tomb. Then what dread descended with the night, what eyes mocked them out of the hollow darkness, what voices called to them, what phantom sails forever beat before them! By times they slept a feverish uneasy sleep, burdened with moans and sobs, and sometimes dreamed and forgot disaster in one brief vision of security.

Once they fancied that, looming through the mist, they saw the red lights of some ship, but when again morning dazzled them with all its light and freshness and beauty, lavished like dew, and made the world sweet and canny once more, there was nothing but a speck against the horizon, a speck that soon dissolved in distance. Now succeeded the torture of thirst, which the few biscuits they had secured at starting, soaked in sea-water, helped to produce, and the bitter sense that all this tempting liquid heaped about them afforded no relief, till one by one they settled into a sad despair, only a few brave spirits keeping watch and heart, when the morning of the third day overtook them.

Poor Mrs. Gray had long since given over speech—only another way of saying a great deal; and Kate, too sore and worn to lift her head or move a limb, saw the dawn infiltrate day, the rosy color sift through the gray gauze, and the morning star hang trembling in the balance, feeling dreamily that it was the last earthly morning that would ever rise for her; there came to mind, as if photographed in memory, mornings long since faded, when she climbed to the roof in the early light, when the world was hushed and dewy, with only a bird to flutter a wing or trill a note—and watched out beyond where the sea line frets the river-mouth, till the sunbeams pointed all the spires, and the river swarmed with boat and barge—watched because Hector was overdue; Christmas mornings, when he came home for the holidays and they explored their gifts together; mornings at Mrs. Dewitt's, with Theo laughing over her tea-grounds and Eugenia telling her dreams—each pushing the other aside, and swaying back and forth like pendulums beating the petty seconds of human life; yet death was no longer a pang—she would be up and away to the source of infinite morning. So she lay awaiting the end; and a song Hector had loved kept surging through her brain, in time to the heaving and dropping waves:

> "I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
> For Thou dost heed the sparrow's fall."

And, dazed with faintness, and heavy with sleep, and muffled in an atmosphere of demi-consciousness, she somehow felt that already the Dark River flowed beneath her; that cries of exultation and joy came, faintly borne from the further shore; that beatified faces passed and repassed before her. But stay; what had happened—why this eager commotion? Was the raft parting—the sea engulfing? *Whatever* happened she would know it all; she would die with all her senses at their post; she would—but her servants having contended for every inch of territory, on the brink of victory, scattered and fled, and left her to the tender mercies of a grizzled sailor, who lifted her with unsparing gentleness, as if he carried some delicate piece of porcelain.

When Kate again opened her eyes on the outer world it was to turn on her pillow and give a sigh of relief that the nightmare had passed. But things were a little strange: she was not quite awake yet, evidently, for there was a tarpaulin hanging in her state-room. Still, yonder "housewife" was a thought familiar. By what clairvoyance did she learn where the materials were bought, and under what circumstances it was made? Strange! And there was Mrs. Gray's exhaustless voice—what was she saying?

"I never expected to be rescued by a coquette, Captain Holland."

Captain Holland? She would go to meet him; it might be—oh—but she was too weak to stir; a little cry—half pain, half hope—escaped her—a cry that brought some one to her aid—some one who held her, and caressed her, and kissed the tears away. Why had she thought of Hector so constantly, all through the night of her tribulation, but because he was so near?

Hector had received his first intimation of a wreck the previous night when a man at the mast descried another of the rafts upon which crouched a famished crew, Mr. Edmonton among them—his life-preserver having served him ill, he had begged an inch of their hospitality in spite of it—and who informed him of other lives in danger thereabouts, when he lay-to and kept in the neighborhood till morning. Thus snatched from the Valley of the Shadow of Death Kate gladly took up her life again, doubly dear because saved through him.

And as they neared home Hector led Kate one starry night upon the deck, to show her Castle Garden and the lights that seemed dancing for joy on shore, and he said:

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"When I took Mr. Edmonton off I thanked God, Kate, thinking I had saved you a broken heart, little guessing my own lay so near to windward."

"You can not, Hector," she answered, "you —you can not—"

"Yes I do—I can. I love you as if you had never sent me away, Kate."

"I was a little fool," said she; "but, Hector, you haven't fairly seen me yet."

"Shall I get the ship's glass?"

"But I am so frightfully — pitted; you haven't thought about *that*."

"Then don't you." If there's any one to be pitied it's Mr. Edmonton. Kate, there's not an inch of you but what is sweeter, and fairer, and lovelier to me than the morning star; so no more pitfalls, if you please."

And Kate pleased.

One morning, a year or so later, Kate Holland received wedding-cards; they were only Eugenia's and Mr. Edmonton's."

THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

KETURAH wishes to state primarily that she is good-natured. She thinks it necessary to make this statement, lest, after having heard her story, you should, however polite you might be about it, in your heart of hearts suspect her capable not only of allowing her angry passions to rise, but of permitting them to boil over "in tempestuous fury wild and unrestrained." If it were an orthodox remark, she would also add, from like motives of self-defense, that she is not in the habit of swearing.

Are you accustomed, O tender-hearted reader, to spend your nights as a habit, with your eyes open or shut? On the answer to this question depends her sole hope of appreciation and sympathy.

She begs you will understand that she does not mean you, the be-ribboned and be-spangled and be-rouged frequenter of ball and soirée, with your faint, floating perfumes, flutter of fans, and sweep of many-hued drapery; your well-taught drooping lashes, or wide girl's eyes, untamed and wondering, your flushing color, and your pulse up to a hundred. You are very pretty for your pains—as she hopes you know, to take the comfort of God's great gift as women can; as true and royal women can—oh, to be sure, you are very pretty! She has not the heart to scold you, though you are dancing and singing and flirting away your golden nights, your restful, young nights, that never come but once—though you are dancing and singing and flirting yourselves merrily into your grave. She would like to put in a plea before the eloquence of which Cicero and Demosthenes, Beecher and Sumner, should pale like wax-lights before the sun, for the new fashion said to be obtaining in New York, that the soirée shall give place to the matinée, at which the guests shall assemble at four o'clock in the afternoon, and are expected to go home at seven or eight. That would be not only civilized; it would be millennial.

But Keturah is perfectly aware that you will do as you will. If the excitement of the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal" prove preferable to a quiet evening at home, and a good, Christian, healthy sleep after it, why the "sma' hours" it will be. If you will do it, it is "none of her funerals," as the small boy remarked. Only she particularly requests you not to insult her by offering her your sympathy. Wait till you know what forty-eight mortal, wide-awake, staring, whirring, unutterable hours mean.

Listen to her mournful tale; and, while you listen, let your head become fountains of water, and your eyes rivers of tears for her, and for all who are doomed to reside in her immediate vicinity.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer," as the newspapers in a sudden and severe poetical attack remarked of Jeff Davis, "refuses to bless" Keturah, except as her own sweet will inclines her. They have a continuous lover's quarrel, exceedingly bitter while it rages, exceedingly sweet when it is made up. Keturah attends a perfectly grave and unimpeachable lecture—the Restorer pouts and goes off in a huff for twenty-four hours. Keturah undertakes at seven o'clock a concert—announced as Mendelssohn Quintette, proving to be Gilmore's Brassiest—and nothing hears she of My Lady till two o'clock A.M. Keturah spends an hour at a prayer-meeting, on a pine bench that may have heard of cushions, but certainly has never seen one face to face; and comes home at eight o'clock to the pleasing discovery that the fair enslaver has taken some doctrinal offense, and vanished utterly.

Though lost to sight she's still to memory dear, and Keturah penitently betakes herself to the seeking of her in those ingenious ways which she has learned at the school of a melancholy experience. A table and a kerosene lamp are brought into requisition, also a book. If it isn't the Dictionary, it is Cruden's Concordance. If these prove too exciting, it is Edwards on the Will. Light reading is strictly forbidden. Congressional Reports are sometimes efficacious, as well as Martin F. Tupper, and somebody's "Sphere of Woman."

There is one single possibility out of ten that this treatment will produce drowsiness. There are nine probabilities to the contrary. The possibility is worth trying for, and trying hard for; but if it results in the sudden flight of President Edwards across the room, a severe banging of the "Sphere of Woman" against the wall, and the total disappearance of Cruden's Concordance beneath the bed, Keturah is not in the least surprised. It is altogether too familiar a result to elicit remark. It simply occasions a fresh growth to a horrible resolution that she has been slowly forming for years.

Some day *she* will write a book. The publishers shall nap over it, and accept it with pleasure. The drowsy printers shall set up its type with their usual unerring exactness. The proof-

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readers shall correct it in their dreams. Customers in the book-stores shall nod at the sight of its binding. Its readers shall dose at its first page. Sleepless old age, sharp and unrelieved pain, youth sorrowful before the time, shall seek it out, shall flock unto the counters of its fortunate publishers (she has three firms in her mind's eye; one in Boston, one in New York, and one in Philadelphia; but who the happy men are to be is not yet definitely decided), who shall waste their inheritance in distributing it throughout the length and breadth of a grateful continent. Physicians from every where under the sun, who have proved the fickleness of hyoscyamus, of hops, of Dover's powders, of opium, of morphine, of laudanum, of hidden virtues of herbs of the field, and minerals from the rock, and gases from the air; who know the secrets of all the pitying earth, and, behold, it is vanity of vanities, shall line their hospitals, cram their offices, stuff their bottles, with the new universal panacea and blessing to suffering humanity.

And Keturah *can* keep a resolution.

Her literary occupation disposed of, in the summary manner referred to, she runs through the roll of her reserve force, and their name is Legion. She composes herself, in an attitude of rest, with a handkerchief tied over her eyes to keep them shut, blows her lamp out instead of screwing it out, strangles a while in the gas, and begins to repeat her alphabet, which, owing to like stern necessity, she has fortunately never forgotten. She says it forward; she says it backward; she begins at the middle and goes up; she begins at the middle and goes down; she rattles it through in French, she groans it through in German, she falters it through in Greek. She attempts the numeration table, flounders somewhere in the quadrillions, and forgets where she left off. She watches an interminable flock of sheep jump over a wall till her head spins. There always seem to be so many more where the last one came from. She listens to oar-beats, and drum-beats, and heart-beats. She improvises sonatas and gallopades, oratorios and mazourkas. She perpetrates the title and first line of an epic poem, goes through the alphabet for a rhyme, and none appearing, she repeats the first line by way of encouragement. But all in vain. She is as likely to fly as to sleep.

With a silence that speaks unutterable things she rises solemnly, and seeks the pantry in darkness that may be felt. At the bottom of the stairs she steps with her whole weight flat upon something that squirms, and is warm, and turns over, and utters a cry that makes night hideous. Oh, nothing but the cat, that is all! The pantry proves to be well stocked with bread, but not another mortal thing. Now, if there is any thing Keturah *particularly* dislikes, it is dry bread. Accordingly, with a remark which is intended for Love's ear alone, she gropes her way to the cellar door, which is unexpectedly open, pitches head first into the cavity, and makes the descent of half the stairs in an easy and graceful manner, chiefly with her elbows. She reaches the ground after an interval, steps splash into a pool of water, knocks over a mop, and embraces a tall cider barrel with her groping arms. After a little wandering about among ash-bins and apple-bins, reservoirs and coal-heaps, and cobwebs, she discovers the hanging-shelf which has been the ignis fatuus of her search. Something extremely cold crossing her shoeless feet at this crisis suggests pleasant fancies of a rat. Keturah is ashamed to confess that she has never in all the days of the years of her pilgrimage set eyes upon a rat. Depending solely upon her imagination, her conception of that animal is a cross between an alligator and a jaguar. She stands her ground manfully, however, and is happy to state that she did *not* faint.

In the agitation consequent upon this incident she butters her bread with the lard, and takes an enormous bite on the way up stairs. She seeks no more refreshment that night.

One resort alone is left. With a despairing sigh she turns the great faucet of the bath-tub and holds her head under it till she is upon the verge of a watery grave. This experiment is her forlorn hope. Perhaps about three or four o'clock she falls into a series of jerky naps, and dreams that she is editor of a popular Hebrew Magazine, wandering frantically through a warehouse full of aspirant MSS. (chiefly from the junior classes of theological seminaries) of which she can not translate a letter.

Of the tenth of Keturah's unearthly experiences —of the number of times she has been taken for a robber, and chased by the entire roused and bewildered family, with loaded guns; of the pans of milk she has upset, the crockery whose hopes she has untimely shattered, the skulls she has cracked against open doors, the rocking-chairs she has stumbled over and apostrophized in her own meek way; of the neighbors she has frightened out of town by her perambulations; of the alarms of fire she has raised, pacing the wood-shed with a lantern for exercise stormy nights; of all the possible and impossible corners and crevices in which she has sought repose—she has slept on every sofa in every room in the house, and once she spent a whole night on a closet shelf; of the amiable condition of her mornings, and the terror she is fast becoming to family, Church, and State, the time would fail her to tell. Were she to "let slip the dogs of war," and relate a modicum of the agonies she undergoes—how the stamping of a neighbor's horse on a barn floor will drive every solitary wink of sleep from her eyes and slumber from her eyelids; the nibbling of a mouse in some un-get-at-able place in the wall, prove torture; the rattling of a pane of glass, ticking of a clock, or pattering of rain-drops, as effective as a cannon; a guest in the "spare room" with a musical "love of a baby," something far different from a blessing, and a tolerably windy night, one lengthened vigil long drawn out—the liberal editor would cry, "Forbear!" It becomes really an interesting science to learn how slight a thing will utterly deprive an unfortu-

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nate creature of the great necessity of life; but this article not being a scientific treatise, that must be left to the sympathizing imagination.

Keturah feels compelled, however, to relate the story of two memorable nights, of which the only wonder is that she has lived to tell the tale.

Every incident is stamped indelibly upon her brain. It is wrought in letters of fire. "While memory holds a seat on this distracted globe," it shall not—can not be forgotten.

It was a night in June—sultry, gasping, fearful. Keturah went to her own room, as is her custom, at the Puritanic hour of nine. Sleep for a couple of hours being out of the question she threw wide her doors and windows, and betook herself to her writing-desk. A story for a Magazine, which it was imperative should be finished to-morrow, appealed to her already partially-stupefied brain. She forced her unwilling pen into the service, whisked the table round into the draft, and began. In about five minutes the sibyl caught the inspiration of her god, and heat and sleeplessness were alike forgotten. This sounds very poetic, but it wasn't at all. Keturah regrets to say that she had on a very unbecoming green wrapper, and several ink-spots on her fingers.

It was a very thrilling and original story, and it came, as all thrilling and original stories must come, to a crisis. Seraphina found Theodore kissing the hand of Celeste in the woods. Keturah became excited.

"Oh, Theodore!" whispered the unhappy maiden to the moaning trees. "Oh, Theodore, my—"

Whirr! buzz! swosh! came something through the window into the lamp, and down squirming into the ink-bottle. Keturah jumped. If you have half the horror of those great June beetles that she has you will know how she jumped. She emptied the entire contents of the ink-bottle out of the window in great disgust, closed her blinds, and began again.

"Theodore," said Seraphina.

"Seraphina," said Theodore—jump the second. It was—it really was—the same identical creature, whirring round the lamp, and buzzing down into her lap. Hadn't he been burned in the light, drowned in the ink, speared with the pen, and crushed by falling from the window? Yet there he was, or the ghost of him, fluttering his inky wings into her very eyes, and walking leisurely across the smooth, fair page that waited to be inscribed with Seraphina's woe. Nerved by despair, Keturah did a horrible thing. Never before or since has she been known to accomplish it. She put him down on the floor and stepped on him. She repented of the act in dust and ashes. Before she could get across the room to close the window ten more had come to his funeral. To describe the horrors of the ensuing hour she has no words. She put them out of the window—they came directly back. She drowned them in the wash-bowl—they fluttered, and sputtered, and buzzed up into the air. She killed them in corners—they came to life under her very eyes. She caught them in her handkerchief and tied them up tight—they crawled out before she could get them in. She shut the cover of the wash-stand down on them—she looked in a while after and there was not one to be seen. All ten of the great blundering creatures were knocking their brains out against the ceiling. After the endurance of terrors that came very near turning her hair gray she had pushed the last one out on the balcony, shut the window, and was gasping away in the airless room, her first momentary sense of security, when there struck upon her agonized ear a fiendish buzzing, and three of them came whirling back through a crack about as large as a knitting-needle. No *mortal* beetle could have got through it. Keturah turned pale and let them alone.

The clock was striking eleven when quiet was at last restored, and the exhausted sufferer began to think of sleep. At this moment she heard a sound before which her heart sank like lead. You must know that Keturah has a very near neighbor, Miss Humdrum by name. Miss Humdrum is a—well, a very excellent and pious old lady, who keeps a one-eyed servant and three cats. And the sound which Keturah heard was Miss Humdrum's cats.

Keturah descended to the wood-shed, armed herself with a huge oaken log, and sallied out into the garden, with a horrible *sang froid* that only long familiarity with her errand could have engendered. It was Egyptian darkness; but her practiced eye discerned, or thought it discerned, a white cat upon the top of the high wooden fence. Keturah smiled a ghastly smile, and fired. Now she never yet in her life threw any thing any where, under any circumstances, that did not go exactly in the opposite direction from what she wanted to have it. This occasion proved no exception. The cat jumped, and sprang over, and disappeared. The stick went exactly into the middle of the fence. Keturah can not suppose that the last trump will be capable of making a louder noise. She stood transfixed. One cry alone broke the hideous silence.

"*O* Lord!" in an unmistakably Irish, half-wakened howl, from the open window of the one-eyed servant's room. "Only that, and nothing more."

Keturah returned to her apartment, a sadder if not a wiser woman. Marius among the ruins of Carthage, Napoleon at St. Helena, M'Clellan in Europe, have henceforth and forever her sympathy.

She thinks it was *precisely* five minutes after her return, during which the happy stillness that seemed to rest upon nature without and nature within had whispered faint promises of coming rest—that there suddenly broke upon it a hoarse, deep, unearthly breathing. So hoarse, so deep, so unearthly, and so directly underneath her window, that for about ten seconds Keturah sat paralyzed. There was but one thing it could be. A traveling menagerie in town had lost its Po-

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lish wolf that very day. This was the Polish wolf.

The horrible panting, like the panting of a famished creature, came nearer, grew louder, grew hoarser. The animal had found a bone in the grass, and was crunching it in his ghastly way. Then she could hear him sniffing at the door.

And Amram's room was on the lower story! Perhaps wolves climbed in windows!

The awful thought roused Keturah from the stupor of her terror. She was no coward. She would face the fearful sight. She would call and warn him at any risk. She faltered out upon the balcony. She leaned over the railing. She gazed breathlessly down into the darkness.

A cow.

Another cow.

Three cows.

Keturah sat down on the window-sill in the calm of despair.

It was succeeded by a storm. She concludes that she was about five seconds on the passage from her room to the garden. With "hair flotant, and arms disclosed," like the harpies of heraldic device, she rushed up to the invaders—and stopped. Exactly what was to be done? Three great stupid, browsing, contented cows *versus* one lone, lorn woman. For about one minute Keturah would not have wagered her fortune on the woman. But it is not her custom to "say die," and after some reflection she ventured on a manful command:

"Go away! Go! go!" The stentorian remark caused a result for which she was, to say the least, unprepared. The creatures coolly turned about and walked directly up to her. To be sure. Why not? Is it not a part of our outrageous Yankee nomenclature to teach cows to come to you when you tell them to go away? How Keturah, country-born and bred, could have even momentarily forgotten so clear and simple a principle of philology remains a mystery to this day. A little reflection convinced her of the only logical way of ridding herself of her guests. Accordingly, she walked a little way behind them and tried again.

"Come here, Sir! Come, good fellow! Wh-e-e! come here!"

Three great wooden heads lifted themselves slowly, and three pair of soft, sleepy eyes looked at her, and the beasts returned to their clover and stood stock-still.

What was to be done? You could go behind and push them. Or you could go in front and pull them by the horns.

Neither of these methods exactly striking Keturah's fancy, she took up a little chip and threw at them; also a piece of coal and a handful of pebbles. These gigantic efforts proving to be fruitless she sat down on the grass and looked at them. The heartless creatures resisted even that appeal.

At this crisis of her woes one of Keturah's many brilliant thoughts came to her relief. She hastened upon the wings of the wind to her infallible resort, the wood-shed, and filled her arms up to the chin with pine knots. Thus equipped she started afresh to the conflict. It is recorded that out of twenty of those sticks, thrown with savage and direful intent, only one hit. It is, however, recorded that the enemy dispersed, after being valiantly pursued around the house, out of the front gate (where one stuck, and got through with the greatest difficulty), and for a quarter of a mile down the street. In the course of the rout Keturah tripped on her dress only six times, and fell flat but four. One pleasing little incident gave delightful variety to the scene. A particularly frisky and clover-loving white cow, whose heart yearned after the apples of Sodom, turned about in the road without any warning whatever and showed fight. Keturah adopted a sudden resolution to return home "across lots," and climbed the nearest stone-wall with considerable *empressement*. Exactly half-way over she was surprised to find herself gasping among the low-hanging boughs of a butternut-tree, where she hung like Absalom of old, between heaven and earth. She would like to state in this connection that she always had too much vanity to wear a waterfall; so she still retains a portion of her original hair.

However, she returned victorious over the silent dew-laden fields and down into the garden paths, where she paced for two hours back and forth among the aromatic perfumes of the great yellow June lilies. There might have been a bit of poetry in it under other circumstances, but Keturah was not poetically inclined on that occasion. The events of the night had so roused her soul within her that exercise unto exhaustion was her sole remaining hope of sleep.

At about two o'clock she crawled faintly up stairs again, and had just fallen asleep with her head on the window-sill, when a wandering dog had to come directly under the window, and sit there and bark for half an hour at a rake-handle.

Keturah made no other effort to fight her destiny. Determined to meet it heroically, she put a chair precisely into the middle of the room, and sat up straight in it, till she heard the birds sing. Somewhere about that epoch she fell into a doze with one eye open, when a terrific peal of thunder started her to her feet. It was Patsy knocking at the door to announce that her breakfast was cold.

In the ghastly condition of the following day the story was finished and sent off. It was on this occasion that the patient and long-enduring Editor ventured mildly to suggest, that when, by a thrilling and horrible mischance, Seraphina's lovely hand came between a log of wood and the full force of Theodore's hatchet the result *might* have been more disastrous than the loss of a finger-nail. Alas! even his editorial omniscience did not know—how could it?—the story of that night. Keturah forgave him.

It is perhaps worthy of mention that Miss Humdrum appeared promptly at eight o'clock

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the next morning, with her handkerchief at her eyes.

"My Star-spangled Banner, my nearest and my dearest, has met with her decease, Ketury."

"Indeed! How very sad!"

"Yes. She has met with her decease. Under *very* peculiar circumstances, Ketury."

"Oh!" said Keturah, hunting for her own handkerchief; finding three in her pocket, she brought them all into requisition.

"And I feel it my duty to inquire," says Miss Humdrum, "whether it may happen that *you* know any thing about the event, Ketury."

"I?" said Keturah, weeping, "I didn't know she was dead even! Dear Miss Humdrum, you are indeed afflicted."

"But I feel compelled to say," pursued Miss Humdrum eying this wretched hypocrite severely, "that my girl Jemimy *did* hear somebody fire a gun or a cannon or something, out in your garden last night, and she scar't out of her wits, and my poor cat found cold under the hogshead this morning, Ketury."

"Miss Humdrum," said Keturah, "I can not in justice to myself answer such insinuations, further than to say that Amram *never* allows the gun to go out of his own room. The cannon we keep in the cellar."

"Oh!" said Miss Humdrum, with horrible suspicion in her eyes. "Well, I hope you haven't it on your conscience, I'm sure. *Good*-morning."

It has been the ambition of Keturah's life to see a burglar. The second of the memorable nights referred to crowned this ambition by not only one burglar but two. She it was who discovered them, she who frightened them away, and nobody but she ever saw them. She confesses to a natural and unconquerable pride in them. It came about on this wise:

It was one of Keturah's wide-awake nights, and she had been wandering off into the fields at the foot of the garden, where it was safe and still. There is, by-the-way, a peculiar awe in the utter hush of the earliest morning hours, of which no one can know who has not familiarized himself with it in all its moods. A solitary walk in a solitary place, with the great world sleeping about you, and the great skies throbbing above you, and the long unrest of the panting summer night, fading into the cool of dews, and pure gray dawns, has in it something of what Mr. Robertson calls "God's silence."

Once, on one of these lonely rambles, Keturah found away in the fields, under the shadow of an old stone-wall, a baby's grave. It had no head-stone to tell its story, and the weeds and brambles of many years had overgrown it. Keturah is not of a romantic disposition, especially on her midnight tramps, but she sat down by the little nameless thing, and looked from it to the arch of eternal stars that summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, kept steadfast watch over it, and was very still.

It is one of the standing grievances of her life that Amram, while never taking the trouble to go and look, insists upon it that was nothing but somebody's pet dog. She knows better.

On this particular night, Keturah, in coming up from the garden to return to the house, had a dim impression that something crossed the walk in front of her, and disappeared among the rustling trees. The impression was sufficiently strong to keep her sitting up for half an hour at her window, under the feeling that an ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure. She has indeed been asked why she did not reconnoitre the rustling trees upon the spot. She considers that would have been an exceedingly poor stroke of policy, and of an impolitic thing Keturah is not capable. She sees far and plans deep. Supposing she had gone and been shot through the head, where would have been the fun of her burglars? To yield a life-long aspiration at the very moment that it is within grasp was too much to ask, even of Keturah.

Words can not describe the sensations of the moment, when that half-hour was rewarded by the sight of two stealthy, cat-like figures, creeping out from among the trees. A tall man and a little man, and both with very unbanditti-like straw-hats on.

Now if Keturah has a horror in this world, it is that delicate play of the emotions commonly known as "woman's nonsense." And therefore did she sit still for three mortal minutes, with her burglars making tracks for the kitchen window under her very eyes, in order to prove to herself and an incredulous public, beyond all shadow of doubt or suspicion, that they were robbers and not dreams; actual flesh and blood, not nightmares; unmistakable hats and coats, in a place where hats and coats ought not to be, not clothes-lines and pumps. She tried hard to make Amram and the Paterfamilias out of them. Who knew but they also, by some unheard-of revolution in all the laws of nature, were on an exploring expedition after truant sleep? She struggled manfully after the conviction that they were innocent and unimpeachable neighbors, cutting the short way home across the fields from some remarkably late prayer-meeting. She agonized after the belief that they were two of Patsy's sweet-hearts, come for the commendable purpose of serenading her.

In fact, they were almost in the house before this remarkable female was prepared to trust the evidence of her own senses.

But when suspense gloomed into certainty, Keturah is happy to say that she was grandly equal to the occasion. She slammed open her blinds with an emphasis, and lighted her lamp with a burnt match.

The men jumped, and dodged, and ran, and hid behind the trees, in the most approved manner of burglars, who flee when no woman pursueth; and Keturah, being of far too generous a disposition to enjoy the pleasure of their capture unshared, lost no time in hammering at Amram's door.

"Amram!"

No answer

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"*Am*ram!"

Silence.

"Am-*ram!*"

"Oh! Ugh! Who—"

Silence again.

"Amram, wake up! Come out here—quick!"

"O-o-oh, yes. Who's there?"

"I."

"I?"

"Keturah."

"Keturah?"

"Amram, be quick, or we shall all have our throats cut! There are some men in the garden."

"Hey?"

"*Men* in the garden!"

"Men?"

"In the *garden!*"

"Garden?"

Keturah can bear a great deal, but there comes a limit even to her proverbial patience. She burst open the door without ceremony, and is under the impression that Amram received a shaking such as even his tender youth was a stranger to. It effectually woke him to consciousness, as well as to the gasping and particularly senseless remark, "What on earth was she wringing his neck for?" As if he mightn't have known! She has the satisfaction of remembering that he was asked in return, "Did he expect a solitary unprotected female to keep all his murderers away from him, as well as those wolves she drove off the other night?"

However, there was no time to be wasted in tender words, and before a woman could have winked Amram made his appearance dressed and armed and sarcastically incredulous. Keturah grasped the pistol, and followed him at a respectful distance. Stay in the house and hold the light? Catch her! She would take the light with her, and the house too, if necessary, but she would be in at the death.

She wishes Mr. Darley were on hand, to immortalize the picture they made, scouring the premises after those exceedingly disobliging burglars—especially Keturah, in the green wrapper, with her hair rolled all up in a huge knob on top of her head, to keep it out of the way, and her pistol held out at arm's-length, pointed, falteringly, directly at the stars. She will inform the reader confidentially—tell it not in Gath—of a humiliating discovery she made exactly four weeks afterward, and which she has never before imparted to a human creature—it wasn't loaded.

Well; they peered behind every door, they glared into every shadow, they squeezed into every crack, they dashed into every corner, they listened at every cranny and crevice, step and turn. But not a burglar! Of course not. A regiment might have run away while Amram was waking up.

Keturah thinks it will hardly be credited that this hopeful person dared to suggest and dares to maintain that it was *cats!* The insult is rendered more glaring by the fact that Amram is nothing but a Sophomore in Yale College.

But she must draw the story of her afflictions to a close. And lest her "solid" reader's eyes reject the rambling recital as utterly unworthy the honor of their notice, she is tempted to whittle it down to a moral before saying farewell. For you must know that Keturah has learned several things from her mournful experience.

1. That every individual of her acquaintance, male and female, aged and youthful, orthodox and heretical, who sleeps regularly nine hours out of the twenty-four, has his or her own especial specimen recipe of a "perfectly harmless anodyne" to offer, with advice thrown in.

2. That nothing ever yet put her to sleep but a merciful Providence.

3. A great respect for Job.

4. That the notion commonly and conscientiously received by very excellent people, that wakeful nights can and should be spent in prayer, religious meditation, and general spiritual growth, is all they know about it. Hours of the extremest bodily and mental exhaustion, when every nerve is quivering as if laid bare, and the surface of the brain burning and whirling to agony, with the reins of control let loose on every evil and every senseless thought, are not the times most likely to be chosen for the purest communion with God. To be sure, King David "remembered Him upon his bed, and meditated upon Him in the night-watches." Keturah does not undertake to contradict Scripture, but she has come to the conclusion that David was either a *very* good man, or he didn't lie awake very often.

But, over and above all, *haec fabula docet:*

5. That people who can sleep when they want to should keep Thanksgiving every day in the year.

LONGWOOD.

"SISTER LOU, where are you?"

"In the garret, Kate; I'll come down directly."

"No, don't. I want to come up there." And she came.

"Now tell me what you are doing among these old books," as she seated herself on a pile made up of the *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, and others of that ilk.

"Only arranging them, to save aunt Edith the trouble." All these volumes of the *Blackwood* and the *Metropolitan* I shall take down to the book-shelves in the hall. Helen asked for some of them this morning. The dear old books! they have been meat and drink to us, Kate."

"Yes," said Kate; "I love them one and all and entirely; old marble-paper covers and all. But see what I have brought for you, Lou!" And she unfolded and held up before my delighted eyes a copy of Uhland.

"Oh, Kate! is that for me? I am so glad! But, Kate, dear, it must have cost you a great deal."

"No; it was not expensive," said Kate. "I

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was in Washington Street, and I came to one of those places I never can go by without stopping—one of those book-stalls, the volumes all marked twenty-five cents each. Miss Emerson was with me; she bought lots of odd volumes of Jean Paul. And there was this Uhland, and I seized on it for you. We were at Chickering's that morning. Oh, Lou! when my ship comes in you shall never again play those sonatas on that poor little old Broadwood. You shall have the very sweetest-toned Chickering, with the darkest rosewood and the whitest ivory in the whole world."

"Wouldn't it be pleasant if that ship of yours should come, Kate?"

"You see it is stopping here and there and every where to take in freight, sister Lou. Spices and fruits, and silks and pearls; and, while I am about it, gold-dust and diamonds and rubies."

"You would like to be rich, Kate?"

"Then old Mr. Colfax should never wear that rusty over-coat more. His wife, dear old Mrs. Colfax, should have a new black silk gown stiff with richness. The parlor should have a new carpet, real Brussels, wood-color and crimson. In the house should be a furnace, and in the cellar unlimited fuel. A new fence around the garden—"

"Kate, come down and finish the ironing while the irons are hot." This from Helen below.

"*Au revoir, mes chateaux.* Coming, Lady Helen." And presently I heard ringing out "Logie o' Buchan." What a rich, clear voice it was! reaching without effort the highest tones of that sweet old melody. I had heard it till it was familiar as summer rain, yet I stopped and listened. The house, I thought, would never be very lonely for aunt Edith and Helen, with Kate in it. I finished my work and then the tea-bell rang.

There were four of us at table; aunt Edith at the head, Helen opposite her, and Grace and I at the sides. We always had tea in the library, because the windows were so pleasant—looking down the green slope to the Ashuelot, and beyond that to the West Mountain.

We were cheerful that evening, though we knew it would be long before we should all meet there again. I was going away, not very far, however, and if it were needful I could come home on short notice. It was my free choice; I was glad, thankful to go. Many a comfort would reach the dear old home through this absence of mine.

"It is coffee to-night," said aunt Edith. She had a particular liking for that beverage; and yet, despite our protestations, had resolutely relinquished it since the hard times came on. It was of no use that we all made the most of our own predilection for it. She persistently affirmed that it was an extravagance, and would permit its use only on especial occasions.

"Now it is distinctly understood," began Kate, "that every Wednesday and Saturday there is to be read at this tea-table a letter from Lou. It is to be minutely circumstantial, a real *Bilderbuch ohne Bilder*. Is it agreed?"

"It is agreed," I answered. "You will be spared no details. I have never had a chance to write as many letters as I liked. I have made extensive investments in paper and envelopes, and I have never yet tried a pen which wrote as fast as my new one, aunt Edith's pretty gift."

Dear aunt Edith; how little we motherless girls had known the want of kindness! She had been to us father and mother both.

After tea I finished my packing, and thought the while how much I should miss Kate's lilting. She had caught up "Wandering Willie;" but, finding it a little too sad for that particular evening, dashed away instead into "The Braes of Balquither."

There was a ring at the door. It was old Mr. Colfax, our clergyman; he had come with his wife to bid me good-by.

"Louise," said Mr. Colfax, "I have met Miss Thorndyke, of Longwood, and you will find her a gentlewoman."

"That is pleasant," I replied; "I thought so from her letters."

"Yes, yes," he went on. "I once offered her my seat in the cars, and not only she thanked me, but she would not take it at all till she saw me provided with another. Yes, she is a gentlewoman."

"When I am traveling in the cars, if any one offers me a seat I will remember what you have told me of Miss Thorndyke," said I.

"I dare say you will, my dear," he replied. "I hope you will. Courtesy is like charity, in that it covers a multitude of sins. 'Be courteous;' that, you know, is a Scripture injunction."

"Louise," said Mrs. Colfax, "I hope you will not learn to love the new home better than the old. Young persons are fond of change. I should be sorry if you left off caring most for home. I don't believe you will, my dear. I do not really think there is danger of that."

I thought there was little danger of that. I loved so well the dear old house, every nook and corner. I loved every branch of the elms and maples that were grouped around it—trees that grandfather Reid had set out when he was a young man. Especially I loved the tall, fragrant pines, that sang at my window their low, sweet song all through the summer nights. They had sung me to sleep ever since I could remember. I went to the gate with our old friends, and as I came up the walk again I was sure I could never in the world so entirely love another place, and I thanked Heaven from a full heart that it was in my power to exchange a year or two of my life for the means of retaining the homestead.

There was nothing more to be done. We went to bed early that night, because we must rise early in the morning, and by dint of lying still, that I might not hinder Kate from sleeping, I myself lapsed away into the land of dreams.

A shaft of sunlight shot directly into my face

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awoke me. There was only just time for breakfast, when Tim Evans appeared at the gate with the rockaway which was to convey myself and my belongings to the railway station a mile distant. Farewells were cheerily spoken, Kate's wet with a few flashing tears, and I was on my way.

A drive through resinous pine woods, a rapid transit over some scores of miles by railway, a noisy city station, the clattering of vehicles over paved streets, cars again, at the terminus a carriage waiting, and then another drive of half a mile, and I was at Miss Thorndyke's at Longwood.

A carriage-way, bordered on one side by a well-kept hedge, and on the other by a lawn green as emerald, led to the door. The house was of that soft, neutral tint, so prevalent among the better class of dwellings in the vicinity of Boston. A veranda surrounded it, draped with a vine whose delicate green sprays drooped toward great vases of scarlet bloom.

Three ladies were sitting on the veranda, and one of them came to meet me as I ascended the steps. This was Miss Thorndyke, and I remembered what I had heard of her, for her friendly manner made me directly feel at ease. Of the other ladies the elder was Miss Winthrop, and the younger Mrs. Darussy. Miss Thorndyke was a person no longer very young, and not careful to seem young. I thought her handsome. She was dark, with black eyes and eyebrows, and a great deal of soft-looking hair already threaded with gray, which she wore in a style that exactly suited her face. She was not tall, yet she appeared so, because her figure was so slight and erect. She wore a black silk dress, with snowy lace at the throat and wrists. Her only ornament was a pin which fastened her collar, a ruby set round with great pearls.

Miss Winthrop had a pure, sweet look, as if nothing unclean could approach her. She was older than Miss Thorndyke, but her smooth chestnut hair had not a thread of gray. Her forehead was white and calm, and from beneath it looked out two clear brown eyes, at once penetrating and frank, and her voice in speaking was particularly cheery and cordial.

Mrs. Darussy impressed me at the first glance as a beautiful woman charmingly dressed. She wore that evening a sea-green silken tissue spotted with silver. In her really magnificent dark hair were some drooping clusters of delicate white flowers. I do not even now know the color of her eyes; they looked sometimes blue, sometimes dark-gray. The eyebrows straight and narrow, and the long curving lashes were black. She was very white, with only the faintest tinge of color on her cheeks, and this just matching, I thought, the bands of pink coral around her neck and arms. The bracelets kept slipping down, and when she pushed them back you saw how lovely the arms were, and how much fairer than the profusion of white lace which floated around them. She moved with grace and spoke in well-bred tones; and something in her demeanor suggested to me the idea that the world in which she lived was different from mine.

Meantime my luggage had disappeared, and Miss Winthrop, offering to show me to my rooms, preceded me up a long flight of stairs, then through a wide hall with a recessed window at one end, in itself a little conservatory, while from the opposite direction the light came through panes which transmuted it into floods of rich coloring. On the right of the bay-window was the chamber assigned to me. It was a pleasant room, and as I caught the view from an open casement before me I was arrested with delighted surprise. Presently Miss Winthrop, opening a door into a closet large enough for half-a-dozen wardrobes like mine, showed me my trunks already placed there, and saying that the hour for tea was seven o'clock, left me alone.

Certainly I had never seen a more attractive apartment. The furniture was faultlessly pretty and well-arranged. The soft-tinted walls were hung with engravings; the carpet was like the mossy floor of a forest scattered over with bright and delicate wild flowers, sprays of partridge-vine and ferns and vivid-hued berries. A glass of fragrant violets stood on a little work-table, and on the mantle-shelf was a charming little clock, with a vase on either side full of blue-fringed gentian and maiden-hair.

But at first I did not much regard any thing except the window. This, reaching nearly to the floor, opened entirely, so that the whole frame was one undivided space, and thus, twined around with abundant tracery of foliage from the ivy outside, it made a lovely frame for a lovely picture. The lawn, intensified in color by the sunset light, and broken here and there with darker thickets of shrubs, sloped to a sheet of shining water. A fairy boat-house terminated a narrow pier extending a little way from the shore. From the opposite side of the water a forest of trees climbed one above another to a rock-crowned summit. One single edifice, with graceful white towers, looked from its fastness above. Over all—for the aspect was westward—in a sky of palest green were burning red sunset clouds.

While I sat and looked and thought that I could never look enough, the clock on the mantle-piece chimed out into the already dusk silence seven silvery sounds, and before the last had ceased I heard the summons to tea.

Miss Winthrop met me on the stairs and led me to the table. There were two or three ladies besides those whom I had already seen, and several gentlemen. Miss Thorndyke sat at the table and poured tea, coffee, or chocolate. There was no formal gathering around, but all stood in groups or sat at pleasure; and the gentlemen served the ladies and themselves. The sounds of talking and laughter were pleasant to hear, and every thing was pleasant to see, and I sat by Miss Thorndyke and looked and listened.

After tea every one went into the parlor, or else, the evening being warm, outside on the veranda. The window-curtains were raised, the

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blinds shut but turned, so that, as I walked up and down the veranda with Miss Winthrop, I could plainly see and distinctly hear the gay, graceful groups within. Some one asked for music, and a young lady played a fantasia with a good deal of sound and very marked rhythm, and afterward accompanied herself in a song much in the same style. We stood still and listened. Then the young lady crossed the room to the further end, where sat Mrs. Darussy. I wondered if this lady knew what a superb picture she was in that dark crimson chair—her cheek resting on her hand and the lace drapery partly fallen back from her wrist and arm, so revealing their perfect shape and pure, pale, flesh tint. Her eyes were bent downward, and the long fringes rested on her cheeks, whose tinge of pink was fainter than by daylight. I remembered what I had somewhere read, that paleness spiritualizes a woman's beauty, and I thought it true. No flush of health, I believed, could be so fair as that pallor. They were asking her to sing. So she sat down at the piano, and as she drew her hands over the keys in a soft, low prelude every thing else was perfectly stilled.

Now, before she had begun to sing, two gentlemen came silently in at the door—that is, as silently as gentlemen can—and over Mrs. Darussy's face passed a swift, singular expression. One of these gentlemen she knew; for as he drew near and leaned against the window-frame she slightly bowed her head in recognition. I afterward heard Miss Thorndyke address him as Mr. Falkner. The other, who remained near the door, was Dr. Davidson.

Every body listened while Mrs. Darussy sang; first something sweet and strange, of which I could not comprehend a word, and afterward, with exquisite skill and pathos, the Scottish ballad, "Auld Robin Gray." When she had finished no one seemed to care for any other music.

The evening, as I have said, was warm, and it grew oppressive, so that the window-blinds were thrown open for air. Miss Winthrop and I sat on the window-seat and watched the groups gathering, breaking, and forming anew; and I saw that Mr. Falkner remained constantly near Mrs. Darussy. But if his aim were to draw that lady into conversation it was unsuccessful, for she spoke so little that I took it upon myself to wonder whether it was that she could not or would not talk.

At length Dr. Davidson announced an impending thunder-storm. The guests separated, and every one in the house went to bed.

But first I sat by my beautiful window and looked out at the lightning. The white towers over the water alternately gleamed forth and darkened back into blackness. By-and-by a clear, steady light shone from the window farthest to the right. I grew tired and sleepy and watched no more. I went to sleep and dreamed myself in Holyrood Palace, listening to the wily Dame Heron's music, only King James was Mr. Falkner, and the wily lady Mrs. Darussy.

But when the storm came nearer, and the heavy thunder, peal after peal, shook the house, to sleep was impossible. In an interval of silence there came a knock at my chamber-door, and I opened it to find Mrs. Darussy standing there, a lamp in her hand, her dark hair falling all around her almost to her feet, and her great, luminous eyes wide open. In her white night-gown, with little bare feet, she looked just like a child.

"I am afraid of the lightning," said she; "your room is the nearest—may I come in?"

Now I have always loved and never feared the lightning. And if terror is contagious, so is its absence. Presently, when she had lain a while with my arm around her, she stopped shivering and lay quite still.

"Have you sisters, Mrs. Darussy?" I asked.

"No, none," she answered; "I never had one."

A minute or two afterward I felt, but did not hear, two or three little sobs. I was sorry that I had questioned her. My heart all at once felt full of love and pity for her. Not for the beautiful, nonchalant lady, but for her who, afraid of the lightning, had crept to my room, and who, in saying that she had no sisters, had sobbed, as if that had called to mind some great sorrow.

At last the storm had spent itself, and from her regular breathing I thought that she was asleep. I slept myself, and soundly, for when I awoke in the morning I was alone.

Breakfast was at nine. I had been a long time up, for at home we kept early hours. Mrs. Darussy was not at table, and Miss Thorndyke sent a bowl of chocolate to her room.

After breakfast I was inducted into office. Miss Thorndyke took me up stairs to a room—to a chamber opposite my own. This room had a large oriel window on the south side; in the recess was a writing-table covered with books and papers. On the walls of the room were pictures, maps, and some book-shelves. India matting covered the floor, and opposite the oriel was a little white-curtained bed.

"This is my study," said Miss Thorndyke; "it is the quietest room in the house." And assigning to me my employment, she left me.

It was no difficult task that lay before me. It was to make a translation into English of a German work, simple in style and easy to understand. Dictionary and grammar were before me for the solution of difficulties, and I was soon at work.

I grew so absorbed in my occupation, eager as I was to accomplish it to the best of my ability and to Miss Thorndyke's acceptance, that I was not aware how rapidly the time was passing. When I had covered a few sheets Miss Thorndyke came in, and seating herself at the table, looked carefully over all that I had done. Then, avowing herself satisfied, she told me that study-hours were over, that it was already half past one, and within half an hour of dinner-time.

Mrs. Darussy was at dinner. She gave me

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one quick, bright smile, but though the storm was talked about she said nothing of having gone to my room until afterward, when I met her alone in the hall; then she thanked me with a pretty, gracious eagerness. And then I began to see in Mrs. Darussy two separate persons—one elegant, cool, well-bred, impassive; the other impetuous, affectionate, child-like, lovely. And it pleased me to watch this inner nature gleaming through its coverings, like a flame within a beautiful vase.

After dinner I went to resume my work, but Miss Thorndyke said that four hours were enough of writing, and with great kindness made me understand that my position with her was to be that of a guest in a friend's house, and that the more I would feel myself really at home the more she would be satisfied.

I found it to be a way of the house that each person disposed of the morning and afternoon hours at pleasure, independently of the rest. On pleasant days all who liked went out to walk or to ride, and the rest of the time read or worked, alone or with others, just as it chanced. In fact there was just as much freedom in this respect as in our own home in Keene. In the evening all were gathered in the parlor. Often there were guests, and these frequently from town—for Longwood was not more than half a mile from the station, and there were trains every two hours.

A few weeks after I came to my new home Miss Winthrop took me on a long drive, and pointed out to me some of the pleasantest views in the neighborhood. That afternoon we made the discovery that Miss Winthrop was a distant relative of my mother and my aunt Edith. This was a great pleasure to me, and so was the account she gave me of some incidents of their child life, when all three used to spend months together at the home of their great-aunt Lee in Cambridge. By-and-by we spoke of Mrs. Darussy, and Miss Winthrop said that Miss Thorndyke and herself were only slightly acquainted with that lady; that Mrs. Darussy had been invited to visit Miss Thorndyke's friend, Mrs. Eliot, who had met her in Baltimore. She had accepted the invitation, but through a misunderstanding had come to Boston before Mrs. Eliot's return. Mrs. Darussy had gone to the Revere House and written to Mrs. Eliot announcing her arrival. In this emergency Mr. Eliot, Miss Thorndyke's cousin, had come to her for aid, and she had good-naturedly cut the knot by going into town and bringing out the lady as her own guest. Next week Mr. Eliot expected his wife's return, and then Mrs. Darussy would probably go to them. The Eliots lived at the Pines. I could see the house from my window. It was a charming place, Miss Winthrop said, every thing about it of the best, tasteful, and elegant, like Mrs. Eliot herself. There was always a good deal of intercourse between Longwood and the Pines; they went across the water. The opposite ascent, though it looked formidable, was rendered really quite easy by a well-kept path. She said I should have an opportunity of judging for myself if she overestimated the Pines; and when she learned that I could not row, promised me lessons in that craft.

Miss Winthrop had some errands to do that afternoon; and an unexpected detention at one place prevented our reaching home till tea was over and every one gone into the parlor.

When we also went thither the first object that met my glance was Mr. Falkner hovering around Mrs. Darussy. It occurred to me, looking at both, that his pride was enlisted in the effort to overcome her impassiveness. She did not sing this evening, pleading as excuse a slight cold; but she played some of Mendelssohn's songs without words with a facility of execution which I had never seen equaled and have never since seen excelled. While she played Mr. Falkner seemed in a dream; and when she had finished—to do her justice she played till no one could venture to ask for more—he thanked her with an ardor that seemed however scarcely to win her notice, or if it did, she was perhaps too much accustomed to such homage to receive it otherwise than as of course.

The next day but one Miss Thorndyke told me that Mrs. Eliot had been detained in Cincinnati by the illness of her sister, and that therefore the period of her return was uncertain. So she had proposed to Mrs. Darussy to go for a few days to the White Mountains, and they expected to leave that afternoon. She asked me to go with them, but left me freedom of choice to do that or to remain at home with Miss Winthrop. I preferred to remain at home. I was interested in my work, and wished to get on with it. Besides, I had a secret conviction that my stay would be agreeable to Miss Winthrop.

I quite enjoyed, and so did Miss Winthrop, the idea of these few days of profound quiet. To guard against any feelings of loneliness which we might experience at night, Miss Thorndyke dispatched a note to a nephew in Boston, who was to come out every evening in the seven o'clock train, and remain till morning. He chanced, however, to be away from home, and thus, to our cordial acceptance, we were left alone.

They were four most pleasant days; every morning work that grew more and more engrossing; every afternoon a delightful drive; and for the evening, already of quite appreciable length, all the new magazines and the best of the new books. I had never neglected the letters home, but they were twice as long now.

While we were at tea on the fourth evening Dr. Davidson came in. He had that morning met Miss Thorndyke in Boston, and had brought a message from her. The ladies were going to Nahant, and would be absent two days more.

Miss Winthrop asked Dr. Davidson to stay.

"I can't," he replied. "I should be charmed, but I missed the train out this afternoon, and I must go home."

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Miss Winthrop was surprised that Dr. Davidson, of all persons, should have missed the train.

"It is all my wife's fault," he averred. "Every thing always is my wife's fault. You know Farini's, that little Italian jeweler's shop, up two flights of stairs in T—— Place, where they mend things. Nothing would induce my wife to have an article repaired elsewhere; and to-day I was under orders not to return without a certain bracelet which had been there a fortnight, and which I had already repeatedly forgotten. If it were left again I was to be sent back expressly for the improvement of my memory; and, by George! I came within an ace of slipping again this time; should, if I hadn't caught a glimpse in Abbot's window of one that reminded me. I was already on my way to the station, but I faced about and took a bee-line for Farini's. Well, my wife had stolen a march upon me; had been in town herself, and got the bracelet. But I saw in the case of things left for mending an odd-looking ring, the exact counterpart of one given me by a friend some years ago. I made them take it out and show it to me. And sure enough, it was my own. A lady had left it, and would call for it in an hour. While I was still looking the lady came in. It was Madam Davidson, thank you. She, who always sees every thing, and never puts off any thing, had discovered that the setting was not quite firm, so she brought it in at once to be made all right. I lost the train, but I had the pleasure of riding out with Mrs. Davidson. Here is the ring, if you like to look at it."

It was a singular ring. The stone was a sapphire, and some dark flakes on the under side had been so managed in cutting as to give it a fantastic likeness to a human face—a mowing, mocking human face.

"There is a story to that ring," said the Doctor; "and when I come again, if you remind me, I will tell it to you. I have an appointment at eight o'clock, and so good-night to you." And he was gone.

That evening an incident occurred which I should doubtless have forgotten but for something that happened afterward.

About eight o'clock the door-bell rang. Since we had been alone we had always kept the outer door locked. It was a hard lock, and to-night Phebe, who answered the bell, could not turn the key. Miss Winthrop was gone up stairs, and I went to help Phebe. By means of a second key passed through the loop of the first, and used as a lever, I succeeded. At the door stood a gentleman—evidently, from his first words, a foreigner. The hall lamp shone full on his face and I saw him distinctly. He was dark-eyed, brown-haired, and bearded. In figure he was tall and slight, yet not fragile looking. He asked for Dr. Davidson, and when informed that the Doctor resided a mile farther out on the same road, he courteously expressed his thanks, and went his way.

I think it was on Wednesday morning that the ladies returned, and in the evening there was a good deal of company. Mrs. Eliot had just come home also, and with her husband was among the guests. These two went away early because they had left at home Mrs. Eliot's invalid sister. Before leaving I heard them with much insistence asking Mrs. Darussy to come to them the next day; and I was surprised and sorry to hear that lady expressing regret at being obliged to forego the great pleasure she would have had in visiting Mrs. Eliot. She had found it necessary, she said, to return immediately to Baltimore.

The conjecture at once entered my mind that a motive for this determination might be found in the annoyance occasioned by Mr. Falkland's pertinacious attentions. I had seen, or rather I had been instinctively aware, that they were unwelcome at the first, and now, that, though not outwardly demonstrative, they were unendurably obnoxious.

After many polite regrets then, and hopes of renewed intercourse in the future, Mr. and Mrs. Eliot departed. This being accepted as a signal for breaking up, others followed, until finally none of the guests remained except Dr. and Mrs. Davidson.

In the first silence that ensued I ventured to claim the fulfillment of Dr. Davidson's promise. Miss Winthrop seconded me, and Miss Thorndyke likewise. Then the Doctor, after affirming that he had a cold and was out of voice, and besides never could sing without his notes, and then acknowledging that this prelude was intended to enhance the graciousness of his final acquiescence, commenced his narrative. First, however, he comfortably established himself in a great arm-chair, around which the ladies were grouped in listening attitudes; Mrs. Darussy a little farther than the rest, but all within distinct hearing distance. And this is Dr. Davidson's story:

"Some years ago, my home being then in my mother's house, on returning one evening from a visit to a patient, I found that dear old lady with an unwonted shadow on her pleasant face.

"'Tom,' said she, pouring my coffee and ministering to my comfort generally, 'I am greatly distressed about Ned.'

"'Have you heard of him, mother?' I asked.

"'Not a word,' she replied; 'but he is in my mind day and night. If I were superstitious, which you very well know that I am not in the least, I should feel quite certain that he was in trouble. Tom, I'm really worried about him.'

"Ned was a nephew of my mother's, the son of her only brother. He had lived with us from a child, and though he was several years my junior, we had been together at Cambridge, and afterward abroad at Heidelberg for three years more. Ned never shirked study nor any thing else, and might have made his mark at home if he had liked; but he didn't like. He wanted to study life under different aspects before making up his mind when and how to spend his own. At the end of the three years a number of young men, most of them of Heidelberg, were forming

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a company with intent to make trial of mining life in Australia. Ned was bent on joining them. They were all young men of good standing, and when I found that it would really go to his heart to relinquish the project, I gave in.

"For two years we received frequent and satisfactory tidings of him. Then he wrote that he was going to California, and again we heard of him safe in San Francisco. After this letters came only at long intervals, and finally ceased altogether. Weeks grew into months, and months into years, and our anxiety increased, till at last it cropped out in a determination on my part to go myself to California, and, if Ned were still in existence, to find him out.

"This evening, then, when my mother broached the subject, was auspicious for the avowal of my resolve. Much to my satisfaction it was received with approval. The next steamer left New York in five days, and it took me a passenger. On board was a man who had sailed from Australia in the same ship with Ned; and that, though the fact itself was all that the man could tell me, I nevertheless hailed as an omen of good.

"Arrived in San Francisco, I could devise no method of communicating the fact to Ned more likely to prove available than to render my name as conspicuous as possible in the newspapers. And I advertised to such purpose that in a few weeks I should have been in a tolerably complacent mood if to establish myself professionally had been my object. In the fulfillment of my real intent, I had not as yet made apparently an iota of progress.

"One evening I was summoned to a person who had been injured in the attempt to separate some men engaged in testing the logic of bowie-knives. It was a cut in the arm, and nothing more serious being required than the ligature of an artery, the work was soon dispatched. I left my patient in the care of the man who had called me, promising to come again the next day.

"In the morning I found him doing well. He was an uncommonly pleasant young fellow; a German, educated and highly intelligent, with plenty of English to manage a conversation, but more fluent in his own tongue when he found I could understand that.

"Of course I was not long in approaching the subject uppermost in my mind, and at last it seemed that I was to obtain a gleam of light. A few months previous four young men had joined an exploring party proceeding north. Three of these were Germans, and the fourth an American who spoke German fluently, and who, with the rest, had experience of the diggings in Australia. This was the sum of the information given me by my patient; and he thought I could probably ascertain something more definite at Siegel's, a banking-house in the city. Taking the address, I proceeded thither at once, and was so fortunate as to obtain a clew which, followed out, in the course of a few months brought me into direct communication with Ned himself—of whom, by-the-way, it is only just to remark that it was through no delinquency on his part that we had so long been in the dark in respect to his movements.

"My patient meanwhile was mending; and during the hours which I used to spend with him, and which so to spend I found extremely pleasant, he gave me a sketch of his life in the mines. This had been by no means one of ease, though in pecuniary results it had exceeded his most sanguine expectations. But the crowning achievement of his existence had been the winning of a wife to take back with him to the Father-land. Of her he spoke with genuine German outpouring.

"She was an American, he said, and had come to California a year before he met her with the F——s, as friend of the family and governess to their daughter. Her forte was music; and her brilliant genius, faultless voice, and great personal grace and beauty might have insured her an unsurpassed career on the stage. But she had no predilection for that life, and rejected absolutely the most flattering inducements. She had nevertheless been assiduous in the labor of instruction, and my friend had first seen her at the residence of one of her pupils. In half a year he had wooed and won her. His business in California was now completed, and in October they would sail for Europe.

"He showed me a picture of this lady, 'made up of every creature's best,' and really it was about as charming a face as I have ever seen. He had left her for a few days in Santa Clara with the F——s, intending to return thither about the time of his accident. He had now written her to join him in San Francisco, and expected her the ensuing evening.

"She arrived accordingly, and, paragon that she was, I hoped to see her. But when I called she was gone out shopping. I went again in a few days, and then both my birds were flown.

"Some weeks later I encountered him in a telegraph office, but so changed that I hesitated to address him lest I had mistaken for him some other person. At first, too, he seemed not to intend recognizing me; but perhaps the concern I really felt at his altered aspect was visible in my face, for he suddenly grasped my hand, wrung it impetuously, and as we left the office together he turned in my direction, and on reaching my door entered with me.

"Now I suppose that nothing more effectually conduces to sudden friendship than the tie between patient and physician. Moreover, if I had that moment seen him for the first time, and with that look of misery in his face, I should have felt a strong interest in him.

"'Korner,' said I, 'you are ill. What is the matter?'

"'I am not ill,' he replied, 'but I am enduring suspense worse than death. My wife has left me. I have no clew, not the slightest, to the cause. I have learned only within three days that a lady whose appearance accorded in some respects with hers sailed in the C—— in its

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last passage. The fate of that vessel you know as well as I.'

"I knew it well. I had thought at one time of taking passage on that ship myself. The hope that Ned would be induced to accompany me on my return alone delayed me.

"Now the poor fellow looked as if he were dying by inches. I tried to invent something plausible in the way of comfort; but in view of the facts the endeavor seemed heartless. I saw him every day, and attempted to persuade him to return with me to New England. He would not come though, and the last time I met him there he gave me the ring. And not long after I reached home I saw in the list of deaths in a San Francisco newspaper the name of my friend.

"Now you may conjecture my astonishment when yesterday morning this gentleman, at whose gate I supposed 'pallida Mors' had long since done her errand, rang my own door-bell, and walked into the room where I was eating my breakfast.

"It turns out that the Otto Korner whose name I saw in the dead-list was a compatriot and namesake of my friend, on whom the poor fellow had considered that the double fellowship of name and country entitled him to a double claim. Perhaps it did. At all events, it stood the widow in good stead. It availed her a homeward passage for herself and her three children. They all arrived in New York together last Saturday. She was a Poughkeepsie woman, and he kept sight of them till they were all safe in her father's house."

"And has this Mr. Korner, your friend, during all this time heard nothing of his wife?" asked Miss Thorndyke.

"He has ascertained that some of the passengers on the C—— were rescued, and among them several ladies; and he is by no means disposed to relinquish the hope of finding her."

"But will he overlook the step she has taken in deserting him?"

"He has made a discovery which enlightens him on that point. The widow Korner related to him that once, while her husband was supposed to be in Sacramento, she heard that he had been several weeks in San Francisco at the P—— Hotel. She went to his rooms, and found them occupied by a young girl, who seemed thunder-struck on learning that this woman was the wife of Otto Korner; nor would she yield credit to the assertion till the woman went home and came again with her marriage-certificate. Then, she said, the young girl grew awfully white, and went, without a word, into another apartment. Presently she returned dressed to go out, and passed through the room without speaking. The woman never saw her before nor since. But when she went back to her own house she found her husband there, and then first learned that there were two of the same name."

Now I had listened to every word of this narration with the utmost interest, but I had also given unremitting attention to the changes that came and went on Mrs. Darussy's face. Once or twice she gave token of being stirred from her usual outward calm, if only to the extent of a little fuller lighting of the eye, a little deeper flush on the delicate cheek; and I was just wondering to myself in what school she had learned the necessity of so repressing every outward sign of the inner mood, and doubting if the game were worth the candle, when I saw all at once that every bit of color had deserted her face, lips and all, leaving them white as the leaves of a pond-lily. She had gone off in a dead faint.

I know not if the swift conviction that traversed my mind were shared by any one else.

It was long before the most assiduous efforts availed to restore her to consciousness. They had taken her to her room, and as soon as she was better she began to regret the trouble she was giving; and, finding that she was not to be left alone, asked that I might stay with her, and that the rest would go to bed.

How I pitied her, the poor young thing that never had a sister! I smoothed the hair away from her forehead, and she drew me down and kissed me. I could not help saying, "I am so sorry for you," and then she broke into a perfect passion of tears.

At last she had cried herself quiet, as children do.

"Do you know who I am, Miss Lee?" said she; "do you know that I am that wife who deserted her husband?"

"I know that if it were so it was from some dreadful mistake," I answered.

"You are right," she said; "it was, as you say, a dreadful mistake. And I saw no other course. I dared not do otherwise, Miss Lee. I was only a child; I was not yet eighteen years old. My father and mother died long before; brother or sister I never had. And when it came to my knowledge, without possibility of doubt, that another woman was the wife of Otto Korner, what course was left me? I took nothing away with me—nothing but the gold which I had myself earned, which I had begged him to take, and which he had always laughingly refused. There was enough to bring me to Baltimore, to the only relative I had in the world, my mother's aunt. When they said the ship was lost, for myself I felt only glad. I have no remembrance how I was saved. I can only recall the tumult of sounds, the burning ship, and the wild, lurid stretch of water.

"At length I arrived in Baltimore. My aunt died before I had been with her a month. She approved my course, because she saw it only with my eyes, and on her death she left me an inheritance more than sufficient for my own maintenance. I assumed her name, which had also been my mother's, and which was indeed a part of my own.

"For a year I lived entirely secluded, and then, Miss Lee, I determined to the utmost of my power to bestow a little happiness on those around me; and that I hoped would be a miti-

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gation of my great sorrow. For it has been a sorrow too great for words. I have dared hope that it would kill me, but now I want to live."

Dr. Davidson had left some medicine in case she were wakeful, and finding that she would not rest else, I gave it to her. At length she fell into a quiet sleep. Then I too slept.

When the broad daylight awoke me she still lay in profound repose. I looked at her a little while and thought her face lovelier than ever; but its fragile beauty had now a new meaning for me. I left her sleeping, and there was a hush over the whole house, that she might remain undisturbed.

This stillness was broken by the arrival of Dr. Davidson and another gentleman. As I saw the latter in the hall, I recognized him as the one who came a few nights before to ask at our door for the doctor.

I can not tell you of the meeting. Neither I nor any one else witnessed it. Only I heard one little passionate cry, a blending of gladness and pain, such as a child might have uttered—a child that after years of darkness and suffering has come at once into sunshine and joy.

There is a little more to tell. Not long after Mr. and Mrs. Korner went to Europe, where they still remain. They have repeatedly evinced their recollection of Miss Thorndyke's hospitality. I myself have proof positive of a place in their remembrance in this charming little watch which even now points to midnight.

"To each and all a kind good-night."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE bright spring days bring us to the annual exhibition of pictures at the Academy; but before we reach it there are some pleasant "receptions" of which every Easy Chair should take note, for they are the most unique and picturesque assemblies in the city. The new building, a festal Venetian palace, is peculiarly designed for gay society, and no hosts are more gracious than the artists. Diedrich Knickerbocker would have disbelieved his eyes—he would have fancied himself deluded by some vision of his untoward imagination, if, pressing far out upon the island beyond the Bowery or familiar farms of his everyday wandering, he had still found himself upon the pavement, and amidst the roar, and throng, and spacious stateliness of a great city. But if, amidst the glittering rows of street-lamps, and the inconceivable miracle of street-cars, and the mosque without a minaret of Twentieth Street, and the imposing wooden Gothic spires of Twenty-first Street, and the smooth, white massiveness of Twenty-second Street, suggesting what he could not have comprehended—that Methodism had begun to conform—if, passing all these bewilderments, he had suddenly seen at the noble corner of Twenty-third Street the shining palace of art, its broad, romantic steps thronged with ascending groups of guests dressed for a holiday, its marble walls gleaming with reflected lights; had he caught the brilliant glimpses through the doors, and the gusts of alluring music that come pulsing into the night as those great doors open and close again, the good old burgher would have been fain so far to forget his faith as to cross himself after the superstitious habit of Rome, and utter an anathema, very gentle and in pure Dutch, against the seductive sorcery that reared Venice again for a night in the remote, solitary, and utterly Dutch Reformed outlying fields of Nieuw Amsterdam.

Yet when once he had crossed the enchanted threshold he would have surrendered himself wholly to the entrancing spell, and have emerged toward midnight a wiser and a better man. Nowhere else in the country is there so picturesque a scene of the kind. The great central staircase rises broad and imposing to an upper gallery, the roof of which is supported by columns of various marble, and the wrought capital of one shows how beautiful all are to be. Along the railing which separates the gallery from the staircase there are clusters of gaily-dressed figures talking, and smiling, and leaning over and looking down upon those who are coming up. Doors open from the gallery into the various halls, which are connected with each other, and which are lively with a murmuring, moving crowd. Through the whole building, loud and triumphant in the lofty hall, softened and mellowed in the rooms, the music swells and breathes. The light is rich and full, falling from above; and around the walls of the gallery and along those of each room there is a line of pictures, sent for the evening by the academicians. But to-night they are for ornament rather than for observation. Lovely landscapes, careful sketches, vivid portraits—yes, but look at these men and women who are passing before them! Here is the beauty that inspires—the genius that creates! Here are the singers of the songs!

Yes, here they are—the painters and sculptors—and there—how came he here, our friend of the tomahawk? Mark how placidly he moves about! It is the very one of whom we were speaking in March, who slaughters in the *Tribune*, who can not come among the brethren of the brush, but—fee, faw, fum, he smells the blood and will have some! Yet he seems to be tractable. There is no blood dripping from his hand or skirts. And these N. A.'s and A.'s—they, too, seem to be in sound health and high spirits. Their well-broadclothed arms have hanging on them what seems the semblance of delicate muslin or of sumptuous silk. They have all the appearance of happy life. They are smiling toward the muslin. They are murmuring toward the silk. And yet Monsieur the Tomahawk has cut all their heads clean off! If we could only see things as they are we should discover that those innocent-seeming skirts of his are really enormous bags full of the heads he has lopped off—game-bags; and these cheerful hosts of ours are headless trunks! Horrible thought—the scene is becoming spectral! Are the lights actually burning blue? The Easy Chair begins to feel with the shadowy old Diedrich of whom we were speaking, like resorting to the superstitious usages of Rome, and crossing himself to ban uncanny spirits.

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But the music smooths and sweetens all. We stand and gaze and listen. The crowd circles slowly around. There is some pretense of looking at the pictures, but somehow the lookers look as if they were chiefly conscious of being looked at. And why not, please? Why should any human creature—or is it Sabrina fair risen marvelously coiffed from out the glassy, cool, translucent wave?—so elaborately dam her stream of pale amber hair until it ripples and wrinkles and crinkles, and finally swelling and surging over the braided barrier, plunges in a torrent of massive curls toward her neck, but never falls, hanging suspended in perpetual plunge, like Terni arrested half-way, unless she meant to be looked at? And behold! it is dusted all over with diamond powder, and sparkles every where. Was it extravagant to speak of Venice, since Venice is outdone? Have we time for pictures on the walls with such pictures on the floor? When that head is placed between human eyes and a small landscape in oils, does that head imagine the eyes are busy with the small land view or the vast water view? Why should human eyes observe a modest sylvan stream upon canvas when they can see an appalling cataract glittering with diamond spray? Ah! Monsieur the Tomahawk, if you must have scalps, look at that! Girdled with that you would be cinctured with glory, for it is the very color of an aureole; and yet saints, even Saint Cecilia, did not look exactly so.

We move along with the throng. The amber-haired is Anonyma, but we are surrounded by men and women of goodly fame. Here are authors, editors, connoisseurs; here, too, are the artists whose names are known and prized. Yes, good Master Tomahawk, such is our ignorance—prized! For while we smile Mr. Representative Banks, Chairman of the House Committee of Foreign Relations, is getting ready his speech, in which he will throw down a prospective challenge to all the world, and declare that in the Great Fair and World's Exchange of 1867 "we would be represented in landscape painting by Church and Bierstadt, in sculpture by Story and Powers and other artists"—others the peers of these. And the Senate of the State is about to offer its homage to the fine arts, of which this pretty palace is the temple, by passing a bill within the month exempting this Academy from taxation. These public acts and words, like this noble building, are all signs of the advancing interest in art and respect for it, which keep pace with the steady progress of the country.

Tum-ta! how triumphantly the music swells as if it knew it all—as if it contrasted the little Clinton Hall exhibitions of twenty-five years ago with this jubilee of brilliancy, this festive crowd, which does not come to patronize but to have its taste certified by its presence here. "So his Excellency is playing painter," said the diplomats to the Embassador Rubens when they found him in his studio. "Not quite," smilingly answered the superb Fleming, "the painter is playing Embassador." In this magnificent house art is not patronized; it is the host whose welcome honors the visitor. It welcomes us all, lovers and buyers, and even us critics, with our sharp pens hidden in our pockets. And if we respect ourselves—and that the Easy Chair knows to be your feeling also, incorrigible Monsieur Tomahawk—when the walls blaze with the full-blossomed splendor of the pictures which have been growing in the studios all the year, like roses in a green-house, we shall draw those pens not for our own glory, but for the honor of art and our country.

Mr. H. Y. Thompson, a recent graduate of Cambridge, England, a gentleman whose University career was honorably distinguished, came to this country during our war, and evidently felt with another noted Englishman who came at the same time, and who said upon his return from a tour at the West, and after a general observation of the Free States—"Well, you may be having trouble, but for all that you have the happiest country going." For Mr. Thompson when he went home, and had proved by experience how universal and foolish is the ignorance of England about this country, proposed to endow with £150 a lectureship at the University of Cambridge for the discussion of American institutions, literature, etc.—a series of lectures to be given every two years, and the lecturer to be appointed by the Faculty of Harvard University in our Cambridge, subject to the veto of the Vice-Chancellor of the English University. Mr. Thompson is a liberal of the best kind, a friend and disciple of John Stuart Mill; and in common with Mr. Mill, Mr. Bright, Goldwin Smith, Professor Cairnes, and our other truest English friends, is anxious that the educated youth of England shall have some accurate conception of what America is, and what republican institutions mean.

Their curious ignorance was most plainly revealed within University precincts by the lectures which Charles Kingsley delivered at Cambridge upon our affairs during the war. Mr. Kingsley is Professor of Modern History; but if any such professor at any American college should have discussed English contemporary history with the strange prejudice and want of knowledge which Mr. Kingsley displayed, we should all have sighed over the superficial knowledge which satisfied our collegiate standard for a professor. So also a young Cantab, who was considered especially wise in the American question, was one day at a London dinner, a little more than a year ago, expounding the Constitution of the United States to a company which received every word he uttered for the plain truth. But there was an American gentleman present who had listened amused to the extraordinary statements made by the young Doctor, until from some absurd remark he saw that the learned speaker was not aware of the existence of that branch of the Government known to us as the Supreme Court of the United States; and quietly pressing him upon the point, exposed his ignorance to the total ruin of his argument and his reputation.

The misapprehension of the case by English public men was not less, for certainly we should all prefer to say that the chiefs of the British Government misapprehended rather than misrepresented. Mr. Atkinson, in his interesting pamphlet upon the great public schools of England, shows how entirely whole ranges of the most essential knowledge of contemporary affairs, and of other countries with their institutions and resources, are excluded even from the training of the English youth who are preparing for public life; and Matthew Arnold, in his caustic essay, "My Countrymen," thrusts home the most stinging charge of the same insulation of the mind of England which throws her into the rear rank of truly great nations.

The governing class of England is mainly educated at the Universities, and a lectureship such as Mr. Thompson proposes would bear directly upon

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those whom it is necessary to affect. The only objection which seems to be urged was contained in the speech of the Rev. E. Dodd, Fellow of Magdalene College, when the question was discussed. It was, that it was a project "to Americanize our institutions." This objection was answered by Professor Lightfoot and Sir George Young, Fellow of Trinity; but it was not met squarely upon its merits. If American institutions are better than the British, why should not the British be Americanized? And how can any Englishman know whether they are truly better or worse until they are known? To say that it is not desirable to modify British institutions is foolish; because it *is* desirable to improve them if possible. Moreover, to oppose the introduction of accurate knowledge upon any subject is to confess that you fear you are in the wrong. It is the maintenance of the old Tory tradition that to repeal the law which punished theft with death was to overthrow the great beacons and landmarks of the British Constitution. If the British Constitution rested upon such rotten supports it was of the most vital importance that it should be known. If the monarchy could not endure such a harmless internal movement as that, what would become of it under one vigorous foreign blow? There is nothing so ludicrously pitiful as Toryism. It is a nervous old man floundering in petticoats, at once senile and contemptible.

How does the Reverend E. Dodd, Fellow of Magdalene, propose to advance at all without free discussion? He says that "there are millions in America whose opinions are thoroughly detestable." What, then, is of so great importance as that the British youth should have an opportunity of knowing that fact? If they agree that they are thoroughly detestable how can that knowledge help Mr. John Bright? To say that the worse will be made to appear the better reason, that the American lecturer will so gloze and sophisticate as to bewilder and deceive, is to beg the whole question. It is to assume that there are no honorable men in America, or that they would not be nominated as lecturers. It is exactly the assumption of the Romish system, which declares certain opinions heresies and certain men heretics and then issues its anathema before the people are allowed to hear and judge for themselves. Magdalene College at Oxford was changed by James Second into a popish seminary two centuries ago. Does Mr. Dodd wish a Romish reputation for the Cambridge Magdalene of to-day?

The vote upon Mr. Thompson's proposition showed that the Reverend E. Dodd truly represented the monkish spirit still dominant in the old University. He made a final appeal to the "church" fears of the representatives of the different colleges. A great many non-resident members came up to vote. "Fly-sheets" of various argument and representation fluttered through the halls. The speech of Professor Kingsley, although meant to favor the plan, was ill-considered. He represented that the proposal was supported by those in America who were most in love with England and English institutions, and who felt themselves "in increasing danger of being swamped by the lower element of a vast democracy." It was the hand of a drowning man stretched out to grasp *terra firma*. Such a statement was both untrue and unfair. It was another illustration of Kingsley's misapprehension of this country and its condition. The Senate met, and the proposition was rejected by 107 votes to 81.

Thus it fails for the present. But the proposal will doubtless be renewed. The intelligent, liberal hand of the two great countries that steadily maintain constitutional governments will yet clasp. For of course such a lectureship will be reciprocal. If America teaches upon the Cam, England should teach upon the Charles. If America is to show in what her system is superior, if she is to advocate a government of all the people as equal citizens, England may justly claim to prove that a government of classes is better. And since knowledge is the great peacemaker, the lectures at the Universities would gradually supersede in effective offices the other embassadors at the seats of government. It would be a service in that great work of national fraternity toward which the movements of civilization and the hopes of the most enlightened men tend. "The federation of the world" is not the distempered dream of a rhyming enthusiast; it is the plain goal of the progress of humanity.

SITTING comfortably in a pleasant box at Wallack's pretty theatre, and looking at a comedy of the life of to-day excellently played by a good company, an Easy Chair naturally wonders why English and French dramas alone are presented. Every evening a dozen theatres in New York are filled with a sympathetic audience. The taste for the drama is evident. It is a popular and agreeable recreation; and yet, although modern human nature is very much the same whether in London or Paris or New York, and although the Yankee genius has never been blamed for want of invention, the Yankee audience is content to be served only with the French and English aspects of the most familiar facts.

The comedy was called "Society." The plot was simple enough. It is a poor man crossed in love in the usual way, as common in America as in England. A scheming old lady of fashion and rank; a dependent niece; a poor younger brother, who is the lover; a rich, burly countryman and his son, a semi-bumpkin, to whom the scheming old lady means to marry the niece—these are the chief characters. The young lover of "a fine old family" runs for Parliament against the rich young countryman, and a misapprehension, added to the resolution of the old lady, persuades the niece to engage herself to the young countryman. But at last the young lover is elected; his brother luckily dies, and leaves him a baronet and rich; the mistake is explained, and he marries the lady. It is thin material, but in plays it is not the material but the work that counts. Yet it was very ineffective, for half of the peculiar humor and movement of the play were English and not American. Now, with the same material in an American setting the play could have been quite amusing and popular. There was nothing peculiarly English in the plot, and yet from the details it was utterly foreign, and therefore so far chilled sympathy.

Of course it must not be forgotten that many of the actors are English, and therefore appreciate and render English character and humor more readily than any other. But it is no less surprising that our American plays are either extravaganzas, like Solon Shingle, or purely moral dramas or spectacles, while the same range of life which furnishes the English playwrights with their material could be made equally productive here.

The explanation lies in the other explanation, whatever it may be, of the comparative paucity and

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inferiority of our novels to the English. The London publishers are constantly issuing novels. Their number and excellence are extraordinary. Every magazine has its serial, and it is generally very good. There are many authors who write at least one, often two novels in a year. The supply is great, but the demand is enormous. The best are republished and sold here; but the original American novels of a year may be almost counted upon the two hands; and of those how many are as good as Miss Mulock's or Anthony Trollope's or Miss Edwards's, who manufacture novels for the British Circulating Library? A few years ago, besides these industrious authors, Dickens and Thackeray, and Bulwer, and Charles Reade, and Wilkie Collins, and Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Gaskell, and Miss Evans ("Adam Bede" and "Romola"), were all writing novels. Thackeray, Miss Brontë, and Mrs. Gaskell are gone, but the others remain, and, excepting Miss Evans, who is too long silent, are always busy.

One great romancer, more truly a wizard than Sir Walter Scott, American literature shows in Nathaniel Hawthorne; and Brockden Brown, who was not a master but a pupil of certain English teachers; and Cooper, whose works are even more popular in Europe than in this country, are the most conspicuous of American novelists. Yet these are the only very noted names which are distinctively associated with novel-writing in this country, and they are scattered over more than half a century. We do not forget the capital single novels by "various hands," which have been dropped along the way —"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Dred" are works of creative power. "John Brent" is one of the most characteristic and admirable of modern stories, and they are but illustrations. Yet the truth remains, that our literary tendency is not toward such writing. The magazines complain that a good story is the hardest thing to find; and the chance is that the serial, which is essential to every periodical, is English—not because of the partiality of the editor for English authors, nor of any supposed preference of the reader for English stories, nor because they are "stolen," for they are liberally paid for, but simply because they are better adapted to the taste to which the magazine is addressed.

The great sale of republished novels in this country, and the constant crowds that fill the theatres, show that there is no want of demand for stories and plays; and if the demand creates the supply, we ought certainly to expect a corresponding production. There is an explanation of the matter sometimes urged which is, that, substantially, the English novelists are our novelists also. We speak the same language, it is said, we inherit the same traditions; until two centuries ago English history was our history. Indeed, in his delightful work upon the Life and Genius of Shakespeare, Mr. Richard Grant White refuses to acknowledge any break in the line, and speaks of English literature as "our" literature. Is it not so? Is not Shakespeare ours, and Milton? Are not all the poets and historians who write in our native language ours, as Goethe, and Dante, and Molière are not? Does an English boy read Scott's novels or Robinson Crusoe with more sympathy or intelligence than an American boy? Is Thackeray any more intelligible in London than in New York? If not, is not the distinction we make fallacious? Do not Dickens, and Trollope, and Reade, and Mrs. Gaskell write quite as much for us in America as for us in England? Indeed many an English author has had his first hearty recognition in this country. It was so with Carlyle and Tennyson; and at this moment Robert Browning is doubtless much more widely and truly appreciated here than in England, where he happens to live.

But if we regard the two countries which speak the same language, and which are now brought so nearly into communication as one country, and the audience as virtually one audience, the question still remains why the novels are all written in one part of that country? The answer must probably be sought elsewhere, says another party—possibly in the realm of art. Art requires a certain national culmination for its perfection. It is the ripened fruit. It is the sign of maturity. Is it so? But does not English literature begin with Chaucer, and was England ripe then? Is not the Elizabethan the great literary era of England, and was not that especially the formative and not the ripened period of English history?

Or is it that we are too busy with the material necessities of life in a new country? That will not explain the problem, for the material struggle is a hundred-fold sharper in England than in America. Nowhere is money made so easily and spent so lavishly as by us. Is it, then, a lower reason, a mere detail of the division of labor enforced by a redundant population? Obviously not, for the most assiduous and exclusive devotion to that particular branch of literature does not secure the success of a novel, but a specific natural gift is the charm.

We wonder at the fact, but it is not easy to explain it. We sit in the box and see how easily the play might succeed with a few changes that seem very easy to make. But nobody makes them; and this play changed is not an American drama, but an English drama adapted. If we shut our eyes and reflect, it is plain that the greatest names in the literature of our language are not American—of the very greatest not one is American. Patience, gentlemen, patience! The world is not in its dotage. Grant that what we say is plain. We may still open our eyes again, look round us, and rejoice!

While Congress and the Legislatures are trying to obtain security upon the railroads, we are still pressed with the agitation for good-manners in the cars, and submit the following to the friends of politeness in traveling:

"Dear Easy Chair,—I see in your Magazine for February, 1866, a communication from 'A Gentleman of the Old School' (and I wish there were more of them!), in which he describes the very anti-old-school manners of a certain young woman who appropriated a seat belonging to a *genuine gentleman*, as his conduct under the exasperating circumstances proclaimed him to be.

"Now, dear Easy Chair, I will not write one extenuating word for the Miss or Mrs. Waterfall designated. Yet I would like to ask the 'Old-School Gentleman' why the gentlemen (?) who travel in rail-cars *now* are so different in their manners from those some fifteen years ago? Then, if a lady entered a car, some gentleman near, without the least hesitation, would offer a seat. But observe the contrast now! Generally you will see the gentlemen (?) looking out of the window, or pretending to be asleep, or engrossed in a newspaper, mindful of every thing but of the fact that there is a lady near them not seated.

"If I did not see very young and beautiful women, sometimes with babies in their arms, served in this way, I should at once conclude that I could find no seat because I was a few years older. But we all fare alike, young and

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old, pretty and plain. Evidently it is the custom. Now, Sir, this seems so different from the stories I used to read of chivalric knights of the olden time that I am tempted to think that men in our day are fast becoming selfish or ungallant. Can it be that they are ceasing to be gentlemen?

"Dear 'Gentleman of the Old School,' who is to blame for this apparent want of respect? For my part, I feel quite concerned upon the point. If men's respect for our sex in this country is degenerating I wish to inquire into it; and if our sex is to blame for this degeneracy I for one would like to know it. I think that one of those knights who tilted in a tournament for his lady's smile would have despised himself if he could not stand in a car until he reached the next station, when perhaps he would find a vacant seat with much more ease than a crinolined lady—even if that seat were at the other end of the car.

"Woe is me! that I have lived to see the day when a lady *steals* a seat! For myself, let other women do as they may, I always reserve my *sweetest smile* and most fascinating glance for the *gentleman* who offers me a seat in a crowded rail-car. If he looks weary or ill I do not accept it, but thank him all the same.

"Yours, very kindly,

"A GENTLEWOMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL."

Ah well! the fault is mutual, good Mrs. Gentlewoman. If you had traveled constantly for weeks in the cars, and had seen how very, very, very few of the sex reserve the "sweetest smile and most fascinating glance" for the courteous gentleman who offers his seat—if you had seen passengers seated for a long and tiresome journey rise pleasantly and stand or take a disagreeable seat to accommodate an unrecognizing lady who was going but to the next station, where some equally disdainful sister entered the car and took the seat without a doubting glance, and this constantly, you would not sharpen your heart or your pen against the man who seemed reluctant to surrender his comfort without so much as a thank you. Of course he is not to be seriously defended. He is bound always to be unselfish—that is to say, gentlemanly—whether any other person is ungentlemanly or ungentlewomanly. He must not make the want of manners justify impoliteness.

Meanwhile, if the railroad companies would understand their duties, and give travelers cars enough for their comfort, these frightful moral struggles would be avoided. If our friend the Gentlewoman would represent to Mr. Vanderbilt, for instance, who is the incarnate Hudson and Harlem, or to Mr. Dean Richmond, the Colossus of the Central, that well-meaning and moral ladies are actually compelled to "steal seats" upon those roads, we are sure the gallantry of those gentlemen would at once relieve the pressure upon the patience and politeness of travelers.

"So you did not take Canada on St. Patrick's Day?" said the Easy Chair to an excellent lady of the "Green Isle," who sits at a windy street-corner and sells apples.

"Oh no, Sir. It's nothing but the wind of a few poor Irish people," she replied, in a brogue so rich that her words were almost unintelligible.

And indeed the whole matter of Fenianism, which has roared and rattled in newspapers and orators' mouths for sometime past, seems to be curiously unsubstantial. The panic in Canada and the quasi-panic in Ireland and in Parliament remind the reader of the "Irish night" of James Second, when London quaked and shivered lest it should be obliterated before morning. So far as we can learn there has been no single Fenian discovered in battle-array. The line of the Canadian border has been bristling with volunteers to defend hearth and home; but the enemy, up to the time of this writing, has not shown the shape of his hand or the color of his flag. "Up with the green!" has been the vociferous cry in Jones's Wood; and the fury with which the tyranny of England has been denounced in enthusiastic meetings is savage. But the green has risen—if indeed any bunting has been visible—only among friends, and so persistently and exclusively among friends, and not in the sight of foes, that a Chinese philosopher, intent upon knowing the simple fact of things, might justly ask whether indeed the green had not "gone up" finally?

Yet under all this noise, which inevitably occasions the inquiry whether the money subscribed is used for the good of the cause or merely for the personal comfort and glorification of certain men, there is no doubt that there is a profound injustice in the policy of England toward Ireland. When the bill for suspending the *habeas corpus* was introduced in Parliament, John Bright said that he would not oppose a measure declared by the Government to be essential for the preservation of the public peace, but he protested most sternly against the traditional misgovernment of the country. Never, he exclaimed, does the Government act with energy and promptness toward Ireland except upon a measure of repression or coercion. I have sat here, he continued, through several administrations. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Earl Russell, have all sat at the head of the Government, and the conduct of every administration toward Ireland has been utterly devoid of statesmanship. The fervent orator poured out his wrath and pity, and at the close of his speech carried the House with admiration, although not with sympathy or conviction. Mr. Gladstone complimented him in remarkable terms. He said that Mr. Bright's extraordinary powers had never been displayed to more striking advantage; but that the question was not of general policy, but of special measures to meet a crisis.

The position of Mr. Bright in the debate showed the difference between legitimate and factious opposition, and it is one which may wisely be studied by many of our own legislators. He criticised and condemned the conduct of England hitherto, but he did not refuse to sustain the action of the Government. He strove neither to embarrass, nor thwart, nor delay. See, he said, to what dire extremity the old policy has brought us! Let us obviate the peril, and then, in Heaven's name, prevent its recurrence. This is the attitude of a patriot, not of a partisan. They are the words of a man who loves his country no less wisely than well.

John Stuart Mill also spoke a word for Ireland. It is the point upon which England is chronically mad, and upon which Parliament was exasperated; but he did not hesitate to speak of the injustice with which she was treated. The dignity, and force, and fervor of the two men are of incalculable service to Ireland and to national justice. No Fenian folly can blind thoughtful men to the danger and strange impolicy of the rank wrong of the Church policy in Ireland. John Bull preaches patience, and forbearance, and charity, and conciliation, and brotherly love to us in the great work which now engages all hearts and all hands. Amen and amen! And how about justice and conciliation at home? With many and many excellences, does it occur to John Bull that he is not a model nation? Most

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self-satisfied of all, does it occur to him to ask why of all great nations England excites the most ill-will? The reason is that she does not practice what she so persistently preaches. She talks high morality, and palpably acts from the most sordid motives. What Palmerston was to Lord Chatham in his great days, or to George Canning, that is the England of to-day to a truly great nation. If she would recover her relative consideration in the world must she not clearly listen to the voice of such men as her liberal leaders, and show her quality in pacifying Ireland by justice?

It will be remembered that after the battle of Five Forks, April 1, 1865, General G. K. Warren was relieved by General Sheridan from the command of the Fifth Corps; and that in his report of this battle General Sheridan animadverted sharply upon the conduct of General Warren. General Warren, who bore a most honorable and prominent part in the war, has put forth a pamphlet describing and justifying his conduct on this occasion. We think that he shows conclusively that General Sheridan must, in the heat of the action, have acted from erroneous information in displacing him. We may also infer that this was the opinion of General Grant, since immediately after he selected General Warren for the command of the Department of the Mississippi, then the scene of actual warfare.—In our Monthly Record for May, 1865, some errors occurred, which we correct on the authority of General Warren: On the 29th of March "the Fifth Corps, then under General Meade's direction, had a severe and successful engagement with the enemy." The skirmishing on the 30th was not "unfavorable to the national troops." On the "forenoon of the 31st the advance of the Fifth Corps was attacked by the enemy and driven back to a branch of Gravelly Run; but the enemy were in turn driven, and the engagement terminated with Warren's Corps in possession of the White Oak road. During the afternoon of April 1 Warren was brought up, and his command formed on our right for an attack on the enemy's left. This was made at four P.M., and was completely successful. At the close of this battle General Warren was relieved of his command."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 30th of March. The proceedings of Congress during the month were not of such a character as to demand a detailed mention. The debates in both Houses have turned mainly upon the general systems of policy entertained by the President and his opponents, embracing on the one hand the majority of the Republican members in both Houses, and on the other the Democratic members. They are interesting chiefly as indicating the position of prominent persons, but present no new features. The arguments on both sides had already been exhausted.

The concurrent resolution passed by the House, February 20, providing that members from the eleven seceding States should not be admitted until Congress had declared such States entitled to representation, was passed in the Senate, March 2, by a vote of 29 to 18, the following Republican Senators voting against it: Messrs. Cowan, Dixon, Norton, Stewart, Van Winkle, Doolittle, and Morgan. Various additional amendments to the Constitution have been proposed, but definite action has been reached on none of them.—The bill to admit Colorado as a State was, March 13, defeated in the Senate, by 21 to 14.—The Loan bill passed the House, March 23, by a vote of 83 to 53, with a proviso that of United States notes not more than $10,000,000 should be canceled within six months, and thereafter not more than $4,000,000 in any one month.

In the Senate the Military bill was passed, March 14, by a vote of 27 to 5. It provides that the military peace establishment of the United States shall consist of 5 regiments of artillery, 12 of cavalry, and 50 of infantry. The infantry regiments to consist of ten companies, each having, besides commissioned and non-commissioned officers, 50 privates, which number may be increased to 100 at the discretion of the President. Eight of these regiments are to be composed of colored men. All vacancies in the grade of lieutenant, and two-thirds above that grade, to be filled from volunteer officers and soldiers, and one-third from officers and soldiers of the regular army, who have served during two years of the war, and have been distinguished for capacity and good conduct in the field; promotions in the colored regiments to be confined to the regiments of that corps; and volunteer officers to be distributed among the States in proportion to the number of troops furnished by them during the war. There are to be one Lieutenant-General, five Major-Generals, and ten Brigadier-Generals in the army. No officer of the regular army below the rank of Colonel can be promoted to a higher grade before having passed a satisfactory examination as to fitness and past services; and no person can be commissioned in any regiment until he has passed a satisfactory examination before a board to be convened by the Secretary of War.

In the Senate, the right of Mr. Stockton of New Jersey to a seat was contested on the ground of the alleged illegality of his election. The Committee to whom the question was referred reported in his favor. His claim was at first apparently decided in his favor, his own vote giving him a majority. This vote was given under peculiar circumstances. Mr. Morrill, of Maine, had some time previously "paired off" with Mr. Wright of New Jersey, who was detained from his seat by protracted illness. Mr. Morrill gave notice that he considered the time of this arrangement to have expired, and that he should vote when the question came up. Mr. Wright was unable to be present, and Mr. Morrill's vote made a tie, which was in effect to negative the claim of Mr. Stockton, who thereupon, having been recognized as having the right to vote on all previous questions, voted in his own favor, thus giving him a majority of one. Subsequently it was considered, nearly unanimously, that Mr. Stockton had no right to vote in his own case; and the former vote recognizing him was re-considered, and he was, by a vote of 22 to 21, declared not entitled to the seat. This affair derives special importance from the fact that it may decide the course of the Senate in respect to the passing of the Civil Rights bill over the veto of the President. Mr. Stockton would have voted against the bill; the present Legislature of New Jersey, it is assumed, will

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choose a Senator who is in its favor; and so close is the division in the United States Senate that a single vote may make the difference between acquiescing in the veto or setting it aside by the requisite majority of two-thirds.

On the 28th of March the President sent in his veto upon the bill entitled "An Act to protect all persons in the United States in their Civil Rights, and to furnish the means of their Vindication." This bill had passed both branches of Congress by large majorities: in the House by 111 to 38—34 Representatives not voting; in the Senate by 33 to 12—5 Senators not voting. Those in both Houses who voted for the bill are all Republicans. Of those who voted against it, Senators Cowan of Pennsylvania, Norton of Minnesota, and Van Winkle of West Virginia, Representatives Bingham of Ohio, Latham of West Virginia, Phelps of Maryland, Randall, Rousseau, and Smith of Kentucky, are Republicans; all the others Democrats. Of those not voting 26 Representatives and 3 Senators are Republicans, 8 Representatives and 2 Senators Democrats. The first and second sections of the bill read thus:

"SECTION 1. That all persons born in the United States and not subject to any foreign power, excluding Indians not taxed, are hereby declared to be citizens of the United States; and such citizens, of every race and color, without regard to any previous condition of Slavery or involuntary service, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall have the same right in every State and Territory to make and enforce contracts, to sue, to be sued, be parties and give evidence, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold, and convey real and personal property, and to full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property as are enjoyed by white citizens; and shall be subject to like punishment, pains, and penalties, and to none other; any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

"SECTION 2. And that any person who, under color of any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, or custom, shall subject, or cause to be subjected, any inhabitant of any State or Territory to the deprivation of any right secured or protected by this act, or to punishment, pains, and penalties on account of such person having at any time been held in a condition of Slavery or involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, or by the reason of his color or race, than is prescribed for the punishment of white persons, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, in the discretion of the Court."

The remaining sections, nine in number, prescribe at length the mode of carrying into effect the provisions embodied in the first two sections. Their essential points will be found embodied in the objections made to them by the President. He objects to Section 1 because it declares not only persons of color, but Chinese, Indians who are taxed, and Gipsies to be citizens of the United States. He thinks it inexpedient to bestow the right of citizenship upon four millions of persons who have just emerged from a condition of slavery, while persons born abroad, more likely to understand their duties as citizens, can only become such after a long probation, and upon proof of good character and attachment to the Constitution of the United States. The "subjects embraced in the enumeration of rights contained in this bill have been considered as exclusively belonging to the States; they all relate to the internal policy and economy of the respective States; they are matters which, in each State, concern the domestic condition of its people, varying in each according to its own peculiar circumstances, and the safety and well-being of its citizens."

The President objects to the 2d Section because it "affords discriminating protection to colored persons in the full enjoyment of all the rights secured to them under the preceding section. It implies the probability of forbidden legislation, and imposes pains and penalties upon legislators who shall pass, and judges and officers who shall execute such laws, thus invading the legislative and judicial powers of the States. The remedy proposed against oppressive legislation," he thinks, "not only anomalous but unconstitutional; for the Constitution guarantees nothing with certainty if it does not insure to the several States the right of making laws in regard to all matters arising within their jurisdiction, subject only to the restrictions in cases of conflict with the Constitution or Constitutional laws of the United States—the latter to be held as the supreme law of the land."

The 3d Section gives to the District Courts of the United States exclusive cognizance of all offenses committed against the provisions of this Act, and concurrent jurisdiction with the Circuit Courts of the United States over all civil and criminal cases affecting persons embraced in the special view of this Act. By this Act, the President says, "the Legislative department of the Government of the United States takes from the Judicial department of the States the sacred and exclusive duty of judicial decision, and converts the State Judge into a mere ministerial officer, bound to decide according to the will of Congress." And as in any State where any of the enumerated rights are denied to colored persons all criminal and civil cases affecting them come under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Federal Courts, any colored person who should commit a crime not provided for by the Federal law must be tried by the Federal Courts under the common law, as modified by the laws of the States, so far as the same are not inconsistent with the Constitution and laws of the United States. So that "in the vast domain of criminal jurisprudence provided by each State for the protection of its own citizens and for the punishment of all persons who violate its criminal laws, Federal law, wherever it can be made to apply, displaces State law." The President finds no constitutional authority for this transfer of judicial power. He thinks that for the enforcement of the Amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery there is no necessity for the exercise of the powers conferred by this bill. There is no probability of any attempt by any State to re-establish slavery. But if, says the President, "any such attempt shall be made, it will then become the duty of the General Government to exercise any and all incidental powers necessary and proper to maintain inviolate this great law of Freedom."

The 4th and 5th sections empower officers of the Freedmen's Bureau to make arrests, and provide for Commissioners who may appoint agents to carry into effect the provisions of the Act, authorizing them to call to their aid the military and naval power when necessary. The President thinks such power "conferred upon agents irresponsible to the Government and the people, and to whose number the discretion of the Commissioners is the only limit, may be made a terrible engine of wrong, oppression, and fraud." He thinks the general laws regulating the military power sufficient for any emergency which can arise in time of peace; if not, Congress can amend these laws.

To the 8th and 9th sections, which prescribe certain details in the execution of processes, the President objects, mainly upon account of their practical inconvenience.

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The 9th Section, which authorizes the President, or such person as he may empower, to employ the land or naval forces of the United States or the militia to enforce the execution of this Act, the President considers to "imply a permanent military force, that is always to be at hand, whose only business is to be the enforcement of this measure over the vast region where it is intended to operate."

The following, somewhat abridged, are the closing paragraphs of this veto Message:

"I do not propose to consider the policy of this bill. To me the details of the bill are fraught with evil. The white race and black race of the South have hitherto lived together under the relation of master and slave—capital owning labor. Now that relation is changed, and, as to ownership, capital and labor are divorced. They stand now each master of itself. In this new relation, one being necessary to the other, there will be a new adjustment, which both are deeply interested in making harmonious. This bill frustrates this adjustment. It intervenes between capital and labor, and attempts to settle questions of political economy through the agency of numerous officials, whose interest it will be to foment discord between the two races. In all our history no such system as that contemplated by the details of this bill has ever before been proposed or adopted. They establish for the security of the colored race safeguards which go infinitely beyond any that the General Government has ever provided for the white race. In fact, the distinction of race and color is by the bill made to operate in favor of the colored and against the white race. They interfere with the municipal legislation of the States; with relations existing exclusively between a State and its citizens, or between inhabitants of the same State; an absorption and assumption of power by the General Government which, if acquiesced in, must sap and destroy our federative system of limited powers, and break down the barriers which preserve the rights of the States. It is another step, or rather stride, toward centralization, and the concentration of all legislative powers in the National Government. The tendency of the bill must be to resuscitate the spirit of rebellion, and to arrest the progress of those influences which are more closely drawing around the States the bonds of union and peace.

"My lamented predecessor, in his Proclamation of the 1st of January, 1863, ordered and declared that all persons held as slaves within certain States and parts of States, therein designated, were, and thenceforward should be, free; and further, that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, would recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons. This guarantee has been rendered especially obligatory and sacred by the amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery throughout the United States. I therefore fully recognize the obligation to protect and defend that class of our people whenever and wherever it shall become necessary, and to the full extent compatible with the Constitution of the United States. Entertaining these sentiments, it only remains for me to say that I will cheerfully co-operate with Congress in any measure that may be necessary for the preservation of the civil rights of the freedmen, as well as those of all other classes of persons throughout the United States, by judicial process, under equal and impartial laws, or conformably with the provisions of the Federal Constitution."

The Committee of Fifteen, on the Reconstruction of the Union, presented on the 27th of March an elaborate report, embodying the evidence of more than sixty witnesses as to the state of things in Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. The evidence given by various persons varies greatly both in respect to facts and the opinions deduced from them. General R. E. Lee was among the witnesses examined. His testimony was in the form of reply to direct questions, the answers being usually guarded by the statement that they were expressions of opinion. We endeavor to present the spirit and tone of the leading points of General Lee's testimony. He testified in substance:

I have had little communication with politicians. I know of no one among the so-called "Secession" part of the people of Virginia who contemplates resistance to the Government of the United States. The people acquiesce in that Government, and are in favor of co-operating with President Johnson in his policy of restoration. They expect to pay the taxes levied by the Government. I think they would be willing to pay the Confederate as well as the Federal debt; but they look upon the Confederate debt as lost.

Those with whom I associate express the kindest feelings toward the freedmen, and wish them to get along in the world. The farmers prefer to employ those who had lived with them before. I know of no combination among the whites to keep down the wages of the blacks. The whites wish the blacks to be educated. I do not think the black men as a body as capable of acquiring knowledge as the white. I do not know of the existence of any unlawful combinations among the blacks. The blacks are orderly, but disposed to work only for short jobs, to provide for present maintenance.

In the event of a war with any foreign power I can not say how far the "Secessionists" would for the sake of shaking off the Government of the United States embrace the opportunity. That would depend upon the feelings of the individual. Those with whom I associate wish for peace. For myself, I have not, and never have had, any wish to join the common enemy. During the civil war the Confederate Government wished to be recognized by foreign powers, and would have been glad to have made favorable treaties with them. If the policy of President Johnson is adopted, it will yet take time for the feelings of the people to be of the cordial nature to the Government that they were formerly.

I think there is nothing to prevent capitalists and working-men from the North from going to Virginia. The peace and pleasure of the comers would depend upon their own conduct. If they confined themselves to their own business, and did not provoke controversies with their neighbors, they would not be molested. Probably "Secessionists" would prefer not to associate with Northern men, and would generally not admit them into their social circles.

If a jury was fairly empanneled in Virginia to try Jefferson Davis for treason for having levied war upon the United States I do not think that they would consider that he had committed treason. I think that they would consider that the action of the State, in withdrawing from the Union, carried the individuals in the State along with it; that the State, not individuals, was responsible, and that the Ordinance of Secession, or those acts which recognized a condition of war between the State and the General Government was a justification for bearing arms against the Government of the United States—that the act of Virginia in withdrawing from the United States carried them, as citizens of Virginia, along, and that her laws were binding upon them. That was my view, which I felt to be a justification of the course which I took.

I think an amendment to the Constitution allowing colored people to vote would be objected to in Virginia. Whether, in order to secure a larger representation, Virginia would allow the negro to vote would depend upon her interests; if it were for her interest to admit these people to vote, it might overrule any other objection she had to it; at present I think she would accept the smaller representation.

I knew of no cruelties practiced upon Union prisoners. I had no control of them after they were sent to the Provost Marshal at Richmond. I gave no orders about it; it was in the hands of the War Department. I knew, at the very beginning of the war, that there was suffering among the prisoners on both sides, and did all I could to relieve it. I suppose the Federal prisoners suffered from the lack of ability on the part of the Confederate Government to supply their wants. I knew nothing of the scenes of cruelty said to have taken place at Andersonville and Salisbury. I never knew who was the commandant at Andersonville until, after the cessation of hostilities, I learned from the papers that Captain Wirz had been arrested on that account. I do not know now who commanded at Salisbury.

From the Confederate soldiers I have heard no expression other than of good feeling toward the Federal Government. They looked upon the war as a necessary evil, and went through it. I have seen them relieve Federal soldiers on the field. My orders always were that the wounded of both sides should be treated alike. I think the good feeling on the part of the Confederate soldiers has continued since the close of the war.

I think it would be better for Virginia if she could get rid of the colored population. I have always thought so, and have always been in favor of gradual emancipation. I think Virginia is peculiarly adapted to the kind of labor that would flow into the State, if it were made more attractive by the absence of the colored race.

The testimony of General Alfred H. Terry, who commands the Department comprising a great part of the State of Virginia, relates to many of the sub-

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jects embraced in the testimony of General Lee. General Terry says that he does not come much into personal contact with any except the Union people of Virginia. His means of knowledge are mainly derived from the reports of his subordinates; from the information which comes to him from those in whom he has confidence; and from what he sees in the public press of Virginia. We give the main points in his testimony which, as in the case of General Lee, was given in the form of reply to specific questions, the answers being usually guarded by the expression "I think." General Terry testifies in substance:

The feeling on the part of Secessionists toward Unionists, whether Virginians or from other States, is hostile. There is very little social intercourse between them. I do not think Unionists are secure in the enjoyment of their rights in a Secession community; they could not rely upon the State Courts for justice. The Secessionists, having failed to maintain a separate nationality, wish to keep themselves a separate people. They wish to make treason honorable, and loyalty infamous, and to gain, as far as they can, political power. They are pleased with President Johnson's policy of reconstructing the States, and granting pardons and amnesties, and would favor any action tending to restore them to their former status.

I think if they thought themselves certain of success they would attempt to secede again, and set up an independent government. I know of no existing combinations for this purpose. In the event of a war with a powerful foreign nation, who should land upon the Southern coast, I think the enemy would receive some material aid and much sympathy; and if the circumstances were such as to promise them their independence, a large portion of the people of the South would join the enemy. In the event of a foreign war accompanied with invasion of our territory, I should consider the rebel States as an element of weakness, not of strength.

The treatment of the Freedmen varies greatly. Some endeavor to enter into proper relations with them; others seek to reduce them to a condition which will give the former masters all the benefits of slavery, and throw upon them none of its responsibilities. I think the latter class predominates. I do not think it would be safe to leave the great body of freedmen to the care of the local authorities or of the State Legislatures. I think there would be danger that the blacks would be so treated that they would commit those acts which an oppressed people, sooner or later, commit against their oppressors. I have been informed that the blacks possess arms to some extent; and I have been asked to disarm them. I have not done so. There is no question that the blacks are almost unanimously loyal.

In the case of the withdrawal of military protection I think the condition of the loyal people and the blacks of Virginia would be lamentable. They would not receive from the people or from the courts protection for their rights of person and property, and they would be persecuted through the machinery of the courts as well as privately. Now, when military law is supreme, attempts are made in the courts to punish Unionists for acts done by them under military authority during the war, and I have been obliged to interfere and release from prison men thus prosecuted. I think the Unionists would not be safe in case of the removal of the protecting troops.

Since I took the command, and especially since military restraint has been relaxed, disloyal utterances and publications have very much increased, and seemingly in proportion to the relaxation of military restraint. I can not trace events to their causes, so as to be able to say whether the liberal policy of President Johnson, in granting pardons to the rebels, has had the effect to increase or decrease the feeling of respect toward the Government of the United States on the part of the people of Virginia.

During the month of March great alarm existed in Canada on account of the Fenian movement in the United States. The militia were called out and kept under arms. There was a general apprehension that Saint Patrick's Day, March 17, would be signalized by an invasion from the States and an uprising among the Fenians in Canada; but the day passed without any disturbance, and on the 30th of March the volunteer force which had been kept under arms was disbanded.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

A slight encounter took place in the harbor of Anoud, island of Chiloe. Two Spanish steamers found the Chilean vessels in this port; standing in to ascertain the depth of water, the Spanish steamers were fired upon from a shore battery, and from the Chilean vessels. After a cannonade of two hours, at long range, the Spaniards hauled off, having suffered some little damage.

From the River Plata intelligence comes down to the close of January. The Allies, numbering 57,000, were encamped near Corrientes, almost 1000 miles up the river, where the serious attempt to invade Paraguay must begin, for which considerable preparations had been made. The river above that point is said to be obstructed by torpedoes.

EUROPE.

On the 12th of March a bill greatly extending the right of suffrage in England and Wales was introduced into Parliament by Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It extends the right of voting for members of Parliament for a county to every person of full age, and subject to no legal disability, who has for twelve months occupied premises of the yearly value of £14 or upward. The qualifications for voting for member of Parliament for a borough are still lower. For such member any person can vote who has for a year occupied premises of the yearly value of £7; or who has for six months occupied lodgings, being part of a dwelling-house, the yearly rent of the lodgings unfurnished being not less than £10; or who has for two years had a balance of £50 deposited in any savings-bank. Votes must be registered. No person employed in any Government arsenal, dockyard, or factory connected with the army or navy, can vote in the county or borough where these are situated while so employed, or within two months from the time when he has quit such employment. The county requisite is now £50, reducing it to £14 would add 170,000 to the county voters. The other changes would add 230,000 to the voting population, making the entire voting population 550,000 for counties and 514,000 for towns. The general idea in fixing the rate for towns is to put it in the power of any artisan to vote who earns £1 6s. a week. The provisions of this bill do not apply to Scotland or Ireland. April 12 was fixed upon as the time for the second reading of the Bill.

In the French Corps Legislative there is a considerable opposition manifested against the policy of keeping up a French foothold in Mexico. The boldness with which some members, especially M. Jules Favre, animadvert upon the policy and measures of the Emperor is in strong contrast with the proceedings of the French Chambers during so many years.

Unpleasant relations exist between Austria and Prussia, growing out of the old question of the occupation of the Duchies which were wrested from Denmark. The Prussian Minister, in reply to an address from the Holstein nobles, informed them: "I have already previously stated that I consider the union of the Duchies with the Prussian monarchy to be the most advantageous solution possible. Respect for those who signed the address encourages the King's Government to make fresh endeavors to obtain the consent of Austria to this solution, and to satisfy the claims of Prussia, which will be maintained, under any circumstances, in such a manner as to restore the administrative unity of the Duchies and guarantee their prosperity."

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Editor's Drawer.

A CORRESPONDENT in the Ordnance Office, Washington, writes:

Your "Magazine" is eagerly looked for, and as eagerly perused by us clerks as by any one else, and the funny things of the Drawer are laughed at heartily *even* by the Government employés [wonderful!]. I send the following, which, if you think worthy, you may give them a place:

I was visiting the United States Army Medical Museum here, accompanied by a young lady friend of mine. While looking at some badly-fractured skulls, my companion pointed out one with two bullet-holes through it, and, after expressing her astonishment, remarked, absently: "Tom, do you suppose he is alive now?" We had been previously looking at some bones of the leg and arm, and I had said that the owners of many of them were still living.

WHILE connected with the Twenty-seventh New York State Volunteers, there was in the Company of which I was a member an Irishman known to nearly every man in the brigade as the best man to find whisky in the whole army. No matter how tired Jimmy might be after a long day's march, as soon as the order "Break ranks" was given, off Jimmy would start; and as surely as he *did* start, so sure would he be to come back with a full canteen. He would crawl into the tent which his mess had set up during his absence, drink himself drunk, go to the guard-house and sleep off the effect of his potations, and start for more of the "craythur." Well, one day, on his way back to camp, he got tired, and sitting down on a stump he proceeded to "take a horn." It happened that the Colonel was on his way to Alexandria, and knowing Jim as well as any one of us did, he thought to surprise the little Irishman. So going up silently behind him—Jim at the time intent on some astronomical observation—he spoke out suddenly:

"Here, Jimmy! I'll have none of that!"

Jim looked around, and drawing in his breath for a new attack on the whisky, said, coolly:

"Be dad, thin, *there's none for ye!*" and finished his bottle.

FROM the Freedmen's Hospital, Mobile, Alabama, we have the two that follow:

On one of my tours of inspection through the Colony of Freedmen at this place, I called, as usual, on *Aunt Sally*, an old colored woman, and found her suffering from an attack of small-pox.

Having left orders for her transfer to the hospital, and directed her grandson, Levi, a lad of some twelve years, to take the order to the Steward, I returned to the office, where I was soon waited upon by the aforesaid Levi, who, after having jerked his head vigorously to one side, and produced a loud scrape upon the floor with the big boot which encased his right leg, delivered himself of the following:

"My gran-mover say, ax you please, Sir, will you be so kind as to give her suthin good t'eat. She says she can't eat salt pork, and sich, with *that air thing to her!*" meaning, of course, the small-pox.

ON my way South I had occasion to stop over night at the P—— House, Vicksburg, Mississippi. The hotel is undoubtedly the best in the city, and presided over by a very fine Southern gentleman, late a Colonel in the so-called C. S. Army.

At meal-time I noticed that instead of printed "bills of fare," the Colonel stationed himself at one end of the dining-room, and in a voice loud enough to be heard far outside the room named over, for the information of his guests, the articles that had been prepared for the table. The great novelty of this procedure induced me to ask the Colonel how the habit originated. He replied that, some years ago, he kept a hotel in Tallahassee, Florida, and entertained a great many Members of the Legislature, and as the *Members could not read*, he had to resort to this measure—a habit which he had since carried out from choice.

A FRIEND in Missouri writes to his "Dear Old Drawer:"

Old Parson Patton is one of the old-fashioned preachers who are guiltless of Greek and Hebrew, but do a vast amount of good in their peculiar way. He lived in Central Missouri at the time the war broke out, was a stanch Union man, and the "right to secede" not having at that time been decided by the "inexorable logic of events," was the subject of frequent and animated discussion between the Parson and old Colonel B——, one of his flock. The Colonel maintained and dogmatically decided that the right of secession was implied if not expressed in the Constitution, and, if not "so nominated in the bond," it should be. The Parson was called to officiate when Mary, the Colonel's daughter, proposed to become Mrs. Epperson. All parties were ready on the floor. The Parson (deviating from the text) asked, "Do you, Mr. Epperson, take this woman to be your lawful and wedded wife, to love and cherish," etc., "as long as it suits your convenience?" "Hold on, Parson! What is that?" "Nothing, Brother B——," said the Parson; "I am only putting in the secession clause!"

THE Parson was engaged in a social discussion of the subject of Baptism, when the Greek word *βάπτω* was mentioned. He acknowledged his ignorance of the language, but said he had a Testament in some such lingo, and was willing to hear the disputed verse and chapter read in that. It proved to be in German, which one of the company read aloud. Parson P. waited patiently till the chapter was ended, and then said: "Well, my dear friends, that may be, and doubtless is, the word of God, but it don't sound a bit like it. Why, brethren, if I was the Recording Angel, and a man said his prayers in that lingo, I should be just as likely to charge him with '*cussing*' as to credit him with a prayer!"

"Do not take that egg. The hen will not lay without you leave one egg in the nest," said a mother to a child five years old. "Do they keep the egg for a pattern, mother?" asked the child.

I WAS in Grant's army (writes a soldier), operating against Vicksburg. M'Pherson had already crossed the river near Grand Gulf, and in action with the enemy had taken quite a number of prisoners. As they were being sent to Old Camp, at Young's Point, they passed our division. One of

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the prisoners was a great, raw-boned, giant sort of a fellow, and attracted the notice of all us "Yanks." Many were the remarks made to him of both a pleasant and an insulting nature, but he seemed indifferent to all. When just opposite where I was standing the prisoners were halted, and feeling full of fun I thought I would have some sport with the fellow above-mentioned. Stepping up to him, followed by quite a number of my comrades, I said:

"How are you, Johnny? Where you going?"

"Up North, you old fool, where all Southern gentlemen go for their health and pleasure in the summer time!"

The "laff" was on me.

A PEEKSKILLER records the following of his little people:

We are blessed with a helpmate frugal, not parsimonious. We have also among our juvenile treasures two lords of creation—one six, the other three—the elder always the champion of the younger, and from whose acutely generous sensibilities economical edicts ever elicit endless eccentric effusions. Upon being denied the privilege of playing in the slushy snow the other day, the two in solemn conclave assembled in the corner of the room to discuss their wrongs. "Ed-dee," asked the younger, "why mamma not let us go out?—she 'fraid we cold?" "No," replied Ed-dee, emphatically, with a roguish look at the maternal deity, "she 'fraid we *waste the snow!*"

THE two that follow are sent as specimens of law in Arkansas:

A son of the Emerald Isle having joined the army, leaving his wife in Memphis, was surprised on his return, at the expiration of three years, to find that she had gone to St. Louis. Following her there, however, the lost was soon found, and all went well until she, representing in glowing terms the fat living and good pay afforded by Uncle Sam's Quartermaster's Department at De Valls Bluff, Arkansas, he proceeded thither, his wife bearing him company. But scarcely had they reached there before the perfidious woman "took up with another man," coolly informing her husband that she had married him (No. 2) during his (No. 1's) absence. Indignant at such treatment, suit by No. 1 was instituted, and at the trial, before a Justice of the Peace, the following remarkable decision was rendered by the exponent of Coke and Blackstone:

"The Court decides that the woman's first husband, being her husband, can not testify in the case; therefore, for want of testimony, the Court declares the second husband the woman's lawful husband!"

MY own experience is almost as "rich:"

Doing business at De Valls Bluff, it became necessary, a few weeks ago, to cause the arrest of a person supposed to contemplate absconding without the preliminary of paying his debts; therefore I called upon Justice S——, and after a close examination of the statutes "in such cases made and provided," a writ of arrest was duly issued and delivered for service to a young man acting as deputy-constable, with whom I proceeded in search of the delinquent, who, found and arrested, requested to hear the substance of the writ. The deputy, however, could not accommodate him, having, as he said, "never learned to read." This was a back-set, and the debtor refusing to have any one else to read it, we were compelled to again seek the Justice and report the facts, but on reaching his office the regular constable was found in attendance, and to him the document was accordingly handed. With a triumphant air he turned to the debtor, who had followed us, and clearing his voice with a preparatory cough, proceeded to read—no, but he didn't! for though gravely turning it over and over, after considerable stuttering and stammering, he burst out with, "Why, Squire, you have written this so I can't read it myself!" This was "a stunner," and the dilemma was awkward, but the objective party in the case kindly came to relieve us by offering to consider himself arrested, in consideration of which act of charity the constable took him out to drink; and I, after strictly cautioning the Squire not to take any but responsible parties as bondsmen, as he would be himself liable, left the case to the proper development of time and the law. A few days afterward I was notified to attend the trial of the case, but meeting the Squire found that the bird had flown. I then inquired who went his bond, and two of the most thoroughly law-proof individuals in the place were named. Somewhat indignant, I retorted that having warned him of his responsibility, I had supposed he would know better. "Wa'al," he replied, "I guess you can't get much out of me, for I hain't give any bonds, and *ain't* worth a cent!" This capped the climax, and my prosecution of irresponsible parties there and then ended at once.

A PENNSYLVANIA correspondent of the Drawer says:

A few days after Mr. Johnson vetoed the Freedmen's Bureau bill a few of our citizens were assembled in an up-town shoe-store talking it over, and expressing their opinions as to Mr. Johnson's course. Adam P—— interrupted the assembly by stating "that he agreed with Mr. Johnson in the matter, and thought he was perfectly right in vetoing the proposed bill." Being asked for his reasons, he replied "that he couldn't see why the Government should go to the expense of giving every nigger a *bureau*, because all he ever knew could carry their clothes in a *carpet-bag!*"

JUDGE P——, of Syracuse, New York, although devoted to what many call a dry profession, nevertheless has a high appreciation of a joke, and tells one well. The Judge is an accomplished scholar and an able mathematician. On a recent occasion he was endeavoring to perform that impossibility of science—squaring the circle. Of course he soon relinquished so hopeless a task; but his friends, willing to vex him by recalling the visionary scheme, were constantly asking the question:

"Judge, have you squared the circle yet?"

At last he surprised one of them by answering, "Yes."

"Why, how, Judge?"

"I drove a four-inch scantling through a knot-hole!"

HERE is a good thing that I will tell as 'twas told to me:

An old fellow in a neighboring town, who is original in all things, especially in excessive egotism and profanity, and who took part in the late great rebellion, was one day blowing in the village tavern to a crowd of admiring listeners, and boasting of his many bloody exploits, when he was interrupted by the question:

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"I say, old Joe, how many rebs did you kill during the war?"

"How many did I kill, Sir? *how many* rebs did I kill? Well, I don't know just 'zactly *how* many; but I know this much—I killed as many o' them *as they did o' me!*"

THE *Gospel Messenger*, published at Utica, in this State, has the following anecdote of Charley Lamb, which we would have thought too irreverent for the Drawer but for its appearance in that religious paper:

At a dinner-table, among a large number of guests, Charles Lamb's white cravat caused a mistake to be made, being taken for a clergyman, and he was called to "say grace." Looking up and down the table, he asked, in his inimitable lisping manner, "Is there no cl-cl-clergyman present?" "No, Sir," answered a guest. "Th-then," said Lamb, "let us thank God."

HAPPENING to be in Hartford, Connecticut, on the 7th and 8th of January last, during the severe cold weather, I heard a milk peddler thus describing the extent of the same to a friend: "I live four miles west of the city, and it was so cold this morning when I went out to milk that the stream froze from the cow to the pail, and I was obliged to sell it by the yard!" I was fully convinced that it was severe when I learned that the thermometer indicated twenty-one degrees below zero, but much more so when he had finished his story.

EVERY one who has ever served in the Old Tenth Army Corps will remember that accomplished soldier, Colonel George F. Towle, so long the Inspector-General of the Corps. The Colonel, under a very quiet exterior, concealed a most determined character, and in the performance of his official duties was especially intolerant of all who evinced any disposition to shirk their work. While the Tenth Corps was encamped at Bermuda Hundred, in the summer of 1864, he had occasion to inspect one of the brigades of "hundred days' men" doing duty on the line of intrenchments, which he did in his usual thorough manner.

During the inspection the brigade commander was continual in his complaints about the hard nature of the duty required of them. "They did not enlist for the front, but to guard fortifications at the rear." "They did not like fatigue duty—the shovels blistered their hands." "Nor to go on picket; for some of his men were worth twenty thousand dollars, and were not used to sleeping out of a night." "They could not get any butter, and the hard tack hurt their teeth." "He himself had been in service six weeks, and never had a furlough," etc., etc.; all of which the Colonel heard in grim silence. Finally, as he was mounting his horse to depart, the General, surrounded by a group of his officers and men, anxious to show them his zeal in making their hardships known at headquarters, appealingly said: "Now, Colonel, you have seen our condition, and I ask you if you really believe we can be of the least service to the country here up to the front?"

"Well, General," was the cool reply, "since you ask me, I will say that I *do* believe you can be of some service here; and, in proof of the possibility, I would remind you that the cackling of geese saved Rome when the Gauls assaulted the Capitol, and should Beauregard assault these lines, I am of opinion you are well qualified to do us a like service in the same way!"

I AM under obligations to the Drawer for having preserved many really beautiful things which would otherwise have been lost. The poem below (which I wish you to preserve) has been credited to Charles Mackay, and was printed in England as his. It has been set to music by two American composers, one of whom, by implication at least, claims to have written the words. The poem was written by M. H. Cobb, an American journalist, and was printed in the *Tribune* about ten years ago:

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory;
If writ in human hearts, a name
Seemed better than in song and story;
If men instead of nursing pride
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied on Love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands,
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine" would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheathe its knife
Till Good became more universal;
If Custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone for Truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things—
Affecting less in all their dealings—
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If Right made Might in every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

JACOB BRUMMER, a Dutchman, a very light-hearted chap, having enlisted in the United States Volunteer Artillery, was sent to the barracks at Trenton, New Jersey, in the winter of 1864, to wait there till a sufficient number of recruits were enrolled in the same regiment with him, to be then sent to Washington. He took one of the upper bunks in the barracks assigned to him together with a friend, and they spent their time the best way they could with smoking and drinking lager-beer, which could be obtained of a sutler within the pallisades of the camp. Things went on well enough till their money gave out, when one evening Brummer sold his shoes to one of the numerous peddlers about the camp, and with the money procured the drinks for himself and his friend. But when the lager was gone the idea pressed upon Brummer's mind what account he should give next morning of his boots—though he was not studying long when an idea struck him.

In the next bunk to him Teddy, an Irishman, had put up his quarters, who had already received part of his bounty and bought two pairs of boots; he had one pair on his feet, and the other pair with his shoes strapped on his knapsack. Teddy had

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that same day been visited by his wife, and having after her departure drained the contents of an innocent-looking soda-water bottle, was fast asleep, sticking his feet over the intervening plank into our hero's bunk, whose eyes began to look brighter and brighter the longer they looked at the intruders of his home. The temptation seemed strong; he drew out his knife and began, to the astonishment of his friend (who did not seem to see the point), to cut deliberately the initials of his name, J. B., under both soles of his neighbor's boots, filling up the fresh cuts with dirt.

The next morning at roll-call he took his place in front of his bunk, but minus boots; and the attention of the officer of the day was soon called to the fact by the tittering of the boys near him, and sternly looking at him, asked: "What has become of your boots?" Brummer answered: "They were stolen last night;" and the officer immediately instituted a search. His attention was soon called by one of the searching party to the boots lying in Teddy's bunk, and calling for the owner, Teddy stepped forward and claimed them. The officer then asked Brummer if these were the boots he had lost, to which he answered No; but pointing at his adversary's feet, exclaimed: "Those boots look mightily like mine, and if you only let me look at the bottom of them, where my name is cut in, I can make sure!" Teddy's wrath was great when he heard himself thus accused of theft. He finally pulled off his boots—but lo! there were the letters J. B. plainly cut in both soles. Teddy, now dumb with astonishment, had to give up the boots, and showing strong inclinations to fight, was marched off to the guard-house. The boots were now handed to Brummer, and he hastened to put them on, but tried in vain. The boots were worn by a man measuring five feet five inches—were No. 7; and the smallest that Brummer—who measured six feet one inch—could get on was No. 11.

The whole proceeding was observed by the officer, who now began to view the case in a different light. Brummer was closely questioned; and seeing himself detected pleaded guilty, and acknowledged how he had done the trick. Brummer only escaped punishment by being that day sent to the front.

In a small town in Northern Indiana an attorney by the name of H—— was arguing a question before Judge C——, after the Court had plainly intimated its view of the matter. H—— persisted in his remarks; and the Judge, who was in a hurry at the time, said:

"The Court has made up its mind on that subject; if you don't think it is right, you can take it up to the Court of Errors and have the decision reversed."

"If this is not a Court of Errors," was the reply, "I would like to know where you would find it!"

Another lawyer, of fluid tendencies, was discussing some fine point of law, and getting out of patience at the inability of the Court to take his own view of it, said the intellect of the Court was so dark a flash of lightning could not penetrate it. The Judge being a new-comer, and not knowing the peculiarities and failings of the man, imposed a severe punishment on him for contempt of court. Some of the lawyer's friends stated the case to his Honor, and the punishment was remitted on the condition that he should publicly apologize to the Court. He was accordingly brought up the following morning, and made amends by saying:

"I regret very much that I said, in the heat of the moment, that the intellect of the Court was so dark lightning could not penetrate it. I guess it could; *it is a very penetrating thing!*"

Judge H——, of Northwestern Illinois, tells the following story of his early practice:

Soon after I commenced the practice of law I was engaged in trying a small matter of accounts before a Justice of the Peace, another young lawyer being employed on the other side. There was not much to be said, it is true; and about the time we got through with the testimony I noticed the Justice figuring on a piece of paper and writing in the docket. As soon as the last witness was through I got up to argue my side of the case. The Court, who was of a thirsty temperament, got up, and as he left the bench said, coolly: "Young men, you can go on with your arguments; I will be in pretty soon. The judgment is fifty dollars!" We didn't proceed.

The following hand-bill was posted up in a small village hotel near Lyons, Illinois, where the "lecture and supper" were delivered. Is this combination of the real and ideal a Boston importation?

LYONS YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

LECTURE BY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON,

At Lyons, Monday Evening, January 22.

Subject—"*SOCIAL AIMS.*"

Sleighing Parties from a distance will be received at the Clinton House, where *Oyster Supper and Music* will be waiting for Guests after nine o'clock.

Tickets for Lecture and Supper $1 each.

☞ Team Accommodations may be had at the various Stables in the City.—(Music Extra.)

We have some rousing snow-drifts up here in Oswego County. Some of them are reported to have very ancient foundations. Our seasons are known to be long, cold winters, and short, hot summers. A carriage-wheel is seldom seen or wished for, as the following will illustrate:

One man riding along observes man No. 2 digging in the snow at what looked to him like a well. Being a stranger, and therefore a little curious, he inquired the object of this excavation. "Wa'al, you see, I'm making a little eye-water, and I am digging after some snow seven years old. They say that's a little the best!"

In a recently-published English work there are some little incidents pertaining to the life of Charles Lamb which may be new and interesting to the admirers of that unique and pleasant man.

All particulars about Lamb's home and household are interesting. For a long time he had submissively endured the rule of a sort of housekeeper, "Becky"—a true specimen of the old-servant tyranny; and who, having a thorough contempt for the "ways" of bookish men, affected to control the whole house in matters of the world. Yet she was faithful, and stood between them and tradesmen's extortions; for Lamb had a theory that it was only fair to bakers, butchers, etc., to pay for what the house *ought* to consume, not for what it did consume. When she left her situation to be married, Lamb was rather disgusted with her placid and submissive successor. "She is less than a cat," he

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said, "and just better than a deal dresser." "With all her airs," he says of Becky, "she was yet a home piece of furniture—a record of better days."

The following note, addressed to a gentleman with whom Lamb and his sister were in the habit of frequently dining, is characteristic:

"DEAR SIR,—If convenient, will you give us house-room on Sunday next? I can sleep any where? If any other Sunday suits you better, pray let me know. *We were* talking of roast shoulder of mutton and onion sauce; but I scorn to prescribe to the hospitalities of mine host."

"Believe me," said Lamb on one occasion to a friend, "the best acid is *assiduity*."

The "dipping" story, as illustrative of Lamb's stammer, is well known: "I am to be d-d-dipped—" he said to the bathing-men. "All right, Sir!" and he was plunged forthwith. He came up gasping. "I am to be di-di-ppe-d—" and he went down again. The third time he got the rest of the sentence out—"only once!"

On a certain occasion he was to meet at dinner a poet, whose friend had submitted some newly-published verses to his inspection. The poems were shown to Lamb a little before the author's arrival. When he came he proved to be empty and conceited. During dinner Lamb fell into the drollery of saying, now and again: "That reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young," and then would quote a line or two which he recollected from the gentleman's book, to the latter's amazement and indignation. Lamb, immensely diverted, capped it all by introducing the first lines of "Paradise Lost"—"Of man's first disobedience"—as also written by himself, which actually brought the gentleman on his feet, bursting with rage. He said he had sat by and allowed his own "little verses" to be taken without protest, but he could not endure to see Milton pillaged.

NOT far from the village of Mexico, in the Empire State, resides a good-natured, joke-loving doctor, whom we will call D——. An old man of his acquaintance was having some manner of trouble with his head, which impaired his hearing, for the relief of which he had unsuccessfully applied many remedies. At last, hearing or dreaming of the medicinal properties of kerosene, he pours into his ear a few drops, which of course inflamed and burned it, making the matter still worse. Becoming a little frightened, he rushes to Doctor D—— and informs him of his troubles, telling him what remedies he had applied, and the disastrous result. The Doctor heard his story, then, after a short pause, asked: "You poured kerosene into your ear, did you, and it inflamed it?" "Yes," was the response. "Then put in a wick and burn it out!"

LITTLE ALLIE, only four years old, can talk plainly enough when she chooses; but every little while she has a curious freak of pretending to talk like a baby.

"*Pease*, mamma, may I have some *keame?*" said she, at the tea-table one night.

"Say *cream*, my dear; do not say *keame;* it is not correct to talk so."

"But I don't want to talk correct," returned Miss Allie; "I want to talk *peculiar!*"

ALLIE, like all children, is very imitative. She has been taken to church two or three times, and there watches intently every thing she sees; and when she comes home she has a little mimic church all by herself—singing, praying, and preaching without the slightest hesitation. She is fond of taking the Bible and pretending to read from it, using in ready succession a miscellaneous collection of words which she has picked up. Sometimes these words are very judiciously arranged, she having some idea of the people in the Bible, from having heard stories about them. The other day she took a little Prayer Book that she has a fancy for, and read from it, slowly and distinctly:

"And Abraham disobeyed the Lord, and the Lord whipped Abraham!"

A SINGING DITTY.

SOME sing for love; some sing for gain;
Some sing to lull another's pain;
I've sung because you asked me to,
But surely that's not "something new."

Some sing for grief, and some for joy;
Some sing to please, some to annoy;
Some of you sing because you ought to
Practice the scales your teacher taught you.

The young lady at the piano-forte
Sings till her listening lover's caught;
And gentlemen with "light guitars"
Sing late at night beneath the stars.

Some sing to stop uneasy thinking;
Some only sing when they've been drinking;
And then to give the neighbors warning
They're up, and "won't go home till morning."

Some sing to please a haughty lady,
And some to ease a naughty baby;
Some sing for spite; some sing, like boys,
For mere delight of making noise.

Some idle people sing because
They've nothing else on earth to do;
And some folks make an awful noise,
And think that they are singing too!

SOME years ago, shortly after the introduction of the Illinois Central Road through that portion of Illinois known as "Egypt," an honest countryman, who had lived some forty years or thereabout in blissful ignorance of every thing pertaining to the "kers," was appointed station-agent at C——, one of those little out-of-the-way places where, as Dickens says, "no one could by any possibility want to get off or on." On receiving his instructions he was told, among other things, that as C—— was merely a "flag station," trains would stop only when some one wished to get off or on; and that if he wanted to stop any train he must "flag" it.

Shortly after his appointment, accordingly, as the "mail" came thundering on, he placed the magic red flag in position—the signal to stop.

As the car drew up to the station the conductor jumped off on the platform, with his accustomed "All aboard!" at the same time asking if there were "any passengers to get on?"

"Wa'al, not as I knows of," was the puzzled agent's reply.

"Then what did you stop the train for?" shouted the irate conductor.

"I didn't know but some un might want to *get off!*" said the obliging "agent" in a conscious tone of injured innocence.

WHILE a prosecution in P——, Ohio, for grand larceny was proceeding, a few days since, the attorney for the State insisted upon a conviction with

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some force. He was answered by the attorney for the defense with an appeal for mercy, and was then denounced for his blood-thirstiness in the following language: "The State insists upon a conviction. They want the last pound of flesh; not only the pound of flesh, but the blood that must come with it, as Shylock did in the case of Hamlet!"

CAPTAIN BOBBY WHITE, an old East India trader, was a bull-dog of a sailor, and would trounce any of his men when they displeased him. My grandfather knew him well, and used to tell of him whipping his first-mate for some imaginary offense, fastening him up in the ship's large hen-coop, and there feeding him daily through the slats—calling out, as he put the victuals in, "Chook, chook, chook!" Arrived at Newcastle, on the Delaware, the mate entered suit, gained his case, and received before the whole court considerable damages in gold and silver coin. As the plaintiff gathered the coin quietly in his palm, amidst the silence of the court and the deep curses of the defeated Captain, he called out, as each piece came off the table, "Chook, chook, chook!" You may imagine the gravity of the court after that.

ONE of our "Justices" received notice from the United States Deputy Assessor that he must take out a license as a "conveyancer," as he had violated the law. The "Justice" went to "his lawyer" in alarm, and stated his case, adding: "I have had nothing to do with conveying passengers. T—— & Co. are the only persons doing a 'staging' business in town!"

HERE is a caution to those who send comic Valentines:

On the 14th of February last I sent to a "gay and festive" youth in Ohio a life-like and highly-colored picture of a donkey's head. Under the picture was written: "Thou art beside thyself." I thought, of course, he would see the point, and it would be a good joke on *him*. Alas! he saw beyond the point, and the joke's on me, as the following copy of a letter just received from him will show:

"DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 14th is at hand; also the photograph so long expected. On comparing it with the picture of you already in my possession I unhesitatingly pronounce it an excellent likeness, and, as a work of art, one that reflects great credit on the executor. Yet I am surprised that, with all your impudence, you are unable to stand before the machine without a touch of what is called the 'photographic grin!'"

A FRIEND in San Francisco writes:

An article in your January Number concerning typographical errors and misprints, reminds me of a certain phase of my literary experience which may interest your readers. It was my fortune once to be installed in the editorial sanctum of a country newspaper during the absence of its regular editor. Our typographical force was small and of local origin. One day I was called upon to write the obituary of the belle of an adjacent town, who had died deeply lamented by the social circle of which she was the life and beauty. I wrote what I conceived to be an affecting and pious tribute; among other things detailed the circumstances of her last illness, and dwelt tenderly upon her dying injunction that no formal monument should be placed above her grave, but a plain slab with the simple inscription: "Mary." On reading the proof of my article, however, I became doubtful of the correctness of her Christian name, and hurriedly ran my pencil through it as a preliminary to correction. One of the townsfolk dropping in at that moment assured me that the young girl's name *was* "Mary," and I accordingly dotted a line below the erased word, writing in the margin of the proof the usual direction, "Stet" (Let it stand). My sagacious foreman seldom gave me revises, but assured me in this instance that the proof was duly corrected. I was somewhat astonished the next morning on learning from the paper that the dying girl had requested, as a last favor, that upon her tomb-stone should be placed "the simple inscription, 'Stet!'" It availed me nothing that I endeavored to explain to the tearful but indignant parents that the mistake, after all, was not so *very* bad. Many of the people believed that I had actually attempted to improve the poor girl's dying injunction with "my college lingo."

IN the conventional sense I was not "happy" in my obituaries. I was never asked to write another, but when the next decease occurred in Slumgullion an obituary suitably prepared was sent to me for publication by a disconsolate widower. It was constructed according to the usual formula which distinguishes that class of composition, and suitably garnished with diluted sentiment and Scriptural quotation. I handed it over to the printer without comment or correction. On looking over the proof, however, I perceived that the lady was spoken of as having been "remarkable for her *chastity*." As this was evidently intended to be "charity," and not a malicious slur on the fair fame of the rest of the village, I underlined the obnoxious word, made an interrogation point in the margin, and sent the proof to the bereaved husband, with the request that he should return it directly to the printer after making his corrections. Other engagements kept me away from the office until after the *Slumgullion Independent* had gone to press. The next morning a zealous friend called upon me at an early hour, and imparted the pleasing information that the bereaved husband was, in the local dialect, "hunting me." "You see," added my sympathizing friend, "the old fool can't take a joke, and he swears he'll have your life."

"But I haven't joked with him!" I began, in amazement.

"You don't mean to say that you meant that for good?" said my friend, with some concern depicted on his face.

"Meant what? For goodness' sake what do you mean?"

"Why, that joke on Follinsbee's wife! You see," he continued, confidentially, "the innocent old ass thought every thing of old Suke Follinsbee, and that air dig of yours in the paper rather got him. It was pretty rough on Suke too, but it was very good! He! he!"

I snatched the paper from his hand and ran my eye rapidly over the obituary. It had never been corrected. But as it went on to recount the virtues of the deceased, it seemed that the ingenious printer had seen fit to interpolate my query as an editorial doubt of one of the qualities of the esteemed Mrs. Follinsbee, and she was spoken of as having been "remarkable for her *chastity*." (?)

THE typographical force of the *Independent*, with all its shortcomings, was extremely sensitive of its honor—a fact which was made apparent to me at

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Christmas-time. I had written the usual holiday editorial, and having had occasion to repeat the word "Christmas" frequently, I made the usual abbreviation in my copy—"Xmas." I was somewhat indignant at finding this abbreviated form retained in the proof wherever it had occurred. I dashed my pencil through the X's, wrote the correct word in the margin, and returned the proof. The revise exhibited the X's unaltered. Somewhat angrily I summoned the printer, and pointing to the proof, demanded why it had not been corrected. A light seemed to flash upon his mind. "Why, blame my skin ef that ain't the worst thing yet! You see, I thought them X's was mighty foolish any how; but when you writ them words up there I thought you was just *cussin'!*"

Slumgallion now owns two newspapers, and its typographical force is greatly enlarged.

An Episcopal clergyman sends the next two:

Our Bishop is one of those men of eminent ability whose geniality of disposition makes them pleasant companions, at the same time detracting nothing from the dignity of their official acts. He was staying one evening with Dr. Kirkton, previous to an ordination to be held in the Doctor's church, and the conversation happening to turn upon the personal appearance of some of the dignitaries of the church, he observed that although he himself was not decidedly little, yet when he was at home at his father's he was always called "Little Benny," his name being Benjamin. He ascribed this to the circumstance that the family were generally large, and that some of his ancestors were of gigantic size—a proof of which was preserved in the family in the shape of a colossal pair of shoes which had once belonged to one of them. That the present solid figure and venerated character of the Bishop had a personal identity with the Little Benny of boyhood years seemed to strike the fancy of Mrs. K., and was made the subject of a witticism by her. After the ordination, the next day, the Bishop and the newly-ordained clergy dined at Dr. K.'s. The Bishop's humor was excited by the unusual names of the new parsons. There was a Jonas, a Joel, and an Amos among them. Accordingly he remarked that "it was not every one's privilege to sit down in such a company of the Prophets. Here we have," said he, "Joel and Amos and Jonas!" His humor had only half time to make itself felt when Mrs. K. retorted upon him, "And *there* is *Little Benjamin*, their Ruler!"—bearing a double allusion to "Little Benny" and the "Little Benjamin" of the Sixty-eighth Psalm. The laugh which followed was relished by none more than by the Bishop himself.

The Rev. Mr. Oilman is vain of his person, as well as something of a demagogue in his preaching, and is in consequence distasteful to some of his clerical brethren. One of them tells this story of him:

Oilman was staying overnight with the Rev. Dr. Kirkton, and rising in the morning he proceeded, as was his custom in the course of his toilet, to brush his hair with two brushes, flourishing both hands simultaneously, right and left, and with special vehemence upon the back of his head. Dr. K. has a fine little boy, Johnny. Johnny perceiving Oilman's bedroom door ajar, quietly walked in, and witnessing the (to him) novel capillary performance, commenced inquiries. But I must premise that a few days before a little house-dog, a great favorite of Johnny's, had undergone treatment for fleas, the hostler having moistened him in a tub of soap-suds, and, to insure a remedy, had brushed it well in with a horse-brush. This operation was fresh in Johnny's mind. Accordingly he puts the question: "Mr. Oilman, why do you use two brushes when you brush your hair? My pa uses only one." Oilman, perplexed at this unexpected instance of juvenile impertinence, stammered out the reply: "Well, I don't know." Johnny, in his simplicity, being perfectly sure it was another case of fleas, quickly supplies him with the information: "I know what it's for, Mr. Oilman; it's to brush out the fleas!" Oilman can not bear the sight of Johnny ever since.

If there is room in the Drawer for the following, it may be of some satisfaction to the "Old Cap" to know that his signature on the "fly-leaf" of "another Special Report" is not the worst mistake ever made in a military office:

While stationed at Fort Hamilton, New York, in 1863, I was employed in the Adjutant's office. One morning, among the papers laid on the Adjutant's desk for his attention and signature, was a notice from the post hospital that one of the patients had died, so that the necessary orders might be given for burial. When the papers were returned to one of the clerks he was much surprised to find that, instead of the usual detail of a funeral escort for our deceased comrade, that the notice was boldly indorsed in red ink (as was customary to indorse passes): "Approved, by order of General Brown.—John Mosely, Post Adjutant."

A Little Rocker, in Arkansas, writes to the Drawer:

Our Adjutant-General had a contraband whose duty it was to build fires in a stove in the Adjutant's room. It happened one morning that the Adjutant awoke in time to see "Tom" experiment at fire-building. Tom's knowledge of matches for making fires was rather limited. So he waited for a "brand" or shovel of coals from some earlier riser. The morning in question he put his half-black coals in the stove, and, putting on the wood, stepped back about three feet, and with his hands on his knees, in a stooping posture, with lips expanded, commenced puffing and blowing like a porpoise. Finding his coals disappearing with his wind, he took up the shovel and returned for more. When he returned the Adjutant, to *show* him how to make a fire without the use of coals, jumped up, seized the shovel and dashed the coals in the further end of the stove, then took a match and some waste-paper and soon had a fire. Tom's eyes expressed perfect astonishment, but, to the Adjutant's inquiry, "thought he knew how to make a fire now." The next morning the Adjutant had a specimen of the *aptness* of his pupil. The door opened, and in came Tom and the shovel of coals, which he deliberately threw into the back part of the stove, then lighted a match and built a fire as he had seen the Adjutant do!

Mr. S—— was largely indebted to Mr. H——, whose only security was in a mortgage on three or four factories. Learning one morning that all had been laid in ashes the night before, Mr. H——, with lightning-like rapidity, by aid of the telegraph, caused attachments by trustee process to be levied

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on several offices in distant counties having policies of insurance on the property.

An interview between creditor and debtor soon followed, when the latter expressed his astonishment at the absurdity and useless expense of the suits, advising their immediate withdrawal, which not being assented to, remarked: "You had better advise with an intelligent attorney of the city; I tell you you can not hold." The creditor immediately conferred with his attorney, who gave him his opinion instanter. On the debtor's second call the creditor informed him that he had "advised with his attorney, was perfectly satisfied as to the correctness of his opinion, and should hold on." Unable to collect any portion of his insurance until these suits were withdrawn, the debtor concluded to pay the claim, some $20,000; and having done so, and received the necessary releases, said to his late creditor, "I suppose you are satisfied now?" "Certainly, and always am when I receive my dues." "Now," continued the other, "what fool of a lawyer told you your attachments were good, and would hold?" "No one." "Didn't you tell me so?" "No, Sir." "What did you tell me?" "That I had advised with my attorney; that he gave me his opinion instanter; that I was satisfied as to its correctness, and should not withdraw." "Well, what did he tell you?" "That my suits were not worth a snap of my finger, and that the Court would dismiss them as soon as reached; and, as I told you, I was perfectly satisfied as to the correctness of his opinion!"

We have here a letter from Middletown, Kentucky:

Dear Drawer,—There have been a number of anecdotes lying loose in the Balaam basket of memory, which I have often thought would do to patch Drawers with, and have intended to send them to you, but have neglected it in that careless, putting-off way men have.

You knew Mr. Allen, the artist, a man of genius and generosity unexcelled. In his lifetime he used to assemble at his house, that overlooks the metropolitan splendors of Rollington, Kentucky, a goodly gathering of guests, who smoked long-handled pipes, made bad puns, asked unanswerable conundrums, and in a generally jolly way made much of one another. On one of these occasions Noble Butler, the grammarian, was one of the party, and the artist had placed in his hands, for a subcœnative smoke, a Turkish pipe called a *hookah*. When it came to the Professor's turn for a conundrum or joke, he drew inspiration from his pipe-stem and bowl, and asked "why that pipe was like a cow?" having in mind the obvious answer that it was a *hooker*. It had to go around the circle by rule and be given up before Mr. Butler could sprinkle his Attic salt; and don't you think Mr. Allen was mean enough to anticipate the propounder, and say the resemblance was "*because there was a calf sucking it!*" The Professor—one of the best men in the world—paid forfeit, and enjoyed the joke best of all.

You don't know young Mr. Robert Breckinridge perhaps. He stands very high in the medical profession, having filled various responsible positions in college faculties and hospitals. I heard a pass between him and poor Phil Poindexter the lawyer—God bless him! he is lying under the daisies in his own sunny South now—that is worth preserving. We were at supper at Sam Gwynn's, and over "the walnuts and the wine" were chatting socially, when Dr. Breckinridge casually remarked, speaking of his profession:

"You know the fool of the family is always made a doctor."

Poindexter, pointing his remark with a little bow to the Doctor, said, gravely: "Yes, I have never known an exception to the rule."

Of course the dryness of the remark added to its spice, and it was received with shouts of laughter; but when order was restored Breckinridge returned the bow in the same manner, and said, quietly:

"I *have*."

Poindexter went up. There was no suitable retort to be found.

I heard another one from Mr. Wm. Randolph, one of the lawyers in the celebrated Gaines case. He returned home from a journey, and had purchased some trinkets and toys for little Fan—among others, one of these patent automaton rats that run by clock-work all around the room. As it happened, a brilliant little spark of femininity, the child of a friend, was unexpectedly present when the magic rat began its peregrinations. There was a little flash of envy in her eyes, a little pout on her lip, as she pettishly said: "'Tisn't much; we've plenty of rats at our house; *and you don't have to wind 'em up either!*"

I heard one of an editor in the goodly city of Louisville that isn't bad. In coming home he was met at Cincinnati by one or two persistent newsboys, screaming in his ears, "Here's your Louisville *Democrat*, *Journal*, and *Courier!*—take a paper, Sir! take a paper!" until they annoyed him, and he said, "Go away! I make them things!" meaning the newspapers. "Come along, Bill!" shouted the impertinent news-boy, at the top of his voice, to his companion; "*that's the reason we can't sell 'em!*"

Poor, eloquent Tom Marshall! Poor Tom's a-cold now; but in his life he represented at once the genius, passion, wit, and worst follies and weaknesses of Kentucky. In his latter days he did not belong to more than two or three temperance societies at a time; and once, in a wild fever of dissipation, was taken to a room in the Mansion House at Lexington by a friend. When there he found the old school-boy warning that "What goes up must come down" entirely reversed, and his friend, hearing the upheavings from the vasty deep, said:

"Are you unwell, Mr. Marshall?"

"Oh no," was the reply; "only throwing up for fun!"

A group of returned soldiers were conversing about their trials in Southern prisons. Some lads near by becoming interested, became rather boastful of *their* friends' sufferings, when one boldly spoke out: "Well, I have an uncle who went to prison, and was never in the army at all!"

A blacksmith offered himself as bail for a prisoner whose trial was put off till the next term.

"Are you surely worth $500 above all your debts?" inquired the recorder.

"Why, Sir, I hold my wife to be worth $500 without counting property."

"The Court is satisfied; take the bail," replied the recorder.

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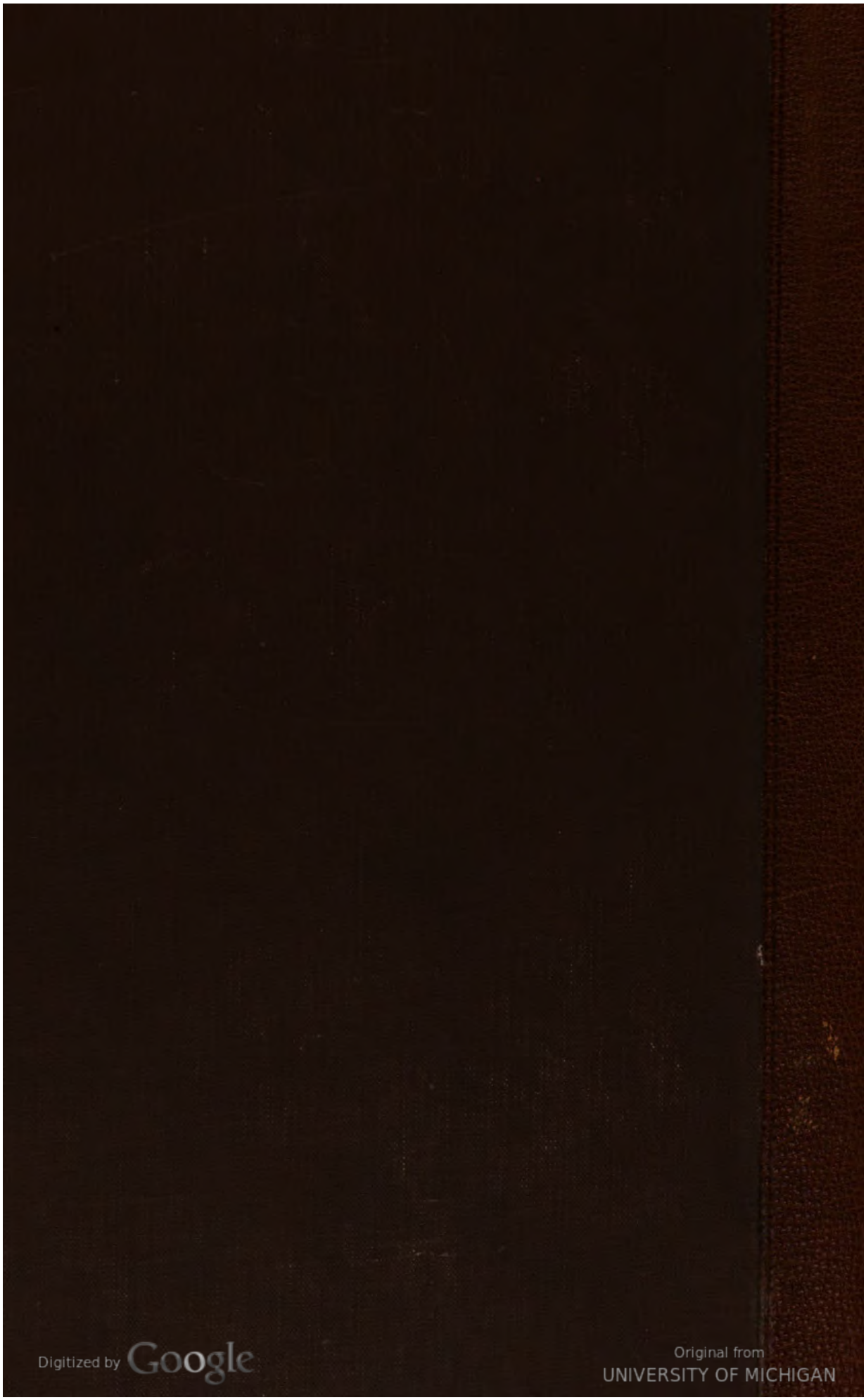
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